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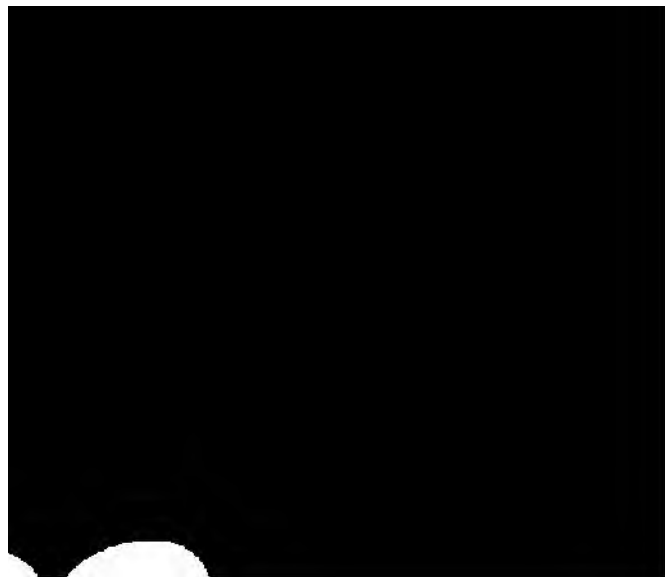
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DRAMATIC WORKS

OF

Shakspeare,

FROM THE TEXT OF JOHNSON AND STEVENS.

COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR BLACK, YOUNG, AND YOUNG,
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1875

1876

1877

SONE

ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE, &c.,
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE:

WRITTEN BY MR. ROWE.

It seems to be a kind of respect due to the memory of excellent men, (especially of those whom their wit and learning have made famous, to deliver some account of themselves, as well as their works, to posterity. For this reason, how fond do we see some people of discovering any little personal story of the great men of antiquity! their families, the common accidents of their lives, and even their shape, make, and features, have been the subject of critical inquiries. How trifling soever this curiosity may seem to be, it is certainly very natural; and we are hardly satisfied with an account of any remarkable person, till we have heard him described even to the very clothes he wears. As for what relates to men of letters, the knowledge of an author may sometimes conduce to the better understanding his book; and though the works of Mr. Shakspeare may seem to many not to want a comment, yet I fancy some little account of the man himself may not be thought improper to go along with them.

He was the son of Mr. John Shakspeare, and was born at Stratford-upon-Avon in Warwickshire, in April 1564. His family, as appears by the register and public writings relating to that town, were of good figure and fashion there, and are mentioned as gentlemen. His father, who was a considerable dealer in wool, had so large a family, ten children in all, that though he was his eldest son, he could give him no better education than his own employment. He had bred him, it is true, for some time at a free-school, where, it is probable, he acquired what Latin he was master of: but the narrowness of his circumstances, and the want of his assistance at home, forced his father to withdraw him from thence, and unhappily prevented his further proficiency in that language. It is without controversy, that in his works we scarce find any traces of any thing that looks like an imitation of the ancients. The delicacy of his taste, and the natural bent of his own great genius, (equal, if not superior, to some of the best of theirs,) would certainly have led him to read and study them with so much pleasure, that some of their fine images would naturally have insinuated themselves into, and been mixed with, his own writings: so that his not copying at least something from them, may be an argument of his never having read them. Whether his ignorance of the ancients were a disadvantage to him or no, may admit of a dispute: for though the knowledge of them might have made him more correct, yet it is not improbable but that the regularity and deference for them, which would have attended that correctness, might have restrained some of that fire, impetuosity, and even beautiful extravagance, which we admire in Shakspeare: and I believe we are better pleased with those thoughts, altogether new and uncommon, which his own imagination supplied him so abundantly with, than if he had given us the most beautiful passages out of the Greek and Latin poets, and that in the most agreeable manner that it was possible for a master of the English language to deliver them.

Upon his leaving school, he seems to have given entirely into that way of living which his father proposed to him; and in order to settle in the world after a family manner, he thought fit to marry while he was yet very young. His wife was the daughter of one Hathaway, said to have been a substantial yeoman in the neighbourhood of Stratford. In this kind of settlement he continued for some time, till an extravagance that he was guilty of forced him both out of his country, and that way of living which he had taken up; and though it seemed at first to be a blemish upon his good manners, and a misfortune to him, yet it afterwards happily proved the occasion of exerting one of the greatest geniuses that ever was known in dramatic poetry. He had by a misfortune, common enough to young fellows, fallen into ill company; and amongst them, some that made a free

quent practice of deer stealing, engaged him more than once in robbing a park that belonged to Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlscote, near Stratford. For this he was prosecuted by that gentleman, as he thought, somewhat too severely; and in order to revenge that ill usage, he made a ballad upon him. And though this, probably the first essay of his poetry, be lost, yet it is said to have been so very bitter, that it redoubled the prosecution against him, to that degree that he was obliged to leave his business and family in Warwickshire for some time, and shelter himself in London.

It is at this time, and upon this accident, that he is said to have made his first acquaintance in the playhouse. He was received into the company then in being, at first, in a very mean rank; but his admirable wit, and the natural turn of it to the stage, soon distinguished him, if not as an extraordinary actor, yet as an excellent writer. His name was printed as the custom was in those times, amongst those of the other players, before some old plays, but without any particular account of what sort of parts he used to play; and though I have inquired, I never could meet with any further account of him this way, than that the top of his performance was the Ghost in his own *Hamlet*. I should have been much more pleased, to have learned from certain authority, which was the first play he wrote; it would be without doubt a pleasure to any man, curious in things of this kind, to see and know what was the first essay of a fancy like Shakspeare's. Perhaps we are not to look for his beginnings, like those of other authors, among their least perfect writings; art had so little, and nature so large a share in what he did, that for aught I know, the performances of his youth, as they were the most vigorous, and had the most fire and strength of imagination in them, were the best. I would not be thought by this to mean, that his fancy was so loose and extravagant, as to be independent on the rule and government of judgment; but that what he thought, was commonly so great, so justly and rightly conceived in itself, that it wanted little or no correction, and was immediately approved by an impartial judgment at the first sight. But though the order of time in which the several pieces were written be generally uncertain, yet there are passages in some few of them which seem to fix their dates. So the *Chorus* at the end of the fourth act of *Henry the Fifth*, by a compliment very handsomely turned to the earl of Essex, shows the play to have been written when that lord was general for the queen in Ireland.

in the magnificence of this patron of Shakspeare's, that if I had not been that the story was handed down by Sir William D'Avenant, who was very well acquainted with his affairs, I should not have ventured to assert, that my lord Southampton at one time gave him a thousand pounds, to enable him to go through with a purchase which he heard he had a mind to. It is very great, and very rare at any time, and almost equal to that profuse display the present age has shown to French dancers and Italian singers.

In particular habitude or friendships he contracted with private men, I have been able to learn, more than that every one, who had a true taste of merit, and distinguished men, had generally a just value and esteem for him. His sagacious and good nature must certainly have inclined all the gentlemen of the world to love him, as the power of his wit obliged the men of the most knowledge and polite learning to admire him.

His acquaintance with Ben Jonson began with a remarkable piece of humanity and nature : Mr. Jonson, who was at that time altogether unknown to the public, had offered one of his plays to the players, in order to have it acted ; and some time into whose hands it was put, after having turned it carelessly and loosely over, were just upon returning it to him with an ill-natured answer, that it would be of no service to their company ; when Shakspeare luckily cast his eye on it, and found something so well in it, as to engage him first to read it, and afterwards to recommend Mr. Jonson and his writings to the public. He was certainly a very good scholar, and in that had the advantage of Shakspeare, though at the same time I believe it must be allowed, that what nature gave the latter was more than a balance for what books had given the former ; judgment of a great man upon this occasion was, I think, very just and

In a conversation between Sir John Suckling, Sir William D'Avenant, John Porter, Mr. Hales of Eton, and Ben Jonson, Sir John Suckling, who confessed admirer of Shakspeare, had undertaken his defence against Ben Jonson with some warmth ; Mr. Hales, who had sat still for some time, told them, *"Mr. Shakspeare had not read the ancients, he had likewise not stolen any thing from them ; and that if he would produce any one topic finely said by any one of them, he would undertake to shew something upon the subject at least as well written by Shakspeare."*

The latter part of his life was spent, as all men of good sense will wish theirs to be, in ease, retirement, and the conversation of his friends. He had the good fortune to gather an estate equal to his occasion, and, in that, to his wish ; and is believed to have spent some years before his death at his native Stratford. His amiable wit and good-nature engaged him in the acquaintance, and entitled him to the friendship, of the gentlemen of the neighbourhood. Amongst them, it is a circumstance still remembered in that country that he had a particular intimacy with Mr. Combe, an old gentleman noted thereabouts for his wealth and usury : It was said that in a pleasant conversation amongst their common friends, Mr. Combe told Shakspeare in a laughing manner, that he fancied he intended to out-live him, if he happened to out-live him ; and since he could not know what might be said of him when he was dead, he desired it might be done immediately ; upon which Shakspeare gave him these four verses :

"TEN IN THE HUNDRED lies here engraved ;
'Tis a hundred to ten his soul is not saved ;
If any man ask, Who lies in this tomb ?
Oh ! oh ! quoth the devil, 'tis my John-a-Combe."

The sharpness of the satire is said to have stung the man so severely, that he forgave it.

He died in the 53d year of his age, and was buried on the north side of the chancel of the great church at Stratford, where a monument is placed in the wall. On the reverse side underneath is,

" Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear
To dig the dust enclosed here.
Blest be the man that spares these stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones."

He had three daughters, of which two lived to be married ; Judith, the elder, to Mr. Thomas Quiney, by whom she had three sons, who all died without issue ; and Susanna, who was his favourite, to Dr. John Hall, a physician of reputation in that country. *She left one child only, a daughter, who was first to Thomas Nashe, Esq., and afterwards to Sir John Barnard, of whom, but died likewise without issue.* As I could learn of any note, either relating to himself or family : the

point out one more, which is, I think, as strong and as uncommon as any thing I ever saw: it is an image of Patience. Speaking of a maid in love, he says,

“ — She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in thought,
And sat like PATIENCE on a monument,
Smiling at GRIEF.”

What an image is here given! and what a task would it have been for the greatest masters of Greece and Rome to have expressed the passions designed by the sketch of statuary! The style of his comedy is, in general, natural to the characters, and easy in itself; and the wit most commonly sprightly and pleasing, except in those places where he runs into doggerel rhymes, as in *The Comedy of Errors* and some other plays. As for his jingling sometimes, and playing upon words, it was the common vice of the age he lived in: and if we find it in the pulpit, made use of as an ornament to the sermons of some of the gravest divines of those times, perhaps it may not be thought too light for the stage.

But certainly the greatness of this author's genius does no where so much appear as where he gives his imagination an entire loose, and raises his fancy to a flight above mankind, and the limits of the visible world. Such are his attempts in *The Tempest*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Macbeth*, and *Hamlet*. Of these *The Tempest*, however it comes to be placed the first by the publishers of his works, can never have been the first written by him: it seems to me as perfect in its kind as almost any thing we have of his. One may observe that the unities are kept here, with an exactness uncommon to the liberties of his writing: though that was what, I suppose, he valued himself least upon, since his excellencies were all of another kind. I am very sensible that he does, in this play, depart too much from that likeness to truth which ought to be observed in these sort of writings; yet he does it so very finely, that one is easily drawn in to have more faith for his sake, than reason does well allow of.

His magic has something in it very solemn and very poetical; and that extravagant character of Caliban is mightily well sustained, shows a wonderful invention in the

mia, and sometimes in Sicily, according to the original order of the story. Almost all his historical plays comprehend a great length of time, and very different and distinct places: and in his *Antony and Cleopatra*, the scene travels over the greatest part of the Roman empire. But in recompense for his carelessness in this point, when he comes to another part of the drama, *the manners of his characters, in acting or speaking what is proper for them, and fit to be shewn by the poet*, he may be generally justified, and in very many places greatly commended. For those plays which he has taken from the English or Roman history, let any man compare them, and he will find the character as exact in the poet as the historian. He seems indeed so far from proposing to himself any one action for a subject, that the title very often tells you, it is *The Life of King John, King Richard, &c.* What can be more agreeable to the idea our historians give of *Henry the Sixth*, than the picture Shakspeare has drawn of him! His manners are every where exactly the same with the story: one finds him still described with simplicity, passive sanctity, want of courage, weakness of mind, and easy submission to the governance of an imperious wife, or prevailing faction: though at the same time the poet does justice to his good qualities, and moves the pity of his audience for him, by shewing him pious, disinterested, a contemner of the things of this world, and wholly resigned to the severest dispensations of God's providence. There is a short scene in *The Second Part of Henry the Sixth*, which I cannot but think admirable in its kind. Cardinal Beaufort, who had murdered the Duke of Gloucester, is shewn, in the last agonies on his death-bed, with the good king praying over him. There is so much terror in one, so much tenderness and moving pity in the other, as must touch any one who is capable either of fear or pity. In his *Henry the Eighth*, that prince is drawn with that greatness of mind, and all those good qualities which are attributed to him in any account of his reign. If his faults are not shewn in an equal degree, and the shades in this picture do not bear a just proportion to the lights, it is not that the artist wanted either colours or skill in the disposition of them; but the truth, I believe, might be, that he forbore doing it out of regard to Queen Elizabeth, since it could have been no very great respect to the memory of his mistress, to have exposed some certain parts of her father's life upon the stage. He has dealt much more freely with the minister of that great king; and certainly nothing was ever more justly written than the character of Cardinal Wolsey. He has shewn him insolent in his prosperity; and yet, by a wonderful address, he makes his fall and ruin the subject of general compassion. The whole man, with his vices and virtues, is finely and exactly described in the second scene of the fourth act. The distresses, likewise, of Queen Catherine, in this play, are very movingly touched; and though the art of the poet has screened King Henry from any gross imputation of injustice, yet one is inclined to wish, the queen had met with a fortune more worthy of her birth and virtue. Nor are the manners, proper to the persons represented, less justly observed in those characters taken from the Roman history; and of this, the fierceness and impatience of Coriolanus, his courage and disdain of the common people, the virtue and philosophical temper of Brutus, and the irregular greatness of mind in *M. Antony*, are beautiful proofs. For the two last especially, you find them exactly as they are described by Plutarch, from whom certainly Shakspeare copied them. He has indeed followed his original pretty close, and taken in several little incidents that might have been spared in a play. But, as I hinted before, his design seems most commonly rather to describe those great men in the several fortunes and accidents of their lives, than to take any single great action, and form his work simply upon that. However, there are some of his pieces, where the tale is founded upon one action only. Such are more especially *Romeo and Juliet*, *Hamlet*, and *Othello*. The design in *Romeo and Juliet* is plainly the punishment of their two families, for the unreasonable feuds and animosities that had been so long kept up between them, and occasioned the effusion of so much blood. In the management of this story, he has shewn something wonderfully tender and passionate in the love-part, and very pitiful in the distress. *Hamlet* is founded on much the same tale with the *Electra* of *Sophocles*. In each of them a young prince is engaged to revenge the death of his father, their mothers are equally guilty, are both concerned in the murder of their husbands, and are afterwards married to the murderers. There is, in the first part of the Greek tragedy, something very moving in the grief of *Electra*; but, as Mr. Dacier has observed, there is something very unnatural and shocking in the manners he has given that princess and *Orestes* in the latter part. *Orestes* imbrues his hands in the blood of his own mother; and that barbarous action is performed, though not immediately upon the stage, yet so near, that the audience hear *Clytemnestra* crying out to *Egysthus* for help, and to her son for mercy: while *Electra*, her daughter and a princess, (both of them characters that ought to have appeared with more decency,) stands upon

the stage, and encourages her brother in the parricide. What horror does this not raise! Clytemnestra was a wicked woman, and had deserved to die; nay, in the truth of the story, she was killed by her own son; but to represent an action of this kind on the stage is certainly an offence against those rules of manners, proper to the persons, that ought to be observed there. On the contrary, let us only look a little on the conduct of Shakspeare. Hamlet is represented with the same piety towards his father, and resolution to revenge his death, as Orestes; he has the same abhorrence for his mother's guilt, which, to provoke him the more, is heightened by incest: but it is with wonderful art and justness of judgment, that the poet restrains him from doing violence to his mother. To prevent any thing of that kind, he makes his father's Ghost forbid that part of his vengeance:

"But howsoever thou pursu'st this act,
Taint not thy mind; nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother's sight; leave her to heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her."

This is to distinguish rightly between *horror* and *terror*. The latter is a proper passion of tragedy, but the former ought always to be carefully avoided. And certainly no dramatic writer ever succeeded better in raising *terror* in the minds of an audience than Shakspeare has done. The whole tragedy of *Macbeth*, but more especially the scene where the king is murdered, in the second act, as well as this play, is a noble proof of that manly spirit with which he writ; and both shew how powerful he was, in giving the strongest motions to our souls that they are capable of. I cannot leave *Hamlet*, without taking notice of the advantage with which we have seen this master-piece of Shakspeare distinguish itself upon the stage, by Mr. Betterton's fine performance of that part. A man, who, though he had no other good qualities, as he has a great many, must have made his way into the esteem of all men of letters by this only excellency. No man is better acquainted with Shakspeare's manner of expression, and indeed he has studied him so well, and is so much a master of him, that whatever part of his he performs, he does it as if it had been written on purpose for him, and that the author had exactly conceived it as he plays it. I must owe a particular obligation to

THE TEMPEST.

Persons represented.

King of Naples.
 his brother.
 the rightful duke of Milan.
 his brother, the usurping duke.
 son to the king of Naples.
 an honest old counsellor of
 lords.
 a savage and deformed slave.

TRINCULO, a jester.
 STEPHANO, a drunken butler.
 Master of a ship, Boatswain, and Mariners.
 MIRANDA, daughter to Prospero.
 ARIEL, an airy spirit.
 IRIS,
 CEREUS,
 JUNO,
 NYMPHS,
 REAPERS, } spirits.

Other spirits attending on PROSPERO.

Scene.—The sea, with a ship; afterwards an uninhabited island.

ACT I.

SCENE I. On a ship at sea.

with thunder and lightning.

Ship-master and a Boatswain.

Boatswain,—

Here, master: What cheer?
 Good: Speak to the mariners: fall
 to, or we run ourselves aground:
 they. [Exit.]

Enter Mariners.

Heigh, my hearts; cheerly, cheerly,
 yare, yare: Take in the top-sail;
 master's whistle. Blow, till thou
 wind, if room enough!

ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO,
 NANDO, GONZALO, and others.

Good boatswain, have care. Where's
 the men? Play the men.

I pray now, keep below.

Here is the master, boatswain?

Do you not hear him? You mar our
 work: your cabins: you do assist the
 wind, good, be patient. [storm.]

Then the sea is. "What! What care's
 for the name of king? To cabin:
 able to not.

Alas! yet remember whom thou hast

lost: that I more love than myself,
 counsellor; if you can command
 us to silence, and work the peace

at, we will not hand a rope more;
 hority. If you cannot, give thanks
 ived so long, and make yourself
 cabin for the mischance of the
 hap.—Cheerly, good hearts.—Out
 I say. [Exit.]

We great comfort from this fellow:
 he hath no drowning mark upon
 his complexion: perfect gallows. Stand

fast, good fate, to his hanging! make the rope
 of his destiny our cable, for our own doth
 little advantage! If he be not born to be
 hanged, our case is miserable. [Exeunt.]

Re-enter Boatswain.

Boats. Down with the top-mast; yare; low-
 er, lower; bring her to try with main-course.
 [A cry within.] A plague upon this howling!
 they are louder than the weather, or our office.

Re-enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, & GONZALO.

Yet again! what do you here? Shall we give
 o'er and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

Seb. A pox o' your throat! you bawling,
 blasphemous, uncharitable dog!

Boats. Work you, then.

Ant. Hang, cur, hang! you whoreson, in-
 solent noise-maker, we are less afraid to be
 drowned than thou art.

Gon. I'll warrant him from drowning;
 though the ship were no stronger than a nut-
 shell, and as leaky as an unstanched wench.

Boats. Lay her a-hold, a-hold; set her two
 courses; off to sea again, lay her off.

Enter Mariners wet.

Mar. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all
 lost! [Exeunt.]

Boats. What, must our mouths be cold?

Gon. The king and prince at prayers! let us
 For our case is as theirs. [assist them,

Seb. I am out of patience.

Ant. We are merely cheated of our lives by
 drunkards.— [He drowning,

This wide-chapped rascal!—Would thou might'st
 The washing of ten tides!

Gon. He'll be hanged yet;
 Though every drop of water swear against it,
 And gape at wild'st to glut him.

[A confused noise within.] Mercy on us!—
 We split, we split!—Farewell, my wife and

daily.

* Present instant.

‡ Incontinent.

§ Absolutely.

children!— Farewell, brother!— We split, we split, we split.—

Ant. Let's all sink with the king. [*Exit.*]

Seb. Let's take leave of him. [*Exit.*]

Gon. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground; long heath, brown furze, any thing: The with above be done! but I would fain die a dry death. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *The Island: before the cell of Prospero.*

Enter PROSPERO and MIRANDA.

Mira. If by your art, my dearest father, you have

Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them:
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,

But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's
Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffer'd
With those that I saw suffer! a brave vessel,
Who had no doubt some noble creatures in her,
Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
Against my very heart! Poor souls! they

perish'd.
Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth, or e'er
It should the good ship so have swallow'd, and
The freighting souls within her.

Pro. Be collected;
No more amazement: tell your piteous heart,
There's no harm done.

Mira. O, woe the day!
Pro. No harm.
I have done nothing but in care of thee,

Mira. Certain

Pro. By what? by any other
Of any thing the image tell me
Hath kept with thy remembrance

Mira. And rather like a dream than
That my remembrance warran
Four or five women once, tha

Pro. Thou had'st, and more
how is it,

That this lives in thy mind? Whi
In the dark backward and aby
If thou remember'st aught, ere t
How thou cam'st here, thou m

Mira. Bu

Pro. Twelve years since,
Miranda, twelve years since, t
The duke of Milan, and a prin

Mira. Sir, are not you my
Pro. Thy mother was a piec
She said—thou wast my dau;

father
Was duke of Milan; and his

A princess;—no worse issued.

Mira. What foul play had we, that
Or blessed was't we did?

Pro. Both
By foul play, as thou say'st, s
But blessedly help hither.

Mira. O,
To think o' the teen's that I hav
Which is from my remembrance
further.

th, but by being so retired,
popular rate, in my false brother
interest: and my trust,
must, did beget of him
in contrary as great
; which had, indeed, no limit,
me bound. He being thus

what my revenge yielded,
we might else exact,—like one
no truth, by telling of it,
near of his memory,
na lie,—he did believe
e; out of the substitution,
he outward face of royalty,
stive:—Hence his ambition
at hear?
ale, sir, would cure deafness.
no screen between this part

yd it for, he needs will be
Me, poor man!—my library
urge enough; of temporal roy-

ow incapable: confederates
s for away) with the king of
ual tribute, do him homage;
met to his crown, and bend
t unbow'd, (alas, poor Milan!)
stooping.

O the heavens!
is condition, and the event;
me,
a brother.

I should sin
bly of my grandmother;
we borne bad sons.

Now the condition.
ples, being an enemy
; hearkens my brother's suit;
he in lieu of the premises,—
know not how much tribute,—
y extirpate me and mine
lom; and counter fair Milan,
urs, on my brother: Whereon,
my levied, one midnight
pose, did Antonio open
n; and, i' the dead of darkness,
the purpose hurried thence
ing self.

Alack, for pity!
ing how I cried out then,
again! it is a hint,
e eyes.

Hear a little further,
ng thee to the present business
pou us; without the which,
attinent. this story

Wherefore did they not
y us!

Well demanded, wench;
as that question. Dear, they
; e my people bore me) nor set
dy on the business; but

With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark;
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they pre-
A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd, [pared
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
instinctively had quit it: there they hoist us,
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us; to sigh
To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.

Mira. Alack! what trouble
Was I then to you!

Pro. O! a cherubim
Thou wast, that did preserve me! Thou didst
Infuse with a fortitude from heaven, [smile.
When I have deck'd the sea with drops full
salt;

Under my burden groan'd; which rais'd in me
An undergoing stomach, to bear up
Against what should ensue.

Mira. How came we ashore?
Pro. By Providence divine.

Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity, (who being then appointed
Master of this design,) did give us; with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessities,
Which since have steeded much; so, of his
gentleness,

Knowing I loved my books, he furnish'd me,
From my own library, with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.

Mira. Would I might
But ever see that man!

Pro. Now I arise:—
Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this island we arriv'd; and here
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more
profit

Than other princes can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

Mira. Heavens thank you for't! And now,
I pray you, sir,

(For still 'tis beating in my mind,) your reason
For raising this sea-storm?

Pro. Know thus far forth.—
By accident most strange, bountiful fortune,
Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore: and by my prescience
I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star; whose influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop.—Here cease more
questions;

Thou art inclin'd to sleep; 'tis a good dulness,
And give it way;—I know thou canst not
choose.— [MIRANDA sleeps.

Come away, servant, come: I am ready now;
Approach, my Ariel; come.

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. All hail, great master! grave sir, hail!
I come

To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds; to thy strong bidding
Ariel, and all his quality. [task

Pro. Hast thou, spirit,
Perform'd to point * the tempest that I bade

Ari. To every article. [thee?

I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flam'd amazement: Sometimes, I'd divide,
And burn in many places; on the top-mast,
The yards, and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,

Then meet, and join: Jove's lightnings, the
O'the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And sight-onranning were not: The fire, and
cracks

Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune
Secur'd to besiege, and make his bold waves
Yea, his dread trident shake. [tremble,

Pro. My brave spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not infect his reason?

Ari. Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd
Some tricks of desperation: All, but mariners,
Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the
vessel, [dinand,

Then all a-fire with me: the king's son, Fer-
With hair up-starting (then like reeds, not hair,)
Was the first man that leap'd; cried, *Hell is
empty,*

And all the devils are here.

Pro. Why, that's my spirit!
But was not this nigh shore?

Ari. Close by, my master.

Pro. But are they, Ariel, safe?

Ari. Not a hair perish'd:

Let me remember thee what thou hast p
Which is not yet perform'd me. [mis

Pro. How now? mood

What is't thou can'st demand?

Ari. My liberty

Pro. Before the time be out! no more.

Ari. I pray t

Remember, I have done thee worthy servi

Told thee no lies, made no mistakings, serv

Without or grudge or grumbings: thou di

To bate me a full year. [prom

Pro. Dost thou forget

From what a torment I did free thee?

Ari. N

Pro. Thou dost; and think'st

It much, to tread the ooze of the salt deep

To run upon the sharp wind of the north;

To do me business in the veins o' the earth

When it is bak'd with frost.

Ari. I do not, sir

Pro. Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast ti

forgot [en

The foul witch Sycorax, who, with age

Was grown into a hoop! Hast thou forgot h

Ari. No, sir. [speak; tell

Pro. Thou hast: where was she bo

Ari. Sir, in Argier.

Pro. O, was she so? I m

Once in a month, recount what thou hast be

Which thou forget'st. This damn'd wit

Sycorax,

For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terri

To enter human hearing, from Argier,

Thou know'st, was banish'd: for one thing

Ari. I thank thee, master.

Pro. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend
an oak,

And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

Ari. Pardon, master:
I will be correspondent to command,
And do my spiriting gently.

Pro. Do so; and after two days
I will discharge thee.

Ari. That's my noble master!
What shall I do? say what? what shall I do?

Pro. Go make thyself like to a nymph o'
the sea:

Be subject to no sight but mine; invisible
To every eye ball'd else. Go, take this shape,
And lither come in't: hence, with diligence.

[*Exit Ariel.*]

Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept
Awake!

Mrs. The strangeness of your story put
Heavens in me.

Pro. Shake it off: Come on;
We'll visit Caliban, my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.

Mrs. 'Tis a villain, sir,
I do not love to look on.

Pro. But, as 'tis,
We cannot miss him: he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood; and serves in offices
That profit us. What, ho! slave! Caliban!
Thou earth, thou! speak.

Cal. Within! There's wood enough within.

Pro. Come forth, I say; there's other busi-
ness for thee:

Come forth, thou tortoise! when?

Re-enter ARIEL, like a water-nymph.

Pro. Apparition! My quaint Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.

Ari. My lord, it shall be done. [*Exit.*]

Pro. Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth! [himself
Enter CALIBAN.]

Cal. As wicked dew as e'er my mother
wash'd

Withraven's feather from unwholesome fen,
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye,
And sister you all over!

Pro. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt
have cramps,

[urchin's
stitch'es that shall pen thy breath up;
Nail for that vast of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honey-combs, each pinch more
stinging

Than bees that made them.

Cal. I must eat my dinner.
Thou'ld'st mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou
can'st fast, [would'st give me
stuck'st me, and swallow'st much of me;
Wear with berries in't; and teach me how
I come the bigger light, and how the less,
The burn by day and night: and then I lov'd
Thee,

* Do without.

† Fairies.

And show'd thee all the qualities o' th'
The fresh springs, brine pits, barren place
fertile;

Curs'd be I that did so!—All the charm
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on
For I am all the subjects that you have
Which first was mine own king: and he
sty me

In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from
The rest o' the island.

Pro. Thou most lying
Whom stripes may move, not kindness:
us'd thee,

Filth as thou art, with human care; and
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to
The honour of my child.

Cal. O ho, O ho!—would it had been
Thou didst prevent me: I had peopled
This isle with Calibans.

Pro. Abhorred slave
Which any print of goodness will not
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught
each hour

One thing or other: when thou didst not, as
Know thine own meaning, but would'st g
like

A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy pun
With words that made them known: But
vile race, [good na

Though thou didst learn, had that in't
Could not abide to be with; therefore wast
Deservingly confin'd into this rock,

Who hadst deserv'd more than a prison.
Cal. You taught me language; and my

fit on't
Is, I know how to curse: the red plague
For learning me your language!

Pro. Hag-seed, he
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou wert
To answer other business. Shrug't
malice?

If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with
cramps;

Fill all thy bones with aches; make thee
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

Cal. No, pray the
I must obey: his art is of such power, [A
It would control my dam's god, Setebos
And make a vassal of him.

Pro. So, slave, hence! [*Exit*]

*Re-enter ARIEL invisible, playing & sing-
FERDINAND following him.*

ARIEL'S Song.

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Courted when you have, and kiss
(The wild waves whist,)—
Foot it feebly here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear
Hark, hark!

Bur. Bowgh, wowgh. [dispers
The watch-dogs bark;

‡ Destroy.

§ Still silent

Bur. Bowgh, wowgh. [*dispersedly.*

Hark, hark! I hear

The strain of strutting chanticlere

Cry, Cock-a-doodle-doo.

Fer. Where should this music be? 'T' the air,
or the earth?

It sounds no more:—and sure, it waits upon
Some god o' the island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters;
Allaying both their fury and my passion,
With its sweet air: thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather:—But 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

ARIEL sings.

Full fathom five thy father lies;

Of his bones are coral made;

Those are pearls that were his eyes:

Nothing of him that doth fade,

But doth suffer a sea-change

Into something rich and strange.

Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:

Hark! now I hear them,—ding-dong bell.

[*Burden, ding-dong.*

Fer. The ditty does remember my drown'd
father.—

This is no mortal business, nor no sound [me.
That the earth owes*:—I hear it now above

Pro. The fringed curtains of thine eye ad-
And say, what thou seest yond'. [*vance,*

Mira. What is't? a spirit?

Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form:—But 'tis a spirit.

Fer. No, 'twere a spirit, and a slave, and

And, that he does, I weep: my
Who with mine eyes, ne'er since
The king my father wreck'd.

Mira. Al

Fer. Yes, faith, and all his
And his brave son, being twa

Pro. The

And his more braver daughter
thee,

If now 'twere fit to do't:—At

They have chang'd eyes:—De

I'll set thee free for this!—A

I fear, you have done yourself
a word.

Mira. Why speaks my father
Is the third man that e'er I see:

That e'er I sigh'd for: pity me
To be inclin'd my way!

Fer. O,

And your affection not gone for
The queen of Naples.

Pro. Soft, sir; on
They are both in either's power

swift business
I must uneasy make, lest too

Make the prize light.—One
charge thee,

That thou attend me: thou dost

The name thou ow'st not; and

Upon this island, as a spy, to

From me, the lord on't.

Fer. No

Mira. There's nothing ill c

most of men this is a Caliban,
to him are angels.
My affections
most humble; I have no ambition
goodlier man.
Come on; obey: [To FERD.
They are in their infancy again,
no vigour in them.
So they are:
as, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My loss, the weakness which I feel,
of all my friends, or this man's
remains,
I am subdued, are but light to me,
yet through my prison once a-day
his maid: all corners else o' the earth

Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I in such a prison.
Pro. It works:—Come on.
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel!—Follow me.—
[To FERD. and MIR.
Hark, what thou else shalt do me. [To ARIEL.
Mir. Be of comfort;
My father's of a better nature, sir,
Than he appears by speech; this is unwonted,
Which now came from him.
Pro. Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds: but then exactly do
All points of my command.
Ari. To the syllable.
Pro. Come, follow: speak not for him.
[Exeunt.

ACT II.

E I. Another part of the island.

LOLLO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GON-
ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, and others.
Blessed you, sir, be merry: you have
we all) of joy: for our escape [cause
beyond our loss: Our hint of woe
on; every day, some sailor's wife,
ters of some merchant, and the mer-
chant,
our theme of woe: but for the miracle,
our preservation, few in millions
like us: then wisely, good sir, weigh
row with our comfort.

Pr'ythee, peace.
He receives comfort like cold porridge.
The visitor will not give him o'er so.
Look, he's winding up the watch of
by and by it will strike.

Sir,—
One:—Tell.
When every grief is entertain'd, that's
to the entertainer— [offer'd,

A dollar.
Dolor comes to him, indeed; you
often truer than you purposed.
You have taken it wiser than I
you should.

Therefore, my lord,—
Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his

I pr'ythee, spare.
Well, I have done: But yet—
He will be talking.
Which of them, he, or Adrian, for a
singer, first begins to crow?
The old cock.
The cockrel.
Done: The wager?
A laughter.
A match.
Though this island seem to be desert,—
Ha, ha, ha!
So, you've pay'd. [sible,—
Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible.
Yet.

Adr. Yet—
Ant. He could not miss it.
Adr. It must needs be of subtle, tender, and
delicate temperance.
Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench.
Seb. Ay, and a subtle; as he most learnedly
delivered.
Adr. The air breathes upon us here most
sweetly.
Seb. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.
Ant. Or, as 'twere perfumed by a fen.
Gon. Here is every thing advantageous to life.
Ant. True; save means to live.
Seb. Of that there's none, or little.
Gon. How lush and lusty the grass looks!
how green!
Ant. The ground, indeed, is tawny.
Seb. With an eye; of green in't.
Ant. He misses not much.
Seb. No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.
Gon. But the rarity of it is (which is indeed
almost beyond credit)—
Seb. As many vouch'd rarities are.
Gon. That our garments, being, as they
were, drenched in the sea, hold, notwith-
standing, their freshness and glosses; being
rather new dy'd than stain'd with salt water.
Ant. If but one of his pockets could speak,
would it not say, he lies?
Seb. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.
Gon. Methinks, our garments are now as
fresh as when we put them on first in Afric,
at the marriage of the king's fair daughter
Claribel to the king of Tunis.
Seb. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we pros-
per well in our return.
Adr. Tunis was never graced before with
such a paragon to their queen.
Gon. Not since widow Dido's time.
Ant. Widow? a pox o' that! How came
that widow in? Widow Dido!
Seb. What if he had said, widower Aeneas
too? good lord, how you take it!
Adr. Widow Dido, said you? you make me
study of that: she was of Carthage, not of
Tunis.

• Temperature.

† Rank.

‡ Shade of colour.

SHAKESPEARE.

[Act II.

as Carthage.

arthage.
re than the miraculous
the wall and houses too.
ible matter will he make
will carry this island home
give it his son for an apple.
ing the kernels of it in the
more islands.

a good time.
re were talking that our gar-
w as fresh, as when we were at
marriage of your daughter, who
a.
the rarest that e'er came there.
e, I beseech you, widow Dido.
widow Dido; ay, widow Dido.
s not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the
I wore it? I mean, in a sort *.
When I wore it at your daughter's
[against
tomach of my sense: 'Would I had never
led my daughter there! for, coming thence,
son is lost; and, in my rate, she too,
so is so far from Italy remov'd,
er again shall see her. O thou mine heir
and of Milan, what strange fish
meal on thee!

The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,
And time to speak it in: you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaster.

Seb. And most chironurgically.
Gon. It is foul weather in us all, good sir,
When you are cloudy. Very well.
Foul weather? Very foul.
Gon. 'Tis a plantation of this isle, my lord.
Ant. He'd sow it with nettle-seed.
Seb. Or docks or mallows.
Gon. And were the king of it, What would I
do?

Seb. 'Scape being drunk, for want of wine.
Gon. 'Tis the commonwealth I would by con-
traries

Execute all things: for no kind of traffic
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
Letters should not be known; no use of service,
Of riches or of poverty; no contracts,
Successions; bound of land, till, vineyard, none;
No use of metal, till, wine, or oil;
No occupation; all men idle, all;
And women too; but innocent and pure;
No sovereignty!—

Seb. And yet he would be king on't.
Ant. The latter end of his commonwealth
forgets the beginning. [produce
Gon. All things in common nature should
Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine;
Would I not have; but nature should bring forth
Of its own kind, all foison, all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.
Seb. No marrying 'mong his subjects!
Ant. None, man; all idle; whores and knaves
Gon. I would with such perfection govern
To excel the golden age. Save his majesty
see Gonzalo! do you mark me,
—: thou do

Ant. Go sleep, and hear us.

[*All sleep but Anon. Sen. and Ant.*]

Alon. What, all so soon asleep? I wish mine eyes

Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: They are inclin'd to do so.

Seb. Please you, sir, Do not omit the heavy offer of it: It eases vain sorrow; when it doth, It is a comforter.

Ant. We two, my lord, Will guard your person, while you take your rest with your safety.

Sen. Thank you: Would't were heavy.

[*Alonzo sleeps, then Sebastian.*]

Seb. What a strange drowsiness possesses them!

Ant. It is the quality of the climate.

Seb. Is it not then our eye-lids sink? I feel not Night's disposal to sleep.

Ant. Nor I; my spirits are nimble. They fall together all, as by consent: They drop'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What might

Worthy Sebastian?—O, what might?—No And yet, methinks, I see it in thy face.

What then shouldst be: the common speaks and—then; and

My own imagination sees a crown dropping upon thy head.

What, art thou waking?

Do you not hear me speak?

I do, and, surely, It is a sleepy language; and thou speak'st

Out of thy sleep: What is it thou didst say?

It is a strange repose, to be asleep With eyes wide open; standing, speaking,

And yet so fast asleep.

Noble Sebastian, Then let's thy fortune sleep—die rather;

Then thou art waking.

Then dost more distinctly; Thou'st meaning in thy snore.

Ant. I am more serious than my custom: you

Must be so too, if heed me; which to do,

Must be so too.

Well; I am standing water.

Ant. I'll teach you how to flow.

Do so: to ebb,

My duty doth instruct me.

O,

How but knew how you the purpose cherish,

When thou you took it! how, in stripping it,

How more invest it! Ebbing men, indeed,

But often do so near the bottom run,

That their own fear, or sloth.

Pr'ythee, say on:

The setting of thine eyes and cheek proclaim A morn from thee; and a birth, indeed,

Which shows thee much to yield.

Thus, sir:

Though this load of weak remembrance, this

Shall be of as little memory,

As he is earth'd, hath here almost persuaded

[*For he's a spirit of possession only.*]

The king, his son's alive; 'tis as impossible

That he's undrown'd, as he that sleeps!

Seb. I have no hope

That he's undrown'd.

Ant. O, out of that no hope

What great hope have you! no hope, that we

Another way as high as hope, that even

Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,

But doubts discovery there. Will you go

That Ferdinand is drown'd?

Seb. He's gone.

Ant. Then tell

Who's the next heir of Naples?

Seb. Claribel.

Ant. She that is queen of Tunis; she

dwells

Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that fit

Can have no mate, unless the sea were pos-

[*The man & the moon's too slow,*]

till a

born chin

Be rough and rascable: she, from whom

We were all sea-swallow'd, though some

again;

And, by that, destin'd to perform an act,

Whereof what's past is prologue; what to come

In yours and my discharge.

Seb. What stuff is this? how say you

'Tis true, my brother's daughter's queen

Tunis;

So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which reigns

There is some space.

Ant. A space whose every ear

Seems to cry out, *How shall that Claribel*

Measure us back to Naples?—Keep in! I

And let Sebastian wake!—Say, this were de-

That now hath seized them; why they were

no worse

Than now they are: There be, that can

As well as he that sleeps; lords, that can

As amply, and unnecessarily,

As this Gonzalo; I myself could make

A chough's of as deep chat. O, that you be

The mind that I do! what a sleep were th-

For your advancement! Do you understand

Seb. Methinks I do.

Ant. And how does your con-

tender your own good fortune?

Seb. I rememb-

You did supplant your brother Prospero.

Ant. Tr-

And, look, how well my garments sit upon

Much feater than before: My brother's serva-

Were then my fellows, now they are my m-

Seb. But, for your conscience—

Ant. Ay, sir, where lies that? If it were

'Twould put me to my slipper; but I feel

This dely in my bosom: twenty conscience

Thaistand'twixt me and Milan, candled both

And melt, ere they molest! Here lies yo-

brother,

No better than the earth he lies upon,

If he were that which now he's like; whom

With this obedient steel, three inches of it

Can lay to bed for ever: whiles you, doing th-

To the perpetual wink for aye* might put
This ancient morsel, this sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,
They'll take suggestion†, as a cat lapa milk;
They'll tell the clock to any business that
We say befits the hour.

Seb. Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent; as thou got'st Milan,
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword: one
stroke [pay'st;
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou
And I the king shall love thee.

Ant. Draw together:
And when I rear my hand, do you the like,
To fall it on Gonzalo.

Seb. O, but one word.
[*They converse apart.*]

Music. Re-enter ARIEL, invisible.

Arl. My master through his art foresees the
danger [forth,
That these, his friends, are in; and sends me
(For else his project dies,) to keep them living.
[*Sings in GONZALO'S ear.*]

*While you here do snoring lie,
Open-eyed conspiracy*

His time doth take:

If of life you keep a care,

Shake off slumber, and beware:

Awake! awake!

Ant. Then let us both be sudden.

Gon. Now, good angels, preserve the king!

[*They awake.*]

SCENE II. *Another part of the is*

Enter CALIBAN, with a burden of w

A noise of thunder heard.

Cal. All the infections that the sun sac
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall
Unmake him

By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hea
And yet I needs must curse. But they'
pinch,

Fright me with urchin shows, pitch me
Nor lead me, like a fire-brand, in the du
Out of my way, unless he bid them; but

For every trifle are they set upon me:
Sometime like apes, that mow and chat

And after bite me; then like hedge-hogs,
Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way, and

Their pricks at my foot-fall; sometime
All wound with adders, who, with ci

tongues,

Do hiss me into madness;—Lo! now I lo

Enter TRINCULO.

Here comes a spirit of his; and to torment
For bringing wood in slowly: I'll fall fl
Perchance he will not mind me.

Trin. Here's neither bush nor shrub, to
off any weather at all, and another storm
ing; I hear it sing i' the wind: yond'
black cloud, yond' huge one, looks like a
bumbard; that would shed his liquor.
should thunder, as it did before. I know

the weather, the boatmen, and I, my, and his mate, my, and Merion, and Margery, or of us cared for Kate:

had a tongue with a tang, cry to a sailor, Go, hang: t she sauer of tar nor of pitch, r might scratch her where'er it itch:

and, boys, and let her go hang.

my time too: But here's my [Drinks.

not torment me: O! 't's the matter! Have we devils a put tricks upon us with savages, ladies? Hal! I have not 'scaped: be assured now of your four legs; but said, As proper a man as ever on legs, cannot make him give t it shall be said so again, whilst unthen at nostrils.

spirit torments me: O! is some monster of the isle, with the hath got, as I take it, an ague: evil should he learn our language! in some relief, if it be but for that: over him, and keep him tame, and as with him, he's a present for any fever trade on neat's leather.

not torment me, pry'thee; I'll wed home faster.

in his fit now; and does not talk out. He shall taste of my bottle: if we drunk wine afore, it will go near to fit: if I can recover him, and keep will not take too much for him: he him that hath him, and that soundly. a dost me yet but little hurt; thou I know it by thy trembling: Now sits upon thee.

on your ways; open your mouth; which will give language to you, cat; snub: this will shake your shaking, in, and that soundly: you cannot tell 'sland: open your chaps again. should know that voice: It should t's drowned; and these are devils: me!

in legs, and two voices; a most de- sur! His forward voice now is to of his friend; his backward voice find speeches, and to detract. If as in my bottle will recover him, I do agree: Come,—Amen! I will in thy other mouth.

Stephano,—

in thy other mouth call me? Mercy! he is a devil, and no monster: I him; I have no long spoon. Stephano!—If thou beest Stephano, and speak to me; for I am Trinculo!—thy good friend Trinculo! thou beest Trinculo, come forth; I'll try the lesser legs: if any be Trinculo are they. Thou art very Trin-

culo, indeed: How canst thou to be the eldest of this moon-calf? Can he vent Trinculo?

Trin. I took him to be killed with a thunderstroke:—But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope now, thou art not drowned. Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine, for fear of the storm: And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans 'scaped!

Ste. Pry'thee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant. [sings.

Cal. These be fine things, as if they be not That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor: I will kneel to him.

Ste. How didst thou 'scape? How canst thou hither? swear by this bottle, how thou canst hither. I escaped upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved over-board, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree, with mine own hands, since I was cast a-shore.

Cal. I'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy True subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

Ste. Here; swear then how thou escap'dst.

Trin. Swam a-shore, man, like a duck; I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

Ste. Here, kiss the book: Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

Trin. O Stephano, hast any more of this?

Ste. The whole butt, man; my cellar is in a rock by the sea-side, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf? how does thine ague?

Cal. Hast thou not dropped from heaven?

Ste. Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man in the moon, when time was.

Cal. I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee;

My mistress shewed me thee, thy dog, and bush.

Ste. Come, swear to that; kiss the book: I will furnish it anon with new contents: swear.

Trin. By this good light, this is a very shallow monster:—I afraid of him!—a very weak monster:—The man o' the moon!—a most poor credulous monster:—Well drawn, monster, in good sooth.

Cal. I'll shew thee every fertile inch o' the island;

And kiss thy foot: I pry'thee, be my god.

Trin. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster; when his god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle. [subject.

Cal. I'll kiss thy foot: I'll swear myself thy

Ste. Come on then; down, and swear.

Trin. I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster: A most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him,—

Ste. Come, kiss.

Trin. —but that the poor monster's in drink: An abominable monster!

Cal. I'll shew thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries;

I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough. A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!

I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee, Thou wood'rous man.

Trin. A most ridiculous monster; to make a wonder of a poor drunkard.

Cal. I pr'ythee, let me bring thee where crabs grow ;
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts ;
Shew thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmozet ; I'll bring thee
To clust'ring filberds, and sometimes I'll get thee
Young sea-nells* from the rock : Wilt thou go with me ?

Ste. I pr'ythee now, lead the way, without any more talking.—Trinculo, the king and all our company else being drowned, we will inherit here.—Here : bear my bottle. Fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again.

Cal. Farewell, master ; farewell
[Sings d

Trin. A howling monster ; a drunk

Cal. No more dams I'll make fo

Nor fetch in firing

At requiring,

Nor scrape trenchering,
dish ;

'Ban 'Ban, Ca—Caliban

Has a new master—get a

Freedom, hey-day ! hey-day, freedom, hey-day, freedom !

Ste. O brave monster ! lead the

ACT III.

SCENE I. Before Prospero's Cell.

Enter FERDINAND, bearing a log.

Fer. There be some sports are painful ; but their labour

Delight in them sets off : some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone ; and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task would be
As heavy to me, as 'tis odious ; but

The mistress, which I serve, quickens what's dead,

And makes my labours pleasures : O, she is
Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed ;
And he's composed of harshness. I must remove
Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,
Upon a sore injunction : My sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work ; and says,

Fer. No, noble mistress ; 'tis free
with me,

When you are by at night. I do b
(Chiefly, that I might set it in my)
What is your name ?

Mir. Miranda :—O
I have broke your heart to say so !

Fer. Admired

Indeed, the top of admiration ; we

What's dearest to the world ! Full m

I have ey'd with best regard ; and m

The harmony of their tongues hath in

Brought my too diligent ear : for sev

Have I lik'd several women ; never

With so full soul, but some defect i

Did quarrel with the noblest grace

And put it to the foil : But you, O

Mira. I am a fool,
weep at what I am glad of.

Pro. Fair encounter
[two most rare affections! Heavens rain
on that which breeds between them! [grace

Fer. Wherefore weep you?

Mira. At mine unworthiness, that dare not
offer

but I desire to give; and much less take,
but I shall die to want: But this is trifling;
and all the more it seeks to hide itself,
be bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful
cunning!

and prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
am your wife, if you will marry me;
[not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow
you may deny me; but I'll be your servant,
whether you will or no.

Fer. My mistress, dearest,
and I thus humble ever.

Mira. My husband then?

Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing
as bondage e'er of freedom: here's my hand.

Mira. And mine, with my heart in't. And
I'll half an hour hence. [now farewell,

Fer. A thousand! thousand!

[*Exeunt FER. and MIRA.*

Pro. So glad of this as they, I cannot be,
[who are surpris'd with all; but my rejoicing
is nothing can be more. I'll to my book;
[or yet, ere supper time, must I perform
much business appertaining. [Exit.

SCENE II.

Another part of the Island.

*Enter STEPHANO and TRINCULO; CALIBAN
following with a bottle.*

Ste. Tell not me:—when the butt is out,
we will drink water; not a drop before:
[therefore bear up, and board 'em: Servant-
monster, drink to me.

Trin. Servant-monster? the folly of this
island! They say, there's but five upon this
island: we are three of them; if the other two
be brained like us, the state totters.

Ste. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid
thee; thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

Trin. Where should they be set else? he
was a brave monster indeed, if they were set
in his tail.

Ste. My man-monster hath drowned his
tongue in sack: for my part, the sea cannot
drown me: I swam, ere I could recover the
shore, five-and-thirty leagues, off and on,
by this light.—Thou shalt be my lieutenant,
monster, or my standard.

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no
standard.

Ste. We'll not run, monsieur monster.

Trin. Nor go neither: but you'll lie, like
a dog; and yet say nothing neither.

Ste. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if
thou best a good moon-calf.

Cal. How does thy honour? Let me lick thy
shoe: serve him, he is not valiant. [shoe:

Trin. Thou liest, most ignorant monster;

I am in case to justle a constable: Why, thou
debosh'd* sakh thou, was there ever man a
coward, that hath drunk so much sack as I
to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being
but half a fish, and half a monster?

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let
him, my lord?

Trin. Lord, quoth he!—that a monster
should be such a natural!

Cal. Lo, lo, again! bite him to death, I
pr'ythee.

Ste. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your
head; if you prove a mutineer, the next tree.
—The poor monster's my subject, and he shall
not suffer indignity. [pleas'd

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be
To hearken once again the suit I made thee?

Ste. Marry will I: kneel, and repeat it; I
will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

Enter ARIEL, invisible.

Cal. As I told thee
Before, I am subject to a tyrant;
A sorcerer, that by his cunning hath
Cheated me of this island.

Ari. Thou liest. Thou liest.
Cal. Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou;
I would, my vallant master would destroy thee:
I do not lie.

Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more
in his tale, by this hand, I will supplant some
of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum then, and no more.—[*To Calib-*
an.—Proceed.

Cal. I say, by sorcery he got this isle;
From me he got it. If thy greatness will
Revenge it on him—for, I know, thou dar'st;
But this thing dare not.

Ste. That's most certain. [thee.

Cal. Thou shalt be lord of it, and I'll serve
Ste. How now shall this be compassed?

Canst thou bring me to the party? [asleep.

Cal. Yea, yea, my lord; I'll yield him thee
Where thou may'st knock a nail into his head.

Ari. Thou liest, thou canst not [patch!—

Cal. What a pied ninny's this! Thou scurvy
I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows,
And take his bottle from him: when that's gone,
He shall drink nought but brine; for I'll not
Where the quick freshest are. [shew him

Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger:
interrupt the monster one word further, and,
by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out of doors,
and make a stock-fish of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing;
I'll go further off.

Ste. Didst thou not say, he lied?

Ari. Thou liest.

Ste. Do I not take thou that [*strikes him.*]
As you like this, give me the lie another time.

Trin. I did not give the lie:—Out o' your
wits, and hearing too?—A pox o' your
bottle! this can sack, and drinking do.—A
murrain on your monster, and the devil take
your fingers!

* Debosh'd. † Alluding to Trinculo's party-coloured dress. ‡ Springs.

Cal. Ha, ha, ha!

Ste. Now, forward with your tale. Pr'ythee stand further off.

Cal. Beat him enough: after a little time, I'll beat him too.

Ste. Stand further.—Come, proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him I' the afternoon to sleep: there thou may'st brain him,

Having first seiz'd his books; or with a log batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake, Or cut his wezand^e with thy knife: Remember,

First to possess his books; for without them

He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not

One spirit to command: They all do hate him,

As rootedly as I: Burn but his books;

He has brave attendants, (for so he calls them,) Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal.

And that most deeply to consider, is

The beauty of his daughter; he himself

Calls her a nonpareil: I ne'er saw woman,

But only Sycorax my dam, and she;

But she as far surpasseth Sycorax,

As greatest does least.

Ste. Is it so brave a lass?

Cal. Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I And bring thee forth brave brood. (warrant,

Ste. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be king and queen; (save our graces!) and Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys.—Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo?

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Give me thy hand; I am sorry I beat thee: but, while thou livest, keep a good

Will hum about mine ears; and sometimes voices,

That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep, Will make me sleep again: and then is dreaming, [riches]

The clouds, methought, would open, and show Ready to drop upon me; that, when I wak'd, I cry'd to dream again.

Ste. This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I shall have my music for nothing.

Cal. When Prospero is destroyed.

Ste. That shall be by and by: I remember the story.

Trin. The sound is going away: let's follow it, and after, do our work.

Ste. Lead, monster; we'll follow.—I would, I could see this taborer: he lays it on.

Trin. Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.

Another part of the island.

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, and others.

Gon. By'r lakin^t, I can go no further, sir: My old bones ache: here's a maze trod, indeed, Through forth-rights, and meanders! by your I needs must rest me. [patience,

Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee, Who am myself attach'd with weariness, To the dulling of my spirits: sit down, and rest. Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd, Whom thus we stray to find; and the sea mocks

Gon. If in Naples I should report this now, would they believe
If I should say I saw such islanders, [me!
For, certes*, these are people of the island,
Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet,
note,
Their manners are more gentle-kind, than of
Our human generation you shall find
Many, nay, almost any.

Pro. Honest lord,
Thou hast said well; for some of you there
present,
Are worse than devils. [Aside.

Alon. I cannot too much muse†,
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound,
expressing
Although they want the use of tongue, a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.

Pro. Praise in departing. [Aside.

Fran. They vanish'd strangely.
Seb. No matter, since
They have left their viands behind; for we
have stomachs.—

Will please you taste of what is here?

Alon. Not I.
Gon. Faith, sir, you need not fear: When
we were boys,

Who would believe that there were moun-
taineers,
Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had
hanging at them

Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men,
Whose heads stood in their breasts? which
now we find,

Each potter-out on five for one, will bring us
Good warrant of.

Alon. I will stand to, and feed,
Although my last: no matter, since I feel
The best is past:—Brother, my lord the duke,
Stand too, and do as we.

*Thunder and lightning. Enter ARIEL like
a harpy; claps his wings upon the table;
and, with a quaint device, the banquet
vanishes.*

Ari. You are three men of sin, whom destiny
(That hath to instrument this lower world,
And what is in't,) the never-surfeltd sea
Hath caus'd to helch up; and on this island
Where man doth not inhabit; you 'mongst
men [mad;
Shall most unfit to live, I have made you
Seeing ALON. &c., draw their swords,
And even with such like valour, men hang and
drown,

their proper selves. You fools! I, and my fel-
low-ministers of fate; the elements [flows
In whom your swords are temper'd, may as
well

Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at
And the still cloving waters, as diminish [stabs

One dowle; that's in my plume; my fellow
ministers

Are like invulnerable: if you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massy for your
strengths,

And will not be uplifted: But, remember,
(For that's my business to you,) that you the
From Milan did supplant good Prospero;
Expos'd unto the sea, which hath requit it,
Him, and his innocent child: for whose foul do
The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
Incens'd the seas and shores, yea all the creature
Against your peace: Thee, of thy son, Alon:
They have bereft; and do pronounce by me
Lingering perdition (worse than any death
Can be at once,) shall step by step attend
You and your ways; whose wraiths to goa
you from [fa

(Which here, in this most desolate isle, e
Upon your heads,) is nothing, but heart's s
And a clear life ensuing. [ro

*He vanishes in thunder: then, to soft m
sic, enter the Shapes again, and dance tri
mops and moves and carry out the tab.*

Pro. [Aside.] Bravely the figure of th
harpy hast thou

Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devourin
Of my instruction hast thou nothing 'bated,
In what thou hadst to say: so, with good li
And observation strange, my meauer ministe
Their several kinds have done: my hi
charms work,

And these mine enemies, are all knit up
In their distractions: they now are in my pow
And in these fits I leave them, whilst I visi
Young Ferdinand, (whom they suppose)
And his and my loved darling. [down't

[Exit PROSPERO from above]

Gon. P the name of something holy, s
why stand you
In this strange stare?

Alon. O, it is monstrous! monstrou
Methought, the billows spoke, and told me of
The winds did sing it to me; and the thund
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc
The name of Prosper; it did bass my trespass
Therefore my son is the ooze is bedded; and
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounds
And with him there lie mudded. [E

Seb. But one fiend at a tin
I'll fight their legions o'er.

Ant. I'll be thy second.

[Exit ANT. and ALON.]
Gon. All three of them are desperate; th
great guilt,

Like poison given to work a great time afte
Now 'gins to bite the spirits:—I do beseech y
That are of suppler joints, follow them swift
And hinder them from what this ecstasy |
May now provoke them to.

Adr. Follow, I pray you. [Exit

* Certainly. † Wonder. ‡ Down. § Pure, blameless. ¶ Alienation of mind.

ACT IV.

ENE I. *Before Prospero's cell.*er PROSPERO, FERDINAND, and
MIRANDA.

If I have too austere punish'd you,
compensation makes amends; for I
given you here a thread of mine own life,
at for which I live; whom once again
ler to thy hand: all thy vexations
but my trials of thy love, and thou
strangely stood the test: here afore
Heaven,

ify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,
not smile at me, that I boast her off,
thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,
I make it halt behind her.

Fer. I do believe it
ainst an oracle. [*Quisition*]

Pro. Then, as my gift, and thine own ac-
orthily purchased, take my daughter: But
thou dost break her virgin knot before
ll sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be minister'd,
To sweet aspersion * shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barren hate,
sour-ey'd disdain, and discord, shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly,
That you shall hate it both: therefore, take
As Hymen's lamps shall light you. [*Heed,*]

Fer. As I hope

For my love, fair issue, and long life,
In the murky den,

Ari. Well I conceive. [*E*]

Pro. Look, thou be true; do not give dalli-
Too much the rein; the strongest oaths are at
To the fire; the blood; be more abstemious
Or else, good night, your vow!

Fer. I warrant you,
The white cold virgin snow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver.

Pro. Well.—
Now come, my Ariel; bring a corollary,
Rather than want a spirit; appear, and perch
No tongue; all eyes; be silent. [*Soft m*]

A Masque. Enter Iris.

Iris. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and pe
Thy rusky mountains, where live nibbling sh
And flat meads thatch'd with stover, then
Thy banks with peonied and lilled brims, [E
Which spongy April at thy best; betrim
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and
broom groves,

Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor lov
Being lass-lorn; thy pale-clipt vineyard;
And thy sea marge, steril, and rocky-hard,
Where thou thyself dost air: The queen o
sky,

Whose watery arch, and messenger, am
Bids thee leave these; and with her sover
grace,

Here on this grass-plot, in this very place
To come and sport: her peacocks fly am
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter CERES.

was pink-headed son has broke his arrows,
can he will shoot no more, but play with
sparrows,
I be a boy right out.

Pr. Highest queen of state,
at Juno comes; I know her by her gait.

Enter Juno.

Juno. How does my bounteous sister? Go
with me, [be,
bless this twain, that they may prosperous
d honour'd in their issue.

SONG.

m. Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,
Long continuance, and increasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you!
Juno sings her blessings on you.

n. Earth's increase, and folson* plenty;
Barns and garners never empty;
Vines, with clust'ring bunches grow-
ing;

Plants, with goodly burden bowing;
Spring come to you, at the farthest,
In the very end of harvest!
Scarcely and want shall shun you;
Thyres' blessing so is on you.

Pr. This is a most majestic vision, and
musical charmingly: May I be hold
think these spirits?

Pr. Spirits, which by mine art
ive from their confines call'd to enact
present fancies.

Pr. Let me live here ever;
rare a wonder'd father, and a wife,
be this place Paradise.

[*Juno and Ceres whisper, and send
this on employment.*

Pr. Sweet now, silence:
and Ceres whisper seriously:
re's something else to do: hush, and be
the our spell is marr'd. [mute,

Pr. You nymphs, call'd Nainds, of the
wand'ring brooks, [looks,
th your edg'd crowns, and ever-harmless
ve your crisp channels, and on this green
land

wer your summons; Juno does command:
n, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
marriage of true love; be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs.

son-born'd sickle-men, of August weary,
e bitter from the furrow, and be merry;
e holiday: your eye-straw hats put on,
these fresh nymphs encounter every one
entry footing.

Pr. certain Reapers, properly habited:
ey join with the Nymphs in a graceful
dance; towards the end whereof Pros-
pero starts suddenly, and speaks; after
which, to a strange, hollow, and confused
noise, they heathily vanish.

Pr. [aside.] I had forgot that foul conspi-
racy

Of the beast Caliban, and his confederates,
Against my life; the minute of their plot
Is almost come.—[To the spirits.]—Well
done!—avoid!—no more.

Pr. This is most strange: your father's in
some passion
That works him strongly.

Mira. Never, till this day,
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.

Pro. You do look, my son, in a mov'd sort,
As if you were dismay'd: be cheerful, sir:
Our revels now are ended: these our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:

And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yes, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind: We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.—Sir, I am vex'd;
Bear with my weakness; my old brain is
troubled.

Be not disturb'd with my infirmity:
If you be pleas'd, retire into my cell,
And there repose; a turn or two I'll walk,
To still my beating mind.

Pr. *Mira.* We wish your peace.
[*Exit.*

Pro. Come with a thought:—I thank you:—
Ariel, come.

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to; What's thy
pleasure?

Pro. Spirit,
We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

Ari. Ay, my commander: when I presented
Ceres,

I thought to have told thee of it; but I fear'd,
Lest I might anger thee.

Pro. Say again, where didst thou leave these
varlets? [drinking;

Ari. I told you, sir, they were red-hot with
So full of valour, that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet: yet always bending
Towards their project: Then I beat my tabor,
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd
their ears,

Advanced their eye-lids, lifted up their noses,
As they smelt music; so I charm'd their ears,
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd, through
Tooth'd briars, sharp furzes, pricking goss, and
thorns, [them

Which enter'd their frail shins: at last I left
I the filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul
O'erstunk their feet. [take

Pro. This was well done, my bird:
Thy shape invisible retain thou still:
The trumpery in my house, go, bring it hither,
For state; to catch these thieves.

Ari. I go, I go. [Exit.

* Abundance. † Able to produce such wonders.

‡ A body of clouds in motion; but it is most probable that the author wrote track.

§ Bait.

‡ Vanished.

Pro. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture * can never stick; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost;
And as, with age, his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers: I will plague them all,

*Re-enter ARIEL loaden with glistening
apparel, &c.*

Even to roaring:—Come, hang them on this line.

PROSPERO and ARIEL remain invisible.

*Enter CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRIN-
CULO; all wet.*

Cal. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind
mole may not

Hear a foot fall: we now are near his cell.

Ste. Monster, your fairy, which, you say,
is a harmless fairy, has done little better than
played the Jack with us.

Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse-piss; at
which my nose is in great indignation.

Ste. So is mine. Do you hear, monster?
If I should take a displeasure against you;
look you,—

Trin. Thou wert but a lost monster.

Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favour still:
Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to
Shall hoodwink this mischance: therefore,
speak softly.

All's hush'd as midnight yet.

Trin. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,—

Ste. There is not only disgrace and disho-
nour in that, monster, but an infinite loss.

Trin. That's more to me than my wetting:

Ste. Put off that gown, Trinculo; b
hand, I'll have that gown.

Trin. Thy grace shall have it.

Cal. The dropsy drown this fool! w
you mean,

To doat thus on such luggage? Let's ab
And do the murder first: if he awake,
From toe to crown he'll fill our skin.
Make us strange stuff.

Ste. Be you quiet, monster.—Mistres
is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin
the line: now, jerkin, you are like to los
hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

Trin. Do, do: We steal by line and
and't like your grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that jest: here's
ment for't: wit shall not go unrewarded.
I am king of this country: *Steal by the
level*, is an excellent pass of pate; ther
other garment for't.

Trin. Monster, come, put some lime
your fingers, and away with the rest.

Cal. I will have none on't: we sha
our time,

And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to ap
With foreheads villainous low.

Ste. Monster, lay to your fingers; b
hear this away, where my hog'shead of
is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom;
carry this.

Trin. And this.

Ste. Ay, and this.

*A noise of hunters heard. Enter
Solists in chase of hounds, and*

the lime-grove which weather-fends * your cell;

cannot budge, till you release. The king, brother and yours, abide all three distracted;

the remainder mourning over them, full of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly you term'd, sir, *The good old lord, Gonzalo*;

tears run down his beard, like winter's messengers of reeds: your charm so strongly works them,

if you now behold them, your affections will become tender.

Pro. Dost thou think so, spirit? *Ari.* Mine would, sir, were I human.

Pro. And mine shall. At thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling

of their afflictions! and shall not myself, one of their kind, that relish all as sharply,

as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art?

With their high wrongs I am struck to it, with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury;

I take part: the rarer action is, 'twixt virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent, the sole drift of my purpose doth extend

to arown farther: Go, release them, Ariel; my charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,

and they shall be themselves.

Ari. I'll fetch them, sir. *[Exit.*

Pro. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves;

and ye, that on the sands with printless foot do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him,

when he comes back; you demig-puppets; that moon-shine do the green-sour ringlets make,

whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whose pastime

is to make midnight-mushrooms; that rejoice to wake the solemn curfew; by whose aid

[Wink, though you be,] I have bewitch'd

the moon-side sun, call'd forth the mutinous Delphic the green sea and the azur'd vault

to roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak

with his own bolt: the strong bas'd promontory have I made shake; and by the spurs pluck'd up

the pine and cedar: graves, at my command, have wak'd their sleepers; oped, and let them forth

by my so potent art: But this rough magic here abjure: and, when I have requir'd

some heavenly music, *[which even now I do,]* to work mine end upon their senses, that

this airy charm is for, I'll break my staff, bury it

in certain fathoms in the earth, deeper than did ever plummet sound, I'll drown my book.

[Solemn music.]

Enter ARIEL: after him, ALONSO, with a frantic gesture, attended by GONZALO; SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO in like manner, attended by ADRIAN and FRANCISCO:

They all enter the circle which PROSPERO

had made, and there stand charmed, which PROSPERO observing, speaks.

A solemn air, and the best comforter To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,

Now useless, boil'd within thy skull! There For you are spell-stopp'd.—

[stand, Holy Gonzalo, honourable man, Mine eyes, even sociable to the shew of thine, Fall]

[slowly drops. The charm dissolves apace; And as the morning steals upon the night, Melting the darkness, so their rising senses]

Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle Their clearer reason.—O, my good Gonzalo, My true preserver, and a loyal sir

To him thou follow'st; I will pay thy graces Home, both in word and deed.—Most cruelly Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:

Thy brother was a furtherer in the act;— Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, Sebastian.—Flesh and blood,

You brother mine, that entertain'd ambition, Expell'd remorse, and nature; who, with Sebastian,

[strong,] Whose inward pinches therefore are most Would here have kill'd your king; I do forgive thee.

[ing Unnatural though thou art!—Their understand-Begins to swell; and the approaching tide]

Will shortly fill the reasonable shores, That now lie foul and muddy. Not one of them, That yet looks on me, or would know me;—

Ariel, Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell;

[Exit ARIEL.] I will disease me, and myself present, As I was sometime Milan:—quickly, spirit; Thou shalt ere long be free.

ARIEL re-enters, singing, and helps to attire PROSPERO.

Ari. Where the bee sucks, there suck I; In a cowslip's bell I lie;

There I couch when owls do cry. On the bat's back I do fly,

After summer, merrily: Merrily, merrily, shall I live now, Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Pro. Why, that's my dainty Ariel; I shall miss thee;

But yet thou shalt have freedom: so, so, so.— To the king's ship, invisible as thou art;

There shalt thou find the mariners asleep Under the hatches; the master and the boat-

swain, Being awake, enforce them to this place; And presently, I pry thee.

Ari. I drink the air before me, and return Or e'er your pulse twice beat. *[Exit ARIEL.]*

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement

Inhabits here: Some heavenly power guide us Out of this fearful country!

Pro. Behold, sir king, The wronged duke of Milan, Prospero: For more assurance that a living prince

* Defends from bad weather.

† Thick.

‡ Pity, or tenderness of heart.

Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;
And to thee, and thy company, I bid
A hearty welcome.

Alon. Whe'r * thou beest he, or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know: thy pulse
Beats, as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw
thee,

The affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me: this must crave
(An if this be at all,) a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign; and do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs:—But how should

Prospero

Be living, and be here?

Pro. First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age; whose honour
Be measur'd or confin'd. [cannot

Gon. Whether this be,
Or be not, I'll not swear.

Pro. You do yet taste
Some subtleties o' the isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain:—Welcome, my friends
all:—

But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,
[*Aside to SEB. and ANT.*
I here could pluck his highness' frown upon
And justify you traitors; at this time [you,
I'll tell no tales.

Seb. The devil speaks in him, [*Aside.*

Pro. No:—
For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault; all of them; and require

That they devour their reason; and scarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath: but, howsoe'er you have
Been justled from your senses, know for certain,
That I am Prospero, and that very duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan; who most
strangely [landed,

Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd, was
To be the lord on't. No more yet of this;
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfast, nor
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir;
This cell's my court: here have I few attendants
And subjects none abroad: pray you, look in.
My dukedom since you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing:
At least, bring forth a wonder, to content ye,
As much as me my dukedom.

The entrance of the cell opens, and discovers FERDINAND and MIRANDA playing at chess.

Mira. Sweet lord, you play me false.
Fer. No, my dearest love,
I would not for the world.

Mira. Yes, for a score of kingdoms you
should wrangle,
And I would call it fair play.

Alon. If this prove
A vision of the island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.

Seb. A most high miracle!
Fer. Tho' the seas threaten, they are merciful:
I have curs'd them without cause.

And on this couple drop a blessed crown;
For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither!

Alon. I say, Amen, Gonzalo!

Gon. Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his
issue

Should become kings of Naples? O, rejoice
Beyond a common joy; and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars: In one voyage
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis;
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife,
Where he himself was lost; Prospero his
duchedom,

In a poor isle; and all of us, ourselves,
When no man was his own.

Alon. Give me your hands:

[*To FER. and MIR.*

Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart,
That doth not wish you joy!

Gon. Be't so! Amen!

*Re-enter ARIEL, with the Master and
Boatswain amazedly following.*

Look, sir, look, sir; here are more of us!
I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown:—Now, blas-
phemy, [shore?]

That wear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on
Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the
news? [found]

Boats. The best news is, that we have safely
Our king and company: the next, our ship,—
Which, but three glasses since, we gave out
spit,—

light and yare*, and bravely rigg'd, as when
We first put out to sea.

Art. Sir, all this service!

How I done since I went.

Pro. My tricksy; spirit!

Alon. These are not natural even's; they
strengthen, [hither]

From strange to stranger:—Say, how came you?

Boats. If I did think, sir, I were well awake,
I'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep,
And (how, we know not,) all clapp'd under
hatches, [noises]

There, but even now, with strange and several
Roaring, shrieking, howling, gurgling chains,
And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,

We were awak'd; straightway, at liberty:

Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld
Our royal, good, and gallant ship; our master
Crying to eye her: On a trice, so please you,
We in a dream, were we divided from them,
And were brought moping hither.

Art. Was't well done?

Pro. Brave'y, my diligence. Thou

shalt be free. [*Aside.*

Alon. This is as strange a maze as e'er men
trod:

And there's in this business more than nature
Ever conduct's of: some oracle

Must rectify our knowledge.

Pro. Sir, my liege,

Don't infect your mind with beating on

The strangeness of this business; at pick'
leisure,

Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve yo
(Which to you shall seem probable,) of ever
These happen'd accidents: till when, be chee-
ful,

And think of each thing well.—Come hithe:
spirit; [*Aside*

Set Caliban and his companions free:
Untle the spell. [*Exit ARIEL.*] How fare
my gracious sir?

There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd iads, that you remember not.

*Re-enter ARIEL, driving in CALIBAN, STE-
PHANO, and TRINCULO, in their stolen
apparel.*

Ste. Every man shift for all the rest, and
let no man take care for himself; for all is bu-
fortune:—Coragio, bully-monster, Coragio!

Trin. If these be true spies which I wear in
my head, here's a goodly sight.

Cut. O Setebos, these be brave spirits indeed!
How fine my master is! I am afraid
He will chastise me.

Seb. Ha, ha; What things are these, my lord Antonio?

Will money buy them?

Ant. Very like; one of them
Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.

Pro. Mark but the badges of these men, my
lords, [*knave*

Then say, if they be true:—This mis-shapes
His mother was a witch; and one so strong
That could controul the moon, make flows and
ebbs,

And deal in her command, without her power
These three have robb'd me; and this demi-
devil

(For he's a bastard one,) had plotted with them
To take my life: two of these fellows you
Must know, and own; this thing of darkness
Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I shall be pinch'd to death
Alon. Is not this Stephano, my drunken
butler?

Seb. He is drunk now: Where had he wine
Alon. And Trinculo is reeling ripe: Where
should they

Find this gaudy liquor that hath gilded them?—
How cam'st thou in this pickle?

Trin. I have been in such a pickle, since
saw you last, that, I fear me, will never out of
my bones: I shall not fear fly-blowing.

Seb. Why, how now, Stephano?

Ste. O, touch me not; I am not Stephano
but a cramp.

Pro. You'd be king of the isle, sirrah?

Ste. I should have been a sore one then.

Alon. This is as strange a thing as e'er
look'd on. [*Pointing to CALIBAN*

Pro. He is as disproportion'd in his manner
As in his shape:—Go, sirrah, to my cell;

Take with you your companions; as you lov-
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

* In his senses. † Ready. ‡ Clever, adroit. § Conductor. ¶ Honest.

Cal. Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise here-
after,
And seek for grace: What a thrice-double ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,
And worship this dull fool?

Pro. Go to; away!

Alon. Hence, and bestow your luggage where
you found it.

Seb. Or stole it, rather.

[*Exeunt CAL. SEB. and TRIN.*]

Pro. Sir, I invite your highness, and your
train,
To my poor cell: where you shall take your
rest

For this one night; which (part of it,) I'll waste
With such discourse as, I not doubt, shall make
Go quick away: the story of my life, [it

And the particular accidents, gone by,
Since I came to this isle: And in the morn'
I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Napl'
Where I have hope to see the nuptial
Of these our dear-beloved solemniz'd;
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.

Alon.

To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.

Pro.

I'll deliver all;
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gals
And sail so expeditious, that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off.—My Ariel;—chiefly
That is thy charge; then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well!—[*aside.*] *Pro.*
you, draw near. [*Exeunt*

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY PROSPERO.

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have's mine own;
Which is most faint: now, 'tis true,
I must be here confin'd by you,
Or sent to Naples: Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got,
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island, by your spell;
But release me from my bands,
With the help of your good hands *

Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please: Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be relief'd by prayer:
Which pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd
Let your indulgence set me free.

WO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

Persons represented.

ILAN, father to Silvia.
 } Gentlemen of Verona.
 either to Proteus.
 Rival to Valentine.
 agent for Silvia in her escape.
 servish servant to Valentine.
 went to Proteus.

PANTHINO, servant to Antonio.
 Host, where Julia lodges in Milan.
 Out-laws.

JULIA, a lady of Verona, beloved by Proteus.
 SILVIA, the duke's daughter, beloved by Valentine.

LUCKYTA, waiting-woman to Julia.

Servants, Musicians.

actimes in Verona; sometimes in Milan; and on the frontiers of Mantua.

ACT I.

An open place in Verona.

VALENTINE and PROTEUS.

to persuade, my loving Proteus
 youth have ever homely wits
 section chains thy tender days
 glances of thy honour'd love,
 to entreat thy company,
 orders of the world abroad,
 daily slaggardis'd at home,
 youth with shapeless idleness.
 son lov'st, love still, and thrive
 said, when I to love begin.
 thou be gone? Sweet Valentine,

Proteus, when thou, haply, seest
 sta-worthy object in thy travel:
 taker in thy happiness,
 but meet good hap; and, in thy
 w do environ thee, [danger,
 y grievance to my holy prayers,
 thy head's-a-man, Valentine.
 a love-book pray for my success.
 some book I love, I'll pray for
 [love,
 on some shallow story of deep
 Leander cross'd the Hellespont.
 s a deep story of a deeper love;
 more than over shoes in love.
 we; for you are over boots in love,
 never swam the Hellespont.
 the boots? nay, give me not the
 'll not, for it boots thee not.

What?
 To be
 re scorn is bought with groans;
 oks, [mirth,
 ore sighs; one fading moment's
 watchful, weary, tedious nights:
 perhaps, a hapless gain;

If lost, why then a grievous labour won;
 However, but a folly bought with wit,
 Or else a wit by folly vanquished.

Pro. So, by your circumstance, you call me fool.

Val. So, by your circumstance, I fear, you'll prove.

Pro. Tis love you cavil at; I am not Love.

Val. Love is your master, for he masters
 And he that is so yoked by a fool, [you:
 Methinks should not be chronicled for wise.

Pro. Yet writers say, As in the sweetest bud
 The eating canker dwells, so eating love
 Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

Val. And writers say, As the most forward
 Is eaten by the canker ere it blow, [but
 Even so by love the young and tender wit

Is turn'd to folly; blasting in the bud,
 Losing his verdure even in the prime,
 And all the fair effects of future hopes.

But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee,
 That art a votary to fond desire?

Once more adieu: my father at the road
 Expects my coming, there to see me shipp'd.

Pro. And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.

Val. Sweet Proteus, no; now let us take
 our leave.

At Milan let me hear from thee by letters,
 Of thy success in love, and what news else
 Betideth here in absence of thy friend;
 And I likewise will visit thee with mine.

Pro. All happiness bechance to thee in Milan!

Val. As much to you at home! and so fare-
 well! [Exit VALENTINE.

Pro. He after honour hunts, I after love:
 He leaves his friends, to dignify them more;
 I leave myself, my friends, and all for love.

Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphos'd me;
 Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
 War with good counsel, set the world at naught;
 Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with
 thought.

* A humorous punishment at harvest-home feasts, &c.

Enter SPEED.

Speed. Sir Proteus, save you: Saw you my master?

[for Milan.

Pro. But now he parted hence, to embark

Sp. Twenty to one then, he is shipp'd already; And I have play'd the sheep in losing him.

Pro. Indeed a sheep doth very often stray, An if the shepherd be awhile away.

Speed. You conclude that my master is a shepherd then, and I a sheep?

Pro. I do.

Speed. Why then my horns are his horns, whether I wake or sleep.

Pro. A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep.

Speed. This proves me still a sheep.

Pro. True; and thy master a shepherd.

Sp. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.

Pro. It shall go hard, but I'll prove it by another.

Speed. The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the sheep the shepherd; but I seek my master, and my master seeks not me: therefore, I am no sheep.

Pro. The sheep for fodder follow the shepherd, the shepherd for food follows not the sheep; thou for wages followest thy master, thy master for wages follows not thee: therefore, thou art a sheep.

Sp. Such another proof will make me cry baa.

Pro. But dost thou hear? gav'st thou my letter to Julia?

Speed. Ay, sir: I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to her, a laced mutton*; and she, a laced mutton, gave me, a lost mutton, nothing

Pr. Beshrew† me, but you

Speed. And yet it cannot slow purse.

Pro. Come, come, open thy purse.

Speed. Open your purse, the matter may be both at once.

Pro. Well, sir, here is for said she?

Sp. Truly, sir, I think you

Pro. Why? Could'st thou from her?

Speed. Sir, I could perceive from her; no, not so much livering your letter: And because that brought your mind, I felt hard to you in telling her a token but stones; for she's a

Pro. What, said she nothing?

Speed. No, not so much *thypains*. To testify your beauty you have testern'd‡ me; in henceforth carry your letter, sir, I'll commend you to my

Pro. Go, go, be gone, from wreck;

Which cannot perish, having Being destined to a drier death: I must go send some better. I fear, my Julia would not do. Receiving them from such a

SCENE I

The same. Garden of

Jul. And would'st thou have me cast my love on him? [away.]

Luc. Ay, if you thought your love not cast

Jul. Why he of all the rest hath never mov'd me. [loves ye.]

Luc. Yet he of all the rest, I think, best

Jul. His little speaking shews his love but small. [of all.]

Luc. Fire, that is closest kept burns most

Jul. They do not love, that do not shew their love.

Luc. O, they love least, that let men know

Jul. I would, I knew his mind. [their love.]

Luc. Peruse this paper, madam.

Jul. To *Julia*.—Say, from whom?

Luc. That the contents will shew.

Jul. Say, say; who gave it thee?

Luc. Sir *Valentine's* page; and sent, I think, from *Proteus*:

He would have given it you, but I being in the way, [I pray.]

Did in your name receive it; pardon the fault,

Jul. Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker!*

How you presume to harbour wanton lines?

To whisper and conspire against my youth?

Now, trust me, 'tis an office of great worth,

And you an officer fit for the place.

Then, take the paper, see it be return'd;

Or return no more into my sight.

Luc. To plead for love deserves more fee

Jul. Will you be gone? [than hate.]

Luc. That you may ruminate. [Exit.]

Jul. And yet, I would I had o'erlook'd the letter.

A were a shame to call her back again,

And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.

What fool is she, that knows I am a maid,

And would not force the letter to my view?

What maids, in modesty, say *No*, to that

Which they would have the profligate construe,

Jul. He: how wayward is this foolish love. [Ay.]

Now, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse,

And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod!

How churlishly I chid *Lucetta* hence,

When willingly I would have had her here!

How angrily I taught my brow to frown,

When inward joy enforc'd my heart to smile!

My purpose is, to call *Lucetta* back,

And ask remission for my folly past:—

What he! *Lucetta*!

Re-enter *LUCETTA*.

Luc. What would your ladyship?

Jul. Is it near dinner-time?

Luc. I would it were;

But you might kill your stomach on your last sup on your maid. [meat.]

Jul. What is't you took up

so eagerly?

Luc. Nothing.

Jul. Why did'st thou stoop then?

Luc. To take a paper up that I let fall.

Jul. And is that paper nothing?

Luc. Nothing concerning me.

Jul. Then let it lie for those that it concerns.

Luc. Madam, it will not lie where it col Unless it have a false interpreter. [cern]

Jul. Some love of your's hath writ to yo in rhyme.

Luc. That I might sing it, madam, to a tune Give me a note: your ladyship can set.

Jul. As little by such toys as may be possible Best sing it to the tune of *Light o' love*.

Luc. It is too heavy for so light a tune.

Jul. Heavy? belike, it hath some burden then

Luc. Ay, and melodions were it, would yo

Jul. And why not you? [sing i]

Luc. I cannot reach so high

Jul. Let's see your song:—How now, minion!

Luc. Keep tune there still, so you will sin it ont:

And yet, methinks, I do not like this tune.

Jul. You do not?

Luc. No, madam; it is too sharp.

Jul. You, minion, are too saucy.

Luc. Nay, now you are too flat,

And mar the concord with too harsh a descant;

There wanteth but a mean to fill your song.

Jul. The mean is drown'd with your unral base.

Luc. Indeed, I bid the base for *Proteus*.

Jul. This babble shall not henceforth troubl

Here is a coil with protestation!— [m

Go, get you gone; and let the papers lie:

You would be fingering them, to anger me.

Luc. She makes it strange; but she woul

be heat pleas'd

To be so anger'd with another letter. [Exit]

Jul. Nay, would I were so anger'd with th

same!

O hateful hands, to tear such loving words!

Injurious wasps! to feed on such sweet honey

And kill the bees, that yield it, with your sting!

I'll kiss each several paper for amends.

And here is writ—*kind Julia*;—unkind *Julia*!

As in revenge of thy ingratitude,

I throw thy name against the bruising stones

Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.

Look, here is writ—*love-wounded Proteus*;

Poor wounded name! my bosom, as a bed,

Shall lodge thee, till thy wound be through

heal'd;

And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.

But twice or thrice, was *Proteus* written down

Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away

Till I have found each letter in the letter,

Except mine own name; that some whirlwin

Unto a ragged, fearful, hanging rock, [be

And throw it thence into the raging sea!

Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ,—

Poor forlorn *Proteus*, passionate *Proteu*

To the sweet *Julia*:—that I'll tear away;

And yet I will not, altho' so prettily

He couples it to his complaining names:

Thus will I fold them one upon another;

Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will

Re-enter *LUCETTA*.

Luc. Madam, dinner's ready, and your l

ther stays.

* A matchmaker.
† The tenor is music.

† Passion or obstinacy.
‡ A challenge.

‡ A term in music.
•• Since.

Jul. Well, let us go.

Luc. What, shall these papers lie like tell-tales here? [up.

Jul. If you respect them, best to take them

Luc. Nay, I was taken up for laying them down:

Yet here they shall not lie, for catching cold.

Jul. I see, you have a month's mind to them.

Luc. Ay, madam, you may say what sights you see;

I see things too, although you judge I wink.

Jul. Come, come, will't please you go?

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The same. A Room in Antonio's House.

Enter ANTONIO and PANTHINO.

Ant. Tell me, Panthino, what sad * talk was that

Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister?

Pan. 'Twas of his nephew Proteus, your son.

Ant. Why, what of him?

Pan. He wonder'd, that your lordship

Would suffer him to spend his youth at home;

While other men, of slender reputation,

Put forth their sons to seek preferment out:

Some, to the wars, to try their fortune there;

Some, to discover islands far away;

Some, to the studious universities.

For any, or for all these exercises,

He said, that Proteus, your son, was meet;

And did request me, to importune you,

Are journeying to salute the

And to commend their service

Ant. Good company; with

tens go:

And, in good time,—now will

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. Sweet love! sweet li

Here is her hand, the agent c

Here is her oath for love, he

O, that our fathers would ap

To seal our happiness with t

O heavenly Julia!

Ant. How now? what letter

there?

Pro. May't please your lo

Of commendation sent from

Delivered by a friend that c

Ant. Lend me the letter;

news.

Pro. There is no news, my

How happily he lives, how w

And daily graced by the em

Wishing me with him, partne

Ant. And how stand you af

Pro. As one relying on yo

And not depending on his fr

Ant. My will is something

wish:

Muse not that I thus sudde

For what I will, I will, and

I am resolv'd, that thou shalt

With Valentines in the emp

What maintenance he from hi

ACT II.

SCENE I. Milan.

An Apartment in the Duke's Palace.

Enter VALENTINE and SPEED.

Speed. Sir, your glove.

Val. Not mine; my gloves are on.

Speed. Why then this may be your's, for this is but one [mine:—

Val. Ha! let me see: ay, give it me, it's sweet ornament that decks a thing divine!

Al. Silvia! Silvia!

Speed. Madam Silvia! madam Silvia!

Val. How now, sirrah?

Speed. She is not within hearing, sir.

Val. Why, sir, who bade you call her?

Sp. Your worship, sir: or else I mistook.

Val. Well, you'll still be too forward.

Speed. And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.

Val. Go to, sir; tell me, do you know madam Silvia?

Speed. She that your worship loves?

Val. Why, how know you that I am in love?

Speed. Marry, by these special marks: First, you have learned, like sir Proteus, to wreath your arms like a male content; to relish a loving, like a robin-red-breast; to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence; to sigh, like a school-boy that had lost his A. B. C.; to sup, like a young wench that had buried her husband; to fast, like one that takes diet; to sack, like one that fears robbing; to speak piping, like a beggar at Hallowmas. You were wont, when you laugh'd, to crow like a cock; when you walked, to walk like one of the fowls; when you fasted, it was presently the dinner; when you looked sadly, it was the want of money; and now you are metamorphosed with a mistress, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master.

Val. Are all these things perceived in me?

Speed. They are all perceived without you.

Val. Without me? They cannot.

Speed. Without you? nay, that's certain, for, without you were so simple, none else could: but you are so without these follies, that these follies are within you, and shine through you like the water in an urn; that let an eye, that sees you, but is a physician to comment on your malady.

Val. But, tell me, dost thou know my lady Silvia?

Speed. She, that you gaze on so, as she sits a puppet?

Val. Hast thou observed that? even she I mean.

Speed. Why, sir, I know her not.

Val. Dost thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet know'st her not?

Speed. Is she not hard favoured, sir?

Val. Not so fair, boy, as well favoured.

Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.

Val. What dost thou know?

Speed. That she is not so fair, as (of you) well favoured.

Val. I mean, that her beauty is exquisite but her favour infinite.

Speed. That's because the one is painted and the other out of all count.

Val. How painted? and how out of count?

Speed. Marry, sir, so painted, to make it fair, that no man counts of her beauty.

Val. How esteemest thou me? I account her beauty.

Speed. You never saw her since she was deformed.

Val. How long hath she been deformed?

Speed. Ever since you loved her.

Val. I have loved her ever since I saw her and still I see her beautiful.

Speed. If you love her, you cannot see her deformed.

Val. Why?

Speed. Because love is blind. O, that you had mine eyes; or your own had the light they were wont to have, when you chid at Proteus for going nungartered!

Val. What should I see then?

Speed. Your own present folly, and her passing deformity: for he, being in love, cannot see to garter his hose; and you, being love, cannot see to put on your hose.

Val. Belike, boy, then you are in love; for last morning you could not see to wipe your shoes.

Speed. True, sir; I was in love with my bed: I thank you, you swung! me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

Val. In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

Speed. I would you were set; so, your affection would cease.

Val. Last night she enjoined me to write some lines to one she loves.

Speed. And have you?

Val. I have.

Speed. Are they not lamely writ?

Val. No, boy, but as well as I can write them:—Peace, here she comes.

Enter SILVIA.

Speed. O excellent motion! O exceeding puppet! now will he interpret to her.

Val. Madam and mistress, a thousand good-morrows.

Speed. O, 'give you good even! here's a million of manners. [Aside]

Sil. Sir Valentine and servant, to you ten thousand.

Speed. He should give her interest; as she gives it him. [Letting]

Val. As you enjoind me, I have writ you unto the secret nameless friend of yours; Which I was much unwilling to proceed in, But for my duty to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you, gentle servant: 'tis very clerkly done.

* Under a regimen. † Allhallowmas. ‡ Whipped. § A puppet-show. ¶ Like a scholar.

Val. Now trust me, madam, it came hardly
For, being ignorant to whom it goes, [off;
I writ at random, very doubtfully.

Sil. Perchance you think too much of so
much pains? [write,

Val. No, madam; so it stead you, I will
Please you command, a thousand times as
And yet,— [much:

Sil. A pretty period! Well, I guess the sequel;
And yet I will not name it:—and yet I care
not;—

And yet take this again;—and yet I thank you;
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

Speed. And yet you will; and yet another
yet. [Aside,

Val. What means your ladyship? do you
not like it?

Sil. Yes, yes; the lines are very quaintly writ:
But since unwillingly, take them again:

Nay, take them.

Val. Madam, they are for you.

Sil. Ay, ay; you writ them, sir, at my request:
But I will none of them; they are for you:
I would have had them writ more movingly.

Val. Please you, I'll write your ladyship
another. [it over:

Sil. And, when it's writ, for my sake read
And, if it please you, so; if not, why, so.

Val. If it please me, madam! what then?

Sil. Why, if it please you, take it for your
labour;

And so good-morrow, servant. [Exit SILVIA.

Speed. O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible,
As thou art, so art thou, or a weathercock

For often you have writ to her; and she,
modesty, [again rep

Or else for want of idle time, could I

Or fearing else some messenger, that might
her mind discover, [unto her lover

Herself hath taught her love himself to wr
All this I speak in print; for in print I fow

Why muse you, sir? 'tis dinner-time. [it

Val. I have dined.

Speed. Ay, but hearken, sir; though the
meleon Love can feed on the air, I am one that
am nourished by my victuals, and would I
have meat: O, be not like your mistress;
moved, be moved. [Exit

SCENE II.

Verona. A room in Julia's House.

Enter PROTEUS and JULIA.

Pro. Have patience, gentle Julia.

Jul. I must, where is no remedy.

Pro. When possibly I can, I will return

Jul. If you turn not, you will return
sooner:

Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake
[Giving a ring

Pro. Why then we'll make exchange; he
take you this.

Jul. And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.

Pro. Here is my hand for my true constancy
And when that hour o'er-slips me in the d
Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake,
The next ensuing hour some foul mischance
Torment me for my love's forgetfulness!

This shoe is my father;—no, this left shoe is my father;—no, no, this left shoe is my mother;—nay, that cannot be so neither;—yes, it is, it is so; It hath the worser sole; This shoe, with the hole in it, is my mother, and this my father; A vengeance on't! there 'tis: now, sir, this staff is my sister; for, look you, as white as a lily, and as small as a wand: this hat is Nan, our maid; I am the dog;—no, the dog is himself, and I am the dog;—O, the dog is me, and I am myself; ay, so, so. Now come I to my father; *Father, your blessing*; now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping; now should I kiss my father; well, he weeps out;—now come I to my mother, (O, that she could speak now!) like a wood* woman;—well, I kiss her;—why there 'tis; here's my mother's breath up and down: now come I to my sister; mark the moon she makes: now the dog all this while sheds not a tear, nor speaks a word; let me see how I lay the dust with my tears.

Enter PANTHINO.

Pan. Lance, away, away, aboard; thy mistress is shipped, and thou art to post after with care. What's the matter? why weepest thou, man? Away, ass; you will lose the tide, if you tarry any longer.

La. It is no matter if the ty'd were lost; for it is the unkindest ty'd that ever any man ty'd.

Pan. What's the unkindest tide?

La. Why, he that's ty'd here; Crab, my dog.

Pan. Tut, man, I mean thou'lt lose the flood; and, in losing the flood, lose thy voyage; and, in losing thy voyage, lose thy master; and, in losing thy master, lose thy service; and, in losing thy service,—Why dost thou stop my mouth?

La. For fear thou should'st lose thy tongue.

Pan. Where should I lose my tongue?

La. In thy tale.

Pan. In thy tail?

La. Lose the tide, and the voyage, and the master, and the service! The tide!—Why, now, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my sighs.

Pan. Come, come away, man; I was sent to call thee.

La. Sir, call me what thou darest.

Pan. Wilt thou go?

La. Well, I will go. *[Exit.]*

SCENE IV.

Place. An Apartment in the Duke's Palace.

Enter VALENTINE, SILVIA, THURIO, and SPEED.

Sil. Servant—
Val. Mistress?
Sil. Master, sir Thurio frowns on you.
Val. Ay, boy, it's for love.
Sil. Not of you.
Val. Of my mistress then.
Sil. Twere good, you knocked him.
Val. Servant, you are and t.
Sil. Indeed, madam, I seem so.

Thu. Seem you that you are not?

Val. Haply, I do.

Thu. So do counterfelts.

Val. So do you.

Thu. What seem I, that I am not?

Val. Wise.

Thu. What instance of the contrary?

Val. Your folly.

Thu. And how quotes you my folly?

Val. I quote it in your jerkin.

Thu. My jerkin is a doublet.

Val. Well, then, I'll double your folly.

Thu. How?

Sil. What, angry, sir Thurio? do you change colour?

Val. Give him leave, madam; he is a kind of aameleon.

Thu. That hath more mind to feed on you blood, than live in your air.

Val. You have said, sir.

Thu. Ay, sir, and done too, for this time.

Val. I know it well, sir; you always en- ere you begin.

Sil. A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off.

Val. 'Tis indeed, madam; we thank the giver.

Sil. Who is that, servant?

Val. Yourself, sweet lady; for you gave the fire: sir Thurio borrows his wit from you ladyship's looks, and spends what he borrows kindly in your company.

Thu. Sir, if you spend word for word wit me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.

Val. I know it well, sir; you have an ex- chequer of words, and, I think, no other trea- sure to give your followers; for it appea- by their bare liveries, that they live by you bare words.

Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more; he comes my father.

Enter DUKE.

Duke. Now, daughter Silvia, you are har- beset.

Sil. Sir Valentine, your father's in good health; What say you to a letter from your friends. Of much good news?

Val. My lord, I will be thank- To any happy messenger from thence.

Duke. Know you Don Antonio, your countryman?

Val. Ay, my good lord, I know the gentlemen To be of worth, and worthy estimation, And not without desert so well reputed.

Duke. Hath he not a son?

Val. Ay, my good lord; a son, that well d- The honour and regard of such a father. *[serv-]*

Duke. You know him well? *[Infant]*

Val. I knew him as myself; for from o- We have convers'd, and spent our hours togeth- And though myself have been an idle truant Omitting the sweet benefit of time, To clothe mine age with angel-like perfectio- Yet hath sir Proteus, for that's his name, Made use and fair advantage of his days; His years but young, but his experience ol-

* Crazy, distracted

† Serious.

‡ Perhaps.

§ Observe.

His head namellow'd, but his judgment ripe;
And, in a word, (for far behind his worth
Come all the praises that I now bestow,)
He is complete in feature, and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

Duke. Beshrew* me, sir, but, if he make
He is as worthy for an empress' love, [this good,
As meet to be an emperor's counsellor.
Well, sir; this gentleman is come to me,
With commendation from great potentates;
And here he means to spend his time a-while:
I think, 'tis no unwelcome news to you.

Val. Should I have wish'd a thing, it had
been he. [worth;

Duke. Welcome him then according to his
Silvia, I speak to you; and you, sir *Thurio* :—
For Valentine, I need not cite† him to it:
I'll send him hither to you presently.

[*Exit Duke.*

Val. This is the gentleman, I told your
ladyship [tress
Had come along with me, but that his mis-
Did hold his eyes lock'd in her crystal looks.

Sil. Belike, that now she hath enfranchis'd
Upon some other pawn for fealty. [them

Val. Nay, sure, I think, she holds them
prisoners still. [being blind,

Sil. Nay, then he should be blind; and,
How could he see his way to seek out you?

Val. Why, lady, love hath twenty pair of
eyes. [all.

Thu. They say, that love hath not an eye at

Val. To see such lovers, *Thurio*, as yourself;

I'll leave you to confer of home-affairs;

When you have done, we look to hear from you.

Pro. We'll both attend upon your ladyship.

[*Exeunt SILVIA, THURIO, and PROTEUS.*

Val. Now, tell me, how do all from where
you came? [much commend

Pro. Your friends are well, and have th

Val. And how do yours?

Pro. I left them all in hea

Val. How does your lady? and how thi

your love?

Pro. My tales of love were wont to we

you;

I know, you joy not in a love-discourse.

Val. Ay, Proteus, but that life is alter'd as

I have done penance for contemning love

Whose high imperious thoughts have push

With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,

With nightly tears, and daily heart sore sig

For, in revenge of my contempt of love,

Love hath chac'd sleep from my entrai

eyes, [sorn

And made them watchers of mine own hea

O, gentle Proteus, love's a mighty lord;

And hath so humbled me, as I confess,

There is no woe to his correction,

Nor, to his service, no such joy on earth!

Now, no discourse, except it be of love;

Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sh

Upon the very naked name of love. [e

Pro. Enough; I read your fortune in y

Was this the idol that you worship so?

Val. Even she; and is she not a heave

you seest me dote upon my love,
a rival, that her father likes,
his possessions are so huge,
fill her along; and I must after,
thou know'st, is full of jealousy.
of she loves you?

Ay, and we are betroth'd;
e, our marriage hour,
the cunning manner of our flight,
'd dot: how I must climb her window;
or made of cords; and all the means
and 'greed on, for my happiness.
otens, go with me to my chamber,
affairs to aid me with thy counsel,
go on before; I shall inquire you
into the road, to disembark [forth:
cessaries that I needs must use;
I'll presently attend you.
Will you make haste?]

[Exit VAL.]
I will.—
One heat another heat expels,
e nail by strength drives out another,
membrance of my former love
fewer object quite forgotten.
e eye, or Valentines' praise,
perfection, or my false transgression,
kes me, reasonless, to reason thus!
r; and so is Julia, that I love;—
d love, for now my love is thaw'd;
like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,
impression of the thing it was.
e my zeal to Valentine is cold;
I love him not, as I was wont:
love his lady too, too much;
's the reason I love him so little.
d I dote on her with more advice*,
e without advice begin to love her!
e picture I have yet beheld,
hath dazzled my reason's light;
e I look on her perfections,
no reason but I shall be blind.
heck my erring love, I will;
compass her I'll use my skill. [Exit.]

SCENE V. The same. A street.

Enter SPEED and LAUNCE.

Launce! by mine honesty, welcome

Forswear not thyself, sweet youth;
not welcome. I reckon this always—
e is never undone, till he be hanged;
e welcome to a place, till some cer-
e paid, and the hostess say, welcome.
Come on, you mad-cap, I'll to the
with you presently; where, for one
ve peace, thou shalt have five thou-
comes. But, sirrah, how did thy
rt with madam Julia?

Marry, after they closed in earnest,
ed very fairly in jest.

But shall she marry him?

No.

How then? Shall he marry her?

No, neither.

What, are they broken?

No, they are both as whole as a fish.

SPEED. Why, then, how stands the matter with them?

LAUN. Marry, thus; when it stands well with him, it stands well with her.

SPEED. What an ass art thou! I understand thee not.

LAUN. What a block art thou, that thou canst not! My staff understands me.

SPEED. What thou sayst?

LAUN. Ay, and what I do too: look thee, I'll but lean, and my staff understands me.

SPEED. It stands under thee, indeed.

LAUN. Why, stand under and understand is all one.

SPEED. But tell me true, will't be a match?

LAUN. Ask my dog: if he say, ay, it will; if he say, no, it will; if he shake his tail, and say nothing, it will.

SPEED. The conclusion is, then, that it will.

LAUN. Thou shalt never get such a secret from me, but by a parable.

SPEED. 'Tis well that I get it so. But, Launce, how say'st thou, that thy master is become a notable lover?

LAUN. I never knew him otherwise.

SPEED. Than how?

LAUN. A notable lubber, as thou reportest him to be.

SPEED. Why, thou whoreson ass, thou mistakest me.

LAUN. Why, fool, I meant not thee; I meant thy master.

SPEED. I tell thee, my master is become a hot lover.

LAUN. Why, I tell thee, I care not though he burn himself in love. If thou wilt go with me to the ale-house, so; if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Christian.

SPEED. Why?

LAUN. Because thou hast not so much charity in thee, as to go to the ale with a Christian: Wilt thou go?

SPEED. At thy service.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VI. The same. An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter PROTEUS.

PRO. To leave my Julia, shall I be forsworn; To love fair Silvia, shall I be forsworn;

To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn; And even that power which gave me first my Provokes me to this threefold perjury. [oath, Love bade me swear, and love bids me forswear: O sweet-suggesting love, if thou hast sinn'd, Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it.

At first I did adore a twinkling star, But now I worship a celestial sun.

Unheeded vows may heedfully be broken; And he wants wit, that wants resolved will

To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better.—Fie, fie, unreverend tongue! to call her bad,

Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast prefer'd With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths.

I cannot leave to love, and yet I do; But there I leave to love, where I should love.

Flatter and praise, commend, extol their graces,
Though ne'er so black, say, they have angels'
faces.

That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Duke. But she I mean, is promis'd by her
Unto a youthful gentleman of worth; [friends
And kept severely from resort of men,
That no man hath access by day to her.

Fal. Why, then, I would resort to her by
night. [kept safe,

Duke. Ay, but the doors be lock'd, and keys
That no man hath recourse to her by night.

Fal. What lets*, but one may enter at her
window? [ground;

Duke. Her chamber is aloft, far from the
And built so shelving, that one cannot climb it
Without apparent hazard of his life. [cords,

Fal. Why then, a ladder, quaintly made of
To cast up with a pair of anchoring hooks,
Would serve to scale another hero's tower,
So bold Leander would adventure it.

Duke. Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,
Advise me where I may have such a ladder.

Fal. When would you use it? pray, sir, tell
me that.

Duke. This very night! for love is like a child,
That longs for every thing that he can come by.

Fal. By seven o'clock I'll get you such a
ladder.

Duke. But, hark thee; I will go to her alone;
How shall I best convey the ladder thither?

Fal. It will be light, my lord, that you may
Under a cloak that is of any length. [bear it

'Tis so; and here's the ladder for the pur
Why, Phaeton, (for thou art Merops' s
Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly
And with thy daring folly burn the wo
Wilt thou reach stars, because they sh
thee?

Go, base intruder! overweening slave
Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal m
And think, my patience, more than thy
Is privilege for thy departure hence;
Thank me for this, more than for all the
Which, all too much, I have bestow'd
But if thou linger in my territories,
Longer than swiftest expedition

Will give thee time to leave our royal
By heaven, my wrath shall far exceed
I ever bore my daughter, or thyself.

Be gone, I will not hear thy vain exc
But, as thou lov'st thy life, make spe
hence. [Exit

Fal. And why not death, rather than
torment?

To die, is to be banish'd from myself;
And Silvia is myself: banish'd from h
Is self from self: a deadly banishment
What light is light, if Silvia be not see
What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?
Unless it be to think that she is by,
And feed upon the shadow of perfect
Except I be by Silvia in the night,
There is no music in the nightingale;
Unless I look on Silvia in the day,
There is no day for me to look upon:
She is my essence: and I leave to be

Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia!
forsworn me?

Valentine.

[*me*].

Valentine, if Silvia have forsworn
our news?

Sir, there's a proclamation that you
vanish'd.

[*news*].

at thou art banished, O that's the
ce, from Silvia, and from me, thy
id.

I have fed upon this woe already,
access of it will make me surfeit.

Know that I am banished?

ay; and she hath offer'd to the

revers'd, stands in effectual force,

flitting pearl, which some call tears:

father's churlish feet she tender'd;

upon her knees, her humble self;

her hands, whose whiteness so be-

lieve them,

ow they waxed pale for woe:

bended knees, pure hands held up,

deep groans, nor silver-shedding

frate her uncompassionate sire;

me, if he be ta'en, must die.

r intercession chaf'd him so,

for thy repeal was suppliant,

to prison he commanded her,

bitter threats of 'biding there.

more; unless the next word that

speak'st

malignant power upon my life:

y thee, breathe it in mine ear,

unthem of my endless dolor.

se to lament for that thou canst not

help for that which thou lament'st.

nurse and breeder of all good.

s stay, thou canst not see thy love;

y staying will abridge thy life.

over a staff; walk hence with that,

se it against despairing thoughts.

may be here, though thou art hence;

ng writ to me, shall be deliver'd,

g milk-white bosom of thy love.

ow serves not to expostulate:

convey thee through the city gate;

part with thee, confer at large

may concern thy love-affairs:

at Silvia, though not for thyself,

danger, and along with me.

ray thee, Launce, an' if thou seest

boy,

[*north-gate*].

nake haste, and meet me at the

, sirrah, find him out. Come, Va-

ne.

ny dear Silvia! hapless Valentine!

canst VALENTINE and PROTUS.

am but a fool, look you; and yet I

fit to think, my master is a kind of

mat that's all one, if he be but one

e lives not now, that knows me to

yet I am in love; but a team of

horse shall not pluck that from me; and who

'tis I love, and yet 'tis a woman; but that

woman I will not tell myself; and yet 'tis a

milk-maid: yet 'tis not a maid, for she hath

had gossip: yet 'tis a maid, for she is her

master's maid, and serves for wages, she hath

more qualities than a water-spout; which is

much in a bare christian. Here is the cut-log

[*pulling out a paper*] of her conditions. Im-

primis, *She can fetch and carry*. Why, a

horse can do no more; nay, a horse cannot

fetch, but only carry; therefore, is she better

than a jade. Item, *She can milk*; look you,

a sweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.

Enter SPAN.

Speed. How now, *signior Launce*? what

news with your master's ship?

Laun. With my master's ship! why, it is

at sea.

Speed. Well, your old vice still; mistake

the word: What news then in your paper?

Laun. The blackest news that ever thou

heard'st.

Speed. Why, man, how black?

Laun. Why, as black as ink.

Speed. Let me read them.

Laun. Fie on thee, jolt-head; thou canst not

read.

Speed. Thou liest, I can.

Laun. I will try thee: Tell me this: Who

begot thee?

Speed. Marry, the son of my grandfather.

Laun. O illiterate loiterer! it was the son

of thy grandmother: this proves, that thou

canst not read,

Speed. Come, fool, come: try me in thy

paper.

Laun. There; and *saint Nicholas*† be thy

speed!

Speed. Imprimis, *She can milk*.

Laun. Ay, that she can.

Speed. Item, *She brews good ale*.

Laun. And therefore comes the proverb,—

Blessing of your heart, you brew good ale."

Speed. Item, *She can sew*.

Laun. That's as much as to say, Can she so?

Speed. Item, *She can knit*.

Laun. What need a man care for a stock

with a wench, when she can knit him a stock?

Speed. Item, *She can wash and scour*.

Laun. A special virtue; for then she need

not be washed and scoured.

Speed. Item, *She can spin*.

Laun. Then may I set the world on wheels,

when she can spin for her living.

Speed. Item, *She hath many nameless*

virtues.

Laun. That's as much as to say, bastard

virtues; that, indeed, know not their fathers,

and therefore have no names.

Speed. Here follow her vices.

Laun. Close at the heels of her virtues.

Speed. Item, *She is not to be kissed fast-*

ing, in respect of her breath.

• Grief.

† St. Nicholas presided over young scholars.

Laun. Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast: Read on.

Speed. Item, *She hath a sweet mouth.*

Laun. That makes amends for her sour breath.

Speed. Item, *She doth talk in her sleep.*

Laun. It's no matter for that, so she sleep not in her talk.

Speed. Item, *She is slow in words.*

Laun. O villain, that set this down among her vices! To be slow in words, is a woman's only virtue: I pray thee, out with't; and place it for her chief virtue.

Speed. Item, *She is proud.*

Laun. Out with that too; it was Eve's legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.

Speed. Item, *She hath no teeth.*

Laun. I care not for that neither, because I love crusts.

Speed. Item, *She is curst.*

Laun. Well; the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.

Speed. Item, *She will often praise her liquor.*

Laun. If her liquor be good, she shall; if she will not, I will; for good things should be praised.

Speed. Item, *She is too liberal.*

Laun. Of her tongue she cannot; for that's writ down she is slow of; of her purse she shall not; for that I'll keep shut; now, of another thing she may; and that I cannot help. Well, proceed.

Speed. Item, *She hath more hair than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more*

my letter; An unmannerly slay thrust himself into secrets!—I'll joice in the boy's correction.

SCENE II.

The same. A Room in the Duke's Palace.

Enter DUKE and THURIO; behind.

Duke. Sir Thurio, fear not but love you.

Now Valentine is banish'd from *Thy.* Since his exile she hath

most,

Forsworn my company, and rail'd That I am desperate of obtaining

Duke. This weak impress of figure

Trench'd in ice; which with an Dissolves to water, and doth lose

A little time will melt her frozen And worthless Valentine shall be

How now, sir Proteus? Is your According to our proclamation, *g*

Pro. Gone, my good lord.

Duke. My daughter takes his gold *Pro.* A little time, my lord, w

grief.

Duke. So I believe; but Thuri Proteus, the good conceit I hold

(For thou hast shown some sign of Makes me the better to confer wi

Pro. Longer than I prove loyal Let me not live to look upon you

Duke. Thou know'st how willi

of long continue love to him.
 is weed her love from Valentine,
 at that she will love sir Thurio.
 refore, as you unwind her love
 him,
 ld ravel, and be good to none,
 rovide to bottom it on me:
 t be done, by praising me as much
 outh dispraise sir Valentine.
 d, Proteus, we dare trust you in
 led;
 know, on Valentine's report,
 lady love's firm votary,
 soon revolt and change your mind.
 arrant shall you have access,
 with Silvia may confer at large;
 unpleas, heavy, melancholy,
 friend's sake, will be glad of you;
 saytemper her, by your persuasion,
 ng Valentine, and love my friend.
 much as I can do, I will effect:—
 Thurio, are not sharp enough;
 y time*, to tangle her desires,
 ements, whose composed rhymes
 all fraught with servicable vows.
 , much the force of heaven-bred
 that upon the altar of her beauty
 your tears, your sighs, your heart:

Write till your ink be dry; and with your tears
 Moist it again; and frame some feeling line,
 That may discover such integrity:—
 For Orpheus' lute was strong with poets' sighs:
 Whose golden touch could soften steel and
 stones,
 Make tigers tame, and huge Leviathans
 Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.
 After your dire-lamenting elegies,
 Visit by night your lady's chamber-window
 With some sweet concert: to their instruments
 Tune a deplo'ring dump†; the night's dead
 silence [grievance.
 Will well become such sweet complaining
 This, or else nothing, will inherit her.
 Duke. This discipline shows thou hast been
 in love.
 Thu. And thy advice this night I'll put in
 practice:
 Therefore, sweet Proteus, my direction-giver,
 Let us into the city presently,
 To sort; some gentlemen well skill'd in music:
 I have a sonnet, that will serve the turn,
 To give the onset to thy good advice.
 Duke. About it, gentlemen. [supper:
 Pro. We'll wait upon your grace till after
 And afterward determine our proceedings.
 Duke. Even now about it; I will pardon
 you. [Exeunt.

ACT IV.

I. A Forest, near Mantua.

Enter certain OUTLAWS.

lows, stand fast; I see a passenger.
 here be ten, shrink not, but down
 em.

VALENTINE and SPEED.

and, sir, and throw us that you
 about you;
 make you sit, and rifle you.
 r, we are undone! these are the
 is
 travellers do fear so much.
 friends,— [mies.
 at's not so, sir; we are your ene-
 ace; we'll hear him.
 r, by my beard, will we;
 roper; man. [to lose;
 I know, that I have little wealth
 i, cross'd with adversity:
 re these poor habiliments;
 you should here disfigure me,
 : sum and substance that I have.
 hither travel you?
 erona.
 hence came you?
 a Milan.
 ave you long sojourn'd there?
 ne sixteen months; and longer
 have staid,

If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.

1 Out. What, were you banish'd thence?

Val. I was.

2 Out. For what offence? [rehearse:

Val. For that which now torments me to
 I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent;
 But yet I slew him manfully in fight,
 Without false vantage, or base treachery.

1 Out. Why ne'er repent it, if it were done so:
 But were you banish'd for so small a fault?

Val. I was, and held me glad of such a doom.

1 Out. Have you the tongues?†

Val. My youthful travel therein made me
 Or else I often had been miserable. [happy;

3 Out. By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's
 fat friar,

This fellow were a king for our wild faction.

1 Out. We'll have him: sirs, a word.

Speed. Master, be one of them;

It is an honourable kind of thievery.

Val. Peace, villain! [take to f

2 Out. Tell us this: Have you any thing to

Val. Nothing, but my fortune. [tlemen.

3 Out. Know, then, that some of us are gen-

Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth
 Thrust from the company of awful men:

Myself was from Verona banished,

For practising to steal away a lady,

An heir, and near allied unto the duke.

2 Out. And I from Mantua, for a gentleman,
 Whom, in my mood**, I stab'd unto the heart.

me. † Mourful elegy.
 Language. ‡ Lawful.

‡ Choose out. § Well-looking.
 ** Anger, resentment.

1 *Out.* And I, for such like petty crimes as these.

But to the purpose,—(for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excus'd our lawless lives,)
And, partly, seeing you are beautified
With goodly shape; and by your own report
A linguist; and a man of such perfection,
As we do in our quality much want;—

2 *Out.* Indeed, because you are a banish'd man,

Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you:
Are you content to be our general?
To make a virtue of necessity.

And live, as we do, in this wilderness?

3 *Out.* What say'st thou? wilt thou be of our consórt?

Say, ay, and be the captain of us all:
We'll do thee homage, and be rul'd by thee,
Love thee as our commander, and our king.

1 *Out.* But if thou scorn our courtesy, thou diest.

2 *Out.* Thou shalt not live to brag what we have offer'd.

1 *Val.* I take your offer, and will live with you;
Provided that you do no outrages
On silly women, or poor passengers.

3 *Out.* No, we detest such vile base practices.
Come, go with us, we'll bring thee to our crews,
And show thee all the treasure we have got;
Which, with ourselves, all rest at thy dispose.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Milan. Court of the Palace.

Enter PROTEUS.

Enter Host, at a distance; and JULIA in boy's clothes.

Host. Now, my young guest! methinks you're allycholly; I pray you, why is it?

Jul. Marry, mine host, because I cannot be merry.

Host. Come, we'll have you merry: I'll bring you where you shall hear music, and see the gentleman that you ask'd for.

Jul. But shall I hear him speak?

Host. Ay, that you shall.

Jul. That will be music. [*Music plays.*]

Host. Hark! hark!

Jul. Is he among these?

Host. Ay: but peace, let's hear 'em.

SONG.

*Who is Silvia? What is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
The heavens such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.*

*Is she kind, as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness:
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness;
And, being help'd, inhabits there.*

*Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing,
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.*

Exit. Farewell.

[*Exeunt THURIO and Musicians.*]

SILVIA appears above, at her window.

va. Madam, good even to your ladyship.

I. I thank you for your music, gentlemen:
Is that, that speaks? [*truth,*]

va. Ome, lady, if you know his pure heart's
I'd quickly learn to know him by his voice.

I. Sir Proteus, as I take it.

va. Sir Proteus, gentle lady, and your ser-
v. What is your will? [*vant.*]

va. That I may compass yours.

I. You have your wish; my will is even
this,—

presently you bid you home to bed.
a subtle, perjur'd, false, disloyal man I
shut thou, I am so shallow, so conceited,
bewitched by thy flattery,
I hast deceiv'd so many with thy vows;
now, return, and make thy love amends.

va.—by this pale queen of night I swear,
as far from granting thy request,
as I despise thee for thy wrongful suit;
I by and by intend to chide myself,
as for this time I spend in talking to thee.

Pro. I grant, sweet love, that I did love a
lady is dead. [*lady;*]

va. 'Twere false, if I should speak it;
I, I am sure, she is not buried. [*Aside.*]

va. Say that she be; yet Valentine, thy
rival; to whom, thyself art witness, [*friend,*
as betroth'd: And art thou not ashamed
wrong him with thy importunity?

Pro. I likewise hear, that Valentine is dead.

va. And so, suppose, am I; for in his grave
sure thyself, my love is buried.

Pro. Sweet lady, let me rake it from the
earth. [*thence;*]

va. Go to thy lady's grave, and call her's
r, at the least, in her's sepulchre thine.

va. He heard not that. [*Aside.*]

Pro. Madam, if your heart be so obdurate,
exclude me yet your picture for my love,
his picture that is hanging in your chamber;
so that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh and weep:
since the substance of your perfect self
is also devoted, I am but a shadow:

and to your shadow I will make true love.

va. If 'twere a substance, you would, sure,
deserve it,

and make it but a shadow, as I am. [*Aside.*]

va. I am very loth to be your idol, sir;
but since your falsehood shall become you well
to worship shadows, and adore false shapes,
and to me in the morning, and I'll send it:
and so good rest.

Pro. As wretches have o'er night,
that wait for execution in the morn.

[*Exeunt PROTEUS; and SILVIA from
above.*]

va. Hest, will you go?

Hest. By my halldom*, I was fast asleep.

va. Pray you, where lies sir Proteus?

Hest. Marry, at my house: Trust me, I
think, 'tis almost day.

va. Not so; but it hath been the longest night
That e'er I watch'd, and the most heaviest.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. The same.

Enter BELAMOUR.

va. This is the hour that madam Silvia
Entreated me to call, and know her mind;
There's some great matter she'd employ me
Madam, madam! [*in.*—]

SILVIA appears above, at her window.

va. Who calls?

va. Your servant, and your friend;
One that attends your ladyship's command.

va. Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good
morrow.

va. As many, worthy lady, to yourself.
According to your ladyship's supposet,
I am thus early come, to know what service
It is to your pleasure to command me in.

va. O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman,
[*Think not, I flatter, for, I swear, I do not.*]
Valiant, wise, remorseful, well accomplish'd.
Thou art not ignorant, what dear good will
I bear unto the banish'd Valentine;

Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vain Thurio, who my very soul abhor'd.

Thyself hast lov'd; and I have heard thee say,
No grief did ever come so near thy heart,

As when thy lady and thy true love died,
Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.

Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,
To Mantua, where, I hear, he makes abode;

And, for the ways are dangerous to pass,
I do desire thy worthy company,

Upon whose faith and honour I repose.
Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour,

But think upon my grief, a lady's grief;
And on the justice of my flying hence,

To keep me from a most unholy match,
Which heaven and fortune still reward with
plagues.

I do desire thee, even from a heart
As full of sorrows as the sea of sands,

To bear me company, and go with me:
If not, to hide what I have said to thee,

That I may venture to depart alone.

va. Madam, I pity much your grievances;
Which since I know they virtuously are plac'd,

I give consent to go along with you;
Reckings as little what betideth me,

As much I wish all good befortune you.
When will you go?

va. This evening coming.

va. Where shall I meet you?

va. At friar Patrick's cell,
Where I intend holy confession.

va. I will not fail your ladyship:
Good morrow, gentle lady.

va. Good-morrow, kind sir Eglamour.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. The same.

Enter LAUNCE, with his dog.

Laun. When a man's servant shall play the

* Holy dame, blessed lady.

† Injunction, command.

‡ Pithful.

§ Caring.

car with him, look you, it goes hard : one that I brought up of a puppy ; one that I saved from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and sisters went to it ! I have taught him—even as one would say precisely. Thus I would teach a dog. I was sent to deliver him, as a present to mistress Silvia, from my master ; and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber, but he steps me to her trencher, and steals her capon's leg. O, 'tis a foul thing, when a cur cannot keep* himself in all companies ! I would have, as one should say, one that takes upon him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily he had been hanged for't ; sure as I live, he had suffered for't : you shall judge. He thrusts me himself into the company of three or four gentlemen-like dogs, under the duke's table : he had not been there (bless the mark) a pissing while ; but all the chamber smelt him. *Out with the dog*, says one ; *What cur is that?* says another ; *Whip him out*, says the third ; *Hang him up*, says the duke. I, having been acquainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab ; and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs : *Friend*, quoth I, *you mean to whip the dog?* *Ay, marry, do I*, quoth he. *You do him the more wrong*, quoth I ; *'twas I did the thing you wot of*. He makes me no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many masters would do this for their servant ? Nay, I'll be sworn, I have sat in the stocks for puddings

Pro. Go, get thee hence, and find my Or ne'er return again into my sight. [a
Away, I say : Stay'st thou to vex me here
A slave, that, still an end't, turns me to sha

[Exit Laus

Sebastian, I have entertained thee,
Partly, that I have need of such a youth,
That can with some discretion do my busi
For 'tis no trusting to yon foolish lowt ;
But, chiefly, for thy face, and thy behavi
Which (if my augury deceive me not)
Witness good bringing up, fortune, and tr
Therefore know thou, for this I entertain
Go presently, and take this ring with thee
Deliver it to madam Silvia :

She loved me well, deliver'd it to me.

Jul. It seems, you loved her not, to I
She's dead, belike. [her to

Pro. Not so ; I think, she l

Jul. Alas !

Pro. Why dost thou cry, alas !

Jul. I cannot choose but pity her.

Pro. Wherefore should'st thou pity her

Jul. Because, methinks, that she loved
As you do love your lady Silvia : [as
She dreams on him, that has forgot her le
You dote on her, that cares not for your l
'Tis pity, love should be so contrary ;
And thinking on it makes me cry, alas !

Pro. Well, give her that ring, and therew
This letter ;—that's her chamber.—Tell myl
I claim the promise for her heavenly pict
Your message done, hie home unto my cham
Where thou shalt find me sad and solitar

o your master this: tell him from me, in, that his changing thoughts forget; better fit his chamber than this shadow. Madam, please you peruse this letter.— me, madam; I have unadvis'd of you a paper that I should not; the letter to your ladyship.

pray thee, let me look on that again. [may not be; good madam, pardon me. There, hold.]

at look upon your master's lines: they are stuff'd with protestations, of new-found oaths; which he will as I do tear his paper. [break madam, beseech your ladyship this ring. he more shame for him that he sends it we heard him say a thousand times, [me; a gave it him at his departure: his false finger hath profan'd the ring, all not do his Julia so much wrong. She thanks you.]

What say'st thou? thank you, madam, that you tender her: mistress! my master wrongs her least thou know her? [much.]

Almost as well as I do know myself: upon her woes, I do protest, we wept an hundred several times. Unlike, she thinks that Proteus hath forsok her. [sorrow.]

think she doth, and that's her cause: of s she not passing fair?

he hath been fairer, madam, than she is: he did think my master lov'd her well, my judgment, was as fair as you; s she did neglect her looking-glass, w her sun-expelling mask away, hath starv'd the roses in her cheeks, ch'd the lily-tincture of her face, w she is become as black as L. low tall was she?

about my stature: for, at Pentecost*, ll our pageants of delight were play'd, sh got me to play the woman's part, as trimm'd in madam Julia's gown, served me as fit, by all men's judgment,

As if the garment had been made for me; Therefore, I know she is about my height. And, at that time, I made her weep a-good†, For I did play a lamentable part: Madam, 'twas Ariadne, poisoning For Theseus' perjury, and unjust flight; Which I so lively acted with my tears, That my poor mistress, moved therewithal, Wept bitterly; and, would I might be dead, If I in thought felt not her very sorrow!

Jul. She is beholden to thee, gentle youth!— Alas, poor lady! desolate and left!— I weep myself, to think upon thy words. Here, youth, there is my purse; I give thee this For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lov'st her.

Farewell. [Exit SILVIA.]
Jul. And she shall thank you for't, if e'er you know her.—

A virtuous gentlewoman, mild, and beautiful. I hope my master's suit will be but cold, Since she respects my mistress' love so much. Alas, how love can trifle with itself! Here is her picture: Let me see; I think, If I had such a sight, this face of mine Were fall as lovely as is this of hers: And yet the painter flatter'd her a little, Unless I flatter with myself too much. Her hair is asburn, mine is perfect yellow: If that be all the difference in his love, I'll get me such a colour'd periwig. Her eyes are grey as glass; and so are mine: Ay, but her forehead's low, and mine's as high. What should it be, that he respects in her, But I can make respective§ in myself, If this fond love were not a blinded god? Come, shadow, come, and take this shadow up, For 'tis thy rival. O thou senseless form, Thou shalt be worshipp'd, kiss'd, lov'd, and And, were there sense in his idolatry, [ador'd; My substance should be statue in thy stead. I'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake, That as'd me so; or else, by Jove I vow, I should have scratch'd out your unseeing eyes, To make my master out of love with thee.

[Exit.]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The same. An Abbey.*

Enter EGLAMOUR.

The sun begins to gild the western sky; w, it is about the very hour via, at Patrick's cell, should meet me. I not fall; for lovers break not hours, t be to come before their time; h they spur their expedition.

Enter SILVIA.

ere she comes: Lady, a happy evening! Amen, amen! go on, good Eglamour! the postern by the abbey wall; I am attended by some spies.

Egl. Fear not: the forest is not three leagues If we recover that, we are sure enough. [off; [Exit.]

SCENE II. *The same.*

An Apartment in the Duke's Palace.

Enter THURIO, PROTEUS, and JULIA.

Thur. Sir Proteus, what says Silvia to my suit? Pro. O, sir, I find her milder than she was; And yet she takes exceptions at your person.

Thur. What, that my leg is too long?

Pro. No; that it is too little.

Thur. I'll wear a boot, to make it somewhat rounder.

Intensified. † In good earnest.

‡ Head dress.

§ Respectable.

|| Safe.

Pro. But love will not be spurr'd to what it

Thu. What says she to my face? [loaths.

Pro. She says, it is a fair one. [black.

Thu. Nay, then the wanton lies, my face is

Pro. But pearls are fair; and the old saying is,
Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes.

Jul. 'Tis true; such pearls as put out ladies' eyes;

For I had rather wink than look on them. [Aside.

Thu. How likes she my discourse?

Pro. Ill, when you talk of war. [peace?

Thu. But well, when I discourse of love, and

Jul. But better, indeed, when you hold your peace. [Aside.

Thu. What says she to my valour?

Pro. O, sir, she makes no doubt of that.

Jul. She needs not, when she knows it cowardice. [Aside.

Thu. What says she to my birth?

Pro. That you are well deriv'd.

Jul. True; from a gentleman to a fool. [Aside.

Thu. Considers she my possessions?

Pro. O, ay; and pities them.

Thu. Wherefore?

Jul. That such an ass should owe* them. [Aside.

Pro. That they are out by lease.

Jul. Here comes the duke.

Enter DUKE.

Duke. How now, sir Proteus? how now,

Thurio?

Which of you saw sir Eglamour of late?

Thu. Not I.

Sil. A thousand more mischances than this

Have learn'd me how to brook this patient!

2 Out. Come, bring her away. [he

1 Out. Where is the gentleman that was w

3 Out. Being nimble footed, he hath out-

But Moyses, and Valerius, follow him.

Go thou with her to the west end of the wood

There is our captain: we'll follow him th

The thicket is beset, he cannot scape. [be

1 Out. Come, I must bring you to our captai

Fear not; he bears an honourable mind, [cavi

And will not use a woman lawlessly.

Sil. O Valentine, this I endure for thee!

[Exeun

SCENE IV.

Another part of the Forest.

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. How use doth breed a habit in a man

This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,

I better brook than flourishing peopled town

Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,

And, to the nightingale's complaining notes,

Tune my distresses, and record my woes.

O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,

Leave not the mansion so long tenantless;

Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,

And leave no memory of what it was!

Repair me with thy presence, Silvia;

Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain!

What halloing, and what stir, is this to-day?

These are my mates, that make their wills the

Have some unhappy passenger in chase: [lav

Is the curse in love, and still approv'd*,
Which women cannot love where they're be-
lov'd.

Sil. When Proteus cannot love where he's
Read over Julia's heart, thy first best love,
For whose dear sake thou didst then rend thy
faith

Swear a thousand oaths; and all those oaths
Decided into perjury, to love me. [Two,

Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou hadst
Not that's far worse than none; better have
none

Swear plural faith, which is too much by one:
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!

Pro. In love,
Thou respects friend?

Sil. All men but Proteus.
Pro. Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words

Can no way change you to a milder form,
I woo you like a soldier, at arms' end;

And love you 'gainst the nature of love, force
Me. O heaven! [you.

Pro. I'll force thee yield to my desire.
Jul. Baffian, let go that rude uncivil touch;

Thou friend of an ill fashion!

Pro. Valentine!
Jul. Thou common friend, that's without
faith or love.

Pro. (Thou art a friend now,) treacherous man!
Thou hast beguild my hopes; nought but
mine eye

Could have persuaded me: Now I dare not say
I love one friend alive; thou wouldst dis-
prove me.

Pro. Who should be trusted now, when one's right
Is perjur'd to the bosom? Proteus, [hand

I am sorry, I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake.

Pro. The private wound is deepest: O time, most
curst! [worst!

Pro. Most all foes, that a friend should be the
Pro. My shame and guilt confounds me.—
Forgive me, Valentine: if hearty sorrow

Be a sufficient ransom for offence,
I tender it here; I do as truly suffer,
As e'er I did commit.

Val. Then I am paid;
And once again I do receive thee honest:—
Who by repentance is not satisfied, [pleas'd;

Is nor of heaven, nor earth; for these are
By penitence the Eternal's wrath's appeas'd:—
And, that my love may appear plain and free,

All that was mine in Silvia, I give thee.
Jul. O me, unhappy! [Faints.

Pro. Look to the boy.
Jul. Why, boy! why, wag! how now? what
is the matter?

Look up; speak.
Jul. O good sir, my master charg'd me
To deliver a ring to madam Silvia;

Which, out of my neglect was never done.
Pro. Where is that ring, boy?

Jul. Here 'tis: this is it. [Gives a ring.

Pro. How! let me see:
Why this is the ring I gave to Julia.

Jul. O, cry you mercy, sir, I have mistook
This is the ring you sent to Silvia.

Pro. But, how cam'st thou by this ring?
I gave this unto Julia. [my depai

Jul. And Julia herself did give it me;
And Julia herself hath brought it hither.

Pro. How! Julia!
Jul. Behold her that gave aim to all thy oath

And entertain'd them deeply in her heart:
How oft hast thou with perjury cleist the root!

O Proteus, let this habit make thee blush!
Be thou asham'd, that I have took upon me
Such an immodest raiment; if shame live

In a disguise of love:
It is the lesser blot, modesty flails,

Women to change their shapes, than ma-
their minds. [heaven! were in

Pro. Than men their minds? 'tis true:
But constant, he were perfect: that one error

Fills him with faults; makes him run through
Inconstancy falls off, ere it begins: [all sin

What is in Silvia's face, but I may spy
More fresh in Julia's with a constant eye?

Val. Come, come, a hand from either:
Let me be blest to make this happy close!

'Twere pity two such friends should be for
foes.

Pro. Bear witness, heaven, I have my wis-
Jul. And I have mine. [for eve

Enter Out-laws, with DUKE and THURIO

Out. A prize, a prize, a prize
Val. Forbear, I say; it is my lord the duk

Your grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,
Banished Valentine.

Duke. Sir Valentine!
Thur. Yonder is Silvia; and Silvia's mine

Val. Thurio give back, or else embrace th
death;

Come not within the measure of my wrath
Do not name Silvia thine; if once again,

Milan shall not behold thee. Here she stand
Take but possession of her with a touch:—
I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.—

Thur. Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I;
I hold him but a fool, that will endanger

His body for a girl that loves him not:
I claim her not, and therefore she is thine.

Duke. The more degenerate and base art thou
To make such means, for her as thou hast don

And leave her on such slight conditions.—
Now, by the honour of my ancestry,

I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,
And think thee worthy of an empress' love.

Know then, I here forget all former griefs,
Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again.—
Plead a new state in thy unrivall'd merit,

To which I thus subscribe,—sir Valentine,
Thou art a gentleman, and well deriv'd; [he

I take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserv
Val. I thank your grace; the gift hath mad
me happy.

I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake
To grant one boon that I shall ask of you.

* Feil, experienced. † Direction.
‡ Length of my sword.

‡ An allusion to cleaving the pin in archery.
§ Interest.

Duke. I grant it, for thine own, whate'er it be.

Val. These banish'd men, that I have kept
withal,

Are men endued with worthy qualities ;
Forgive them what they have committed
here,

And let them be recall'd from their exile :

They are reformed, civil, full of good,

And fit for great employment, worthy lord.

Duke. Thou hast prevail'd : I pardon them,
and thee ;

Dispose of them, as thou know'st their de-
serts.

Come, let us go ; we will include * all jars

With triumphs†, mirth, and rare soleinnity.

Val. And, as we walk along, I dare be bold
With our discourse to make your grace to smile
What think you of this page, my lord ?

Duke. I think the boy hath grace in him
he blushes.

Val. I warrant you, my lord ; more grace
than boy.

Duke. What mean you by that saying ?

Val. Please you, I'll tell you as we pass along

That you will wonder what hath fortun'd.—

Come, Proteus ; 'tis your penance, but to hear

The story of your loves discovered :

That done, our day of marriage shall be yours

One feast, one house, one mutual happiness.

[Exeunt]

* Conclude.

† Masks, revels.

In this play there is a strange mixture of knowledge and ignorance, of care and negligence. The versification is often excellent, the allusions are learned and just ; but the author convey his heroes by sea from one inland town to another in the same country ; he places the emperor at Milan, and sends his young men to attend him, but never mentions him more ; he makes Proteus, after an interview with Silvia, say he has only seen her picture ; and, if we may credit the old copies, he has, by mistaking places, left his scenery inextricable. The reason of all this confusion seems to be, that he took his story from a novel, which he some times followed, and sometimes forsook ; sometimes remembered, and sometimes forgot.

That this play is rightly attributed to Shakspeare, I have little doubt. If it be taken from him, to whom shall it be given ? This question may be asked of all the disputed plays

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

Persons represented.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

FENTON.

SHALLOW, a country justice.

SLENDER, cousin to Shallow.

MR. FORD, two gentlemen dwelling at
MR. PAGE, Windsor.

WILLIAM PAGE, a boy, son to Mr. Page.

SIR HUGH EVANS, a Welsh person.

DR. CAIUS, a French physician.

Host of the Garter inn.

BARDOLPH,
PISTOL, } followers of Falstaff.
NYM,

ROBIN, page to Falstaff.

SIMPLE, servant to Slender.

BUGBY, servant to Dr. Caius.

MRS. FORD.

MRS. PAGE.

MRS. ANNE PAGE, her daughter, in love
with Fenton.

MRS. QUICKLY, servant to Dr. Caius.

Servants to PAGE, FORD, &c.

Scene,—Windsor, and the parts adjacent.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Windsor. Before Page's House.

Enter Justice SHALLOW, SLENDER, and
Sir HUGH EVANS.

Shal. Sir Hugh, persuade me not; I will
make a Star-chamber matter of it: if he were
twenty sir John Falstoffs, he shall not abuse
Robert Shallow, esquire.

Slen. In the county of Gloster, Justice of
peace, and coroner.

Shal. Ay, cousin Slender, and Cust-alorum.¹

Slen. Ay, and ratolorum too; and a gen-
tleman born, master parson; who writes him-
self armigero; in any bill, warrant, quittance,
or obligation, armigero.

Shal. Ay, that we do; and have done any
time these three hundred years.

Slen. All his successors, gone before him,
have done't; and all his ancestors, that come
after him, may: they may give the dozen
white luses in their coat.

Shal. It is an old coat.

Eva. The dozen white luses do become an
old coat well; it agrees well, passant: it is a
familiar beast to man, and signifies—love.

Shal. The luse is the fresh fish; the salt fish
is an old coat.

Slen. I may quarter, coz?

Shal. You may, by marrying.

Eva. It is marrying indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Eva. Yes, py'r; lady; if he has a quarter of
your coat, there is but three skirts for your-
self; in my simple conjectures: but that is all
— If sir John Falstaff have committed dis-
paragements unto you, I am of the church, and

will be glad to do my benevolence, to ma-
ke atonements and compromises between you.

Shal. The Council; shall hear it; it is a riot
that there is no fear of God in a riot; the Council
look you, shall desire to hear the fear of God
and not to hear a riot; take your vizament
in that.

Shal. Hal! o' my life, if I were young again
the sword should end it.

Eva. It is better that friends is the sword
and end it; and there is also another device
my prain, which, peradventure, prings good
discretions with it: There is Anne Page, which
is daughter to master George Page, which
pretty virginity.

Slen. Mistress Anne Page? She has brow
hair, and speaks small like a woman.

Eva. It is that very verson for all the world
as just as you will desire; and seven hundred
pounds of monies, and gold and silver, is his
grandsire, upon his death's-bed, (God deliver
to a joyful resurrection!) give, when she
able to overtake seventeen years old: it were
a good motion, if we leave our prubbles at
prabbles, and desire a marriage between mas-
ter Abraham and mistress Anne Page.

Shal. Did her grandsire leave her seven
hundred pound?

Eva. Ay, and her father is to make her a
penny.

Shal. I know the young gentlewoman; she
has good gifts.

Eva. Seven hundred pounds, and possi-
bly, is good gifts.

Shal. Well, let us see honest master Pag
Is Falstaff there?

¹ A title formerly appropriated to chaplains.
By our Court of Star-chamber.

¹ Custos Rotulorum.
¶ Adviseinent. ¶ Soft.

Eva. Shall I tell you a lie? I do despise a liar, as I do despise one that is false; or, as I despise one that is not true. The knight, sir John, is there; and, I beseech you, be ruled by your well-willers. I will peat the door [knocks] for master Page. What, ho! Got pless your house here!

Enter PAGE.

Page. Who's there?

Eva. Here is Got's plessing, and your friend, and justice Shallow; and here young master Slender; that, peradventures, shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Page. I am glad to see your worships well: I thank you for my venison, master Shallow.

Shal. Master Page, I am glad to see you; Much good do it your good heart! I wished your venison better; it was ill kill'd:—How doth good mistress Page?—and I love you always with my heart, la; with my heart.

Page. Sir, I thank you.

Shal. Sir, I thank you; by yea and no, I do.

Page. I am glad to see you, good master Slender.

Slen. How does your fallow greyhound, sir? I heard say, he was outrun on Cotsale*.

Page. It could not be judg'd, sir.

Slen. You'll not confess, you'll not confess.

Shal. That he will not;—'tis your fault, 'tis your fault:—'Tis a good dog.

Page. A cur, sir.

Shal. Sir, he's a good dog, and a fair dog; Can there be more said? he is good and fair.—Is sir John Falstaff here?

Page. Sir, he is within; and I would I could

Slen. Marry, sir, I have matter in my head against you; and against your coney-catching rascals, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol. They carried me to the tavern, and made me drunk and afterwards picked my pocket.

Bar. You Banbury cheese!

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Pist. How now, Mephostophilus!

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I say! *pauca, pauca*; slice that's my humour.

Slen. Where's Simple, my man?—can you tell, cousin?

Eva. Peace, I pray you! Now let us understand: There is three umpires in this matter as I understand: that is—master Page, *fidelicet*, master Page; and there is myself, *fidelicet* myself; and the three party is, lastly and finally, mine host of the Garter.

Page. We three, to hear it, and end it between them.

Eva. Fery goot; I will make a prief of it in my note-book; and we will afterwards'ork upon the cause, with as great discreetly as we can.

Fal. Pistol!—

Pist. He hears with ears.

Eva. The tevil and his tam! what phrase is this, *He hears with ear*? Why, it is affectations.

Fal. Pistol, did you pick master Slender's purse?

Slen. Ay, by these gloves, did he, (or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again else,) of seven groats in mill

Ay, you spake in Latin then too; but matter: I'll ne'er be drunk whilst I in, but in honest, civil, goddly company, trick: if I be drunk, I'll be drunk as that have the fear of God, and not unken knives.

So Got 'udge me, that is a virtuous

You bear all these matters denied, gen-; you hear it.

Mistress ANNE PAGE, with wine; FORD and Mistress PAGE following.

c. Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; drink within. [*Exit ANNE PAGE.*]

. O heaven! this is mistress Anne Page.

c. How now, mistress Ford!

. Mistress Ford, by my troth, you are all met: by your leave, good mistress.

[*Alighting her.*]

. Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome:— we have a hot venison pasty to dinner; gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down

at all but SHAL. SLEND. and EVANS. I had rather than forty shillings I had ok of songs and sonnets here:—

Enter SIMPLE.

now, Simple! where have you been? I saw on myself, must I? You have not look of Riddles about you, have you?

. Book of Riddles! why, did you not to Alice Shortcake upon Allhallowmas fortnight afore Michaelmas?

I. Come, coz; come, coz; we stay for a word with you, coz; marry, this, coz; is, as 'twere, a tender, a kind of tender, star off by sir Hugh here;—Do you understand me?

. Ay, sir, you shall find me reasonable; so, I shall do that that is reason.

d. Nay, but understand me.

n. So I do, sir.

. Give ear to his motions, master Slend. I will description the matter to you, if e capacity of it.

n. Nay, I will do as my cousin Shallow I pray you, pardon me; he's a justice in his country, simple though I stand

. But this is not the question; the ques- concerning your marriage.

d. Ay, there's the point, sir.

a. Marry, is it; the very point of it; to see Anne Page.

n. Why, if it be so, I will marry her, any reasonable demands.

a. But can you affection the woman? Let onward to know that of your mouth, or ur lips; for divers philosophers hold, that the is parent of the mouth;—Therefore, sely, can you carry your good will to the?

d. Cousin Abraham Slender, can you her?

• An intended blunder.

Slend. I hope, sir,—I will do, as it shall be- come one that would do reason.

Eva. Nay, Got's lords and his ladies, you must speak possible, if you can carry her your desires towards her.

Shal. That you must: Will you, upon good dowry, marry her?

Slend. I will do a greater thing than that, upon your request, cousin, in any reason.

Shal. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet coz; what I do, is to pleasure you, coz: Can you love the maid?

Slend. I will marry her, sir, at your request; but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are married, and have more occasion to know one another: I hope, upon familiarity will grow more contempt; but if you say, marry her, I will marry her, that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely.

Eva. It is a fery discretion answer; save, the fan! is in the 'ort dissolutely: the 'ort is, according to our meaning, resolutely;—his meaning is good.

Shal. Ay, I think my cousin meant well.

Slend. Ay, or else I would I might be hanged, la.

Re-enter ANNE PAGE.

Shal. Here comes fair mistress Anne:— Would I were young, for your sake, mistress Anne!

Anne. The dinner is on the table; my father desires your worships' company.

Shal. I will wait on him, fair mistress Anne.

Eva. Od's pleased will! I will not be absence at the grace.

[*Exeunt SHALLOW and Sir H. EVANS.*]

Anne. Will't please your worship to come in, sir?

Slend. No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily: I am very well.

Anne. The dinner attends you, sir.

Slend. I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forsooth: Go, sirrah, for all you are my man, go, wait upon my cousin Shallow: [*Exit SIMPLE.*] A justice of peace sometime may be beholden to his friend for a man:—I keep but three men and a boy yet, till my mother be dead: But what though! yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

Anne. I may not go in without your worship: they will not sit, till you come.

Slend. F'faith, I'll eat nothing; I thank you as much as though I did.

Anne. I pray you, sir, walk in.

Slend. I had rather walk here, I thank you: I bruised my shin the other day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence, three vengys† for a dish of stewed prunes; and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since. Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears in the town?

Anne. I think there are, sir; I heard them talked of.

Slend. I love the sport well; but I shall soon quarrel at it as any man in England:

† Three set-to's, bouts, or hits.

You are afraid if you see the bear loose, are you not?

Anne. Ay, indeed, sir.

Slen. That's meat and drink to me, now: I have seen Sackerson* loose, twenty times; and have taken him by the chain: but, I warrant you, the women have so cried and shriek'd at it, that it pass'd it:—but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em; they are very ill-favoured rough things.

Re-enter PAGE.

Page. Come, gentle master Slender, come; we stay for you.

Slen. I'll eat nothing; I thank you, sir.

Page. By cock and pye, you shall not choose, sir: come, come.

Slen. Nay, pray you, lead the way.

Page. Come on, sir.

Slen. Mistress Anne, yourself shall go first.

Anne. Not I, sir; pray you, keep on.

Slen. Truly, I will not go first; truly, la: I will not do you that wrong.

Anne. I pray you, sir.

Slen. I'll rather be unmannerly than troublesome: you do yourself wrong, indeed, la.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same.*

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS and SIMPLE.

Eva. Go your ways, and ask of Doctor Caius' house, which is the way: and there dwells one mistress Quickly, which is in the manner of his nurse, or his dry nurse, or his

Fal. Bardolph, follow him; a tapster is good trade: An old cloak makes a new jerk; a withered serving-man, a fresh tapster: Adieu.

Bard. It is a life that I have desired; I thrive. [Exit BARDOLPH.]

Pist. O base Gongarian! wight! wilt thou the spigot wield?

Nym. He was gotten in drink: Is not humour conceited? His mind is not here, and there's the humour of it.

Fal. I am glad I am so acquit of this time-box; his thefts were too open: his flinging like an unskilful singer, he kept not time.

Nym. The good humour is, to steal at a minute's rest.

Pist. Convey, the wise it call: Steal! for a fico for the phrase!

Fal. Well, sir, I am almost out at heels.

Pist. Why then let kibes ensue.

Fal. There is no remedy; I must catch; I must shift.

Pist. Young ravens must have food.

Fal. Which of you know Ford of this town?

Pist. I ken the wight; he is of substantial good.

Fal. My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Pist. Two yards, and more.

Fal. No quips now, Pistol; indeed I am about the waist two yards about: but I am about no waste; I am about thrift. Briefly do mean to make love to Ford's wife; I

trade to them both. Go, hear thou to mistress Page; and thou this to Ford: we will thrive, lads, we will

hail I sir Pandarus of Troy become, side wear steel? then, Lucifer take

will run no base humour; here, take at letter; I will keep the 'navour of

old, sirrah, [to ROB.] bear you these ters tightly *

my pinnace to these golden shores.—once avaunt! vanish like hail stones,

ded away, o' the hoof; seek shelter, ill learn the humour of this age,

drift, you rogues; myself, and skirred p. [Enter FALSTAFF and ROBIN.

et vultures gripe thy guts! for gourd fulham; holds,

and low beguile the rich and poor; Have in pouch, when thou shalt lack,

gian Turk! have operations in my head, which m of revenge.

With thou revenge? By welkin, and her star!

With wit or steel? With both the humours, I:

ous the humour of this love to Page. and I to Ford shall eke unfold,

How Falstaff, varlet vile, his dove will prove, his gold will hold,

And his soft couch defile. My humour shall not cool: I will in-

ge to deal with poison; I will possess yellowness I, for the revoll of mien

me: that is my true humour. how art the Mars of malcontents: I

ee; troop on. [Exit.

IV. A Room in Dr. Caius's House. QUICKLY, SIMPLE, and RUGBY.

What, John Rugby!—I pray thee, tachment, and see if you can see my

ster Doctor Caius, coming: if he, and find any body in the house,

an old abusing of God's patience, ag's English.

I go watch. [Exit RUGBY.

So; and we'll have a posset for't ght, in faith, at the latter end of a

t. An honest, willing, kind fellow, vant shall come in house withal;

ant you, no tell-tale, nor no breed- worst fault is, that he is given to

is something peevish ** that way: y but has his fault;—but let that

er Simple, you say your name is? , for fault of a better.

nd master Slender's your master? forsooth.

Quick. Does he not wear a great round beard, like a glover's paring-knife?

Sim. No, forsooth: he hath but a little wee face, with a little yellow beard; a Cain-coloured beard.

Quick. A softly-sprighted man, is he not?

Sim. Ay, forsooth: but he is as tall as a man of his hands, as any is between this and his head; he hath fought with a warrener.

Quick. How say you?—O, I should remember him: Does he not hold up his head, as it were? and strut in his gait?

Sim. Yes, indeed, does he.

Quick. Well, heaven send Anne Page no worse fortune! Tell master parson Evans, I will do what I can for your master: Anne is a good girl, and I wish—

Re-enter RUGBY.

Rug. Out, alas! here comes my master.

Quick. We shall all be shent: Run in here, good young man; go into this closet.

[Shuts Simple in the closet.] He will not stay long.—What, John Rugby! John, what,

John, I say!—Go, John, go inquire for my master: I doubt he be not well, that he comes not home:—and down, down, down-a, &c.

[Sings.

Enter Doctor CAIUS.

Caius. Vat is you sing? I do not like dese toys; Pray you, go and vetch me in my closet

un boittier verd; a box, a green-a box: Do intend vat I speak? a green-a box.

Quick. Ay, forsooth, I'll fetch it you. I am glad he went not in himself; if he had found the young man, he would have been horn-mad.

[Aside.

CAIUS. Fe, fe, fe, fe! ma foi, il fait fort chaud. Je m'en vais à la Cour,—la grand affaire.

Quick. Is it this, sir?

Caius. Ouy; mette le au mon pocket; De-peche, quickly:—Vere is dat knave Rugby?

Quick. What, John Rugby! John!

Rug. Here, sir.

Caius. You are John Rugby, and you are Jack Rugby: Come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heel to de court.

Rug. 'Tis ready, sir, here in the porch.

Caius. By my trot, I tarry too long:—Od's me! Qu'ay j'oublie! dere is some simples in my closet, dat I vill not for the varld I shall leave behind.

Quick. Ah me! he'll find the young man there, and be mad.

Caius. O diable, diable! vat is in my closet?—Villany! larron! [Pulling Simple out.] Rugby, my rapier.

Quick. Good master, be content.

Caius. Verefore shall I be content-a?

Quick. The young man is an honest man.

Caius. Vat shall de honest man do in my closet? dere is no honest man dat shall come in my closet.

erty. † False dice. † Sixpence I'll have in pocket. † Instigate.
 ay. ‡ Foolish. ‡ Foolish. ‡ Brave.
 super of a narrow. ‡ Scolded, reprimanded.

Quick. I beseech you, be not so dogmatic; hear the truth of it: He came of an errand to me from parson Hugh.

Caius. Vell.

Sim. Ay, forsooth, to desire her to—

Quick. Peace, I pray you.

Caius. Peace-a your tongue:—Speak-a your tale.

Sim. To desire this honest gentlewoman, your maid, to speak a good word to mistress Anne Page for my master, in the way of marriage.

Quick. This is all, indeed, is; but I'll ne'er put my finger in the fire, and need not.

Caius. Sir Hugh send-a you?—Rugby, *haillez* me some paper:—Tarry you a little-a while.

[writes.]

Quick. I am glad he is so quiet: if he had been thoroughly moved, you should have heard him so loud and so melancholy:—But notwithstanding, man, I'll do your master what good I can: and the very yea and the no is, the French doctor, my master,—I may call him my master, look you, for I keep his house; and I wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, dress meat and drink, make the beds, and do all myself;—

Sim. 'Tis a great charge, to come under one body's hand.

Quick. Are you avis'd o' that? you shall find it a great charge: and to be up early and down late;—but notwithstanding, (to tell you in your ear; I would have no words of it;)

be well: we must give folks leave to pray. What, the good-fer?!

Caius. Rugby, come to the court vit me. By gar, if I have not Anne Page, I shall b your head out of my door:—Follow my he Rugby.

[Exeunt CAIUS and RUGBY.]

Quick. You shall have An fools-head your own. No, I know Anne's mind for th never a woman in Windsor knows more Anne's mind than I do; nor can do more! I do with her, I thank heaven.

Fent. *[within.]* Who's within there, ha!

Quick. Who's there, I trow? Come a the house, I pray you.

Enter FENTON.

Fen. How now, good woman; how dost th

Quick. The better, that it pleases your worship to ask.

Fent. What news? how does pretty miss Anne?

Quick. In truth, sir, and she is pretty, honest, and gentle; and one that is your friend. I can tell you that by the way; I praise heaven for it.

Fent. Shall I do any good, thinkest th Shall I not lose my suit?

Quick. Troth, sir, all is in His hands abo but, notwithstanding, master Fenton, I'd sworn on a book, she loves you:—Have your worship a wart above your eye?

Fent. Yes, marry, have I; what of that?

Quick. Well, thereby hangs a tale:—g faith, it is such another Nan:—but, I dete

ma, 'tis not a soldier-like phrase; but
love me. *By me,*

*Thine own true knight,
By day or night,
Or any kind of light,
With all his might,
For thee to fight,* John Falstaff.

Herod of Jewry is this!—O wicked,
old world!—one that is well nigh worn to
a with age, to show himself a young gal-

What an unweighed behaviour hath this
dish-drunkard picked (with the devil's
aid) out of my conversation, that he dares
in manner assay me? Why, he hath not
thrice in my company!—What should I
say him?—I was then frugal of my mirth:—
then forgive me!—Why, I'll exhibit a bill
in parliament for the putting down of men.
I shall be revenged on him! for revenged
I be, as sure as his guts are made of pud-

Enter Mistress FORD.

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page! trust me, I was
in your house.

Mrs. Page. And, trust me, I was coming to
You look very ill.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I'll ne'er believe that; I
to show to the contrary.

Mrs. Page. Faith, but you do, in my mind.

Mrs. Ford. Well, I do then; yet, I say, I
show you to the contrary: O, mistress,
give me some counsel!

Mrs. Page. What's the matter, woman?

Mrs. Ford. O woman, if it were not for one
of respect, I could come to such honour!

Mrs. Page. Hang the trifle, woman; take
counsel: What is it!—dispense with trifles;
what is it?

Mrs. Ford. If I would but go to hell for an
moment or so, I could be knighted.

Mrs. Page. What?—thou liest!—Sir Alice
th—These knights will hack; and so thou
dost not alter the article of thy gentry.

Mrs. Ford. We burn day-light:—here, read,
—perceive how I might be knighted.—I

think the worse of fat men, as long as I
an eye to make difference of men's lik-

And yet he would not swear; praised
his modesty; and gave such orderly and

behaved reproof to all uncomeliness, that
could have sworn his disposition would

go to the truth of his words; but they
more adhere and keep place together,

the hundredth psalm to the tune of *Green*
ox. What tempest, I trow, threw this

be, with so many tuns of oil in his belly,
at Windsor? How shall I be revenged

on him? I think, the best way were to enter-
tain with hope, till the wicked fire of lust

melting him in his own grease.—Did you
hear the like?

Mrs. Page. Letter for letter; but that the
of Page and Ford differs!—To thy great

bet in this mystery of ill opinions, here's
brother of thy letter: but let thine

inherit first; for, I protest, mine never shall.
I warrant, he hath a thousand of these letters,
writ with blank space for different names, (sure
more,) and these are of the second edition: He
will print them out of doubt: for he cares not
what he puts into the press, when he would
put us two. I had rather be a giantess, and lie
under mount Pelion. Well, I will find you
twenty lascivious turtles, ere one chaste man.

Mrs. Ford. Why, this is the very same; the
very hand, the very words: What doth he
think of us?

Mrs. Page. Nay, I know not: It makes me
almost ready to wrangle with mine own ho-
nesty. I'll entertain myself like one that I am
not acquainted withal; for, sure, unless he know
some strain in me that I know not myself, he
would never have boarded me in this fury.

Mrs. Ford. Boarding, call you it? I'll be
sure to keep him above deck.

Mrs. Page. So will I; if he come under my
hatches, I'll never to sea again. Let's be re-
venged on him: let's appoint him a meeting;
give him a show of comfort in his suit; and
lead him on with a fine-baited delay, till he hath
paw'd his horses to mine Host of the Garter.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I will consent to act any
villainy against him, that may not sully the
chastity of our honesty. O that my hus-
band saw this letter! it would give eternal
food to his jealousy.

Mrs. Page. Why, look, where he comes;
and my good man too: he's as far from jeal-
ousy, as I am from giving him cause; and
that, I hope, is an unmeasurable distance.

Mrs. Ford. You are the happier woman.

Mrs. Page. Let's consult together against
this greasy knight: Come hither. *[They retire.]*

Enter FORD, PISTOL, PAGE, and NYM.

Ford. Well, I hope it be not so.

Pist. Hope is a curtain'd dog in some affairs:
Sir John affects thy wife.

Ford. Why, sir, my wife is not young.

Pist. He woos both high and low, both
rich and poor,

Both young and old, one with another, Ford;
He loves thy gally-mawfry; Ford, perpend.

Ford. Love my wife? *[thou,*

Pist. With liver burning hot: Prevent, or go
Like sir Actæon he, with Ring-wood at thy
O, odious is the name! *[heels:*

Ford. What name, sir?

Pist. The horn, I say: Farewell.

Take heed; have open eye; for thieves do foot
by night: *[do sing.—*

Take heed, ere summer comes, or cuckoo-birds
Away, sir corporal Nym.—

Believe it, Page; he speaks sense.

[Exit PISTOL.]

Ford. I will be patient; I will find out this.

Nym. And this is true. *[To PAGE.]* I like
not the humour of lying. He hath wronged
me in some humours; I should have borne the
humoured letter to her: but I have a sword,
and it shall bite upon my necessity. He loves

your wife; there's the short and the long. My name is corporal Nym; I speak, and I vouch. 'Tis true:—my name is Nym, and Falstaff loves your wife.—Adieu! I love not the humour of bread and cheese; and there's the humour of it, Adieu. [Exit Nym.]

Page. The humour of it, quoth 'a! here's a fellow frights humour out of his wits.

Ford. I will seek out Falstaff.

Page. I never heard such a drawling, affecting rogue.

Ford. If I do find it, well.

Page. I will not believe such a Cataian *, tho' the priest o' the town commended him for a true man.

Ford. 'Twas a good sensible fellow: Well.

Page. How now, Meg?

Mrs. Page. Whither go you, George?—Hark you.

Mrs. Ford. How now, sweet Frank? why art thou melancholy?

Ford. I melancholy! I am not melancholy.—Get you home, go.

Mrs. Ford. Faith, thou hast some crotchets in thy head now.—Will you go, mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. Have with you.—You'll come to dinner, George?—Look, who comes yonder: she shall be our messenger to this paltry knight.

[Aside to Mrs. Ford.]

Enter Mistress QUICKLY.

Mrs. Ford. Trust me, I thought on her: she'll fit it.

Mrs. Page. You are come to see my daughter Anne?

Quick. Ay, forsooth; And, I pray, how does your mistress Anne?

Garter comes: there is either liquor in his pate, or money in his purse, when he looks so merrily.—How now, mine host?

Enter Host and SHALLOW.

Host. How now, bully-rook! thou'rt a gentleman: cavalero-justice, I say.

Shal. I follow, mine host, I follow.—Good even, and twenty, good master Page! Master Page, will you go with us? we have sport in hand.

Host. Tell him, cavalero-justice; tell him, bully-rook.

Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought, between sir Hugh the Welsh priest, and Cui the French doctor.

Ford. Good mine host o' the Garter, a word with you.

Host. What say'st thou, bully-rook?

Shal. Will you [to PAGE] go with us to hold it? my merry host hath had the mending of their weapons; and, I think, he has appointed them contrary places: for, believe me, I hear, the parson is no jester. Hark! will tell you what our sport shall be.

Host. Hast thou no suit against my knight, my guest-cavalier?

Ford. None, I protest: but I'll give you a pottle of burnt sack to give me recourse to him, and tell him my name is Brook; only for a jest.

Host. My hand, bully: thou shalt have cause and regress; said I well? and thy name shall be Brook: it is a merry knight.—Will you on, hearts?

Shal. Have with you, mine host.

Page. I have heard, the Frenchman

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

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of a penny. I have been content, would lay my countenance to pawn: fed upon my good friends for three for you and your coach-fellow* else you had looked through the gemmy of baboons. I am damned swearing to gentlemen my friends, good soldiers, and tall fellows: and tress Bridget lost the handle of her k't, upon mine honour: thou hadst

hadst thou not share? hadst thou not see?

Reason, you rogue, reason: Think'st thou I endanger my soul gratis? At a word no more about me, I am no gibbet—go.—A short knife and a throng;—manor of Picket-batch, go.—You'll a letter for me, you rogue!—you in your honour!—Why, thou unconscience, it is as much as I can do, to terms of my honour precise. I, I, sometimes, leaving the fear of heaven in hand, and hiding mine honour in slily, am fain to shuffle, to hedge, and; and yet you, rogue, will ensconce; your cat-a-mountain looks, your phrases, and your bold-beating der the shelter of your honour! You do it, you?

Indolent; What would'st thou more

Enter ROBIN.

Sir, here's a woman would speak let her approach.

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY.

Give your worship good-morrow. Good morning, good wife.

Not so, an't please your worship, good maid, then.

I'll be sworn; as my mother was, poor I was born.

Do believe the swearer: What with

Shall I vouchsafe your worship a two?

Two thousand, fair woman; and I'll be thee the hearing.

There is one mistress Ford, sir;—I me a little nearer this ways:—I myll with master doctor Caius.

Well, on: Mistress Ford, you say,—

Your worship says very true: I pray ship, come a little nearer this ways. I warrant thee, nobody hears;—mine own people.

Are they so? Heaven bless them, to them his servantal,

Well: mistress Ford:—what of her?

Why, sir, she's a good creature. And! your worship's a wanton: Well, forgive you, and all of as, I pray!

Fal. Mistress Ford:—come, mistress Ford,—

Quick. Marry, this is the short and the long of it; you have brought her into such a canaries, as 'tis wonderful. The best courtier of them all, when the court lay at Windsor, could never have brought her to such a canary. Yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches; I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift; smelling so sweetly, (all musk,) and so rushing, I warrant you, in silk and gold; and in such alligant terms; and in such wine and sugar of the best, and the fairest, that would have won any woman's heart; and, I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her. —I had myself twenty angels given me this morning: but I defy all angels, (in any such sort, as they say,) but in the way of honesty:—and, I warrant you, they could never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of them all: and yet there has been earls, nays, which is more, pensioners; but, I warrant you, all is one with her.

Fal. But what says she to me? be brief, my good she Mercury.

Quick. Marry, she hath received your letter; for the which she thanks you a thousand times; and she gives you to notify, that her husband will be absence from his house between ten and eleven.

Fal. Ten and eleven?

Quick. Ay, forsooth; and then you may come and see the picture, she says, that you wot** of:—master Ford, her husband, will be from home. Alas! the sweet woman leads an ill life with him; he's a very jealous man; she leads a very frampold life with him, good heart.

Fal. Ten and eleven: Woman, commend me to her; I will not fail her.

Quick. Why, you say well: But I have another messenger to your worship: Mistress Page hath her hearty commendations to you too;—and let me tell you in your ear, she's as fartuous a civil modest wife, and one (I tell you) that will not miss your morning nor evening prayer, as any is in Windsor, whoe'er be the other: and she bade me tell your worship, that her husband is seldom from home; but, she hopes, there will come a time. I never knew a woman so dote upon a man; surely, I think you have charms, la; yes, in truth.

Fal. Not I, I assure thee; setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I have no other charms.

Quick. Blessing on your heart for't!

Fal. But, I pray thee, tell me this: has Ford's wife, and Page's wife, acquainted each other how they love me?

Quick. That were a jest, indeed?—they have not so little grace, I hope:—that were a trick, indeed! But mistress Page would desire you to send her your little page of all loves;

we along with you. † To cut purses in a crowd. ‡ Picket-batch was in Clerkenwell.
 now! *Sublime.* 11-12-21 minutes of Mrs. Quickly's own qualifications.
 in. 11 Pictish, gopeth, 11-12-21 11-12-21 11-12-21 11-12-21 11-12-21 11-12-21 11-12-21 11-12-21 11-12-21 11-12-21

her husband has a marvellous infection to the little page : and, truly, master Page is an honest man. Never a wife in Windsor leads a better life than she does ; do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will ; and, truly, she deserves it : for if there be a kind woman in Windsor, she is one. You must send her your page ; no remedy.

Fal. Why, I will.

Quick. Nay, but do so then : and, look you, he may come and go between you both ; and, in any case, have a nay-word*, that you may know one another's mind, and the boy never need to understand any thing ; for 'tis not good that children should know any wickedness : old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world.

Fal. Fare thee well ; commend me to them both : there's my purse ; I am yet thy debtor.—Boy, go along with this woman.—This news distracts me ! [*Exeunt QUICKLY and ROBIN.*]

Pist. This punk is one of cupid's carriers :—Clap on more sails ; pursue, up with your fights ; Give fire ; she is my prize, or ocean overwhelm them all ! [*Exit PISTOL.*]

Fal. Say'st thou so, old Jack ? go thy ways ; I'll make more of thy old body than I have done. Will they yet look after thee ? Wilt thou, after the expense of so much money, be now a gainer ? Good body, I thank thee : Let them say, 'tis grossly done ; so it be fairly done, no matter.

here troubles me : if you will help me to be it, sir John, take all, or half, for easing me the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your porter.

Ford. I will tell you, sir, if you will give me the hearing.

Fal. Speak, good master Brook ; I shall be glad to be your servant.

Ford. Sir, I hear you are a scholar,—I will be brief with you ;—and you have been a man long known to me, though I had never so good means, as desire, to make myself acquainted with you. I shall discover a truth to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfection : but, good sir John, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of your own ; that I may pass with reproof the easier, sith you yourself know how easy it is to be such an offender.

Fal. Very well, sir ; proceed.

Ford. There is a gentlewoman in this town, her husband's name is Ford.

Fal. Well, sir.

Ford. I have long loved her, and, I protest to you, bestowed much on her ; followed her with a dotting observance ; engrossed opportunities to meet her ; fee'd every slight occasion, that could but niggardly give me sight of her ; not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many, to know what she would have given : briefly, I have

face and person, generally allowed* for
for many warlike, court-like, and learned
reputations.

Fal. O, sir!

Ford. Believe it, for you know it:—There
money; spend it, spend it; spend more;
and all I have; only give me so much of
mytime in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable
sight to the honesty of this Ford's wife: use
the art of wooing, win her to consent to you;
any man may, you may as soon as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemency
of your affection, that I should win what you
must enjoy? Methinks, you prescribe to
himself very preposterously.

Ford. O, understand my drift! she dwells
securely on the excellency of her honour,
but the folly of my soul dares not present it-
self; she is too bright to be looked against.
Now, could I come to her with any detection
in my hand, my desires had instance and ar-
gument to commend themselves; I could drive
her then from the ward of her purity, her
reputation, her marriage-vow, and a thousand
other her defences, which now are too strongly
instilled against me: What say you to't,
sir John?

Fal. Master Brook, I will first make bold
with your money; next, give me your hand;
and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you
will, enjoy Ford's wife.

Ford. O good sir!

Fal. Master Brook, I say you shall.

Ford. Want no money, sir John, you shall
want none.

Fal. Want no mistress Ford, master Brook,
you shall want none. I shall be with her (I
may tell you,) by her own appointment; even
as you come in to me, her assistant, or go be-
tween, parted from me: I say, I shall be with
her between ten and eleven; for at that time
the jealous rascally knave, her husband, will
be forth. Come you to me at night; you shall
know how I speed.

Ford. I am blest in your acquaintance. Do
you know Ford, sir?

Fal. Hanz him, poor cuckoldly knave! I
know him not:—yet I wrong him, to call him
poor; they say, the jealous wittolly knave
sack masses of money; for the which his wife
was to me well-favoured. I will use her as
the key of the cuckoldly rogue's coffer; and
there's my harvest-home.

Ford. I would you knew Ford, sir; that you
might avoid him, if you saw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanical salt-butter rogue!
will stare him out of his wits; I will awe
him with my cudgel: it shall hang like a me-
mor o'er the cuckold's horns: master Brook,
you shall know, I will predominate o'er the
punch, and then shall lie with his wife.—
Come to me soon at night:—Ford's a knave,
and I will aggravate his stile; thou, master
Brook, shalt know him for a knave and cuckold:
—come to me soon at night.

[Exit.]

Ford. What a damned Epicurean rascal is
this!—My heart is ready to crack with impa-
tience—Who says, this is improvident jea-
lousy? My wife hath sent to him, the hour is
fixed, the match is made. Would any man have
thought this?—See the hell of having a false
woman! my bed shall be abused, my coffers
ransacked, my reputation gnawn at; and I
shall not only receive this villainous wrong,
but stand under the adoption of abominable
terms, and by him that does me this wrong.
Terms! names!—Amaimon sounds well;
Lucifer, well; Barbason, well; yet they are
devils' additions, the names of fiends: but
cuckold! wittoll;—cuckold! the devil himself
hath not such a name. Page is an ass, a secure
ass; he will trust his wife, he will not be jea-
lous: I will rather trust a Fleming with my
butter, parson Hugh the Welshman with my
cheese, an Irishman with my aqua-vitæ bottle,
or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than
my wife with herself: then she plots, then she
ruminates, then she devizes: and what they
think in their hearts they may effect, they will
break their hearts but they will effect. Heaven
be praised for my jealousy!—Eleven o'clock
the hour:—I will prevent this, detect my wife,
be revenged on Falstaff, and laugh at Page. I
will about it; better three hours too soon, than
a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie! cuckold!
cuckold! cuckold! [Exit.]

SCENE III. Windsor Park.

Enter CAIUS and RUGBY.

Caius. Jack Rugby!

Rug. Sir.

Caius. Vat is de clock, Jack?

Rug. 'Tis past the hour, sir, that sir Hugh
promised to meet.

Caius. By gar, he has save his soul, dat he
is no come; he has pray his Pible vell, dat he
is no come: by gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead
already, if he be come.

Rug. He is wise, sir; he knew, your wor-
ship would kill him, if he came.

Caius. By gar, de herring is no dead, so as
I vill kill him. Take your rapier, Jack; I
vill tell you how I vill kill him.

Rug. Alas, sir, I cannot fence.

Caius. Villainy, take your rapier.

Rug. Forbear; here's company.

Enter HOST, SHALLOW, SLENDER, and
PAGE.

Host. 'Bless thee, bully doctor.

Shal. 'Save you, master doctor Caius.

Page. Now, good master doctor!

Slen. Give you good-morow, sir.

Caius. Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four,
come for?

Host. To see thee fight, to see thee foin, to
see thee traverse, to see thee here, to see
thee there; to see thee pass thy punto, thy
stock, thy reverse, thy distance, thy montant**
is he dead, my Ethiopian? Is he dead, m

* Approved.
† Equivouch.

‡ Guard.

§ Add to his titles.
¶ Fence.

§ Contented cuckold.
** Terms in fencing.

Francisco? ha, bully! What says my *Æsculapius*? my *Galen*? my heart of elder? ha! is he dead, bully *Stale*? is he dead?

Caius. By gar, he is de coward Jack priest of the world; he is not show his face.

Host. Thou art a Castilian * king, *Urinal*! Hector of Greece, my boy!

Caius. I pray you, bear witness that me have stay six or seven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come.

Shal. He is the wiser man, master doctor: he is a curer of souls, and you a curer of bodies; if you should fight, you go against the hair of your professions: is it not true, master *Page*?

Page. Master *Shallow*, you have yourself been a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

Shal. Bodykins, master *Page*, though I now be old, and of the peace, if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one: though we are justices, and doctors, and churchmen, master *Page*, we have some salt of our youth in us; we are the sons of women, master *Page*.

Page. 'Tis true, master *Shallow*.

Shal. It will be found so, master *Page*. Master doctor *Caius*, I am come to fetch you home. I am sworn of the peace; you have shewed yourself a wise physician, and sir *Hugh* hath shewn himself a wise and patient churchman: you must go with me, master doctor.

Host. Pardon, guest justice:—A word, monsieur *Muck-water*!

Caius. *Muck-water*! vat is dat?

Host. *Muck-water*, in our English tongue,

Caius. Clapper-de-claw! vat is dat?

Host. That is, he will make thee amend.

Caius. By gar, me do look, he shall per-de-claw me; for, by gar, me vill hit it.

Host. And I will provoke him te't, or him wag.

Caius. Me tank you for dat.

Host. And moreover, bully,—But first, a ter guest, and master *Page*, and eke cava *Slender*, go you through the town to *Frogmore*.

[*Aside to them*]

Page. Sir *Hugh* is there, is he?

Host. He is there: see what humour he in; and I will bring the doctor about by fields: will it do well?

Shal. We will do it.

Page, Shal, and Slen. Adieu, good master doctor.

[*Exit PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER*]

Caius. By gar, me vill kill de priest; he speak for a jack-an-ape to Anne *Page*.

Host. Let him die: but, first, sheath thy patience; throw cold water on thy choler: about the fields with me through *Frogmore* will bring thee where Mrs. Anne *Page* is, a farm-house a feasting; and thou shalt hear: Cry'd game, said I well?

Caius. By gar, me tank you for dat; gar, I love you; and I shall procure a you good guest, de earl, de knight, de lords, gentlemen, my patients.

Host. For the which, I will be thy ad-

ood sir Hugh. Keep a gamester
ice, and a good student from his
t is wonderful.

weet Anne Page!
ve you, good sir Hugh!
eas you from his mercy sake, all

at! the sword and the word! do
sem both, master parson?
nd youthful still, in your doublet
is raw rheumatic day!
re is reasons and causes for it.
e are come to you, to do a good
er parson.

y well: What is it?
nder is a most reverend gentleman,
having received wrong by some
t most odds with his own gravity
t, that ever you saw.

ave lived fourscore years and up-
per beard a man of his place, gra-
arning, no wide of his own respect.
at is he?

hink you know him; master doc-
e renowned French physician.
t's will, and his passion of my
as lief you would tell me of a
ridge.

ay?
has no more knowledge in Hibo-
alen,—and he is a knave besides;
knave, as you would desires to be
vithal.

warrant you, he's the man should
m.

weet Anne Page!
ppears so, by his weapons:—Keep
r;—here comes doctor Caius.

Host, CAIUS, and RUGBY.

y, good master parson, keep in
a.

do you, good master doctor.
arm them, and let them question;
p their limbs whole, and back our

ray you, let-a me speak a word vit
efore vill you not meet a-me?
you, use your patience: In good

r gar, you are de coward, de Jack
pe.

y you, let us not be laughing-stogs
t's humours; I desire you in friend-
will one way or other make you
will knog your nrinals about your
comb, for missing your meetings
ments.

able!—Jack Rugby,—mine Host
; have I not stay for him, to kill
not, at de place I did appoint?
I am a christians soul, now, look
be place appointed; I'll be judg-
e host of the Garter.

ce, I say, Gualia and Gaul, French
soul-carer and body-curer.

Caius. Ay, dat is very good! excellent!

Host. Peace, I say; hear mine host of the
Garter. Am I politic? am I subtle? am I a
Machiavel? Shall I lose my doctor? no; he
gives me the potions, and the motions. Shall
I lose my parson? my priest? my sir Hugh?
no; he gives me the proverbs and the no-verbs.

—Give me thy hand, terrestrial; so:—Give
me thy hand, celestial; so:—Boys of art, I
have deceived you both; I have directed you
to wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your
skins are whole, and let burnt sack be the issue.

—Come, lay their words to pawn:—Follow
me, lad of peace; follow, follow, follow.

Shal. Trust me, a mad host:—Follow, gen-
tlemen, follow.

Shen. O, sweet Anne Page!

[*Exeunt SHAL. SHEN. PAGE, and Host.*]

Caius. Ha! do I perceive dat? have you
make-a de sot* of us? ha, ha!

Rob. This is well; he has made us his viont-
ing-stog†.—I desire you, that we may be
friends; and let us knog our prains together, to
be revenge on this same scall, scurvy, coggling
companion, the host of the Garter.

Caius. By gar, vit all my heart; he promise
to bring me vere is Anne Page: by gar, he
deceive me too.

Eva. Well, I will smite his noddles:—Pray
you, follow. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The Street in Windsor.*

Enter Mrs. PAGE and ROBIN.

Mrs. Page. Nay, keep your way, little gal-
lant; you were wont to be a follower, but now
you are a leader: Whether had you rather,
lead mine eyes, or eye your master's heels?

Rob. I had rather, forsooth, go before you
like a man, than follow him like a dwarf.

Mrs. Page. O you are a flattering boy;
now, I see, you'll be a courtier.

Enter FORD.

Ford. Well met, mistress Page: Whither
go you?

Mrs. Page. Truly, sir, to see your wife: Is
she at home?

Ford. Ay, and as idle as she may hang to-
gether, for want of company: I think, if your
husbands were dead, you two would marry.

Mrs. Page. Be sure of that,—two other
husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weather-
cock?

Mrs. Page. I cannot tell what the dickens
his name is my husband had him of: What do
you call your knight's name, sirrah?

Rob. Sir John Falstaff.

Ford. Sir John Falstaff!

Mrs. Page. He, he; I can never hit on's
name. There is such a league between my good
man and he!—Is your wife at home, indeed?

Ford. Indeed, she is.

Mrs. Page. By your leave, sir; I am sick,
till I see her. [*Exeunt Mrs. PAGE and ROBIN.*]

Ford. Has Page any brains? hath he any

* Fool.

† Floating stock.

eyes? hath he any thinking? Sure, they sleep; he hath no use of them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty miles, as easy as a cannon will shoot point-blank twelve score. He pieces out his wife's inclination; he gives her folly motion and advantage: and now she's going to my wife, and Falstaff's boy with her. A man may hear this shower sing in the wind!—and Falstaff's boy with her!—Good plots! they are laid; and our revolted wives share damnation together. Well; I will take him, then torture my wife, pluck the borrowed veil of modesty from the so-seeming* mistress Page, divulge Page himself for a secure and wilful Actæon; and to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall cry aim†. [*Clock strikes.*] The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me search; there I shall find Falstaff: I shall be rather praised for this, than mocked; for it is as positive as the earth is firm, that Falstaff is there: I will go.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, SLENDER, HOST, Sir HUGH EVANS, CAIUS, and RUGBY.

Shal. Page, &c. Well met, master Ford.

Ford. Trust me, a good knot: I have good cheer at home; and, I pray you, all go with me.

Shal. I must excuse myself, master Ford.

Slend. And so must I, sir; we have appointed to dine with mistress Anne, and I would not break with her for more money than I'll speak of.

Shal. We have lingered about a match between Anne Page and my cousin Slender, and

Host. Farewell, my hearts: I will to my honest knight Falstaff, and drink canary with him. [*Exit Host.*]

Ford. [*Aside.*] I think, I shall drink in pipe wine first with him; I'll make him dance. Will you go, gentles?

All. Have with you, to see this monster. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A Room in Ford's House.

Enter Mrs. FORD and Mrs. PAGE.

Mrs. Ford. What, John! what, Robert!

Mrs. Page. Quickly, quickly: Is the buck basket—

Mrs. Ford. I warrant:—What, Robin, I say.

Enter Servants with a basket.

Mrs. Page. Come, come, come.

Mrs. Ford. Here, set it down.

Mrs. Page. Give your men the charge; we must be brief.

Mrs. Ford. Marry, as I told you before, John, and Robert, be ready here hard by in the brewhouse; and when I suddenly call you come forth, and (without any pause, or lagging,) take this basket on your shoulders, that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the whitsters in Datchet mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch, close by the Thames' side.

Mrs. Page. You will do it?

Mrs. Ford. I have told them over and over they lack no direction: Be gone, and come

ing enough; this is the period of my ambition: O this blessed hour!

Mrs. Ford. O sweet sir John!

Fal. Mistress Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot state, mistress Ford. Now shall I sin in my wish: I would thy husband were dead: I'll speak it before the best lord, I would make him my lady.

Mrs. Ford. I your lady, sir John! alas, I should be a pitiful lady.

Fal. Let the court of France shew me such another; I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond: Thou hast the right arched bent of the brow, that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-railant, or any tire of Venetian admittance.*

Mrs. Ford. A plain kerchief, sir John: my brows become nothing else; nor that well neither.

Fal. Thou art a traitor to say so: thou would'st make an absolute courtier; and the firm texture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait, in a semi-circled farthingale. I see what thou wert, if fortune thy foe were not; nature is thy friend: Come, thou canst not hide it.

Mrs. Ford. Believe me, there's no such thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee? let that persuade thee, there's something extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog, and say, thou art this and that, like a many of these lipping law-thorn bode, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like Bucklers-bury† in simple-time; I cannot; but I love thee; none but thee; and thou deservest it.

Mrs. Ford. Do not betray me, sir; I fear, you love mistress Page.

Fal. Thou might'st as well say, I love to walk by the Counter-gate; which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln.

Mrs. Ford. Well, heaven knows, how I love you; and you shall one day find it.

Fal. Keep in that mind; I'll deserve it.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I must tell you, so you do; or else I could not be in that mind.

Rob. [within.] Mistress Ford, mistress Ford! here's mistress Page at the door, sweating, and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently.

Fal. She shall not see me; I will ensconce myself behind the arras.

Mrs. Ford. Pray you, do so; she's a very tattling woman.—*[FALSTAFF hides himself.]*

Enter Mrs. PAGE and ROBIN.

What's the matter? how now?

Mrs. Page. O mistress Ford, what have you done? You're shamed, you are overthrown, you are undone for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What's the matter, good mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. O well-a-day, mistress Ford! having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion!

Mrs. Ford. What cause of suspicion?

Mrs. Page. What cause of suspicion!—Upon you! how am I mistook in you?

Mrs. Ford. Why, alas! what's the matter?

Mrs. Page. Your husband's coming blithe woman, with all the officers in Windsor, to search for a gentleman, that, he says, is here now in the house, by your consent, to take a ill advantage of his absence: You are undone.

Mrs. Ford. Speak louder.—*[Aside.]*—'Tis not so, I hope.

Mrs. Page. Pray heaven it be not so, that you have such a man here; but 'tis most certain your husband's coming with half Windsor at his heels, to search for such a one. I come before to tell you: If you know yourself clear why I am glad of it; but if you have a friend here, convey him out. Be not amazed; call all your senses to you; defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What shall I do?—There is gentleman, my dear friend; and I fear mine own shame so much as his peril: I had rather than a thousand pound, he were out of the house.

Mrs. Page. For shame, never stand you had rather, and you had rather; your husband's here at hand, bethink you of some conveyance: in the house you cannot hide him. O, how have you deceived me!—Look, he is a basket; if he be of any reasonable stature he may creep in here; and throw foul line upon him, as if it were going to bucking: O it is whiting-time, send him by your ty men to Datchet mead.

Mrs. Ford. He's too big to go in there. What shall I do?

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Let me see't, let me see't! O let me see't! I'll in, I'll in;—follow your friend's counsel;—I'll in.

Mrs. Page. What! sir John Falstaff! A these your letters, knight?

Fal. I love thee, and none but thee; he me away: let me creep in here; I'll never [He goes into the basket; they cover him with foul linen.]

Mrs. Page. Help to cover your master boy: Call your men, mistress Ford;—Y dissembling knight!

Mrs. Ford. What, John, Robert, John [Exit Robin; Re-enter Servants.] Go to up these clothes here, quickly; Where's the cowl-staff**? look, how you drumblett: car them to the laundress in Datchet mead; quickly, come.

Enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, and SIR HUGH EVANS.

Ford. Pray you, come near: if I snip without cause, why then make sport at it then let me be your jest; I deserve it.—How now? whither bear you this?

Serv. To the laundress, forsooth.

* Venetian Ambians. † Primarily chiefly substituted by druggists. ‡ Prison. § Rye. || Tappery. ¶ Bleaching time. ** A staff for carrying large tub or basket. †† Dro

Mrs. Ford. Why, what have you to do whither they bear it! You were best meddle with buck-washing.

Ford. Buck! I would I could wash myself of the buck! Back, buck, buck! Ay, buck; I warrant you, buck; and of the season too, it shall appear. [*Exeunt Servants with the basket.*] Gentlemen, I have dreamed to-night; I'll tell you my dream. Here, here, here be my keys: ascend my chambers, search, seek, find out: I'll warrant, we'll unkenne! the fox:—Let me stop this way first:—So, now uncape*.

Page. Good master Ford, be contented: you wrong yourself too much.

Ford. True, master Page.—Up, gentlemen; you shall see sport anon: follow me, gentlemen. [*Exit.*]

Eva. This is fery fantastical humours, and jealousies.

Caius. By gar, 'tis no de fashion of France: it is not jealous in France.

Page. Nay, follow him, gentlemen; see the issue of his search.

[*Exeunt EVANS, PAGE, and CAIUS.*]

Mrs. Page. Is there not a double excellency in this?

Mrs. Ford. I know not which pleases me better, that my husband is deceived, or sir John.

Mrs. Page. What a taking was he in, when your husband asked who† was in the basket!

Mrs. Ford. I am half afraid he will have

Ford. Ay, ay; I must bear it.

Eva. If there be any pody in the house, as in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses, heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgment!

Caius. By gar, nor I too; dere is no bodie

Page. Fic, fie, master Ford! are you ashamed? What spirit, what devil suggests this imagination? I would not have your dity temper in this kind, for the wealth of Windsor Castle.

Ford. 'Tis my fault, master Page: I suffer for it.

Eva. You suffer for a pad conscience: your wife is as honest a 'omans, as I will desire among five thousand, and five hundred too.

Caius. By gar, I see 'tis an honest woman.

Ford. Well;—I promised you a dinner.—Come, come, walk in the park: I pray you pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you, why I have done this.—Come, wife;—come, mistress Page; I pray you, pardon me; pray heartily, pardon me.

Page. Let's go in, gentlemen; but, trust me we'll mock him. I do invite you to-morrow morning to my house to breakfast; after, we'll a birding together; I have a fine hawk for the bush: Shall it be so?

Ford. Any thing.

Eva. If there is one, I shall make two in the company.

Caius. If there be one or two, I shall make a de turd.

Anne. Gentle master Fenton,
I seek my father's love: still seek it, sir:
Opportunity and humblest suit
cannot attain it, why then.—Hark you hither.
[*They converse apart.*]

Enter SHALLOW, SLENDER, and Mrs. QUICKLY.

Shal. Break their talk, mistress Quickly;
my kinsman shall speak for himself.
Slend. I'll make a shaft or a bolt on't:
did, 'tis but venturing.
Shal. Be not dismay'd.
Slend. No, she shall not dismay me: I care
not for that,—but that I am afraid.
Quick. Hark ye; master Slender would
speak a word with you.

Anne. I come to him.—This is my father's
choice.
O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults
looks handsome in three hundred pounds a-
year!

Quick. And how does good master Fenton?
Pray you, a word with you.

Shal. She's coming; to her, coz. O boy,
thou hast a father!

Slend. I had a father, mistress Anne;—my
uncle can tell you good jests of him:—Pray
you, uncle, tell mistress Anne the jest, how
my father stole two geese out of a pen, good
uncle.

Shal. Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you.
Slend. Ay, that I do; as well as I love any
woman in Gloucestershire.

Shal. He will maintain you like a gentle-
woman.

Slend. Ay, that I will, come out and long-
tail, under the degree of a squire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and
fifty pounds jointure.

Anne. Good master Shallow, let him woo
for himself.

Shal. Marry, I thank you for it; I thank
you for that good comfort. She calls you,
coz: I'll leave you.

Anne. Now, master Slender.

Slend. Now, good mistress Anne.

Anne. What is your will?

Slend. My will? od's heartlings, that's a
pretty jest, indeed! I ne'er made my will
yet, I thank heaven; I am not such a sickly
creature, I give heaven praise.

Anne. I mean, master Slender, what would
you wish me?

Slend. Truly, for mine own part, I would
little or nothing with you: Your father, and
my uncle, have made motions: If it be my
luck, so: If not, happy man be his dole! I
They can tell you how things go, better than
I can: You may ask your father; here he
comes.

Enter PAGE, and Mistress PAGE.

Page. Now, master Slender:—Love him,
daughter Anne.—

Why, how now! what does master Fenton
here?

You wrong me, sir, thus still to haunt me
I told you, sir, my daughter is dispos'd of.

Fent. Nay, master Page, be not impatient.
Mrs. Page. Good master Fenton, come
to my child.

Page. She is no match for you.

Fent. Sir, will you hear me?

Page. No, good master Fenton
Come, master Shallow: come, son Slender
in:— [Fenton]

Knowing my mind, you wrong me, master
[*Exit PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.*]

Quick. Speak to mistress Page.

Fent. Good mistress Page, for that I lo-
your daughter

In such a righteous fashion as I do,
Perforce, against all checks, rebukes, and
manners,

I must advance the colours of my love,
And not retire: Let me have your good will

Anne. Good mother, do not marry me
yond' fool.

Mrs. Page. I mean it not; I seek you
better husband.

Quick. That's my master, master doctor.

Anne. Alas, I had rather be set quick in
earth,

And bow'd to death with turnips.

Mrs. Page. Come, trouble not yourself
Good master Fenton,

I will not be your friend, nor enemy:

My daughter will I question how she loves you
And as I find her, so am I affected;

Till then, farewell, sir:—She must needs go
Her father will be angry.

[*Exit Mrs. PAGE and ANNE.*]

Fent. Farewell, gentle mistress; farewell
Nan.

Quick. This is my doing now;—Nay, sir,
I, will you cast away your child on a fool
and a physician? Look on, master Fenton
this is my doing.

Fent. I thank thee; and I pray thee, o-
to-night

Give my sweet Nan this ring: There's for
pains. [Exit]

Quick. Now heaven send thee good fortune
A kind heart he hath: a woman would
through fire and water for such a kind he
But yet, I would my master had mist
Anne; or I would master Slender had her
in sooth, I would master Fenton had her
will do what I can for them all three; so
I have promised, and I'll be as good as
word; but specially for master Fen-
Well, I must of another errand to sir J
Falstaff from my two mistresses: What a t
am I to slack it! [Exit]

SCENE V.

A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.
Fal. Bardolph, I say,—

* A proverb—a shaft was a long arrow, and a bolt, a thick short one.
Come, poor or rich.

Lot.

§ Specially.

| Neglect.

Bard. Here, sir.

Fal. Go fetch me a quart of sack; put a toast in't. [*Exit BARD.*] Have I lived to be carried in a basket, like a barrow of butcher's offal; and to be thrown into the Thames? Well; if I be served such another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out, and buttered, and give them to a dog for a new-year's gift. The rogues slighted me into the river with as little remorse as they would have drowned a bitch's blind puppies, fifteen i' the litter; and you may know by my size, that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking; if the bottom were as deep as hell, I should down. I had been drowned, but that the shore was shelvy and shallow; a death that I abhor; for the water swells a man; and what a thing should I have been, when I had been swelled! I should have been a mountain of mummy.

Re-enter BARDOLPH, with the wine.

Bard. Here's mistress Quickly, sir, to speak with you.

Fal. Come, let me pour in some sack to the Thames water; for my belly's as cold, as if I had swallowed snow-balls for pills to cool the reins. Call her in.

Bard. Come in, woman.

Enter Mrs. QUICKLY.

Quick. By your leave; I cry you mercy: Give your worship good-morrow.

Fal. Take away these chalices: Go brew me a pottle of sack finely.

Bard. With eggs, sir?

Enter FORD.

Ford. Bless you, sir!

Fal. Now, master Brook, know what hath passed bet Ford's wife?

Ford. That, indeed, sir John,

Fal. Master Brook, I will I was at her house the hour she

Ford. And how sped you,

Fal. Very ill-favour'dly, to

Ford. How so, sir? Did she termination?

Fal. No, master Brook; but cornuto, her husband, master I in a continual harum of jealous in the instant of our encounter embraced, kissed, protested, a spoke the prologue of our com heels a rabble of his companion voked and instigated by his forsooth, to search his house for

Ford. What, while you were

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he search for not find you?

Fal. You shall hear. As go have it, comes in one mistress intelligence of Ford's approach invention, and Ford's wife's conveyed me into a buck-bask

Ford. A buck-basket!

Fal. By the Lord, a buck-b me in with foul shirts and sm stockings, and greasy nankins

cooled, glowing hot, in that surge, like a shoe; think of that;—hissing hot,—of that, master Brook.

Brook. In good sadness, sir, I am sorry that my sake you have suffered all this. My then is desperate; you'll undertake her more.

Brook. Master Brook, I will be thrown into a, as I have been into Thames, ere I will see her thus. Her husband is this morning a-birding: I have received from her an embassy of meeting; 'twixt eight and is the hour, master Brook.

Brook. 'Tis past eight already, sir.

Brook. Is it? I will then address me to my sentiment. Come to me at your convenient time, and you shall know how I speed; the conclusion shall be crowned with enjoying her: Adieu. You shall have

her, master Brook; master Brook, you shall cuckold Ford. *[Exit.*

Ford. Hum! ha! Is this a vision? Is this a dream? do I sleep? Master Ford, awake; awake, master Ford; there's a hole made in your best coat, master Ford. This 'tis to be married! this 'tis to have linen and back-baskets!—Well, I will proclaim myself what I am: I will now take the lecher; he is at my house; he cannot 'scape me; 'tis impossible he should; he cannot creep into a half-penny purse, nor into a pepper-box: but, lest the devil that gukes him should aid him, I will search impossible places. Though what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not, shall not make me tame: if I have horns to make one mad, let the proverb go with me, I'll be horn mad. *[Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. The Street.

Enter Mrs. PAGE, Mrs. QUICKLY, and WILLIAM.

Mrs. Page. Is he at master Ford's already, 'k'st thou?

Quickly. Sure, he is by this, or will be presently; but truly, he is very courageous; I, about his throwing into the water. Mistress Ford desires you to come suddenly.

Mrs. Page. I'll be with her by and by; but bring my young man here to school: sh, where his master comes; 'tis a playing-'s I see.

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS.

Brook. Now, sir Hugh! no school to-day?

Brook. No; master Slender is let the boys go to play.

Quickly. Blessing of his heart!

Mrs. Page. Sir Hugh, my husband says, 'you profits nothing in the world at his sh; I pray you, ask him some questions in 'scollence.

Brook. Come hither, William; hold up your sh; come.

Mrs. Page. Come on, sirrah; hold up your sh; answer your master, be not afraid.

Brook. William, how many numbers is in one?

William. Two.

Quickly. Truly, I thought there had been one number more; because they say, od's nouns.

Brook. Peace your tattlings. What is fair, William?

William. Pulcher.

Quickly. Poucats! there are fairer things than poucats, sure.

Brook. You are a very simplicity 'oman; I pray you, peace. What is *lapis*, William?

William. A stone.

Brook. And what is a stone, William?

William. A pebble.

Brook. No, it is *lapis*; I pray you remember in your pain.

William. *Lapis*.

Brook. That is good, William. What is he, William, that does lend articles?

William. Articles are borrowed of the pronoun; and be thus declined, *Singulariter nominativo, hic, hæc, hoc*.

Brook. *Nominativo, hic, hæc, hoc*; pray you, mark; *gentilivo, hujus*: Well, what is your *accusative case*?

William. *Accusativo, hinc*.

Brook. I pray you, have your remembrance child; *Accusativo, hinc, hang, hog*.

Quickly. Hang hog is Latin for bacon, I warrant you.

Brook. Leave your prabbles, 'oman. What is the *focative case*, William?

William. O—*Focativo, O*.

Brook. Remember, William; *focative* is, *caret*.

Quickly. And that's a good root.

Brook. 'Oman, forbear.

Mrs. Page. Peace.

Brook. What is your *gentive case plural*, William?

William. *Gentilive case?*

Brook. Ay.

William. *Gentilive*,—*horum, harum, horum*.

Quickly. 'Vengeance of Jenny's case! fie on her!—never name her, child, if she be a whore.

Brook. For shame, 'oman.

Quickly. You do ill to teach the child such words: he teaches him to hick and to hack, which they'll do fast enough of themselves; and to call *horum*:—fie upon you!

Brook. 'Oman, art thou *innatica*? hast thou no understandings for thy cases, and the num-

bers of the genders? Thou art as foolish christian creatures as I would desires.

Mrs. Page. Pr'ythee hold thy peace.

Eva. Shew me now, William, some declensions of your pronouns.

Will. Forsooth, I have forgot.

Eva. It is *ki, kē, cod*: if you forget your *kies*, your *kes*, and your *cods*, you must be preeches*. Go your ways, and play, go.

Mrs. Page. He is a better scholar than I thought he was.

Eva. He is a good sprag † memory. Farewell, mistress Page.

Mrs. Page. Adieu, good sir Hugh. [*Exit Sir HUGH.*] Get you home, boy.—Come, we stay too long. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Room in Ford's House.

Enter FALSTAFF and Mrs. FORD.

Fal. Mistress Ford, your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance: I see, you are obsequious: in your love, and I profess requital to a hair's breadth; not only, Mistress Ford, in the simple office of love, but in all the accomtment, complement, and ceremony of it. But are you sure of your husband now?

Mrs. Ford. He's a-birding, sweet sir John.

Mrs. Page. [*sithin.*] What ho, gossip Ford! what ho!

Mrs. Ford. Step into the chamber, sir John.

[*Exit FALSTAFF.*]

Mrs. Page. Hard by; at street end; I be here anon.

Mrs. Ford. I am undone!—the knave here.

Mrs. Page. Why, then you are shamed, and he's but a dead man. Women are you!—Away with him, away him; better shame than murder.

Mrs. Ford. Which way should he go should I bestow him? Shall I put him the basket again?

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. No, I'll come no more! 't' the day May I not go out, ere he come?

Mrs. Page. Alas, three of master brothers watch the doot with pistols, they shall issue out; otherwise you might all ere he came. But what make you her?

Fal. What shall I do!—I'll creep up the chimney.

Mrs. Ford. There they always use charge their birding-pieces: Creep in kiln-hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Mrs. Ford. He will seek there, on my Neither press, coffer, chest, trunk, well, but he hath an abstract ¶ for the remend of such places, and goes to them by him There is no hiding you in the house.

Fal. I'll go out then.

Mrs. Page. If you go out in your own blance, you die, sir John. Unless you

men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did last time.

Mrs. Page. Nay, but he'll be here presently: let's go dress him like the witch of Brentford.

Mrs. Ford. I'll first direct my men, what they shall do with the basket. Go up, I'll bring linen for him straight. *[Exit.]*

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest varlet! we cannot misuse him enough.

We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,

Wives may be merry, and yet honest too: We do not act, that often jest and laugh;

'Tis odd but true, *Still swine eat all the draf.* *[Exit.]*

Re-enter Mrs. Ford, with two Servants.

Mrs. Ford. Go, sirs, take the basket again on your shoulders; your master is hard at door: if he bid you set it down, obey him: quickly, despatch. *[Exit.]*

1 Serv. Come, come, take it up.

2 Serv. Pray heaven, it be not full of the knight again.

1 Serv. I hope not; I had as lief bear so much lead.

Enter FORD, PAGE, SHALLOW, CAIUS, and Sir HUGH EVANS.

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, master Page, leave you any way then to unfool me again!—Set down the basket, villain:—Somebody call my wife:—You, youth in a basket, come out here!—O, you panderly rascals! there's a kiss, a ging*, a pack, a conspiracy against me: Now shall the devil be shamed. What! wife, I say! come, come forth; behold what honest clothes you send forth to bleaching.

Page. Why, this passes! Master Ford, you are not to go loose any longer; you must be punished.

Eva. Why, this is lunatic! this is mad as a mad dog!

Shal. Indeed, master Ford, this is not well; indeed.

Enter Mrs. Ford.

Ford. So say I too, sir.—Come hither, mistress Ford; mistress Ford, the honest woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her husband!—I suspect without cause, mistress, do I?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven be my witness, you do, if you suspect me in any dishonesty.

Ford. Well said, brazen face; hold it out.—Come forth, sirs.

[Pulls the clothes out of the basket.]

Page. This passes!

Mrs. Ford. Are you not ashamed? let the ladies alone.

Ford. I shall find you anon.

Eva. 'Tis unreasonable! Will you take up the wife's clothes? Come away.

Ford. Empty the basket, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Why man, why,—

Ford. Master Page, as I am a man, there

was one conveyed out of my house yesterday in this basket: Why may not he be the again? In my house I am sure he is: my intelligence is true; my jealousy is reasonable. Pluck me out all the linen.

Mrs. Ford. If you find a man there, shall die a flea's death.

Page. Here's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity, this is not well, master Ford: this wrongs you.

Eva. Master Ford, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart: this is jealousy.

Ford. Well, he's not here I seek for.

Page. No, nor no where else, but in your brain.

Ford. Help to search my house this or time: if I find not what I seek, show no colour for my extremity, let me for ever have your table-sport; let them say of me, As jealous as Ford, that searched a hollow wain for his wife's leman! Satisfy me once more once more search with me.

Mrs. Ford. What ho, mistress Page! come you and the old woman down; my husband will come into the chamber.

Ford. Old woman! What old woman that?

Mrs. Ford. Why, it is my maid's aunt, Brentford.

Ford. A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean! Have I not forbid her my house? She comes of errands, does she? We are simple men; we do not know what's brought pass under the profession of fortune-telling. She works by charms, by spells, by the figure, and such daubery as this is; beyond our element: we know nothing.—Come down, you witch, you hag you; come down I say.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, good, sweet husband; good gentlemen, let him not strike the old woman.

Enter FALSTAFF in women's clothes, &c. by Mrs. PAGE.

Mrs. Page. Come, mother Pratt, come, give me your hand.

Ford. I'll prat her:—Out of my door, you witch! *[beats him.]* You rag, you baggage, you polecat, you ronyon! out! out! I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you.

[Exit FALSTAFF.]

Mrs. Page. Are you not ashamed? I think you have killed the poor woman.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, he will do it:—'Tis goodly credit for you.

Ford. Hang her, witch!

Eva. By yea and no, I think, the woman a witch indeed: I like not when a woman is a great peard; I spy a great peard under her muffler.

Ford. Will you follow, gentlemen?—*[Exit.]* Follow you, follow; see but the issue of jealousy: if I cry out thus upon no traitor, never trust me when I open again.

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further: Come, gentlemen.

[*Exeunt PAGE, FORD, SHAL, and EVANS.*]

Mrs. Page. Trust me, he beat him most pitifully.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, by the mass, that he did not; he beat him most unpitifully, methought.

Mrs. Page. I'll have the cudgel hallowed, and hang o'er the altar; it hath done meritorious service.

Mrs. Ford. What think you? May we, with the warrant of womanhood, and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge?

Mrs. Page. The spirit of wantonness is, sure, scared out of him; if the devil have him not in fee-simple, with fine and recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waste, attempt us again.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how we have served him?

Mrs. Page. Yes, by all means; if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husband's brains. If they can find in their hearts, the poor unvirtuous fat knight, shall be any further afflicted, we two will still be the ministers.

Mrs. Ford. I'll warrant, they'll have him publicly shamed; and, methinks, there would be no period to the jest, should he not be publicly shamed.

Mrs. Page. Come, to the forge with it then,

Than thee with wantonness: now doth thine honour stand, in him that was of late an heretic, As firm as faith.

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well; no more Be not as extreme in submission, As in offence;

But let our plot go forward: let our wives Yet once again, to make us public sport, Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow, Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way than that thou spoke of.

Page. How! to send him word they'll meet him in the park at midnight! fie, fie; he never come.

Eva. You say, he has been thrown in the rivers; and has been grievously peaten, an old woman: methinks, there should be terrors in him, that he should not come; methinks, his flesh is punished, he shall have desires.

Page. So think I too.

Mrs. Ford. Devise but how you'll use him when he comes,

And let us two devise to bring him thither.

Mrs. Page. There is an old tale goes, that Herne the hunter,

Sometime a keeper here in Windsor forest Doth all the winter time, at still midnight, Walk round about an oak, with great rag

let them all encircle him about,
fairy like, to pinch the unclean knight;
ask him, why, that hour of fairy revel,
heir so sacred paths he dares to tread,
shape profane.

Frd. And till he tell the truth,
the supposed fairies pinch him sound,
burn him with their tapers.

Mrs. Page. The truth being known,
I'll all present ourselves; dis-horn the spirit,
and mock him home to Windsor.

Frd. The children must
practised well to this, or they'll ne'er do't.
Eva. I will teach the children their behav-
ours; and I will be like a Jack-an-apes also,
burn the knight with my taper.

Frd. That will be excellent. I'll go buy
me visards. [all the fairies,
half attired in a robe of white. [three

Page. That silk will I go buy;—and in that
hall master Slender steal my Nan away.

[*Aside.*
and marry her at Eton.—Go, send to Fal-
staff straight. [Brook:

Frd. Nay, I'll to him again in name of
brilliant me all his purpose: Sure, he'll come.

Mrs. Page. Fear not you that: Go, get us
and tricking for our fairies. [properties t,

Eva. Let us about it: It is admirable plea-
sure, and very honest knaveries.

[*Exeunt PAGE, FRD., and EVANS.*

Mrs. Page. Go, mistress Ford,
and quickly to sir John, to know his mind.

[*Exit Mrs. Ford.*
It is the doctor; he hath my good will,
and none but he, to marry with Nan Page.
The Slender, though well landed, is an idiot;
and he my husband best of all affects:
The doctor is well money'd, and his friends
fountain court; he, none but he, shall have her,
though twenty thousand worthier come to
grave her. [Exit.

SCENE V.

A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Host and SIMPLE.

Host. What would'st thou have, boor?
that, thick skin? speak, breathe, discuss;
that, short, quick, snap.

Sim. Harry, sir, I come to speak with sir
John Falstaff from master Slender.

Host. There's his chamber, his house, his
bed, his standing-bed, and truckle-bed; 'tis
placed about with the story of the prodigal;
and now: Go, knock and call; he'll
speak like an *Anthrophaginian*! unto
the: Knock, I say.

Sim. There's an old woman, a fat woman,
she up into his chamber; I'll be so bold as
say, sir, till she come down: I come to speak
with her, indeed.

Host. Hal! a fat woman! the knight may
be robbed: I'll call.—Bully knight! Bully sir!

Sonally.

Necessari.

A cannibal.

Cunning woman, a fortune-teller.

Scholar-like.

John! speak from thy lungs military: Art thou
there? It is thine host, thine Ephesian, calla.

Fal. [above.] How now, mine host?

Host. Here's a Bohemian-Tartar carries the
coming down of thy fat woman: Let her de-
scend, bully, let her descend; my chambers
are honourable: Fye! privacy! fye!

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. There was, mine host, an old fat wo-
man even now with me; but she's gone.

Sim. Pray you, sir, was't not the wise
woman of Brentford?

Fal. Ay, marry, was it, muscle-shell; What
would you with her?

Sim. My master, sir, my master Slender,
sent to her, seeing her go thorough the streets,
to know, sir, whether one Nym, sir, that be-
gullied him of a chain, had the chain, or no.

Fal. I spake with the old woman about it.

Sim. And what says she, I pray, sir?

Fal. Marry, she says, that the very same
man, that beguiled master Slender of his
chain, cozened him of it.

Sim. I would, I could have spoken with
the woman herself; I had other things to have
spoken with her too, from him.

Fal. What are they? let us know.

Host. Ay, come; quick.

Sim. I may not conceal them, sir.

Fal. Conceal them, or thou diest.

Sim. Why, sir, they were nothing but about
mistress Anne Page; to know, if it were my
master's fortune to have her, or no.

Fal. 'Tis 'tis his fortune.

Sim. What, sir?

Fal. To have her,—or no: Go; say, the
woman told me so.

Sim. May I be so bold to say so, sir?

Fal. Ay, sir Tike; who more bold?

Sim. I thank your worship: I shall make my
master glad with these tidings. [Exit SIMPLE.

Host. Thou art clerkly; thou art clerkly,
sir John: Was there a wise woman with thee?

Fal. Ay, that there was, mine host; one, that
hath taught me more wit than ever I learned
before in my life: and I paid nothing for it
neither, but was paid for my learning.

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bard. Out, alas, sir! cozenage! meer cozen-
age!

Host. Where be my horses? speak well of
their varletto.

Bard. Run away with the cozeners: for
so soon as I came beyond Eton, they threw
me off, from behind one of them, in a slough
of mire; and set spurs, and away, like three
German devils, three Do or Fanatures.

Host. They are gone but to meet the duke,
villain: do not say, they be fled; German
are honest men.

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS.

Host. Where's mine host?

Host. What is the matter, sir?

Eva. Have a care of your entertainments: there is a friend of mine come to town, tells me, there is three cozins germans, that has cozened all the hosts of Readings, of Maidenhead, of Colebrook, of horses and money. I tell you for good-will, look you: you are wise, and full of gibes and vinting-stogs; and 'tis not convenient you should be cozened: Fare you well. *[Exit.]*

Enter Doctor Caius.

Caius. Vere is mine *Host de Jarterre*.

Host. Here, master doctor, in perplexity, and doubtful dilemma.

Caius. I cannot tell wat is dat; but it is tell a me, dat you make grand preparation for a duke *de Jarmany*: by my trot, dere is no duke, dat the court is know to come; I tell you for good vill; adieu. *[Exit.]*

Host. Hue and cry, villain, go:—assist me, knight; I am undone:—fly, run, hue and cry, villain! I am undone!

[Exit Host and BARDOLPH.]

Fal. I would, all the world might be cozened; for I have been cozen'd and beaten too. If it should come to the ear of the court, how I have been transformed and how my transformation hath been washed and cudgelled, they would melt me out of my fat, drop by drop, and liquor fishermen's boots with me; I warrant, they would whip me with their fine wits, till I were as crest fallen as a dried pear.

SCENE VI.

Another Room in the Garter.

Enter FENTON and Host.

Host. Master Fenton, talk not: my mind is heavy, I will give over all.

Fent. Yet hear me speak: As And, as I am a gentleman, I'll give A hundred pound in gold, more.

Host. I will hear you, master I I will, at the least, keep your con

Fent. From time to time I have With the dear love I bear to fair

Who, mutually, hath answer'd me (So far forth as herself might be)

Even to my wish: I have a letter Of such contents as you will wonder

The mirth whereof so larded with That neither, singly, can be mani

Without the show of both;—
Falstaff

Hath a great scene: the image of
[Showing]

I'll show you here at large. mine host:

To-night at Herne's oak, just 't Must my sweet Nan present the

The purpose why, is here't; in wh While other jests are something r

Her father hath commanded her Away with Slender, and with his

Immediately to marry: she hath
Near, etc.

ACT V.

SCENE I. A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF and Mrs. QUICKLY.

Fal. Prythee, no more prattling;—go.—hold: This is the third time; I hope, I lack her in odd numbers. Away, go; say, there is divinity in odd numbers, in nativity, chance, or death.—Away. Quick! I'll provide you a chain; and I'll what I can to get you a pair of horns. Fal. Away, I say; time wears: hold up your head, and mince. [Exit Mrs. QUICKLY.]

Enter FORD.

Now, master Brook! Master Brook, I shall be known to-night, or never: you in the Park about midnight, at such an hour, and you shall see wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yesterday, sir, you told me you had appointed!

Fal. I went to her, master Brook, as you see, a poor old man: but I came from master Brook, like a poor old woman. I saw some knave, Ford her husband, bathed in sweat and devil of jealousy in him, master Brook, that ever governed frenzy. I will I you.—He beat me grievously, in the shape of a woman; for in the shape of man, master Brook, I fear not Goliath with a sword's beam; because I know also, life is but a bubble. I am in haste; go along with me; I tell you all, master Brook. Since I was a child, I played traitor, and whipped myself. I knew not what it was to be beaten, till now. Follow me: I'll tell you strange news of this knave Ford: on whom to-night he will be revenged, and I will deliver his wife a good hand.—Follow! Strange things heard, master Brook! follow. [Exit.]

SCENE II. Windsor Park.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.

Page. Come, come; we'll couch it the to-ditch, till we are the light of our fairies. Remember, son Slender, my daughter.

Shal. Ay, forsooth; I have spoke with her, and we have a nay-word't, how to know another. I come to her in white, and she in blue; she cries, *budget*; and by that name one another.

Page. That's good too: Ent what needs of your own, or her *budget*? the white decipher her well enough.—It hath been o'clock.

Shal. The night is dark; light and spirits become it well. Heaven prosper our! No man means evil but the devil, he shall know him by his horns. Let's follow me. [Exit.]

SCENE III. The Street in Windsor.

Mrs. PAGE, Mrs. FORD, and Dr. CAIUS.

Mrs. PAGE. Master doctor, my daughter

* Keep to the time.

is in green: when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the deanery, and despatch it quickly: Go before into the park; we two must go together.

Caius. I know vat I have to do; Adieu.

Mrs. PAGE. Fare you well, sir. [Exit CAIUS.] My husband will not rejoice so much at the abuse of Falstaff, as he will chafe at the doctor's marrying my daughter: but 'tis no matter; better a little chiding, than a great deal of heart-break.

Mrs. FORD. Where is Nan now, and her troop of fairies? and the Welsh devil, Hugh?

Mrs. PAGE. They are all couched in a pit hard by Herne's oak, with obscured lights; which, at the very instant of Falstaff's and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

Mrs. FORD. That cannot choose but amaze him.

Mrs. PAGE. If he be not amazed, he will be mocked; if he be amazed, he will every way be mocked.

Mrs. FORD. We'll betray him finely.

Mrs. PAGE. Against such lewdsters, and their lechery,

Those that betray them do no treachery.

Mrs. FORD. The hour draws on; To the oak, to the oak! [Exit.]

SCENE IV. Windsor Park.

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS, and Fairies.

Eva. Trib, trib, fairies; come; and remember your parts: be bold, I pray you; follow me into the pit; and when I give the watch-words, do as I bid you; Come, come; trib, trib. [Exit.]

SCENE V. Another part of the Park.

Enter FALSTAFF disguised, with a buck's head on.

Fal. The Windsor bell hath struck twelve; the minute draws on: Now, the hot-blooded gods assist me:—Remember, Jove, thou wast a bull for thy Europa; love set on thy horns.—O powerful love! that, in some respects, makes a beast a man; in some other, a man a beast.—You were also, Jupiter, a swan, for the love of Leda;—O, omnipotent love! how near the god draw to the complexion of a goose!—A fault done first in the form of a beast;—O Jove, a beastly fault! and then another fault in the semblance of a fowl; think on't, Jove; a fowl fault.—When gods have hot backs, what shall poor men do? For me, I am here a Windsor stag; and the fattest, I think, in the forest: send me a cool rut-time, Jove, or who can blame me to piss my tallow? Who comes here? my doe?

Enter Mrs. FORD and Mrs. PAGE.

Mrs. FORD. Sir John! art thou there, my deer? my male deer?

Fal. My doe with the black scut!—Let

† Watch-word.

the sky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tone of *Green Sleeves*; hail kissing-comfits, and snow eringoes; let there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter me here.

[*Embracing her.*]

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page is come with me, sweetheart.

Fal. Divide me like a bribe-buck, each a haunch: I will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the fellow* of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your husbands. Am I a woodman? ha! Speak I like Herne the hunter?—Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience; he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome! [*Noise within.*]

Mrs. Page. Alas! what noise?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven forgive our sins!

Fal. What should this be?

Mrs. Ford. } Away, away. [*They run off.*]

Mrs. Page. }

Fal. I think, the devil will not have me damned, lest the oil that is in me should set hell on fire; he would never else cross me thus.

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS, like a satyr;

Mrs. QUICKLY, and PISTOL; ANNE PAGE, as the Fairy Queen, attended by her brother and others, dressed like fairies, with waxen tapers on their heads.

Quick. Fairies, black, grey, green, and white,
You moon-shine revellers, and shades of night,
You orphan-*heirs* of fixed destiny,
Attend your office, and your quality f.—
Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy o-yes.

And, *Hony soit qui mal y pense*, writ
In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue, and
Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroid
Buckled below fair knight-hood's beam
knee:

Fairies use flowers for their charactery:
Away; disperse: But, till 'tis one o'clock
Our dance of custom, round about the
Of Herne the hunter, let us not forget.

Eva. Pray you, lock hand in hand,
selves in order set:

And twenty glow-worms shall our lantern
To guide our measure round about the
But, stay; I smell a man of middle ear

Fal. Heavens defend me from that
fairy! lest he transform me to a piece of

Pist. Vile worm, thou wast o'er-
even in thy birth.

Quick. With trial fire touch me his
If he be chaste, the flame will back de
And turn him to no pain; but if he star
It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.

Pist. A trial, come.

Eva. Come, will this wood take fire.
[*They burn him with their ta*

Fal. Oh, oh, oh!

Quick. Corrupt, corrupt, and taint
About him fairies; sing a scornful rhyme
And, as you trip, still pinch him to your

Eva. It is right; indeed he is fa
lecheries and iniquity.

SONG.

ow, sir, who's a cuckold now?—
ok, Falstaff's a knave, a cuckoldly
re are his horses, master Brook:
er Brook, he hath enjoyed nothing
ut his back-basket, his cudgel, and
made of money; which must be
ster Brook; his horses are arrested
ster Brook.

Wid. Sir John, we have had ill
could never meet. I will never
for my love again, but I will always
my deer.

I do begin to perceive that I am
am.

Ay, and an ox too; both the proofs
it.

And these are not fairies? I was
four times in the thought, they were
in: and yet the guiltiness of my
he sudden surprise of my powers,
in grossness of the soppony into a
I belief, in despite of the teeth of all
and reason, that they were fairies.
er, how wit may be made a Jack-an-
'tis upon ill employment!

Sir John Falstaff, serve God, and leave
shes, and fairies will not please you.

Well said, fairy Hugh.
And leave you your jealousies too, I
do.

I will never mistrust my wife again,
art able to woo her in good English.
Have I laid my brain in the sun, and
that it wants matter to prevent so
'er-reaching as this? Am I ridden
Welsh gone too? Shall I have a cox-
's frise? 'tis time I were choked
piece of toasted cheese.

Some is not good to give putter;
thy is all putter.

Some and putter! Have I lived to
the want of one that makes fritters
hah! This is enough to be the decay
and late-walking, through the realm.

Page. Why, sir John, do you think,
we would have thrust virtue out of
us by the head and shoulders, and
on ourselves without scruple to hell,
if the devil could have made you
fit!

What a hodge-pudding! a bag of flux?
Page. A puffed man!

Old, cold, withered, and of into-
strails?

And one that is as slanderous as Satan?
And as poor as Job?

And as wicked as his wife?

And given to fornications, and to
and sack, and wine, and metheglins,
takings, and swearings, and starings,
and prabbles?

Well, I am your theme: you have
of me: I am dejected; I am not able
of the Welsh flannel; ignorance itself
met o'er me: use me as you will.

Merry, Sir, we'll bring you to

Windsor, to one master Brook, that you have
cozened of money, to whom you should have
been a pander: over and above that you
have suffered, I think, to repay that money
will be a biting affliction. [make amends:]

Mrs. Ford. Nay, husband, let that go to
Forgive that sum, and so we'll all be friends.

Ford. Well, here's my hand; all's forgiven
at last.

Page. Yet be cheerful, knight: thou shalt
eat a posset to-night at my house; where I
will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that
now laughs at thee: Tell her, master Slender
hath married her daughter.

Mrs. Page. Doctors doubt that: If Anne
Page be my daughter, she is, by this, doctor
Caius' wife. [Aside.]

Enter SLENDER.

Slender. Whoo, ho! ho! father Page!

Page. Son! how now? how now, son?

Slender. Despatched—I'll make the best in
Gloucestershire know o't; would I were
hanged, la, else.

Page. Of what, son?

Slender. I came yonder at Eton to marry mis-
tress Anne Page, and she's a great lubberly
boy: If it had not been for the church, I would
have swung him, or he should have swung
me. If I did not think it had been Anne Page,
would I might never stir, and be a post-mas-
ter's boy.

Page. Upon my life then you took the
wrong.

Slender. What need you tell me that? I think
so, when I took a boy for a girl: If I had
been married to him, for all he was in woman's
apparel, I would not have had him.

Page. Why, this is your own folly. Did
not I tell you, how you should know my
daughter by her garments?

Slender. I went to her in white, and cry'd
nun, and she cry'd budget, as Anne and I
had appointed; and yet it was not Anne, but
a post-master's boy.

Eva. Jesu! Master Slender, cannot you
see but marry boys?

Page. O, I am vexed at heart: What shall
I do?

Mrs. Page. Good George, be not angry: I
knew of your purpose; turned my daughter
into green; and, indeed, she is now with the
doctor at the deanery, and there married.

Enter CAIUS.

Caius. Vere is mistress Page? By gar, I
am cozened; I ha' married un garçon, a boy;
un paksan, by gar, a boy; it is not Anne
Page: by gar, I am cozened.

Mrs. Page. Why, did you take her in green?

Caius. Ay, begar, and 'tis a boy: begar, I'll
raise all Windsor. [Exit CAIUS.]

Ford. This is strange: Who hath got the
right Anne?

Page. My heart misgives me: Here comes
master Fenton.

Enter FENTON and ANNA PAGE.

How now, master Fenton?

Anne. Pardon, good father! good my mother, pardon!

Page. Now, mistress? how chance you went not with master Slender?

Mrs. Page. Why went you not with master doctor, maid?

Fent. You do amaze^e her: Hear the truth of it.

You would have married her most shamefully, Where there was no proportion held in love. The truth is, She and I, long since contracted, Are now so sure, that nothing can dissolve us. The offence is holy, that she hath committed: And this deceit loses the name of craft, Of disobedience, or unduteous title;

Since therein she doth evitate[†] and shun A thousand irreligious cursed hours, [upon her. Which forced marriage would have brought

Ford. Stand not amaz'd: here is no remedy:—

In love, the heavens themselves do guide state;

Money buys lands, and wives are sold by t
Fal. I am glad, though you have ta'
special stand to strike at me, that your an
hath glanced. [give thee]

Page. Well, what remedy? Fenton, has
What cannot be eschew'd must be embru
Fal. When night-dogs run, all sorts of
are chas'd.

Era. I will dance and eat plums at
wedding.

Mrs. Page. Well, I will muse no further
Master Fenton,

Heaven give you many, many merry days
Good husband, let us every ope go home
And laugh this sport o'er by a country as
Sir John and all.

Ford. Let it be so:—Sir John
To master Brook you yet shall hold your
For he, to night, shall lie with Mrs. Page
[Exit

• Confound her by your questions.

† Avoid.

Of this play there is a tradition preserved by Mr. Rowe, that it was written at the command of queen Elizabeth, who was so delighted with the character of Falstaff, that wished it to be diffused through more plays; but suspecting that it might pall by conti

Persons represented.

Sir TONY BELCH, uncle of Olivia.
Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.
MALVOLIO, steward to Olivia.
FABIAN, } Servants to Olivia.
CLOWN, }
OLIVIA, a rich Countess.
VIOLA, in love with the Duke.
MARIA, Olivia's woman.

Lords, Priests, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, and other Attendants.
Scene,—a city in Illyria; and the sea-coast near it.

IE 1. An Apartment in the Duke's Palace.

DEKE, CURIO, *Lords; Musicians attending.*

Is. If music be the food of love, play on,
 I excess of it; that, unfeeling,
 Appetite may sicken, and so die.—
 Train again;—it had a dying fall:
 O'er my ear like the sweet south,
 That's tinct upon a bank of violets,
 Sweet and giving odour.—Enough; no
 more to sweet now, as it was before.
 How love, how quick and fresh art thou!
 That without thy capacity
 Wouldst not so fill the heart. Here enters there,
 A softness, and a pitch soever,
 That into abatement and low price,
 In minute parts, so full of shapes is fancy,
 That does itself make many of its parts.
 Will you go hunt, my lord?
 What? Curio?

v. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have:
 My blue eyes did see Olivia first,
 And, lo! she purg'd the air of pestilence;
 What was I turn'd into a hart;
 My desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
 Are pursue me.—How now? what news
 from her?

Enter VALENTINE.

So please my lord, I might not be admitted,
 My handmaid do return this answer:
 Went it self, till seven years heat;
 Or beheld her face at ample view;
 As a cloistress, she will veiled walk,
 And once a day her chamber round
 Yet-untidning brine: all this, to season
 Her dead love, which she would keep
 Living, in her sad remembrance. [fresh,
 O, she, that hath a heart of that fine
 Substance of love but to a brother, frame,

How will she love, when the rich golden shaft,
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
That live in her! when liver, brain, and heart,
These sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and
fill'd,
(Her sweet perfections,) with one self king!—
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers;
Love-thoughts lie rich, when canoniz'd with
bowers. [Exit.]

SCENE II. *The Sea-coast.*

Enter VIOLA, Captain, and Sailors.

Flo. What country, friends, is this?
Cap. Illyria, lady.
Flo. And what should I do in Illyria?
 My brother he is in Elysium. [you, sailors?
 Perchance, he is not drown'd:—What think
Cap. It is perchance, that you yourself were
 saved. [may he be.
Flo. O my poor brother! and so, perchance.
Cap. True, madam; and, to comfort you with
 chance.

Assure yourself, after our ship did split, [you,
When you, and that poor number saved with
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself [practise,
(Courage and hope both teaching him the
To a strong mast, that lived upon the sea;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves
So long as I could see.

Fio. For saying so, there's gold:
Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority,
The like of him. Know'st thou this country?
Cap. Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and
born,
Not three hours' travel from this very place.
Fio. Who governs here?
Cap. A noble duke, in nature.
As in his name.
Fio. What is his name?

• *Val/pc.*

† Fantastical to the height.

‡ Heated.

Н

*Cap.**Orsino.*

Vio. Orsino! I have heard my father name
He was a bachelor then.

Cap.

And so is now,

Or was so very late: for but a month
Ago I went from hence; and then 'twas fresh
In murmur, (as, you know, what great ones do,
The less will prattle of,) that he did seek
The love of fair Olivia.

Vio.

What's she?

Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a
count

(leaving her

That died some twelvemonth since; then
In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also died: for whose dear love,
They say, she hath abjur'd the company
And sight of men.

Vio.

O, that I served that lady:

And might not be delivered to the world,
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
What my estate is.

Cap.

That were hard to compass;

Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the duke's.

Vio.

There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain:
And though that nature with a beastious wall
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe, thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.
I pray thee, and I'll pay thee bounteously,
Conceal me what I am; and be my aid
For such disguise as, haply, shall become
The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke;
Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him.

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He's as tall† a man as any's in
Illyria.

Mar. What's that to the purpose?

Sir To. Why, he has three thousand ducats
a year.

Mar. Ay, but he'll have but a year in
these ducats; he's a very fool, and a prodigy.

Sir To. Phe, that you'll say so! he plays
the viol-de-gambo, and speaks three or four
languages word for word without book, at
hath all the good gifts of nature.

Mar. He hath, indeed,—almost natural: for
besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller
and, but that he hath the gift of a coward
allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought
among the prudent, he would quickly have
the gift of a grave.

Sir To. By this hand, they are accountants
and subtractors that say so of him. Who's
they?

Mar. They that add moreover, he's drunk
nightly in your company.

Sir To. With drinking healths to my niece
I'll drink to her, as long as there is a pass
in my throat, and drink in Illyria: He's
coward, and a coystrel; that will not drink
my niece, till his brains turn o' the top like
parish-top. What, wench? Castiliano vni,
for here comes Sir Andrew Ague-face.

Enter Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir And. Sir Toby Belch! how now,

TWELFTH NIGHT: OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

75

in keep my head dry. But
st, sir.

you fall of them?

I have them at my fingers'
w I let go your hand, I am

[*Exit MARIA.*]
ght, then lack't a cap of en-

I see thee so put down?

er in your life, I think; w-

ry put me down: Methinks,

no more wit than a Christian;

in has: but I am a great eater

Meve, that does harm to my

ation.

thought that, I'd forever be

morrow, sir Toby.

my, my dear knight!

is your way? do or not do?

bestowed that time in the

ye in fencing, dancing, and

had I but followed the arm!

indot thou had an excellent

r, would that have mended

rection; for thou seest, it will

c.

it becomes me well enough,

ent; it hangs like flax on a

pe to see a housewife take

legs, and spin it off.

h, I'll home to-morrow, sir

will not be seen; or, if she

me she'll none of me: the

re hard by, woos her.

none o' the count; she'll not

degree, neither in estate,

I have heard her swear it.

t, man.

my a month longer. I am a

ngest mind i' the world; I

s and revels sometimes alto-

re good at these kick-shaws,

y man in Illyria, whatsoever

degree of my betters; and

npare with an old man.

thy excellence in a galliard,

1, I can cut a caper.

can cut the mutton to't.

, I think, I have the back-

trough as any man in Illyria.

fore are these things hid?

these gifts a curtain before

re to take dust, like mistress

hy dust thou not go to church

I come home in a coranto?

would be a jig; I would not so

mer, but in a sink-a-pace.

mean? is it a world to hide

think, by the excellent cou-

us, the name of a dance.

situation of thy leg, it was formed under the
star of a galliard.

Sir And. Ay, 'tis strong, and it does fulli-
ferent well in a flame-coloured stock. Shall
we set about some revels?

Sir To. What shall we do else? 'twere else
not born under Taurus?

Sir And. Taurus? that's sides and heart.

Sir To. No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let

me see thee caper; ha! higher: ha, ha! ex-

cellent! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

A Room in the Duke's Palace.

*Enter VALENTINE, and VIOLA in man's
attire.*

Val. If the duke continue these favours to-
wards you, Cesario, you are like to be much
advanced; he hath known you but three days,
and already you are no stranger.

Vio. You either see his humour or my dis-
signance, that you call in question the confide-
nce of his love: Is he inconstant, sir, in his
favour?

Val. No, believe me.

Enter Duke, CUNIO, and Attendants.

Vio. I thank you. Here comes the count.

Duke. Who saw Cesario, ho?

Vio. On your attendance, my lord; here.

Duke. Stand you awhile aloof.—Cesario,
Thou know'st so long but all; I have unclasp'd
To thee the book even of my secret soul:
Therefore, good youth, address thy gait; unto
her;

Be not deny'd access, stand at her doors,
And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow,
Till thou have audience.

Vio. Sure, my noble lord.

If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow
As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

Duke. Be clamorous, and leap all civil
bounds,

Rather than make unprovoked return.

Vio. Say, I do speak with her, my lord;

What then?

Duke. O, then unfold the passion of my love,
Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith:
It shall become thee well to act my woes;
She will attend it better in thy youth,
Than in a nuncio of more grave aspect.

Vio. I think not so, my lord.

Duke. Dear lad, believe it!

For they shall yet believe thy happy years
That say, thou art a man: Diana's lip
Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound,
And all is semblative a woman's part.
I know, thy constellation is right apt
For this affair:—Some four or five attend him;
All, if you will; for I myself am best,
When least in company:—Prosper well in this,
And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,
To call his fortunes thine.

Vio. I'll do my best,

† Stocking.

† Go thy way.

To woo your lady: yet, [*Aside.*] a barful
strife!

Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. A Room in Olivia's House.

Enter MARIA and Clown.

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open my lips so wide as a bristle may enter, in way of thy excuse: my lady will hang thee for thy absence.

Clo. Let her hang me: he that is well hanged in this world, needs to fear no colours.

Mar. Make that good.

Clo. He shall see none to fear.

Mar. A good latent answer: I can tell thee where that saying was born, of, I fear no colours.

Clo. Where, good mistress Mary?

Mar. In the wars; and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

Clo. Well, God give them wisdom that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

Mar. Yet you will be hanged, for being so long absent: or, to be turned away; is not that as good as a hanging to you?

Clo. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and, for turning away, let summer bear it out.

Mar. You are resolute then?

Clo. Not so neither; but I am resolved on

patched with virtue: If that this simplism will serve, so; if it will not, wemedy! As there is no true cuckold but unity, so beauty's a flower:—the lad take away the fool; therefore, I say again away.

Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you.

Clo. Misprision in the highest degree, *Cucullus non facit monachum* as much as to say, I wear not motley brain. Good madonna, give me leave to you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexteriously, good madonna.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I must catechize you for it, madam. Good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

Oli. Well, sir, for want of other I'll bide your proof.

Clo. Good madonna, why mourn'st?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clo. I think his soul is in hell, madam.

Oli. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

Clo. The more fool you, madonna, to for your brother's soul being in heaven. Take away the fool, gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this fool, Master, doth he not mend?

Mar. Yes; and shall do, till the pdeath shake him: Infirmary, that decease, doth ever make the better fool.

Clo. God send you, sir, a speedy in for the better increasing your folly! S

Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.
 'etch him off, I pray you; he speaks
 but madman: Fie on him! *[Exit]*
 Go you, Malvolio; if it be a suit
 count, I am sick, or not at home;
 I will, to dismiss it. *[Exit MALVO-*
lio] Now you see, sir, how your fooling
 d, and people dislike it.
 how hast spoke for us, madonna, as if
 a son should be a fool: whose skull
 is with brains, for here he comes,
 y kin, has a most weak *plu mator*°.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH.

ly mine honour, half drunk.—What
 the gate, cousin?
 A gentleman.
 gentleman! What gentleman?
 'Tis a gentleman here—A plague o'
 ble-herrings!—How now, sot?
 loud sir Toby,—
 cousin, cousin, how have you come so
 this lethargy?
 Lechery! I defy lechery: There's
 a gate.
 y, marry; what is he?
 Let him be the devil an he will, I
 give me faith, say I. Well, it's all
[Exit.]
 hat's a drunken man like, fool?
 like a drown'd man, a fool, and a
 one draught above heat makes him
 the second mads him; and a third
 dms.
 o thou and seek the coroner, and let
 my coz; for he's in the third degree
 he's drown'd: go, look after him.
 e is but mad yet, madonna; and the
 look to the madman. *[Exit Clown.]*

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Madam, yond' young fellow swears
 peak with you. I told him you were
 akes on him to understand so much,
 efore comes to speak with you: I
 you were asleep; he seems to have
 owledge of that too, and therefore
 speak with you. What is to be said
 dy? he's fortified against any denial.
 If him, he shall not speak with me.
 le has been told so; and he says, he'll
 your door like a sheriff's post, and
 porter of a bench, but he'll speak
 hat kind of man is he?
 Why, of man kind.
 hat manner of man?
 If very ill manner; he'll speak with
 you, or no.
 f what personage and years is he?
 Not yet old enough for a man, nor
 ough for a boy; as a squash is before
 seed, or a codling when 'tis almost
 'tis with him e'en standing water,
 boy and man. He is very well-fa-

vonred, and he speaks very shrewishly; one
 would think his mother's milk were scarce out
 of him.

Off. Let him approach: Call in my gentle-
 woman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. *[Exit.]*

Re-enter MARIA.

Off. Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er
 my face;
 We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter VIOLA.

Flo. The honourable lady of the house,
 which is she?

Off. Speak to me, I shall answer for her.
 Your will?

Flo. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatch-
 able beauty,—I pray you, tell me if this be
 the lady of the house, for I never saw her: I
 would be loath to cast away my speech; for,
 besides that it is excellently well penn'd, I
 have taken great pains to con it. Good beau-
 ties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very com-
 ptable, even to the least sinister usage.

Off. Whence came you, sir?

Flo. I can say little more than I have stu-
 died, and that question's out of my part. Good
 gentle one, give me modest assurance, if you
 be the lady of the house, that I may proceed
 in my speech.

Off. Are you a comedian?

Flo. No, my profound heart: and yet, by
 the very fangs of malice, I swear I am not
 that I play. Are you the lady of the house?

Off. If I do not usurp myself, I am.

Flo. Most certain, if you are she, you do
 usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow,
 is not yours to reserve. But this is from my
 commission: I will on with my speech in
 your praise, and then shew you the heart of
 my message.

Off. Come to what is important in't: I for-
 give you the praise.

Flo. Alas, I took great pains to study it,
 and 'tis poetical.

Off. It is the more like to be feigned; I
 pray you, keep it in. I heard you were saucy
 at my gates; and allowed your approach, ra-
 ther to wonder at you than to hear you. If
 you be not mad, be gone; if you have reason,
 be brief: 'tis not that time of moon with me,
 to make one in to skipping a dialogue.

Mar. Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your
 way.

Flo. No, good swabber; I am to hull here
 a little longer.—Some mollification for your
 giant, sweet lady.

Off. Tell me your mind.

Flo. I am a messenger.

Off. Sure, you have some hideous matter to
 deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful.
 Speak your office.

Flo. It alone concerns your ear. I bring
 no overture of war, no taxation of homage.

° The cover of the brain.

are from several parts of this play, that the original actress of Maria was very short

† Accountable.

I hold the olive in my hand; my words are as full of peace as matter.

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

Fio. The rudeness that hath appear'd in me, have I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maidenhead: to your ears, divinity; to any other's, profanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone, we will hear this divinity. [*Exit MARIA.*] Now, sir, what is your text?

Fio. Most sweet lady,—

Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

Fio. In Orsino's bosom.

Oli. In his bosom! In what chapter of his bosom?

Fio. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

Oli. O, I have read it; it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

Fio. Good madam, let me see your face.

Oli. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? you are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain, and shew you the picture. Look you, sir, such a one as I was this present: Is't not well done?

[*Unwilling.*]

Fio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'Tis in grain, sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

And, in dimension, and the shape of me, A gracious person: but yet I cannot love. He might have took his answer long ago.

Fio. If I did love you in my master's With such a suffering, such a deadly li In your denial I would find no sense, I would not understand it.

Oli.

Why, what would

Fio. Make me a willow cabin at your And call upon my soul within the hour. Write loyal cantons of contemned love And sing them loud even in the dead of night. Holla your name to the reverberate hills And make the babbling gossip of the air Cry out, Olivia! O, you should not re Between the elements of air and earth But you should pity me.

Oli. You might do much: What

Fio. Above my fortunes, yet my I am a gentleman.

Oli.

Get you to your lord

I cannot love him: let him send no more. Unless, perchance, you come to me again To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well. I thank you for your pains: spend this

Fio. I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your

purse; My master, not myself, lacks recompense. Love make his heart of flint, that you should And let your fervour, like my master's, be Plac'd in contempt! Farewell, fair

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The Sea-coast.*

Enter ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN.

Ant. Will you stay no longer? nor will you
that I go with you?

Seb. By your patience, no: my stars shine
richly over me; the malignancy of my fate
light, perhaps, distemper yours; therefore I
will crave of you your leave, that I may bear
my evils alone: It were a bad recompense for
our love, to lay any of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you, whither you
are bound.

Seb. No, no, sir; my determinate voyage
more extravagancy. But I perceive in you
an excellent touch of modesty, that you will
not extort from me what I am willing to keep
in; therefore it charges me in manners the
other to express myself. You must know
of me then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian,
which I called Rodorigo; my father was that
Isabellian of Mesalaine, whom I know, you
have heard of: he left behind him, myself, and
a sister, both born in an hour. If the heavens
had been pleased, 'would we had so ended!
but yes, sir, altered that; for, some hour be-
fore you took me from the breach of the sea,
was my sister drowned.

Ant. Alas, the day!

Seb. A lady, sir, though it was said she much
troubled me, was yet of many accounted
beautiful: but, though I could not, with such
estimable wonder, overfar believe that, yet
the far I will boldly publish her, she bore a
mind that envy could not but call fair: she is
drowned already, sir, with salt water, though
men to drown her remembrance again with
more.

Ant. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O, good Antonio, forgive me your
trouble.

Ant. If you will not murder me for my
love, let me be your servant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have
done, that is, kill him whom you have re-
covered, desire it not. Fare ye well at once:
my bosom is full of kindness; and I am yet
to wear the manners of my mother, that upon
the least occasion more, mine eyes will tell
him of me. I am bound to the count Orsino's
court: farewell.

Ant. The gentleness of all the gods go with
him! Have many enemies in Orsino's court, thee!
But would I very shortly see thee there:
But, come what may, I do adore thee so,
that danger shall seem sport, and I will go.

[Exit.]

SCENE II. *A Street.*

Enter VIOLA; MALVOLIO following.

Mal. Were not you even now with the
waitress Olivia?

Vio. Even now, sir; on a moderate pace I
have since arrived but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, sir; you
might have saved me my pains, to have taken
it away yourself. She adds, moreover, that
you should put your lord into a desperate as-
surance she will none of him: And one thing
more; that you be never so hardy to come
again in his affairs, unless it be to report your
lord's taking of this. Receive it so.

Vio. She took the ring of me; I'll none of it.

Mal. Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to
her; and her will is, it should be so returned:
If it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your
eye; if not, be it his that finds it. *[Exit.]*

Vio. I left no ring with her: What means
this lady?

Fortune forbid, my outside have not charm'd
She made good view of me; indeed, so much,
That, sure, methought, her eyes had lost her
tongue,

For she did speak in starts distractedly.
She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion
Invites me in this charlish messenger.

None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none.
I am the man;—If it be so, (as 'tis),

Poor lady, she were better love a dream.
Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness,

Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.
How easy is it, for the proper false!

In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!
Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we;

For, such as we are made of, such we be.
How will this sadge? My master loves her
dearly;

And I, poor monster, fond as much on him
And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me:

What will become of this! As I am man,
My state is desperate for my master's love;

As I am woman, now alas the day!
What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe

O time, thou must untangle this, not I;
It is too hard a knot for me to untie. *[Exit.]*

SCENE III. *A Room in Olivia's House.*

*Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, and Sir ANDREW
AGUE-CHEEK.*

Sir To. Approach, sir Andrew: not to be
a-bed after midnight, is to be up betimes

and *diluculo surgere*, thou know'st,—

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not
but I know, to be up late, is to be up late.

Sir To. A tale conclusion; I hate it as a
unfilled can: To be up after midnight, and
go to bed then, is early; so that, to go to be
after midnight, is to go to bed betimes. Do
not our lives consist of the four elements?

Sir And. 'Faith, so they say; but, I think
it rather consists of eating and drinking.

Sir To. Thou art a scholar; let us therefo-
re eat and drink.—Marian, I say!—a swoop
wine!

Enter Clown.

Sir And. Here comes the fool, P'faith.

Clo. How now, my hearts! Did you never see the picture of we three*?

Sir To. Welcome, ass. Now let's have a catch.

Sir And. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast! I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg; and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spokest of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus; 'twas very good, P'faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman†: Hadst it?

Clo. I did impetico thy gratillity‡; for Malvolio's nose is no whipstock: My lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

Sir And. Excellent! Why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song.

Sir To. Come on; there is sixpence for you: let's have a song.

Sir And. There's a testril of me too: if one knight give a—

Clo. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?

Sir To. A love-song, a love-song.

Sir And. Ay, ay; I care not for good life.

SONG.

Clo. O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
[coming,

Sir And. 'Tis not the first time I have strain'd one to call me knave. Begin, he begins, *Hold thy peace.*

Clo. I shall never begin, if I hold my—

Sir And. Good, P'faith! Come, begin.
[*They sing a*

Enter MARIA.

Mar. What a catterwauling do you here! If my lady have not called my steward, Malvolio, and bid him turn ye out of doors, never trust me.

Sir To. My lady's a Catalian¶, we are artificians; Malvolio's a Pega-Ramsey**
Three merry men we be. Am not I comely? am I not of her blood? Till she see me, lady! *There dwelt a man in Babylon.*
lady, lady! [Sings]

Clo. Beshrew me, the knight's in adieu fooling.

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough, if he is disposed, and so do I too; he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir To. O, the twelfth day of December.
[Sings]

Mar. For the love o' God, peace.

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. My masters, are you mad? or are you? Have you no wit, manners, or honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an alchouse of my house, that ye squeak out your coziness with catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, nor

with crums:—A stoop of wine,

treas Mary, if you prized my lady's
y thing more than contempt, you
ive means for this uncivil inlet;
ow of it, by this hand. [*Exit.*
shake your ears.

'Twere as good a deed as to drink
a's a hungry, to challenge him to
id then to break promise with him,
fool of him.

Je't, knight; I'll write thee a chal-
'll deliver thy indignation to him
mouth.

reet sir Toby, be patient for to-
: the youth of the count's was to-
: lady, she is much out of quiet.
ear Malvolio, let me alone with
do not gull him into a nay-word;
him a common recreation, do not
e wit enough to lie straight in my
re, I can do it.

Possess us §, possess us; tell us
of him.

ary, sir, sometimes he is a kind

O, if I thought that, I'd beat him

What, for being a Puritan? thy ex-
on, dear knight?

I have no exquisite reason for't,
reason good enough.

e devil a Puritan that he is, or
constantly but a time pleaser; an-
ass, that cons state without book,
t by great swarths*: the best per-
mself, so crammed, as he thinks,
encies, that it is his ground of
l that look on him love him; and on
him will my revenge find notable
rk.

What wilt thou do?

will drop in his way some obscure
love; wherein, by the colour of
se shape of his leg, the manner of
expression of his eye, forehead,
him, he shall find himself most
reasoned: I can write very like
our niece; on a forgotten matter
lly make distinction of our hands.
Excellent! I smell a device.

I have't in my nose too.
fe shall think, by the letters that
op, that they come from my niece,
: it in love with him.
purpose is, indeed, a horse of

And your horse now would make

s, I doubt not.

O, 'twill be admirable.

ost royal, I warrant you: I know,
c will work with him. I will
wo, and let the fool make a third,

where he shall find the letter; observe his
construction of it. For this night, to bed,
and dream on the event. Farewell. [*Exit.*

Sir Tb. Good night, Pentheusilea **.

Sir And. Before me, she's a good wench.

Sir Tb. She's a beagle, true-bred, and one
that adores me; What o'that?

Sir And. I was adored once too.

Sir Tb. Let's to bed, knight.—Thou hadst
need send for more money.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your niece, I
am a foul way out.

Sir Tb. Send for money, knight; if thou
hast her not I'the end, call me Cutt.

Sir And. If I do not, never trust me, take
it how you will.

Sir Tb. Come, come; I'll go burn some
sack, 'tis too late to go to bed now: come,
knight; come, knight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. A Room in the Duke's Palace.

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, CURIOS, and others.

Duke. Give me some musick:—Now, good
morrow, friends:—

Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night;
Methought, it did relieve my passion much;
More than light airs and recollected terms,
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times:—
Come, but one verse.

Cur. He is not here, so please your lord-
ship, that should sing it.

Duke. Who was it?

Cur. Feste, the jester, my lord: a fool, that
the lady Olivia's father took much delight in:
he is about the house.

Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune the
while. [*Exit CURIOS.—Musick.*

Come hither, boy; If ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pang of it, remember me:
For, such as I am, all true lovers are;
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save, in the constant image of the creature
That is belov'd.—How dost thou like this tune?

Vio. It gives a very echo to the seat
Where Love is throu'd.

Duke. Thou dost speak masterly: [eye
My life upon't, young though thou art, thine
Hath stay'd upon some favour; that it loves;
Hath it not, boy?

Vio. A little, by your favour.

Duke. What kind of woman is't?

Vio. Of your complexion.

Duke. She is not worth thee then. What years,

Vio. About your years, my lord. [i'faith?

Duke. Too old, by heaven; Let still the
woman like

An elder than herself; so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart.

For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than women's are.

ds anciently wore a chain. † Method of life.

l. ‡ The row of grass left by a mower.

;; Countenance.

† Bye-word.

** Amazon.

§ Inform as.

†† Horse.

Vio. I think it well, my lord.

Duke. Then let thy love be younger than
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent; [thyself,
For women are as roses; whose fair flower,
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

Vio. And so they are: alas, that they are so;
To die, even when they to perfection grow!

Re-enter Curio, and Clown.

Duke. O fellow, come, the song we had last
Mark it, Cesario; it is old, and plain; [night:—
The splinters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids, that weave their thread
with bones*,

Do use to chaunt it; it is silly sooth*,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age!.

Clo. Are you ready, sir?

Duke. Ay; pr'ythee, sing. *[Musick.*

SONG.

Clo. Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;

Fly away, fly away, breath;

I am slain by a fair cruel maid.

My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,

O, prepare it;

My part of death no one so true

Did share it.

*Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;*

Not a friend, not a friend greet

My poor corpse, where my bones shall be

A thousand thousand sighs to save, [thrown:

Lay me, O, where

Sad true loves never fail the grave.

You tell her so; Must she not then be answer

Duke. There is no woman's sides,
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
As love doth give my heart; no woman's
So big, to hold so much; they lack reter
Alas, their love may be call'd appetite,
No motion of the liver, but the palate,
That suffer surfeit, cloyment, and revolt
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much: make no com
Between that love a woman can bear m
And that I owe Olivia.

Vio. Ay, but I know,

Duke. What dost thou know? [may

Vio. Too well what love women to
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter lov'd a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman
I should your lordship.

Duke. And what's her history

Vio. A blank, my lord! She never tol
love,

But let concealment, like a worm i' the
Feed on her damask cheek; she pl
thought;

And, with a green and yellow melanchol
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love, ind

We men may say more, swear more:
indeed!

Our shows are more than will; for still

Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke. But died thy sister of her love, my

Vio. I am all the daughters of my father

bedow, this half-hour: observe
 laws of mockery: for, I know,
 it make a contemptible list of
 in the name of jesting! [The
 themselves.] Lie thou there;
 as a letter.] for here comes the
 not be caught with tickling.

[Exit MARIA.]

Enter MALVOLLO.
 but fortune; all is fortune. Mar-
 tin, she did affect me: and I have
 it come thus near, that, should
 it should be one of my com-
 mends, she sees me with a mode-
 est, than any one else that do-
 What should I think on't?
 here's an over-wounding regard.
 peace! Contemplation makes a
 cock of him; how he jets! under
 it plumes!

Tight, I could so beat the rogue—
 here, I say.

he count Malvollo;—

Oh, rage!

Pistol him, pistol him.

Peace, peace!

re example for't; the lady of the
 mind the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Fie on him, Jerebel!

peace! now he's deeply in; look,
 when blows him.

ving been three months married
 in my state;—

), for a stone-bow, to hit him in

ling my officers about me, in my
 best gown; having come from a
 here I left Olivia sleeping:
 fire and brimstone!

peace, peace!

I then to have the humour of state:
 summe travel of regard,—telling
 w my place, as I would they should
 to ask for my kinsman Toby:
 bolts and shackles!

peace, peace, peace! now, now,

on of my people, with an obedient
 out for him: I frown the while;
 see, wind up my watch, or play
 risk jewel. Toby approaches;
 ere to me:

Shall this fellow live?

ough our silence be drawn from
 it, yet peace.

extend my hand to him thus,
 my familiar smile with an austere
 control:

kind does not Toby take you a blow
 on?

ing, Cousin Toby, my fortunes
 t me on your niece, give me this
 t of speech:—

What, what?

most amend your drunkenness.
 Out, scab!

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the show-
 of our plot.

Mal. Besides, you counts the twopenny
 your time with a foolish knight;

Sir And. That's me, I warrant you.

Mal. One Sir Andrew;

Sir And. I know, 'twas I; for many do
 call me fool.

Mal. What employment have we here?

[Fluting up the ladder.]

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gun.
 Sir To. O, peace! and the spirit of his
 mours intimate reading aloud to him!

Mal. By my life, this is my lady's hand;
 these be her very Co, her Vi, and her To:
 and thus makes she her great P. It is all
 contempt of question, her hand.

Sir And. Her Co, her Vi, and her To?
 Why that?

Mal. [reads] To the unknown beloved,
 this, and my good wishes; her very pining!
 —By your leave, wax.—Soft!—and the too
 pressure her lace, with which she near to
 seal: 'tis my lady! To whom should this be?

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal. [reads] Jove knows, I love!

But who?

Lips do not move,

No man must know.

No man must know.—What follows? the
 numbers altered!—No man must know!—If
 this should be thee, Malvollo?

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, brock!

Mal. I may command, where I adore:

But silence, like a Lucrece knife,
 With bloodless strokes my heart doth gore;
 M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.

Fab. A fusion riddle!

Sir To. Excellent wench, say I.

Mal. M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.—Nay,
 but first, let me see,—let me see,—let me see.

Fab. What a dish of poison has she dressed
 him!

Sir To. And with what wing the stannys
 checks it at it!

Mal. I may command where I adore.

Why, she may command me; I serve her,
 she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any
 formal capacity. There is no obstruction in
 this;—And the end;—What should that alpha-
 betical position portend? If I could make
 that resemble something in me,—Softly!—
 M, O, A, I.—

Sir To. O, ay! make up that;—he is now
 at a cold scent.

Fab. Sowter! will cry upon't, for all this,
 though it be as rank as a fox.

Mal. M,—Malvollo;—M,—why, that be-
 gins my name.

Fab. Did not I say, he would work it out?
 the car is excellent at faults.

Mal. M.—But then there is no consonancy
 in the sequel; that suffers under probation:
 A should follow, but O does.

Fab. And O shall end, I hope.

† Struts. † Pulls him up.
 † Hawk. † Flies at it.

‡ Sings—chair. † Conch. † Budget.
 † Name of a hound.

Sir To. Ay, or I'll edgel him, and make him cry, O.

Mal. And then *I* comes behind;

Fab. Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels, than fortunes before you.

Mal. *M, O, A, I*;—This simulation is not as the former:—and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft; here follows prose.—*If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness: Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. Thy fates open their hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace them. And, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough, and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants: let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity: She thus advises thee, that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings; and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered: I say; remember. Go to; thou art made, if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee,*

The fortunate-unhappy.

Day-light and champion † discovers not more:

stars, I am happy. I will be sir in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, with the swiftness of putting on, my stars be praised!—Here is script. *Thou canst not choose who I am. If thou entertainest let it appear in thy smiling; become thee well: therefore in my still smile, dear my sweet, I Jove, I thank thee.*—I will smile every thing that thou wilt have me.

Fab. I will not give my part for a pension of thousands to be the Sophy.

Sir To. I could marry this woe device:

Sir And. So could I too.

Sir To. And ask no other dowry but such another jest.

Enter MARIA.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gall

Sir To. Wilt thou set thy foot o'

Sir And. Or o' mine either?

Sir To. Shall I play my freed trip, and become thy bond-slave?

Sir And. Faith, or I either.

Sir To. Why, thou hast put him dream, that, when the image of it he must run mad.

Mar. Nay, but say true; does it work?

Sir To. Like aqua-vitæ with a mi

Mar. If you will then see the fruits

warrant, thou art a merry fellow,
 & for nothing.

et so, sir, I do care for something:
 conscience, sir, I do not care for you;
 to care for nothing, sir, I would it
 like you invisible.

It not thou the lady Olivia's fool?
 fo, indeed, sir; the lady Olivia has
 she will keep no fool, sir, till she
 led; and fools are as like husbands,
 eds are to herrings, the husband's
 s; I am, indeed, not her fool, but
 spter of words.

saw thee late at the count Orsino's.
 colery, sir, does walk about the orb,
 ma; it shines every where. I would
 , sir, but the fool should be as oft
 r master, as with my mistress: I
 saw your wisdom there.

ay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more
 t. Hold, there's expenses for thee.
 ow Jove, in his next commodity of
 d thee a beard!

ly my troth, I'll tell thee; I am
 ick for one; though I would not have
 on my chin. Is thy lady within?
 ould not a pair of these have bred, sir?
 es, being kept together, and put to use.
 would play lord Pandarus* of Phrygia,
 ring a Cressida to this Troilus.

understand you, sir; 'tis well begg'd.
 he matter, I hope, is not great, sir,
 but a beggar; Cressida was a beggar.
 y is within, sir. I will construe to
 hence you come: who you are, and
 ou would, are out of my welkin: I
 my, element; but the word is over-
 [Exit.]

This fellow's wise enough to play the
 do that well, craves a kind of wit: [fool;
 observe their mood on whom he jests,
 day of persons, and the time;
 is the hazzard't, check at every feather
 men before his eye. This is a practice,
 of labour as a wise man's art:
 ly, that he wisely shows, is fit;
 men, folly-fallen, quite atain their wit.

Str TOBY BELCH and Sir ANDREW
 AGUE-CHEEK.

o. Save you, gentleman.
 And you, sir.

ad. Dieu vous garde, monsieur.

Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.

ad. I hope, sir, you are; and I am yours.

o. Will you encounter the house? my
 e desires you should enter, if your
 e to her.

I am bound to your niece, sir: I mean,
 be list' of my voyage.

Tate your legs, sir, put them to motion.
 dy legs do better understand me, sir,
 nderstand what you mean by bidding
 my legs.

o. I mean, to go, sir, to enter.

Vio. I will answer you with gait and cu-
 trance: But we are prevented.

Enter OLIVIA and MARIA.

Most excellent accomplished lady, the heavens
 rain odours on you!

Sir And. That youth's a rare courtier!
 Rain odours! well.

Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to
 your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.

Sir And. Odours, pregnant, and vouch-
 safed:—I'll get 'em all three ready.

Oli. Let the garden door be shut, and leave
 me to my hearing.

[Exit Sir TOBY, Sir ANDREW, & MARIA.
 Give me your hand, sir.

Vio. My duty, madam, and most humble

Oli. What is your name? [service.

Vio. Cesario is your servant's name, fair
 princess. [world,

Oli. My servant, sir! 'Twas never merry
 Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment:
 You are servant to the count Orsino, youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs
 be yours;

Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.

Oli. For him, I think not on him: for his
 thoughts, [with me!

'Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle
 On his behalf:— [thoughts

Oli. O, by your leave, I pray you;

I bade you never speak again of him:

But, would you undertake another suit,

I had rather hear you to solicit that,

Than musick from the spheres.

Vio. Dear lady,—

Oli. Give me leave, I beseech you: I did

After the last enchantment you did here, [send,

A ring in chase of you; so did I abuse

Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you:

Under your hard construction must I sit,

To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,

Which you knew none of yours: What might

you think?

Have you not set mine honour at the stake,

And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts

That tyrannous heart can think? To one of

your receiving?

Enough is shown: a cyprus, not a bosom,

Hides my poor heart: So let me hear you

Vio. I pity you. [speak.

Oli. That's a degree to love.

Vio. No, not a grise[†]; for 'tis a vulgar proof,

That very oft we pity enemies. [again:

Oli. Why, then, methinks, 'tis time to smile

O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!

If one should be a prey, how much the better

To fall before the lion, than the wolf?

[Clock strikes.

The clock upbraids me with the waste of time:—

Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you:

And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,

Your wife is like to reap a proper man:

There lies your way, due west.

the play of Troilus and Cressida.

† A hawk not well trained.

‡ Bound, limit.

§ Ready.

|| Ready apprehension.

¶ Step.

Fio. Then westward-hoe :
Grace, and good disposition 'tend your lady-
You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me ? [ship]

Oli. Stay :

I pry'thee, tell me, what thou think'st of me.

Fio. That you do think, you are not what you

Oli. If I think so, I think the same of you. [are.

Fio. Then think you right ; I am not what
I am. [you be !

Oli. I would, you were as I would have

Fio. Would it be better, madam, than I am.

I wish it might ; for now I am your fool.

Oli. O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip !

A murd'rous guilt shows not itself more soon

Than love that would seem hid : love's night

Cesario, by the roses of the spring, [is noon.

By maidenhood, honour, truth, and every thing,

I love thee so, that, maugre * all thy pride,

Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide.

Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,

For, that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause :

But, rather, reason thus with reason fetter : [ter.

Love sought is good, but given unsought, is bet-

Fio. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,

I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,

And that no woman has ; nor never none

Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.

And so adieu, good madam ; never more

Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

Oli. Yet come again : for thou, perhaps,
may'st move

That heart, which now abhors, to like his love.

[*Exeunt.*

time wash off, and you are now sailed into
north of my lady's opinion ; where you w
hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's bear
unless you do redeem it by some laudable
tempt, either of valour, or policy.

Sir And. And't be any way, it must be w
valour ; for policy I hate : I had as lief b
Brownist†, as a politician.

Sir To. Why then, build me thy fortu
upon the basis of valour. Challenge me
count's youth to fight with him ; hurt him
eleven places ; my niece shall take note of
and assure thyself, there is no love-broker
the world can more prevail in man's co
mendation with woman, than report of val

Fab. There is no way but this, sir Andri
Sir And. Will either of you bear me
challenge to him ?

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial hand ;
curst ; and brief ; it is no matter how wi
so it be eloquent, and full of invention : ta
him with the licence of ink : if thou tha
him some thrice, it shall not be amiss ; an
many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper
though the sheet were big enough for the
of Ware in England, set 'em down ; go, at
it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink ; tho
thou write with a goose-pen, no matter : Abo

Sir And. Where shall I find you ?

Sir To. We'll call thee at the *cubicu*
Go. [*Exit Sir And.*

Fab. This is a dear manakin to you, sir To

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad ; a
two thousand strong, or so.

TWELFTH-NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—A Street.

Enter ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN.

Seb. I would not, by my will, have troubled you;
[*pains,*]
But, since you make your pleasure of your
I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behind you; my desire,
More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth;
And not all love to see you, (though so much,
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage,)
But jealousy what might befall your travel,
Being skillless in these parts; which to a
stranger,

Engaged, and unfriended, often prove
Rough and inhospitable: My willing love,
The rather by these arguments of fear,
Set forth to your pursuit.

Seb. My kind Antonio,
I can no other answer make, but, thanks,
And thanks, and ever thanks: Often good turns
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay:
But were my worth*, as is my conscience, firm,
You should find better dealing. What's to do?
Shall we go see the reliques of this town?

Ant. To-morrow, sir; best, first, go see your
lodging.

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night;
I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials, and the things of fame,
That do renown this city.

Ant. 'Would, you'd pardon me;
I do not without danger walk these streets:
Once in a sea-fight, 'gainst the Count his galleys,
I did some service; of such note indeed,
That, were I ta'en here, it would scarce be
answer'd.

Seb. Belike, you slew great number of his
Ant. The offence is not of such a bloody
nature;

Altho' the quality of the time, and quarrel,
Night well have given us bloody argument.
It might have since been answer'd in repaying
What we took from them; which, for traffick's
sake,

Most of our city did: only myself stood out:
For which, if I be lapst in this place,
I shall pay dear.

Seb. Do not then walk too open.
Ant. It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here's my
In the south suburbs, at the Elephant, [purse;
I best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet,
Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your
knowledge.

[*Have me.*]
With viewing of the town; there shall you
Seb. Why I your purse?

Ant. Happily, your eye shall light upon some
You have desire to purchase; and your store,
I think, is not for idle markets, sir. [you for

Seb. I'll be your purse-bearer, and leave
in hour.

Ant. To the Elephant.—
Seb. I do remember.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. Olivia's Garden.

Enter OLIVIA and MARIA.

Ol. I have sent after him: He says, he
come;

How shall I feast him? what bestow on him
For youth is bought more oft, than begg
I speak too loud.— [or borrow

Where is Malvolio?—he is sad, and civil?
And suits well for a servant with my
Where is Malvolio? [tunes

Mar. He's coming, madam
But in strange manner. He is sure possess

Ol. Why, what's the matter? does he ra
Mar. No, madam

He does nothing but smile: your ladyship
Were best have guard about you, if he cor
For, sure, the man is tainted in his wits.

Ol. Go call him hither.—I'm as mad as h
If sad and merry madness equal be.—

Enter MALVOLIO.

How now, Malvolio?

Mal. Sweet lady, ho, ho. [Smiles faint

Ol. Smil'st thou? [tical

I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

Mal. Sad, lady? I could be sad; This d
make some obstruction in the blood, this cr
gartering! But what of that, if it please
eye of one, it is with me as the very true s
net is: Please one, and please all.

Ol. Why, how dost thou, man? what is
matter with thee?

Mal. Not black in my mind, though yell
in my legs: it did come to his hands, and co
mands shall be executed. I think, we do kn
the sweet Roman hand.

Ol. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

Mal. To bed? ay, sweet-heart; and I'll co
to thee.

Ol. God comfort thee! Why dost thou an
so, and kiss thy hand so oft?

Mar. How do you, Malvolio?

Mal. At your request? Yes; Nighting
answer daws.

Mar. Why appear you with this ridicul
boldness before my lady?

Mal. Be not afraid of greatness:—T
well writ.

Ol. What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

Mal. Some are born great,—

Ol. Ha!

Mal. Some achieve greatness,—

Ol. What say'st thou?

Mal. And some have greatness thrust u
them.

Ol. Heaven restore thee!

Mal. Remember, who commended thy
low stockings;—

Ol. Thy yellow stockings?

Mal. And wish'd to see thee cross-garter

Ol. Cross-gartered?

Mal. Go to: Thou art made, if thou
sirest to be so;—

Ol. Am I made?

Mal. If not, let me see thee a servant's

Ol. Why, this is very midsummer madn

• Would it • • • • • Grave. • • • • • Hot weather madne

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, the young gentleman of the count Orsino's is returned; I could hardly entreat him back; he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

Oliv. I'll come to him. [*Exit Servant.*] Good Maria, let this fellow be looked to. Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him; I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry.

[*Exeunt OLIVIA and MARIA.*]

Mal. Oh, ho! do you come near me now? no worse man than sir Toby to look to me? This concurs directly with the letter: she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. *Cast thy humble slough, says she; be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants,—let thy tongue tang with arguments of state,—put thyself into the trick of singularity;*—and, consequently, sets down the manner how; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have lined her*; but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! And, when she went away now, *Let this fellow be looked to:* Fellow? not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, every thing adheres together; that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance,—What can be said? Nothing, that can be, can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to

not the way: Do you not see, you move him let me alone with him.

Fab. No way but gentleness; gently, gently the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly use.

Sir Tb. Why, how now, my bawcock how dost thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir!

Sir Tb. Ay, Biddy, come with me. Wha man! 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-p with Satan: Hang him, foul collier!!

Mar. Get him to say his prayers; good Toby, get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, miox!

Mar. No, I warrant you, he will not be of godliness.

Mal. Go, hang yourselves all! you are li shallow things: I am not of your element you shall know more hereafter. [*Exe.*]

Sir Tb. Is't possible?

Fab. If this were played upon a stage no I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir Tb. His very genius hath taken infection of the device, mao.

Mar. Nay, pursue him now; lest the devil take air, and talent.

Fab. Why, we shall make him mad, indeed.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

Sir Tb. Come, we'll have him in a dark room and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he is mad; we may carry it thus; for a pleasure, and his penance, till our very time, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him: at which time, we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for

not, swear horrible; for it comes to
at a terrible oath, with a swaggering
sly' changed off, gives manhood
than ever proof itself would
in him. Away.

b Nay, let me alone for swearing.

[Exit.

Now will not I deliver his letter: for
of the young gentleman gives him
of good capacity and breeding; his
at between his lord and my niece
so less; therefore this letter, being
sly ignorant, will breed no terror
in him, he will find it comes from a

But, sir, I will deliver his chal-
lenger of mouth; set upon Ague-
stable report of valour; and drive
man, (as, I know, his youth will
ive it,) into a most hideous opinion
of skill, fury, and impetuosity. This
ght them both, that they will kill
er by the look, like cockatrices.

Enter OLIVIA and VIOLA.

ere he comes with your niece: give
till he take leave, and presently

I will meditate the while upon some
rage for a challenge.

Enter Sir TONY, FABIAN, and MARIA.

ave said too much unto a heart of
sne honour too uncharitable out: [stone,
something in me, that reproves my
s headstrong potent fault it is, [fault;
t mocks reproof.

[bears,
in the same 'aviour that your passion
r master's griefs.

[picture;
are, wear this jewel for me, 'tis my
net, it hath no tongue to vex you:
speak you, come again to-morrow.

price, betake you to your guard; for your op-
posite hath in him what youth, strength, skill,
and wrath, can furnish man withal.

Vio. I pray you, sir, what is he?

Sir Tb. He is knight, dubbed with unhacked
rapier, and on carpet consideration; but he is
a devil in private brawl: souls and bodies hath
he divorced three; and his incensement at this
moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can
be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre:
hob, nob, is his word; give't, or take't.

Vio. I will return again into the house, and
desire some conduct of the lady. I am no
fighter. I have heard of some kind of men,
that put quarrels purposely on others, to taste
their valour: belike, this is a man of that
quirk.

Sir Tb. Sir, no; his indignation derives it-
self out of a very competent injury; therefore,
get you on, and give him his desire. Back
you shall not to the house, unless you under-
take that with me, which with as much safety
you might answer him: therefore, on, or strip
your sword stark naked; for meddle you must,
that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about
you.

Vio. This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech
you, do me this courteous office, as to know
of the knight what my offence to him is; it is
something of my negligence, nothing of my
purpose.

Sir Tb. I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay
you by this gentleman till my return.

[Exit Sir TONY.

Vio. Pray you, sir, do you know of this
matter?

Fab. I know, the knight is incensed against
you, even to a mortal arbitrement; but no-
thing of the circumstance more.

have not seen such a virago. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard, and all, and he gives me the stuck-in*, with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on: They say, he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir And. Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

Sir And. Plague on't; an I thought he had been valliant, and so canning in fence, I'd have seen him damned ere I'd have challenged him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, grey Capilet.

Sir To. I'll make the motion: Stand here, make a good show on't; this shall end without the perdition of souls: Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you. [*Aside.*]

Re-enter FABIAN and VIOLA.

I have his horse [*to FAB.*] to take up the quarrel; I have persuaded him, the youth's a devil.

Fab. He is as horribly conceited† of him; and pants, and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. There's no remedy, sir; he will fight with you for his oath sake: marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of: therefore draw, for the supportance of his vow; he protests he will not hurt you.

Fab. Pray God defend me! A little thing

Sir And. Marry, will I, sir;—and, for I promised you, I'll be as good as my word. He will bear you easily, and reins well.

1 Off. This is the man; do thy office.

2 Off. Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit Of count Orsino.

Ant. You do mistake me, sir.

1 Off. No, sir, no jot; I know your favour well. [*Heat*]

Though now you have no sea-cap on your head, Take him away; he knows I know him well.

Ant. I must obey.—This comes with some illing you;

But there's no remedy; I shall answer it.

What will you do? Now my necessity

Makes me to ask you for my purse: It grieves

Much more, for what I cannot do for you

Than what befalls myself. You stand amazed

But be of comfort.

2 Off. Come, sir, away.

Ant. I must entreat of you some of your money.

Fab. What money, sir?

For the fair kindness you have show'd me here

And, part, being prompted by your presence

Out of my lean and low ability. [*Trumpet*]

I'll lend you something: my having is not mine

I'll make division of my present with you

Hold, there is half my coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now?

Is't possible, that my deserts to you

Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misfortune

Lest that it make me so unsound a man,

As to unbraid you with those kindnesses.

moderation! O, prove true! brother, be now taken for you! you liker, bright; come hither, I whisper, or a couplet or two more.

And Sebastian, I my brother know my glass; even such, and so, is my brother; and he went hidden, colour, ornament, these: O, if it prove, kind, and salt waves fresh in

very dishonest palky boy, and all these a here; his dishonesty

appears, in leaving his friend here in necessity, and denying him; and for his cowardship, ask Fabian.

Fab. A coward, a most desert coward, religious in it.

Sir And. Oh, I'll after him again, and beat him.

Sir To. Do, and him speedily, but never draw thy sword.

Sir And. An I do not, — [Exit.]

Fab. Come, let's see the event.

Sir To. I dare lay any money, 'twill be nothing yet. — [Exit.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Just before Olivia's House.

SEBASTIAN and Clown.

you make me believe, that I am you?

go to, thou art a foolish fellow; out of thee.

held out, I faith! No, I do not see I am not sent to you by my you come speak with her; nor not master Cesario; nor this is neither. — Nothing that is so, is so. then, vent't thy folly somewhere new't not me.

my folly! He has heard that word at man, and now applies it to a my folly! I am afraid this great world, will prove a cockney. — I, unkind thy strangeness, and tell shall vent to my lady; Shall I that thou art coming! thee, foolish Greek, depart from

ty for thee; if you tarry longer, worse payment.

troth, thou hast an open hand: — me, that give fools money, get good report after fourteen years'

ANDREW, Sir TOBY, and FABIAN. Now, sir, have I met you again? m. [Striking SEBASTIAN.

, there's for thee, and there, and all the people mad!

[Beating Sir ANDREW. did, sir, or I'll throw your dagger

will I tell my lady straight: I in some of your coats for two. [Exit Clown.

me on, sir; hold.

[Holding SEBASTIAN. say, let him alone, I'll go another

way to work with him; I'll have an action of battery against him; if there be any law in Illyria: though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron: you are well fleshed; come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now?

If thou dar'st tempt me further, drew thy sword. [Draws.]

Sir To. What, what? Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you. [Draws.]

Enter OLIVIA.

Old. Hold, Toby; on thy life, I charge thee, hold.

Sir To. Madam?

Old. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch, fit for the mountains, and the barbarous caves, where manners ne'er were preach'd! out of my sight!

Be not offended, dear Cesario: —

Rudest of all, be gone! — I pray thee, gentle friend,

[Exit Sir TOBY, Sir AND. and FABIAN. Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway

in this uncivil and unjust extent; Against thy peace. Go with me to my house;

And hear thee there how many fruitless pranks This ruffian hath botch'd up; that thou thereby

May'st smile at this: thou shalt not choose but Do not deny: Beshrew his soul for me, [go; He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

Seb. What reliish is in this? how runs the stream?

Or I am mad, or else this is a dream: — Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;

If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!

Old. Nay, come, I pray thee: 'Would thou'dst be rais'd by me!

Seb. Madam, I will.

Old. O, say so, and so be! [Exit.]

reflection of my own figure. j Made up.

† Let out.

† Rude fellow. † Violence. † I'll betide.

SCENE II. *A Room in Olivia's House.**Enter MARIA and Clown.*

Mar. Nay, I prythee, put on this gown, and this beard; make him believe, thou art sir Topas the curate; do it quickly: I'll call sir Toby the whilst. [*Exit MARIA.*]

Clo. Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble* myself in't; and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown. I am not fat enough to become the function well; nor lean enough to be thought a good student: but to be said, an honest man, and a good housekeeper, goes as fairly, as to say, a careful man, and a great scholar. The competitor* enter.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH and MARIA.

Sir To. Jove bless thee, master parson.

Clo. *Bonos dies*, sir Toby: for, as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of king Gorboduc, *That, that is, is*: so I, being master parson, am master parson; For what is that, but that? and is, but is?

Sir To. To him, sir Topas.

Clo. What, ho, I say,—Peace in this prison!

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

Mal. [*in an inner chamber.*] Who calls there?

Clo. Sir Topas, the curate, who comes to visit Malvollio the lunatic.

Mal. Sir Topas, sir Topas, good sir Topas,

Mal. That the soul of our grandam might happily inhabit a bird.

Clo. What thinkest thou of his opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well: Remain thou still darkness: thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras, ere I will allow of thy wits; and to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir Topas, sir Topas,—

Sir To. My most exquisite sir Topas!

Clo. Nay, I am for all waters!.

Mar. Thou might'st have done this without thy beard and gown; he sees thee not.

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, as bring me word how thou findest him: would we were well rid of this knavery. he may be conveniently delivered, I would were; for I am now so far in offence with a niece, that I cannot pursue with any safe this sport to the upshot. Come by and by my chamber. [*Exit Sir TOBY and MARIA.*]

Clo. *Hey Robin, jolly Robin,*

Tell me how thy lady does. [*Sings.*]

Mal. Fool,—

Clo. *My lady is unkind, perdy.*

Mal. Fool,—

Clo. *Alas, why is she so?*

Mal. Fool, I say;—

Clo. *She loves another—*Who calls, ha?

Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wilt desire well at my hand, help me to a candle,

Kel. By this hand, I am : Good fool, come, paper, and light, and convey what I will down to my lady ; it shall advantage thee re than ever the bearing of letter did.

No. I will help you to't. But tell me true, you not mad indeed? or do you but coun-

Mad. Believe me, I am not ; I tell thee true.
No. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman, till he his brains. I will fetch you light, and per, and ink.

Mad. Fool, I'll requite it in the highest de-
vice : I pry'thee, be gone.

Cl. I am gone, sir,
And anon, sir,
I'll be with you again,
In a trice ;
Like to the old vice*,
Your need to sustain ;

Who with dagger of lath,
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries, ah, ha! to the devil :
Like a mad lad,
Purs thy nails, dad.
Adieu, Goodman dirst. [Exit.

SCENE III. Olivia's Garden.

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. This is the air ; that is the glorious sun ;
This pearl she gave me, I do feel't and see't :
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
It is not madness. Where's Antonio then?
I could not find him at the Elephant ;
Yet there he was ; and there I found this credit,
That he did range the town to seek me out.

His counsel now might do me golden service :
For though my soul disputes well with my
sense,

That this may be some error, but no madness,
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed all instance, all discourse†,
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes, [me
And wrangle with my reason, that persuades
To any other trust‡, but that I am mad,
Or else the lady's mad ; yet, if 'twere so,
She could not sway her house, command her
followers||,

Take, and give back, affairs, and their despatch,
With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bear-
ing,

As, I perceive, she does : there's something in't,
That is decelvable. But here comes the lady.

Enter OLIVIA and a Priest.

Oil. Blame not this haste of mine : If you
mean well,

Now go with me, and with this holy man,
Into the chantry¶ by : there, before him,
And underneath that consecrated roof,
Plight me the full assurance of your faith ;
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
May live at peace : He shall conceal it,
Whiles** you are willing it shall come to note ;
What time we will our celebration keep
According to my birth.—What do you say?

Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with
you ;

And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.

Oil. Then lead the way, good father ;—
And heavens so shine,

That they may fairly note this act of mine!
[Exit.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

The Street before Olivia's House.

Enter Clown and FABIAN.

Fab. Now, as thou lovest me, let me see
thy letter.

Cl. Good master Fabian, grant me another
year.

Fab. Any thing.

Cl. Do not desire to see this letter.

Fab. That is, to give a dog, and, in recom-
pense, desire my dog again.

Enter Duke, Viola, and Attendants.
Duke. Belong you to the lady Olivia, friends?

Cl. Ay, sir ; we are some of her trappings.

Duke. I know thee well ; How dost thou,
my good fellow?

Cl. Truly, sir, the better for my foes, and
worse for my friends.

Duke. Just the contrary ; the better for thy
foes.

Cl. No, sir, the worse.

Duke. How can that be?

Cl. Marry, sir, they praise me, and make
an ass of me ; now my foes tell me plainly I
am an ass : so that by my foes, sir, I profit in
the knowledge of myself ; and by my friends
I am abused : so that, conclusions to be as
kisses, if your four negatives make your two
affirmatives, why, then the worse for my
friends, and the better for my foes.

Duke. Why, this is excellent.

Cl. By my troth, sir, no ; though it please
you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for me ;
there's gold.

Cl. But that it would be double-dealing,
sir, I would you could make it another.

Duke. O, you give me ill counsel.

Cl. Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for
this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be so much a sinner to
be a double dealer ; there's another.

* A balloon character in the old plays, and father of the modern harlequin.
† Reason. ‡ Belief. § Servants. ¶ Little chapel. ** Until.

Clo. Primo, secundo, tertio, is a good play; and the old saying is, the third pays for all: the *triplex*, sir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells of St. Bennet, sir, may put you in mind; One, two, three.

Duke. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw: if you will let your lady know, I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clo. Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty, till I come again. I go, sir; but I would not have you to think, that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness: but, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon. [Exit *Clo.*]

Enter ANTONIO and Officers.

Fio. Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

Duke. That face of his I do remember well; Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmear'd As black as Vulcan, in the smoke of war: A bawbling vessel was he captain of, For shallow draught, and bulk, unprizable; With which such scathful * grapple did he make With the most noble bottom of our fleet, That very envy, and the tongue of loss, Cry'd fame and honour on him.—What's the

I Off. Orsino, this is that Antonio, [matter? That took the Phoenix, and her fraight, from And this is he, that did the Tiger board, [Candy; When your young nephew Titus lost his leg: Here in the streets, desperate of shame, and

Ant. To-day, my lord; and for three mo (No interim, not a minute's vacancy), [be Both day and night did we keep compa

Enter OLIVIA and Attendants.

Duke. Here comes the countess; now he walks on earth.— [mad

But for thee, fellow, fellow, thy word Three months this youth hath tended upon But more of that anon.—Take him ask

Oli. What would my lord, but that he ma Whercin Olivia may seem serviceable?—[Cesario, you'da not keep promise with

Fio. Madam!

Duke. Gracious Olivia,— [my lord,

Oli. What do you say, Cesario?—

Fio. My lord would speak, my duty bushe

Oli. If it be aught to the old tune, my

It is as fat; and fulsome to mine ear,

As howling after music.

Duke. Still so cruel!

Oli. Still so constant, lord.

Duke. What! to perverseness? you as

To whose ingrate and un auspicious altars

My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath bre

That e'er devotion tender'd! What shall

Oli. Even what it please my lord, that

become him.

Duke. Why should I not, had I the hea

Like to the Egyptian thief, at point of de

Kill what I love; a savage jealousy,

That sometime savours nobly!—But hea

Since you to non-regardance cast my fal

And that I partly know the instrument [te

s that thou fear'st.—O, welcome, sir!

Enter Attendant and Priest.
Burge thee, by thy reverence, fold (though lately we intended darkness, what occasion now here 'tis ripe,) what thou dost know, 'y past between this youth and me. A contract of eternal bond of love, by mutual joinder of your hands, 'the holy close of lips. [rings; 'by interchangement of your ceremony of this compact 'y function, by my testimony: a, my watch hath told me, toward 'elp'd but two hours. [my grave, '], thou dissembling cub! what wilt be,
: hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case? 't else thy craft so quickly grow, own trip shall be thine overthrow! and take her; but direct thy feet, and I henceforth may never meet. 'lord, I do protest,—

O, do not swear; 'With, though thou hast too much fear.

ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK, with his head broke.

1. For the love of God, a surgeon; I one presently to sir Toby. 'hat's the matter?

2. He has broke my head across, given sir Toby a bloody coxcomb 'the love of God, your help: I had n forty pound, I were at home. 'ho has done this, sir Andrew?

3. The count's gentleman, one Cesario took him for a coward, but he's evil incardinate.

My gentleman, Cesario!

4. Od's lifelings, here he is:—You 'head for nothing; and that that I set on to do't by sir Toby. [you: 'by do you speak to me? I never hurt 'your sword upon me, without cause; 'ake you fair, and hurt you not.

5. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, hurt me; I think, you set nothing dy coxcomb.

6. *Enter* TOBY BELCH, drunk, led by the Clown.

7. *Enter* sir Toby halting, you shall hear 'if he had not been in drink, he would led you othertageat than he did. 'Now now, gentleman? how is't with

8. That's all one; he has hurt me, 'the end on't.—Sot, did'st see Dick sot?

9. he's drunk, sir Toby, an hour ago; were set at eight i'the morning.

10. Then he's a rogue. After a passy- or a pavin; I hate a drunken rogue. way with him: Who hath made this 'ta them?

Sir And. I'll help you, sir Toby, because we'll be dressed together.

Sir To. Will you help an ass-head, and a coxcomb, and a knave? a thin-faced knave, a gull?

Ob. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

Exeunt Clown, Sir TOBY, and Sir ANDREW.

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman;

But, had it been the brother of my blood, I must have done no less, with wit, and safety. You throw a strange regard upon me, and By that I do perceive it hath offended you; Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows We made each other but so late ago. [persons;

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two A natural perspective, that is, and is not.

Sib. Antonio, O my dear Antonio! How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me, Since I have lost thee.

Ant. Sebastian are you?

Seb. Fear'st thou that, Antonio?

Ant. How have you made division of your- An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin [self?— Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

Ob. Most wonderful! [brother?

Seb. Do I stand there? I never had a Nor can there be that deity in my nature, Of here and every where. I had a sister, Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd:—

Of charity; what kin are you to me? *To* VIOLA. What countryman? what name? what parentage?

Vis. Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father; Such a Sebastian was my brother too, So went he suited to his watery tomb: If spirits can assume both form and suit You come to fright us.

Seb. A spirit I am, indeed; But am in that dimension grossly clad, Which from the womb I did participate. Were you a woman, as the rest goes even, I should my tears let fall upon your cheek, And say—Thrice welcome, drowned Viola!

Vis. My father had a mole upon his brow.

Seb. And so had mine. [birth

Vis. And died that day when Viola from her Had number'd thirteen years.

Seb. O, that record is lively in my soul! He finished, indeed, his mortal act, That day that made my sister thirteen years.

Vis. If nothing lets: to make us happy both, But this my masculine usurp'd attire, Do not embrace me, till each circumstance Of place, time, fortune, do cohere, and jump, That I am Viola: which to confirm, I'll bring you to a captain in this town, [help Where lie my maiden weeds; by whose gentle I was preserv'd, to serve this noble count: All the occurrence of my fortune since Hath been between this lady, and this lord.

Seb. So comes it, lady, you have been mistook: *To* OLIVIA.

But nature to her bias drew in that.

11. * Otherways. : Serious dances. § Out of charity tell me. || Hinders.

You would have been contracted to a maid ;
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceiv'd,
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

Duke. Be not amaz'd ; right noble is his
If this be so, as yet the glass seems true, blood.—
I shall have share in this most happy wreck :
Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times,

[*To VIOLA.*

Thou never should'st love woman like to me.

Vio. And all those sayings will I over-swear ;
And all those swearings keep as true in soul,
As doth that orb'd continent the fire
That severs day from night.

Duke. Give me thy hand ;
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

Vio. The captain, that did bring me first on
shore,

[*action,*
Hath my maid's garments ; he, upon some
Is now in durance ; at Malvolio's suit,
A gentleman, and follower of my lady's.

Oli. He shall enlarge him :—Fetch Malvolio
And yet, alas, now I remember me, [hither :—
They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.

Re-enter Clown, with a letter.
A most extracting frenzy of mine own
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.—
How does he, sirrah ?

Clo. Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at
the stove's end, as well as a man in his case
may do : he has here writ a letter to you, I
should have given it you to-day morning ;
but as a madman's epistles are no gospels, so it
skills not much, when they are delivered.

Oli. Open it, and read it.

Clo. Look then to be well edified, when the

One day shall crown the alliance
please you,

Here at my house, and at my proper
Duke. Madam, I am most apt to
your offer.— [your service d

Your master quits you ; [*To VIOLA.*]
So much against the mettle of your
So far beneath your soft and tender
And since you call'd me master for s
Here is my hand ; you shall from this
Your master's mistress.

Oli. A sister I—you
Re-enter FABIAN, with MALVO

Duke. Is this the madman ?

Oli. Ay, my lord, th

How now, Malvolio ?

Mal. Madam, you have done m
Notorious wrong.

Oli. Have I, Malvolio ?

Mal. Lady, you have. Pray you, p
You must not now deny it is your hand
Write from it, if you can, in hand, o
Or say, 'tis not your seal, nor your int
You can say none of this : Well, gra
And tell me, in the modesty of honour,
Why you have given me such clear
Bade me come smiling, and cross-g
To put on yellow stockings, and to fre
Upon sir Toby, and the lighter & peo
And, acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you suffer'd me to be imp
Kept in a dark house, visited by the
And made the most notorious geek ?
That e'er invention play'd on ? tell m

Oli. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my

r Toss, sir; but that's all
and I am not good
I thought I had
from reason? as you smile
And thus the whirligig of
revenge.

ranged on the whole neck

an most notoriously about
him, and entered him to a

in the mountain pass,
saw and golden time con-

tion shall be made

—Mean time, sweet, away
run home. — Come, come,

e, while you are a man,
rabbie you are seen,

and his fancy's queen.

[Exeunt.]

SONG.

Cl. When that I was and a little ting hey,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.
But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
Gentle knave and thief men shut their

gate,
For the rain it raineth every day.
But when I came, alas! to live,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.
But when I came unto my bed,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
With toss-pots still had drunken head,
For the rain it raineth every day.
A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every
day.

[Exit.]

• Shall serve.

he graver part elegant and easy, and in some of the lighter scenes acqui-
Agne-cheek is drawn with great propriety, but his character is, in a
it of natural fidelity, and is therefore not the proper prey of a satirist. The
ollo is truly comic; he is betrayed to ridicule merely by his pride. The
s, and the succeeding perplexity, though well enough contrived to divert
sa credibility, and fails to produce the proper instruction required in the
the no just picture of life.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Persons represented.

VINCENTIO, *duke of Vienna.*
 ANGELO, *lord deputy in the duke's absence.*
 ESCALUS, *an ancient lord, joined with Angelo in the deputation.*
 CLAUDIO, *a young gentleman.*
 LUCIO, *a fantastic.*
 Two other like gentlemen.
 VARRIUS, *a gentleman, servant to the duke.*
 PROVOST.
 THOMAS, } *two friars.*
 PETER, }

A JUSTICE.
 ELBOW, *a simple constable.*
 FROTH, *a foolish gentleman.*
 CLOWN, *servant to Mrs. Overdone.*
 ABHORSON, *an executioner.*
 BARNARDINE, *a dissolute prisoner.*
 ISABELLA, *sister to Claudio.*
 MARIANA, *betrothed to Angelo.*
 JULIET, *beloved by Claudio.*
 FRANCISCA, *a nun.*
 MISTRESS OVERDONE, *a bawd.*

Lords, Gentlemen, Guards, Officers, and other Attendants.
Scene,—Vienna.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *An Apartment in the Duke's Palace.*

Enter DUKE, ESCALUS, Lords, and Attendants.

Duke, Escalus,—

There is a kind of character in thy life,
 That, to the observer, doth thy history
 Fully unfold: Thyself and thy belongings
 Are not thine own so proper, as to waste
 Thyself upon thy virtues, them on thee.
 Heaven doth with us, as we with torches

Ang. Yet, give leave, my lord, we may bring you something on the way.

Duke. My haste may not admit it;

Ang. I need you, on mine honour, have to do with any scruple: your scope^a is as mine

to enforce, or qualify the laws, [own;

to your soul seems good. Give me your

privily away: I love the people, [hand;

but do not like to stage me to their eyes:

Though it do well, I do not relish well

their loud applause, and *ever* vehement;

nor do I think the man of safe discretion,

that does affect it. Once more, fare you well.

Ang. The heavens give safety to your

purposes! [happiness.

Best. Lead forth, and bring you back in

Duke. I thank you: Fare you well. [*Exit.*

Best. I shall desire you, sir, to give me

leave [me

to have free speech with you; and it concerns

to look into the bottom of my place: [nature

I power I have; but of what strength and

can not yet instructed. [together,

Ang. 'Tis so with me:—Let us withdraw

and we may soon our satisfaction have

touching that point.

Best. I'll wait upon your honour.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. A Street.

Enter Lucio and two Gentlemen.

Lucio. If the duke, with the other dukes, come not to composition with the king of Hungary, why, then all the dukes fall upon the king.

1 Gent. Heaven grant us its peace, but not the king of Hungary's!

2 Gent. Amen.

Lucio. Thou concludest like the sanctimonious pirate, that went to sea with the ten commandments, but scraped one out of the table.

2 Gent. Thou shalt not steal!

Lucio. Ay, that he razed.

1 Gent. Why, 'twas a commandment to command the captain and all the rest from their functions; they put forth to steal; there's not a soldier of us all, that, in the thanksgiving before meat, doth relish the petition well that prays for peace.

2 Gent. I never heard any soldier dislike it.

Lucio. I believe thee; for, I think, thou never wast where grace was said.

2 Gent. No? a dozen times at least.

1 Gent. What? in metre!

Lucio. In any proportion?, or in any language.

1 Gent. I think, or in any religion.

Lucio. Ay! why not? Grace is grace, despite of all controversy: As for example; thou thyself art a wicked villain, despite of thy grace.

1 Gent. Well, there went but a pair of corners between us.

Lucio. I grant; as there may between the duke and the velvet: Thou art the list.

1 Gent. And thou the velvet: thou a good velvet; thou art a three-pil'd piece, warrant thee: I had as lief be a list of English kersey, as be pil'd, as thou art pil'd for a French velvet. Do I speak feeling now?

Lucio. I think thou dost; and, indeed, with most painful feeling of thy speech: I will out of thine own confession, learn to beg thy health; but, whilst I live, forget to drink after thee.

1 Gent. I think, I have done myself wrong have I not?

2 Gent. Yes, that thou hast; whether thou art tainted, or free.

Lucio. Behold, behold, where madam M. litigation comes! I have purchased as many diseases under her roof, as come to—

2 Gent. To what, I pray?

1 Gent. Judge.

2 Gent. To three thousand dollars a-year.

1 Gent. Ay, and more.

Lucio. A French crown more.

1 Gent. Thou art always figuring disease in me; but thou art full of error; I am sound.

Lucio. Nay, not as one would say, healthy but so sound, as things that are hollow: thy bones are hollow; impiety has made a fever of thee.

Enter Bawd.

1 Gent. How now? Which of your hip has the most profound sciatica?

Bawd. Well, well; there's one yonder at rest, and carried to prison, was worth five thousand of you all.

1 Gent. Who's that, I pray thee?

Bawd. Marry, sir, that's Claudio, signio Claudio.

1 Gent. Claudio to prison! 'tis not so.

Bawd. Nay, but I know, 'tis so: I saw him arrested; saw him carried away; and which is more, within these three days his head's to be chopped off.

Lucio. But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so: Art thou sure of this?

Bawd. I am too sure of it: and it is for getting madam Julietta with child.

Lucio. Believe me, this may be: he promised to meet me two hours since; and he was ever precise in promise-keeping.

2 Gent. Besides, you know, it draws some thing near to the speech we had to such a purpose.

1 Gent. But most of all, agreeing with the proclamation.

Lucio. Away; let's go learn the truth of it [*Exeunt Lucio and Gentlemen*

Bawd. Thus, what with the war, what with the sweat, what with the gallows, and what with poverty, I am custom-shrunk. How now? what's the news with you?

Enter Clown.

Clow. Yonder man is carried to prison.

Bawd. Well; what has he done?

Clow. A woman.

^a Extent of power. [†] Hallings. [‡] Measure.
A jest on the loss of hair by the French disease.
^{**} The sweating sickness.

[§] A rent of the same cloth.
[¶] Corona Venenis.

Bawd. But what's his offence?

Clo. Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

Bawd. What, is there a maid with child by him?

Clo. No; but there's a woman with maid by him: You have not heard of the proclamation, have you?

Bawd. What proclamation, man.

Clo. All houses in the suburbs of Vienna must be pluck'd down.

Bawd. And what shall become of those in the city?

Clo. They shall stand for seed: they had gone down too, but that a wise burgher put in for them.

Bawd. But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be pull'd down?

Clo. To the ground, mistress.

Bawd. Why, here's a change, indeed, in the commonwealth! What shall become of me?

Clo. Come; fear not you; good counsellors lack no clients: though you change your place, you need not change your trade: I'll be your tapster still. Courage; there will be pity taken on you: you that have worn your eyes almost out in the service, you will be considered.

Bawd. What's to do here, Thomas Tapster? Let's withdraw.

Clo. Here comes signior Claudio, led by the provost to prison: and there's madam Juliet. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *The same.*

Claud. One word, good friend:—Lucio, word with you. [Takes him aside.]

Lucio. A hundred, if they'll do you a Is lechery so look'd after?

Claud. Thus stands it with me:—Upon true contract,

I got possession of Julietta's bed; You know the lady; she is fast my wife, Save that we do the denunciation lack Of outward order: this we came not to, Only for propagation of a dower Remaining in the coffer of her friends; [To From whom we thought it meet to hide Till time had made them for us. But it chanc'd The stealth of our most mutual entertain With character too gross; is writ on Julietta.]

Lucio. With child, perhaps?

Claud. Unhappily, even so. And the new deputy now for the duke,— Whether it be the fault and glimpse of a Or whether that the body public be [to A horse whereon the governor doth ride, Who, newly in the seat, that it may know He can command, lets it straight feel the sp Whether the tyranny be in his place, Or in his eminence that fills it up, I stagger in:—But this new governor Awakes me all the enrolled penalties, Which have, like unscour'd armour hung, the wall [rot So long, that nineteen zodiacs† have g And none of them been worn; and, for a na Now, puts the drowsy and neglected act Freshly on me:—'Tis surely for a name

Shew not that the dribbling dart of love
Has pierc'd a complete bosom: why I desire
that

To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose
More grave and wrinkled than the aims and
Of burning youth. [ends]

Pr. May your grace speak of it?

Duke. My holy sir, none better knows than
How I have ever lov'd the life remov'd; [you
And held in idle price to haunt assemblies,
Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery
I have delivered to lord Angelo [keeps.]
(A man of stricture), and firm abstinence.)

My absolute power and place here in Vienna,
And he supposes me travell'd to Poland;
For so I have strew'd it in the common ear,
And so it is receiv'd: Now, pious sir,
You will demand of me, why I do this?

Pr. Gladly, my lord. [biting laws,

Duke. We have strict statutes, and most
(The needful bits and curbs for head-strong
steeds,) [sleep;

Which for these fourteen years we have let

Even like an o'er-grown lion in a cave,

That goes not out to prey: Now, as fond fathers

Having bound up the threatening twigs of birch,

Only to stick it in their children's sight,

For terror, not to use; in time the rod [crees,

Becomes more mock'd, than fear'd: so our de-

pendence to infiction, to themselves are deal;

And liberty plucks justice by the nose;

The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart

Goes all decorum.

Pr. It rested in your grace

To unloose this tied-up justice, when you

pleas'd it:

And is you more dreadful would have seem'd,

Thus in lord Angelo.

Duke. I do fear, too dreadful:

Sith 'twas my fault to give the people scope,

'Twould be my tyranny to strike, and gall them

For what I bid them do: For we bid this be

done,

When evil deeds have their permissive pass,

And must the punishment. Therefore, indeed,

my father,

I have on Angelo impos'd the office;

Who may, in the ambush of my name, strike

home,

And yet my nature never in the sight,

To do slander: And to behold his way,

I will, as 'twere a brother of your order, [thence,

Visit both prince and people: therefore, I pray

supply me with the habit, and instruct me

How I may formally in person bear me

Like a true friar. More reasons for this action,

At our more leisure shall I render you;

Only, this one:—Lord Angelo is precise;

Stands at a guard with envy; scarce confesses

That his blood flows, or that his appetite [see,

Is more to bread than stone: Hence shall we

Use power change purpose, what our seemers

be. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. A Nunnery.

Enter ISABELLA and FRANCISCA.

Isab. And have you news no further pri-
leges?

Franc. Are not these large enough? [mo-

Isab. Yes, truly: I speak not as desire

But rather wishing a more strict restraint

Upon the sisterhood, the votarists of sa-

Clare.

Lucio. Hol! Peace be in this place! [With

Isab. Who's that which cal-

Franc. It is a man's voice: Gentle Isabe-

Turn you the key, and know his business of hi-

You may, I may not; you are yet unsworn

When you have vow'd, you must not speak w-

But in the presence of the prioress: [m-

Then, if you speak, you must not show your fa-

Or, if you show your face, you must not spe-

He calls again; I pray you, answer him.

[Exit FRANCISCA]

Isab. Peace and prosperity! Who is't t-

calls?

Enter LUCIO.

Lucio. Hail, virgin, if you be; as the

cheek-roses

Proclaim you are no less! Can you so stead n-

As bring me to the sight of Isabella,

A novice of this place, and the fair sister

To her unhappy brother Claudio?

Isab. Why her unhappy brother? let me as-

The rather, for I now must make you know

I am that Isabella, and his sister.

Lucio. Gentle and fair, your brother kins-

greet's you:

Not to be weary with you, he's in prison.

Isab. Woe me! For what? [his jud

Lucio. For that, which, if myself might

He should receive his punishment in thank

He hath got his friend with child.

Isab. Sir, make me not your story.

Lucio. It is tr-

I would not—though 'tis my familiar sin

With maids to seein the lapwing, and to j-

Tongue far from heart,—play with all virg-

I hold you as a thing ensky'd, and sainted: [I

By your renouncement, an immortal spirit!

And to be talk'd with in sincerity,

As with a saint.

Isab. You do blaspheme the good, in mo-

ing me. [Tis th

Lucio. Do not believe it. Fewness and trut-

Your brother and his lover have embrac'd

As those that feed grow full; as blossoming tiz-

That from the seedness the bare fallow bri-

To teeming foison; even so her plente-

womb

Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry.

Isab. Some one with child by him?

Lucio. Is she your cousin? [cousin Jull

Isab. Adoptedly; as school-maids cha-

By vain though apt affection. [their nat

Lucio. She is it.

* Completely armed.
† On his defence.

† Retired.

‡ Showy dress resides.

§ Strictness.

¶ Six

** Do not make a jest of me.

†† In few and true words.

‡‡ Breeding plenty.

§§ Tilling.

Isa. O, let him marry her!

Lucio. This is the point.
The duke is very strangely gone from hence;
Bore many gentlemen, myself being one,
In hand, and hope of action: but we do learn
By those that know the very nerves of state,
His givings out were of an infinite distance
From his true-meant design. Upon his place,
And with full line^s of his authority,
Governs lord Angelo; a man, whose blood
Is very snow broth; one who never feels
The wanton stings and motions of the sense;
But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge
With profits of the mind, study and fast.
He (to give fear to use and liberty,
Which have, for long, run by the hideous law,
As mice by lions,) hath pick'd out an act,
Under whose heavy sense your brother's life
Falls into forfeit: he arrests him on it;
And follows close the rigour of the statute,
To make him an example: all hope is gone,
Unless you have the grace^t by your fair prayer
To soften Angelo: And that's my pith
Of business 'twixt you and your poor brother.

Isab. Doth he so seek his life?

Lucio. Has committ^d him
Already; and, as I hear, the provost hath
A warrant for his execution.
Isab. Alas! what poor ability's in me
To do him good?

Lucio. Assay the power you have

Isab. My power! Alas! I doubt—
Lucio. Our doubts are trifles
And make us lose the good we oft might have
By fearing to attempt: Go to lord Angelo,
And let him learn to know, when maidens
Men give like gods; but when they wrong
All their petitions are as freely theirs
As they themselves would owe^s them.

Isab. I'll see what I can do.

Lucio. But speedily

Isab. I will about it straight;
No longer staying but to give the mother^r
Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you.
Commend me to my brother: soon as night
I'll send him certain word of my success.

Lucio. I take my leave of you.

Isab. Good sir, ad
[Exit]

ACT II.

SCENE I. A Hall in Angelo's House.

Enter ANGELO, ESCALUS, a Justice, Provost,
Officers, and other Attendants.

You may not so extenuate his offence,
For I have had such faults; but rather tell
When I, that censure^s him, do so offend

they are: but precise villains they are sure of; and void of all profane world, that good christians ought

his comes off well^o; here's a wise

to: What quality are they off your name? Why dost thou not

cannot, sir; he's out at elbow.

What are you, sir?

sir? a tapster, sir; parcelt-bawd; was a bad woman; whose house, they say, pluck'd down in the sub-mow she professes; a hot-house, ink, is a very ill house too.

How know you that?

wife, sir, whom I detest before your honour,—

How! thy wife?

sir; whom, I thank heaven, is an

eat thou detest her therefore?

y, sir, I will detest myself also, as that this house, if it be not a se, it is pity of her life, for it is a

How dost thou know that, constable?

rry, sir, by my wife; who, if she woman cardinally given, might accused in fornication, adultery, leanness there.

By the woman's means?

sir, by mistress Overdone's means: spit in his face, so she defied him.

If it please your honour, this is

ve it before these varlets here, thou man, prove it.

Do you hear how he misplaces?

[To ANGELO.

she came in great with child; and ving your honour's reverence.) for nes; sir, we had but two in the ch at that very distant time stood, in a fruit-dish, a dish of some three or honours have seen such dishes; 4 China dishes, but very good dishes. is so, go to: no matter for the dish,

, indeed, sir, not of a pin; you are the right: but, to the point: As I mistress Elbow, being, as I say, with being great belly'd, and lousing, as prunes; and having but two in the said, master Froth here, this very ng eaten the rest, as I said, and, as ing for them very honestly;—fur, ow, master Froth, I could not give peace again.

No, indeed.

ry well: you being then, if you be 'd, cracking the stones of the fore-

Ay, so I did, indeed.

Clo. Why, very well: I telling you then, if you be remember'd, that such a one, and such a one, were past cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept very good diet, as I told you, unless they kept very good diet, as I told you,

Froth. All this is true.

Clo. Why, very well then.

Escal. Come, you are a tedious fool: to the purpose.—What was done to Elbow's wife, that he hath cause to complain of? Come me to what was done to her.

Clo. Sir, your honour cannot come to that yet.

Escal. No, sir, nor I mean it not.

Clo. Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honour's leave: And, I beseech you, look into master Froth here, sir; a man of fourscore pound a-year; whose father died at Hallowmas:—Was't not at Hallowmas, master Froth?

Froth. All-holland! e ve.

Clo. Why, very well; I hope here be truths: He, sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair, sir;—'twas in the *Bunch of Grapes*, where, indeed, you have a delight to sit: Have you not?

Froth. I have so; because it is an open room, and good for winter.

Clo. Why, very well then;—I hope here be truths.

Ang. This will last out a night in Russia, When nights are longest there: I'll take my leave,

And leave you to the hearing of the cause; Hoping, you'll find good cause to whip them all.

Escal. I think no less: Good morrow to your lordship. [Exit ANGELO.

Now, sir, come on: What was done to Elbow's wife, once more?

Clo. Once, sir? there was nothing done to her once.

Elb. I beseech you, sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

Clo. I beseech your honour, ask me.

Escal. Well, sir: What did this gentleman do to her?

Clo. I beseech you, sir, look in this gentleman's face:—Good master Froth, look upon his honour; 'tis for a good purpose: Doth your honour mark his face?

Escal. Ay, sir, very well.

Clo. Nay, I beseech you, mark it well.

Escal. Well, I do so.

Clo. Doth your honour see any harm in his face?

Escal. Why, no.

Clo. I'll be supposed** upon a book, his face is the worst thing about him: Good then; if his face be the worst thing about him, how could master Froth do the constable's wife any harm? I would know that of your honour.

Escal. He's in the right: Constable, what say you to it?

Elb. First, an it like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow; and his mistress is a respected woman.

Well told. 1 Partly.
few of All Saints day.

1 Keeps a bagnio.
4 Easy.

5 For protest.
** Deposed, sworn.

Clo. By this hand, sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

Elb. Varlet, thou liest; thou liest, wicked varlet: the time is yet to come, that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child.

Clo. Sir, she was respected with him before he married with her.

Escal. Which is the wiser here? Justice, or Iniquity? Is this true?

Elb. O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked Hannibal!! I respected with her, before I was married to her! If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor duke's officer:—Prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

Escal. If he took you a box o' ear, you might have your action of slander too.

Elb. Marry, I thank your good worship for it: What is't your worship's pleasure I should do with this wicked caitiff?

Escal. Truly, officer, because he hath some offences in him, that thou wouldst discover if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses, till thou know'st what they are.

Elb. Marry, I thank your worship for it:—Thou seest, thou wicked varlet now, what's come upon thee; thou art to continue now, thou varlet; thou art to continue.

Escal. Where were you born, friend?

[To Froth.]

Froth. Here in Vienna, sir.

being a bawd? What do you think of trade, Pompey? Is it a lawful trade?

Clo. If the law would allow it, sir.

Escal. But the law will not allow it, Pompey; nor it shall not be allowed in Vienna.

Clo. Does your worship mean to geld or spay all the youth in the city?

Escal. No, Pompey.

Clo. Truly, sir, in my poor opinion, it will to't then: If your worship will take der; for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

Escal. There are pretty orders beginning can tell you: It is but heading and hanging.

Clo. If you head and hang all that off that way but for ten year together, you'll glad to give out a commission for more heads. If this law hold in Vienna ten year, I'll be the fairest house in it, after three pence a head. If you live to see this come to pass, say, Pompey, told you so.

Escal. Thank you, good Pompey: and requital of your prophecy, hark you,—I advise you, let me not find you before me again with any complaint whatsoever, no, not for dwell where you do; if I do, Pompey, I shall take you to your tent, and prove a shrewd: Come to you; in plain dealing, Pompey, I shall have you whipt: so for this time, Pompey, fare you well.

Clo. I thank your worship for your good counsel; but I shall follow it, as the flesh

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Pardon is still the nurse of second woe;
 Bet yet,—Poor Claudio!—There's no remedy.
 Come, sir. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II. *Another Room in the same.*

Enter Provost and a Servant.

Serv. He's bearing of a cause; he will come straight.

I'll tell him of you.

[know]

Prov. Pray you, do. *[Exit Servant.]* I'll
 His pleasure; may be, he will relent: Alas,
 He hath but as offended in a dream!
 All sects, all ages smack of this vice; and he
 To die for it!

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. Now, what's the matter, provost?
Prov. Is it your will Claudio shall die to-morrow?

Ang. Did I not tell thee, yea? Harist thou
 Why dost thou ask again! *[not order!]*

Prov. Lest I might be too rash:
 Under your good correction, I have seen,
 When, after execution, judgment hath
 Repeated o'er his doom.

Ang. Go to; let that be mine:
 Do you your office, or give up your place,
 And you shall well be spard.

Prov. I crave your honour's pardon.—
 What shall be done, sir, with the groaning
 She's very near her hour. *[Juliet]*

Ang. Dispose of her
 To some more fitter place; and that with speed.

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Here is the sister of the man con-
 Demns access to you. *[dem'd,]*

Ang. Hath he a sister?

Prov. Ay, my good lord; a very virtuous
 And to be shortly of a sisterhood, *[maid,]*
 If not already.

Ang. Well, let her be admitted.

[Exit Servant.]

See you, the fornicatress be removed;
 Let her have needful, but not lavish, means;
 There shall be order for it.

Enter LUCIO and ISABELLA.

Prov. Save your honour! *[Offering to retire.]*

Ang. Stay a little while!—*[To ISAB.]* You
 are welcome: What's your will?

Isab. I am a woeful suitor to your honour,
 Please but your honour hear me.

Ang. Well; what's your suit?

Isab. There is a vice, that most I do abhor,
 And most desire should meet the blow of justice;
 For which I would not plead, but that I must;
 For which I must not plead, but that I am
 At war, 'twixt will and will not.

Ang. Well; the matter!

Isab. I have a brother is condemn'd to die:
 I do beseech you, let it be his fault,
 And not my brother.

Prov. Heaven give thee moving graces!

Ang. Condemn the fault, and not the actor
 of it!

Why, every fault's condemn'd, ere it be done:
 Mine were the very cipher of a function,

To find the faults, whose fine stands in:
 And let go by the actor.

Isab. O just, but sever
 I had a brother then.—Heaven keep your
 honour! *[Heaven]*

Lucio. *[To ISAB.]* Give not o'er so:
 again, entreat him;

Kneel down before him, hang upon his
 You are too cold: if you should need a
 You could not with more tame a tongue

To him, I say.

Isab. Must he needs die!

Ang. Maiden, no re

Isab. Yes; I do think that you might
 don him,

And neither heaven, nor man, grieve

Ang. I will not do't.

Isab. But can you, if you

Ang. Look, what I will not, that I can

Isab. But might you do't, and do the
 no wrong,

If so your heart were touch'd with the
 As mine is to him!

Ang. He's sentenc'd: 'tis to

Lucio. You are too cold. *[To ISAB.]*

Isab. Too late! why, no; I, that do s

word,

May call it back again: Well believe

No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,

Not the king's crown, nor the deputed

The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's

Become them with one half so good a

As mercy does. If he had been as you

And you as he, you would have slept like

But he, like you, would not have been so

Ang. Pray you, begone.

Isab. I would to heaven I had your po

And you were Isabel! should it then be

No; I would tell what 'twere to be a

And what a prisoner.

Lucio. Ay, touch him; there's the v

Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the

And you but waste your words.

Isab. Alas!

Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit

And he that might the vantage best have

Found out the remedy: How would ye

If he, which is the top of judgment, sh

But judge you as you are! O, think on

And mercy then will breathe within you

Like man new made.

Ang. Be you content, fair

It is the law, not I, condemn your br

Were he my kinsman, brother, or my

It should be thus with him;—he must

tomorrow. *[him, spare]*

Isab. To-morrow! O, that's sudden!

He's not prepar'd for death! Even f

kitchens,

We kill the fowl of season; shall we

With less respect than we do minister

To our gross selves? Good, good my lo

think you;

Who is it that hath died for this offend

There's many have committed it.

* Fly.

† Be assured.

‡ When in season.

Lucio. Ay, well said.

Ang. The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept:

Those many had not dar'd to do that evil,
If the first man that did the edict infringe,
Had answer'd for his deed: now, 'tis awake;
Takes note of what is done; and, like a prophet,
Looks in a glass, that shows what future evils,
(Either now, or by remissness new-conceiv'd,
And so in progress to be hatch'd and born,)
Are now to have no successive degrees,
But, where they live, to end.

Isab. Yet show some pity.

Ang. I show it most of all, when I show justice:
For then I pity those I do not know. [Justice;
Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall;
And do him right, that, answering one foul
Lives not to act another. Be satisfied; [wrong,
Your brother dies to-morrow; be content,

Isab. So you must be the first, that gives this sentence:

And he, that suffers: O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.

Lucio. That's well said.

Isab. Could great men thunder
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,
For every pelting*, petty officer,
Would use his heaven for thunder; nothing
but thunder.—

Merciful heaven!

Thou rather, with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt,

Isab. Gentle my lord, turn back.

Ang. I will bethink me:—Come again to-morrow. [Lord, turn back.

Isab. Hark, how I'll bribe you: Go.

Ang. How! bribe me!

Isab. Ay, with such gifts, that heaven share with you.

Lucio. You had marr'd all else.

Isab. Not with fond shekels of the
Or stones, whose rates are either rich or poor:
As fancy values them: but with true prayers
That shall be up at heaven, and enter
Ere sun rise; prayers from preserved
From fasting maids, whose minds are
To nothing temporal.

Ang. Well: come to-morrow.

Lucio. Go to; it is well; away.

Isab. Heaven keep your honour safe. [Aside to Isabella.]

Ang. Amen

Am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers cross.

Isab. At what hour to-morrow

Shall I attend your lordship?

Ang. At any time 'fore

Isab. Save your honour!

[Exit LUCIO, ISABELLA, and PETER.]

Ang. From thee; even from thy vision:
What's this! what's this! Is this her face?

mine!

The tempter, or the tempted, who sins

I come to visit the afflicted spirits
Here in the prison: do me the common right
To let me see them, and to make me know
The nature of their crimes, that I may minister
To them accordingly. [were needful.]

Prov. I would do more than that, if more
Enter JULIET.

Look, here comes one; a gentlewoman of mine,
Who falling in the flames of her own youth,
Hath blister'd her report: She is with child;
And he that got it, sentenc'd: a young man
More fit to do another such offence,
Than die for this.

Duke. When must he die?

Prov. As I do think, to-morrow.—
I have provided for you; stay a while.

[*To JULIET.*]

And you shall be conducted. [carry]

Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the sin you
Juliet. I do; and bear the shame most
patiently. [your conscience,

Duke. I'll teach you how you shall arraign
And try your penitence, if it be sound,
Or hollowly put on.

Juliet. I'll gladly learn.

Duke. Love you the man that wrong'd you?

Juliet. Yes, as I love the woman that
wrong'd him. [ful act]

Duke. So then, it seems, your most offence
Was mutually committed?

Juliet. Mutually.

Duke. Then was your sin of heavier kind
than his.

Juliet. I do confess it and repent it, father.

Duke. 'Tis meet so, daughter: But lest you
do repent,

Let that the sin hath brought you to this shame,—
Which sorrow is always toward ourselves, not
heaven; [love it,

Showing, we'd not spare * heaven, as we
let as we stand in fear,—

Juliet. I do repent me, as it is an evil;

And take the shame with joy.

Duke. There rest.

Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow,
And I am going with instruction to him.—

Grace go with you! *Benedicite!* [*Exit.*]

Juliet. Must die to-morrow! O, injurious
That respects me a life, whose very comfort I have,
In this dying horror!

Prov. 'Tis pity of him. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. A Room in Angelo's House.

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. When I would pray and think, I
think and pray [words;]

To several subjects: heaven hath my empty
Whilst my invention, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on Isabel: Heaven in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew his name;

And in my heart, the strong and swelling evil
Of my conception: The state, whereon I
Is like a good thing, being often read, [studied,
Grown fear'd and tedious; yea, my gravity,
Wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride,
Could I, with boot, change for an idle plume,

Which the air beats for vain. O place! O
How often dost thou with thy case, thy
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wise
To thy false seeming! Blood thou still art
Let's write good angel on the devil's brow
'Tis not the devil's crest.

Enter Servant.

How now, who's there?

Serv. One Isabel, a sh
Desires access to you.

Ang. Teach her the way. [*Exit*
O heavens!

Why does my blood thus minister to my
Making both it unable for itself,
And dispossessing all the other parts
Of necessary fitness! [sw

So play the foolish throngs with one
Come all to help him, and so stop the a
By which he should revive: and even i

The general; subject to a well-wish'd k
Quit their own part, and in obsequious

new
Crowd to his presence, where their un
Must needs appear offence.

Enter ISABELLA.

How now, fair maid?

Isab. I am come to know your ple
Ang. That you might know it, would
better please me,

Than to demand what 'tis. Your brother c
live.

Isab. Even so!—Heaven keep your ho
[*Reti*

Ang. Yet may he live a while; and, i
As long as you, or I: Yet he must die.

Isab. Under your sentence?

Ang. Yea. [rep

Isab. When, I beseech you? that I
Longer, or shorter, he may be so fitted,
That his soul sicken not. [as

Ang. Ha! Fye, these filthy vices! It
To pardon him, that hath from nature st
A man already made, as to remit [i

Their saucy sweetness, that do coin hea
In stamps that are forbid: 'tis all as easy
Falsely to take away a life true made,

As to put mettle in restrained means,
To make a false one. [in

Isab. 'Tis set down so in heaven, be
Ang. Say you so? then I shall pos

quickly.

Which had you rather, That the most ju
Now took your brother's life; or, to re

him,

Give up your body to such sweet unclean
As she that he hath stain'd?

Isab. Sir, believe thi

I had rather give my body than my sou

Ang. I talk not of your soul: Our com
Stand more for number than account.

Isab. How say

Ang. Nay, I'll not warrant that; for
speak

Against the thing I say. Answer to thi
I, now the voice of the recorded law,

Pronounce a sentence on your brother's

* Spare to offend heaven.

† Profit.

‡ Outside.

§ People

Might there not be a charity in sin,
To save this brother's life?

Isab. Please you to do't,
I'll take it as a peril to my soul,
It is no sin at all, but charity. (sonl,

Ang. Pleas'd you to do't, at peril of your
were equal poise of sin and charity.

Isab. That I do beg his life, if it be sin,
Heaven, let me bear it! you granting of my suit,
If that be sin, I'll make it my morn prayer
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your, answer.

Ang. Nay, but hear me:
Your sense pursues not mine: either you are
ignorant,

Or seem so, craftily; and that's not good.

Isab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing
But graciously to know I am no better. [good,

Ang. Thus wisdom wishes to appear most
bright,

When it doth tax itself: as these black masks
Proclaim an enshield'd beauty ten times louder
Than beauty could displayed.—But mark me;
To be received plain, I'll speak more gross:
Your brother is to die.

Isab. So.

Ang. And his offence is so, as it appears
Accountant to the law upon that pain.

Isab. True.

Ang. Admit no other way to save his life,
As I subscribe; not that, nor any other,
But in the loss of question, that you, his sister,
Finding yourself desir'd of such a person,
Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,

Isab. Else let my brother die
If not a feodary, but only he,
Owe me, and succeed by weakness.

Ang. Nay, women are frail to
Isab. Ay, as the glasses where they view
themselves;

Which are as easy broke as they make fort
Women!—Help heaven! men their creat
mar

In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times
For we are soft as our complexions are,
And credulous to false prints.

Ang. I think it we
And from this testimony of your own sex,
(Since, I suppose, we are made to be no stron
Than faults may shake our frames,) let me
hold:—

I do arrest your words; Be that you are,
That is, a woman; if you be more, you're not
If you be one, (as you are well express'd
By all external warrants,) show it now,
By putting on the destin'd livery. (lo

Isab. I have no tongue but one: gentle
Let me entreat you speak the former language.

Ang. Plainly conceive, I love you.

Isab. My brother did love Juliet: and y
That he shall die for it. (tell n

Ang. He shall not, Isabel, if you give
love. (u

Isab. I know, your virtue hath a lices
Which seems a little fouler than it is,
To pluck on others.

Ang. Believe me, on mine hono
My words express my purpose.

Shaking both right and wrong to the appetite,
 Follow as it draws! I'll to my brother:
 Hail, he hath fallen by prompture of the
 blood.
 It hath his in him such a mind of honour,
 But had he twenty heads to tender down
 On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up,

Before his sister should her body steep
 To such abhor'd pollution:
 Then Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die:
 More than our brother is our chastity.
 I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,
 And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest.
 [Exit.]

ACT III.

SCENE I. A Room in the Prison.

Enter DUKE, CLAUDIO, and Provost.

Duke. So, then you hope of pardon from
 Lord Angelo? [aside]

Claud. The miserable have no other medi-
 cine but hope:

I have hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.

Duke. Be absolute * for death; either death,
 or life, —

shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus
 If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing [art,

that none but fools would keep: a breath thou
 servest to all the skyey influences,)

that dost this habitation, where thou keep'st,
 hourly afflict: merely, thou art death's fool;

for him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
 and yet run'st toward him still: Thou art not

noble;

for all the accommodations that thou bear'st,
 art marr'd by baseness: Thou art by no

means valiant;

for thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
 of a poor worm: Thy best of rest is sleep,

and that thou oft provok'st; yet grossly fear'st
 thy death, which is no more. Thou art not

thyself;

for thou exist'st on many a thousand grains
 that issue out of dust: Happy thou art not:

for what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get;
 and what thou hast, forget'st: Thou art not

certain;

for thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
 after the moon: If thou art rich, thou art poor;

for, like an ass, whose back with ingots bows,
 thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,

and death untloads thee: Friend hast thou none;
 for thine own bowels, which do call thee sire,

the more effusion of thy proper loins,
 do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum,

for ending thee no sooner: Thou hast nor
 youth, nor age;

but, as it were, an after dinner's sleep,
 breathing on both: for all thy blessed youth

becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
 of palsied eld; and when thou art old, and rich,

thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor
 beauty, —

to make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in
 that bears the name of life? Yet in this life

we bid more thousand deaths: yet death we
 bid makes these odds all even. [fear,

Claud. I humbly thank you.

To me to live, I find, I seek to die:
 And, seeking death, find life: Let it come on.

Enter ISABELLA.

Isab. What, ho! Peace here; grace and
 good company! [serves a welcome

Prov. Who's there? come in: the wish do
 Duke. Dear sister, ere long I'll visit you again

Claud. Most holy sir, I thank you.

Isab. My business is a word or two with
 Claudio.

Prov. And very welcome. Look, signior
 here's your sister.

Duke. Provost, a word with you.

Prov. As many as you please.

Duke. Bring them to speak, where I may
 be conceal'd,

Yet hear them. [Exeunt DUKE and PROVOST]

Claud. Now, sister, what's the comfort

Isab. Why, as all comforts are; most good
 Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven, [in deed

intends you for his swift ambassador,
 Where you shall be an everlasting leiger!:

Therefore your best appointment I make with
 To-morrow you set on. [speed

Claud. Is there no remedy?

Isab. None, but such remedy, as to save
 To cleave a heart in twain. [hear

Claud. But is there any

Isab. Yes, brother, you may live;
 There is a devilish mercy in the judge,

If you'll implore it, that will free your life,
 But fetter you till death.

Claud. Perpetual durance

Isab. Ay, just, perpetual durance; a re-
 straint,

Though all the world's vastidity ** you had,
 To a determin'd scope.

Claud. But in what nature?

Isab. In such a one as (you consenting to't)
 Would bark your honour from that trunk you

And leave you naked. [bea

Claud. Let me know the point

Isab. O, I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake
 Lest thou a feverous life should'st entertain,

And six or seven winters more respect
 Than a perpetual honour. Darest thou die?

The sense of death is most in apprehension;
 And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,

In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
 As when a giant dies.

Claud. Why give you me this shame?
 Think you I can a resolution fetch
 From flowery tenderness? If I must die,
 I will encounter darkness as a bride,

* Determined. † Affects, affections. ‡ Lovers' impositions. § Old age. ¶ Reck-
 less of extent.

And hug it in mine arms. [father's grave

Isab. There spake my brother; there my
Did utter forth a voice! Yes, thou must die:
Thou art too noble to conserve a life [puty,—
In base appliances. This outward-sainted de-
Whose settled visage and deliberate word
Nips youth i'the head, and follies doth enmew*,
As falcon doth the fowl,—is yet a devil;
His filth within being cast, he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.

Claud. The princely Angelo?

Isab. O, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,
The damned'st body to invest and cover
In princely guards! Dost thou think, Claudio,
If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou might'st be freed?

Claud. O, heavens! it cannot be.

Isab. Yes, he would give it thee, from this
rank offence,
So to offend him still: This night's the time
That I should do what I abhor to name,
Or else thou diest to-morrow.

Claud. Thou shalt not do't.

Isab. O, were it but my life,
I'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly: as a pin.

Claud. Thanks, dear Isabel.

Isab. Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-
morrow.

Claud. Yes.—Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the law by the
nose,
When he would force it? Sure it is no sin;
Or of the deadly seven it is the least.

From thine own sister's shame? What
I think?

Heaven shield, my mother play'd my
For such a warped slip of wilderness?
Ne'er issu'd from his blood. Take
fiance**:

Die; perish! might but my bending d
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should p
I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy de
No word to save thee.

Claud. Nay, hear me, Isabel.

Isab. O, fye, fye
Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade††
Mercy to thee would prove itself a ba
'Tis best that thou diest quickly.

Claud. O hear me, L

Re-enter Duke.

Duke. Vouchsafe a word, young sis
one word.

Isab. What is your will?

Duke. Might you dispense with your
I would by and by have some speec
you: the satisfaction I would require,
wise your own benefit.

Isab. I have no superfluous leism
stay must be stolen out of other affairs
will attend you a while.

Duke. [To CLAUDIO, aside.] Son,
overheard what hath past between y
your sister. Angelo had never the pur
corrupt her; only he hath made an e
her virtue, to practise his judgment v
disposition of natures: she, having th
of honour in her, hath made him that s

to itself. I do make myself believe,
 as may most uprightly do a poor
 lady a merited benefit; redeem your
 from the angry law; do no stain to
 an gracious person; and much please
 me duke, if, peradventure, he shall
 turn to have hearing of this business.
 Let me hear you speak further; I
 prithee to do any thing that appears not
 the truth of my spirit.
 Virtue is bold, and goodness never
 . Have you not heard speak of Ma-
 he sister of Frederick, the great soldier,
 married at sea?
 I have heard of the lady, and good
 went with her name.
 Her should this Angelo have mar-
 was affianced to her by oath, and the
 appointed: between which time of
 tract, and limit of the solemnity, her
 Frederick was wrecked at sea, having
 perish'd vessel the dowry of his sister.
 How heavily this befall to the poor
 woman: there she lost a noble and re-
 d brother, in his love toward her ever
 and natural; with him the portion
 of her fortune, her marriage-dowry;
 and, her combinate husband, this well-
 g Angelo.
 Can this be so? Did Angelo so leave her?
 He left her in her tears, and dry'd not
 them with his comfort; swallowed his
 whole, pretending, in her, discoveries
 honour: in few, bestowed her on her
 mentation, which she yet wears for his
 and he, a marble to her tears, is washed
 him, but relents not.
 What a merit were it in death, to
 his poor maid from the world! What

the corrupt deputy sealed. The maid will I
 frame, and make fit for his attempt. If you
 think well to carry this as you may, the double-
 ness of the benefit defends the deceit from
 reproach. What think you of it?

Isab. The image of it gives me content al-
 ready; and, I trust, it will grow to a most
 prosperous perfection.

Duke. It lies much in your holding up:
 Haste you speedily to Angelo; if for this
 night he entreat you to his bed, give him pro-
 mise of satisfaction. I will presently to St.
 Luke's; there, at the moated grange, resides
 this dejected Mariana: At that place call up-
 on me; and despatch with Angelo, that it may
 be quickly.

Isab. I thank you for this comfort: Fare-
 you well, good father. [Exit severally.]

SCENE II. *The Street before the Prison.*

Enter Duke, as a Friar; to him Elbow, Clown, and Officers.

Elb. Nay, if there be no remedy for it,
 but that you will needs buy and sell men and
 women like beasts, we shall have all the world
 drink brown and white bastard.

Duke. O, heavens! what stuff is here?

Clow. 'Twas never merry world, since, of
 two usuries, the merriest was put down, and
 the worsen allow'd by order of law a furr'd
 gown to keep him warm; and furr'd with fox
 and lamb-skins too, to signify, that craft, being
 richer than innocency, stands for the facing.

Elb. Come your way, sir:—Bless you, good
 father friar.

Duke. And you, good brother father: What
 offence hath this man made you, sir?

Elb. Marry, sir, he hath offended the law;
 and, sir, we take him to be a thief too, sir;

Correction and instruction must both work,
Ere this rude beast will profit.

Elb. He must before the deputy, sir; he
has given him warning: the deputy cannot
abide a whore-master: if he be a whore-mon-
ger, and comes before him, he were as good
go a mile on his errand. [seem to be,

Duke. That we were all, as some would
Free from our faults, as faults from seeming,
free!

Enter Lucio.

Elb. His neck will come to your waist, a
cord*, sir.

Clo. I spy comfort; I cry, hail: Here's a
gentleman, and a friend of mine.

Lucio. How now, noble Pompey? What,
at the heels of Cæsar? Art thou led in triumph?
What, is there none of Pygmalion's images,
newly made woman, to be had now, for put-
ting the hand in the pocket and extracting it
clutch'd? What reply? Ha? What say'st
thou to this tune, matter, and method? Is't
not drown'd i' the last rain? Ha! What
say'st thou, trot? Is the world as it was,
mum? Which is the way? Is it aid, and
few words? Or how? The trick of it?

Duke. Still thus, and thus! still worse!

Lucio. How doth my dear morsel, thy
mistress? Procures she still? Ha?

Clo. Troth, sir, she hath eaten up all her
beef, and she is herself in the tub.

Lucio. Why, 'tis good; it is the right of
it; it must be so: Ever your fresh whore,

Duke. I know none: Can you tell me of
Lucio. Some say, he is with the son
of Russia; other some, he is in Rome:
where is he, think you?

Duke. I know not where: But wher-
ever, I wish him well.

Lucio. It was a mad fantastical
him, to steal from the state, and wear
beggary he was never born to. Lord
dukes it well in his absence; he puts
gression to't.

Duke. He does well in't.

Lucio. A little more lenity to
would do no harm in him: something
crabbed that way, friar.

Duke. It is too general a vice, and
must cure it.

Lucio. Yes, in good sooth, the vice
great kindred; it is well ally'd: but it
possible to extirp it quite, friar, till each
drinking be put down. They say, this
was not made by man and woman, of
downright way of creation: Is it true
you?

Duke. How should he be made then?

Lucio. Some report, a sex-maid of
him:—Some, that he was begot betwixt
stock-fishes:—But it is certain, that he
makes water, his urine is congeal'd ice:
know to be true: and he is a motion
nerative, that's infallible.

Duke. You are pleasant, sir; and speak

Lucio. Why, what a ruthless thing

the business he hath helm'd*, must, upon a warranted need, give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in his own bringings forth, and he shall appear to the envious, a scholar, a statesman, and a soldier: Therefore, you speak unskilfully; or, if your knowledge be more, it is much darken'd in your malice.

Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love.

Lucio. Come, sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But, if ever the duke return, (as our prayers are he may,) let me desire you to make your answer before him: If it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it: I am bound to call upon you; and, I pray you, your name?

Lucio. Sir, my name is Lucio; well known to the duke.

Duke. He shall know you better, sir, if I may live to report you.

Lucio. I fear you not.

Duke. O, you hope the duke will return no more; or you imagine me too un hurtful an opposite. But, indeed, I can do you little harm: you'll forswear this again.

Lucio. I'll be hang'd first: thou art deceived in me, friar. But no more of this: Canst thou tell, if Claudio die to-morrow, or no?

Duke. Why should he die, sir?

Lucio. Why? for filling a bottle with a tunfish. I would, the duke, we talk of, were return'd again: this ungenit'rd agent will unpeople the province with continency; sparrows must not build in his house eaves, because they are lecherous. The duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answer'd; he would never bring them to light: would he were return'd! Marry, this Claudio is condemn'd for murdering. Farewell, good friar; I pray thee, pray for me. The duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on Fridays. He's now put it; yet, and I say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, though she smelt brown bread and garlick: say, that I said so. Farewell.

[Exit.]

Duke. No might nor greatness in mortality can censure 'scape; back-wounding calumny the whitest virtue strikes: What king so strong, Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue? But who comes here?

Enter ESCALUS, Provost, Bawd, and Officers.

Escal. Go, away with her to prison.

Bawd. Good my lord, be good to me; your honour is accounted a merciful man: good my lord.

Escal. Double and treble admonition, and still forget'st in the same kind! This would make mercy swear, and play the tyrant.

Prov. A bawd of eleven years continuance, may it please your honour.

Bawd. My lord, this is one Lucio's information against me: mistress Kate Keep-down

was with child by him in the duke's time: promised her marriage; his child is a boy and a quarter old, come Philip and Jacob have kept it myself; and see how he about to abuse me.

Escal. That fellow is a fellow of much cence:—let him be called before us.—A with her to prison: Go to; no more words! [Exit Bawd and Officers.] Provost, brother Angelo will not be alter'd, Claudio must die to-morrow: let him be furnish'd with divines, and have all charitable preparation; if my brother wrought by my pity should not be so with him.

Prov. So please you, this friar hath been with him, and advised him for the entertainment of death.

Escal. Good even, good father.

Duke. Bliss and goodness on you!

Escal. Of whence are you?

[Is n]

Duke. Not of this country, though my chat To use it for my time: I am a brother Of gracious order, late come from the see, In special business from his holiness.

Escal. What news abroad? the world?

Duke. None, but that there is so great fever on goodness, that the dissolution of must cure it: novelty is only in request; a it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind course, as it is virtuous to be constant in a undertaking. There is scarce truth enough alive, to make societies secure; but security enough, to make fellowships accur'd: much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world. This news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, sir, of what disposition was the duke?

Escal. One, that, above all other strif contented especially to know himself.

Duke. What pleasure was he given to?

Escal. Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than merry at any thing which profess'd to make him rejoice: a gentleman all temperance. But leave we him to events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous; and let me desire to know how you Claudio prepared. I am made to understand that you have lent him visitation.

Duke. He professes to have received no sister measure from his judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the determination of justice: yet had he framed to himself, by instruction of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life; which I, by my good felism have discredited to him, and now is he resolv'd to die.

Escal. You have paid the heavens your function, and the prisoner the very debt your calling. I have labour'd for the poor gentleman, to the extremest shore of my modesty; but my brother justice have I found severe, that he hath forced me to tell him, it is indeed—justice.

Duke. If his own life answer the straits of his proceeding, it shall become him well

* Stated

† Opponent.

‡ Have a watch.

§ Strongman

|| Satisfaction.

¶ 2

wherein, if he chance to fail, he hath sentenced himself.

Escal. I am going to visit the prisoner : Fare you well.

Duke. Peace be with you!

[*Exeunt Escalus and Provost.*]

He, who the sword of heaven will bear,
Should be as holy as severe;
Pattern in himself to know,
Grace to stand, and virtue go;
More nor less to others paying,
Than by self-offences weighing.
Shame to him, whose cruel striking
Kills for faults of his own liking!

Twice treble shame on Angelo,
To weed my vice, and let his grow!
O, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side!
How may likeness, made in crimes,
Making practices on the times,
Draw with idle spiders' strings
Most pond'rous and substantial things!
Craft against vice I must apply:
With Angelo to-night shall lie
His old betrothed, but despis'd;
So disguise shall, by the disguis'd,
Pay with falsehood false exacting,
And perform an old contracting.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

A Room in Mariana's House.

MARIANA discovered sitting: a Boy singing.

SONG.

Take, oh take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn:
But my kisses bring again,
bring again,
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain,
seal'd in vain.

Mari. Break off thy song, and haste thee quick away;

Upon the heavy middle of the night.

Duke. But shall you on your knowledge find this way?

Isab. I have ta'en a due and wary way
With whispering and most guilty diligence
In action all of precept, he did show me
The way twice o'er.

Duke. Are there no other tokens
Between you 'greed, concerning her offence?

Isab. No, none; but only a repair
And that I have possess'd him, my most
Can be but brief: for I have made him know
I have a servant comes with me along,
That stays upon me: whose persuasion is

Duke. It is not my consent, let my entreaty too.
Isab. Little have you to say, When you depart from him, but, soft and remember now my brother.
Mar. Fear me not.
Duke. Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not. He is your husband on a pre-contract: [at all: To bring you thus together, 'tis no sin; So that the justice of your title to him Deth flourish! the deceit. Come, let us go; Our corn's to reap, for yet our tithe's to sow. *[Exit.*

SCENE II. A Room in the Prison.

Enter Provost and Claudio.

Prov. Come hither, sirrah: Can you cut off a man's head?
Clo. If the man be a bachelor, sir, I can: but if he be a married man, he is his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's head.
Prov. Come, sir, leave me your snatches, and yield me a direct answer. To-morrow morning are to die Claudio and Barnardine: Here is our prison a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper: if you will bid it on you to assist him, it shall redeem you from your gyves; if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment, and your deliverance with an unpitied whipping; for you have been a notorious bawd.
Clo. Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd, time out of mind: but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman. I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow partner.
Prov. What ho, Abhorson! Where's Abhorson, there?

Enter ABHORSON.

Abhor. Do you call, sir?
Prov. Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you to-morrow in your execution: if you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you; if not, use him for the present, and dismiss him: He cannot plead his estimation with you; he hath been a bawd.
Abhor. A bawd, sir? Fye upon him, he will discredit our mystery!
Prov. Go to, sir; you weigh equally; a feather will turn the scale. *[Exit.*
Clo. Pray, sir, by your good favour, (for, surely, sir, a good favour you have, but that you have a hanging look,) do you call, sir, your occupation a mystery?

Abhor. Ay, sir; a mystery.
Clo. Painting, sir, I have heard say, is a mystery; and your whores, sir, being members of my occupation, using painting, do prove my occupation a mystery; but what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hang'd, I cannot imagine.

Abhor. Sir, it is a mystery.
Clo. Proof.
Abhor. Every true man's apparel fits your thief: If it be too little for your thief, your

true man thinks it big enough; if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough: so every true man's apparel fits your thief.
Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Are you agreed?
Clo. Sir, I will serve him; for I do find your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd; he doth oftener ask forgiveness.
Prov. You, sirrah, provide your block and your axe, to-morrow four o'clock.
Abhor. Come on, bawd; I will instruct thee in my trade; follow.
Clo. I do desire to learn, sir; and, I hope if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me a rare fit: for, truly, sir, for your kindness, I owe you a good turn.

Prov. Call hither Barnardine and Claudio.
[Exit Claudio and Abhorson.]
 One has my pity; not a jot the other, Being a murderer, though he were my brother.

Enter CLAUDIO.
 Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death:
 'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow Thou must be made immortal. Where's Barnardine?

Claud. As fast lock'd up in sleep, as guil When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones. He will not wake.

Prov. Who can do good on him Well, go, prepare yourself. But hark, what noise?
[Knocking within.]
 Heaven give your spirits comfort!

[Exit CLAUDIO.]
 By and by:—
 I hope it is some pardon, or reprieve, For the most gentle Claudio.—Welcome, father.
Enter DUKE.

Duke. The best and wholesomest spirits the night
 Envelop you, good Provost! Who call

Prov. None, since the curfew rung.
Duke. Not Isabe
Prov. No.
Duke. They will then, ere't be long.

Prov. What comfort is for Claudio?
Duke. There's some in hope.

Prov. It is a bitter deputy.
Duke. Not so, not so; his life is parallel'd Even with the stroke and line of his gre He doth with holy abstinence subdue [justice That in him is, which he spurs on his power To qualify in others: were he meal'd With that which he corrects, then were I tyrannous; [come.

But this being so, he's just.—Now are the
[Knocking within.]—Provost goes on
 This is a gentle provost: Seldom, when
 The steeld gailer is the friend of men.—

How now? What noise? That spirit's possess'd with haste, [stroke That wounds the unsisting postern with the Provost returns, speaking to one at the door

Prov. There he must stay, until the officer Arise to let him in; he is call'd up.

* Black. † Glaz, or varnish over. ‡ Tilth, land prepared for sowing. § Fetters. ¶ Tra
 Commodance. Ready. Moderate. Deal

Duke. Have you no countermand for Claudio yet,
But he must die to-morrow?

Prov. None, sir, none.

Duke. As near the dawning, Provost, as it is,
You shall hear more ere morning.

Prov. Happily*,
You something know; yet, I believe, there comes

No countermand; no such example have we;
Besides, upon the very siege of justice,
Lord Angelo hath to the public ear
Profess'd the contrary.

Enter a Messenger.

Duke. This is his lordship's man.

Prov. And here comes Claudio's pardon.

Mess. My lord hath sent you this note;
and by me (his further charge, that you swerve
not from the smallest article of it, neither in
time, matter, or other circumstance. Good
morrow; for, as I take it, it is almost day.

Prov. I shall obey him. [*Exit Messenger.*]

Duke. This is his pardon; purchas'd by
such sin, [*Aside.*]

For which the pardoner himself is in:
Hence hath offence his quick celerity,
When it is borne in high authority:

When vice makes mercy, mercy's so extended,
That for the fault's love, is the offender
Now, sir, what news? [*friended.—*]

Prov. I told you: Lord Angelo, belike,
thinking me remiss in mine office, awakens
me with this unwonted putting on: methinks,
steeply, for he hath put me to the proof.

present, or to come; insensible of mortality
and desperately mortal.

Duke. He wants advice.

Prov. He will hear none: he hath ever
more had the liberty of the prison; give him
leave to escape hence, he would not: draw
many times a day, if not many days entire
drunk. We have very often awaked him,
if to carry him to execution, and show'd him
a seeming warrant for it: it hath not moved
him at all.

Duke. More of him anon. There is writte
in your brow, Provost, honesty and con-
stancy: if I read it not truly, my ancient
skill beguiles me; but, in the boldness of my
cunning, I will lay myself in hazard. Claudio,
whom here you have a warrant to execute,
no greater forfeit to the law than Angelo who
hath sentenced him: To make you under-
stand this in a manifested effect, I crave but
four days' respite; for the which you are
to do me both a present and a dangerous
courtesy.

Prov. Pray, sir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Prov. Alack! how may I do it? having
the hour limited; and an express command
under penalty, to deliver his head in the
view of Angelo? I may make my case
Claudio's, to cross this in the smallest.

Duke. By the vow of mine order, I war-
rant you, if my instructions may be your
guide. Let this Barnardine be this morn-
ing executed, and his head brought to Angelo.

that Angelo knows not: for he this very day receives letters of strange tenor; perchance, of the duke's death; perchance, entering into some monastery; but, by chance, nothing of that is writ. Look, the unfolding star calls to the shepherd: Put not yourself into amazement, how these things should be; all difficulties are but easy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head: I will give him a present shirt, and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amazed; but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away; it is almost clear dawn. *[Exit.]*

SCENE III. Another Room in the same.
Enter Clown.

Cl. I am as well acquainted here, as I was to our house of profession: one would think, I were mistress Overdone's own house, for here be many of her old customers. First, here's young master Rash; he's in for a commodity of brown paper and old ginger, ninepence and seventeen pounds; of which he made five marks, ready money: marry, then, ginger was not much in request, for the old women were all dead. Then is there here master Caper, at the suit of master Three-foes the mercer, for some four suits of peach-colour'd satin, which now peaches him a legar. Then have we here young Diny, and young master Deep-vow, and master Copper-spur, and master Starve-lackey the cipher and dagger-man, and young Drop-heir the kill'd Insty Padding, and master Forthright the tilter, and brave master Shog-tie the great traveller, and wild Half-can that nibb'd Pots, and, I think, forty more; all pedlars in our trade, and are now for the lord's sake.

Enter ABHORSON.

Abhor. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

Cl. Master Barnardine! you must rise and be hang'd, master Barnardine!

Abhor. What, ho, Barnardine!

Barnar. *[Within.]* A pox o' your throats! Who makes that noise there? What are you?

Cl. Your friends, sir; the hangman: You must be so good, sir, to rise and be put to death.

Barnar. *[Within.]* Away, you rogue, away; I am sleepy.

Abhor. Tell him, he must awake, and that quickly too.

Cl. Pray, master Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

Abhor. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Cl. He is coming, sir, he is coming; I hear his straw rustle.

Enter BARNARDINE.

Abhor. Is the axe upon the block, sirrah?

Cl. Very ready, sir.

Barnar. Now now, Abhorson? what's the news with you?

Abhor. Truly, sir, I would desire you to dip into your prayers; for, look you, the warrant's come.

Barnar. You rogue, I have been drinking all night, I am not fitt'd for't.

Cl. O, the better, sir; for he that dries all night, and is hang'd betimes in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day.

Enter DUKE.

Abhor. Look you, sir, here comes your ghostly father; Do we jest now, think you?

Duke. Sir, indeed by my charity, a hearing how hastily you are to depart, I come to advise you, comfort you, and pray with you.

Barnar. Friar, not I; I have been drunk hard all night, and I will have more time prepare me, or they shall beat out my brain with billets: I will not consent to die to-day, that's certain.

Duke. O, sir, you must: and therefore beseech you,

Look forward on the journey you shall go.

Barnar. I swear, I will not die to-day, if any man's persuasion.

Duke. But hear you,—

Barnar. Not a word; if you have a thing to say to me, come to my ward; I thence will not I to-day. *[Exit.]*

Enter Provost.

Duke. Unfit to live, or die! O, gravel heart! After him, fellows; bring him to the block.

[Exit ABHORSON and CLOWN.]

Prov. Now, sir, how do you find the prison?

Duke. A creature unprepar'd, unmeet to And, to transport him in the mind he is, *[deaf]* Were damnable.

Prov. Here in the prison, father.

There died this morning of a cruel fever One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate,

A man of Claudio's years; his beard, and hue Just of his colour: What if we do omit

This reprobate, till he were well inclined; And satisfy the deputy with the visage

Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio? *[Exit.]*

Duke. O, 'tis an accident that heaven p

Despatch it presently: the hour draws on Prepar'd by Angelo: See, this he done,

And sent according to command; whiles I Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die

Prov. This shall be done, good fath presently.

But Barnardine must die this afternoon:

And how shall we continue Claudio, To save me from the danger that might con

If he were known alive? *[Exit.]*

Duke. Let this be done;—Put them in sec Both Barnardine and Claudio: Ere twice

The sun hath made his journal greeting to The under generation*, you shall find

Your safety manifested.

Prov. I am your free dependant.

Duke. Quick, despat

And send the head to Angelo. *[Exit Prov.]*

Now will I write letters to Angelo,—*[Exit]* The provost, he shall bear them,—whose c

Shall witness to him, I am near at home; And that, by great injunctions, I am bound

To enter publicly: him I'll desire To meet me at the consecrated fount,

A league below the city; and from thence

By cold gradation and weal-balanced form,
We shall proceed with Angelo.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Here is the head; I'll carry it myself.

Duke. Convenient is it: Make a swift return;
For I would commune with you of such things,
That want no ear but yours.

Prov. I'll make all speed. *[Exit.*

Isab. [Within.] Peace, ho, be here! *[know,*

Duke. The tongue of Isabel:—She's come to
If yet her brother's pardon be come hither:
But I will keep her ignorant of her good,
To make her heavenly comforts of despair,
When it is least expected.

Enter ISABELLA.

Isab. Ho, by your leave. *[cious daughter.*

Duke. Good morning to you, fair and gra-

Isab. The better, given me by so holy a man.
Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon?

Duke. He hath releas'd him, Isabel, from the
His head is off, and sent to Angelo. *[world;*

Isab. Nay, but it is not so.

Duke. It is no other:

Show your wisdom, daughter, in your close
patience. *[eyes.*

Isab. O, I will to him, and pluck out his

Duke. You shall not be admitted to his sight.

Isab. Unhappy Claudio! Wretched Isabel!
Injurious world! Most damned Angelo! *[jot:*

Duke. This nor hurts him, nor profits you a
Forbear it therefore; give your cause to heaven.
Mark what I say; which you shall find
By every syllable, a faithful verity:

must be patient: I am fai
with water and bran; I d
fill my belly; one fruitful
to't: But they say the duk
morrow. By my troth,
brother: If the old fantas
corners had been at home,

Duke. Sir, the duke i
beholden to your reports;
lives not in them.

Lucio. Friar, thou kno
so well as I do: he's a be
thou takest him for.

Duke. Well, you'll an
Fare ye well.

Lucio. Nay, tarry; I'll
I can tell thee pretty tales

Duke. You have told us
already, sir, if they be true
were enough.

Lucio. I was once befor
wench with child.

Duke. Did you such a t

Lucio. Yes, marry, did
foraswear it; they would ch
to the rotten medlar.

Duke. Sir, your comp
honest: Rest you well.

Lucio. By my troth, I'
the lane's end: If bawdy
we'll have very little of it
a kind of burr, I shall stic

authority bears a credent? Well,
 another scandal once can teach,
 demands the brother's. He should
 as by'd, [sense,
 his riotous youth, with dangerous
 sometimes to come, have fix'd a revenge,
 giving a dishonour'd life, [had liv'd]
 some of such shame. 'Would yet he
 had once our grace we have forgot,
 gone right; we would, and we would
 L. [Exit.

E. V. Fields without the Town.
SEN in his own habit, and Friar
PETER.

These letters at fit time deliver me.
 [Giving letters.
 not knows our purpose, and our plot,
 or being shot, keep your instruction,
 I you ever to our special drift;
 sometimes you do blanch; from this
 that, [house,
 both minister. Go, call at Flavius'
 him where I stay: give the like notice,
 mine, Rowland, and to Cesario,
 then bring the trumpets to the gate;
 me Flavius first.
 ter. It shall be speeded well.
 [Exit Friar.

Enter VARRIUS.
Duke. I thank thee, Varrus; thou hast
 made good haste: [friends
 Come, we will walk: There's other of our
 Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varrus.
 [Exeunt.

SCENE VI. Street near the City Gate.

Enter ISABELLA and MARIANA.

Isab. To speak so indirectly, I am loath;
 I would say the truth; but to accuse him so,
 That is your part; yet I'm advis'd to do it;
 He says, to veil fail's purpose.

Mari. Be rul'd by him. [Here
Isab. Besides, he tells me, that, if peradventure
 He speak against me on the adverse side,
 I should not think it strange; for 'tis a physic,
 That's bitter to sweet end.

Mari. I would, friar Peter—
Isab. O, peace; the friar is come.

Enter Friar PETER.
F. Peter. Come, I have found you out a
 stand most fit, [duke,
 Where you may have such vantage; on the
 He shall not pass you; Twice have the trum-
 pets sounded;
 The generous and gravest citizens
 Have beat the gates, and very near upon
 The duke is entering; therefore hence, away.
 [Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Place near the City Gate.

A. (scilicet,) ISABELLA, and PETER,
Isab. *Isab.* Enter at opposite doors,
 VARRIUS, Lords; ANGELO, ESCA-
 RIO, Provost, Officers, & Citizens.

My very worthy cousin, fairly met:—
and faithful friend, we are glad to see
you. [royal grace]
and Escal. Happy return be to your
 Many and hearty thankings to you
 this.

a made inquiry of you; and we hear
adness of your justice, that our soul
not yield you forth to public thanks,
and more requital.

O, your desert speaks loud; and I
would wrong it,
in the wards of covert bosom,
deserves with characters of brass
endurance, 'gainst the tooth of time,
and of oblivion: Give me your hand
the subject see, to make them know
known countesses would fain proclaim
that keep within.—Come, Escalus;
and walk by us on our other hand;—
and supporters are you.

Isab. and ISABELLA come forward.
ter. Now is your time; speak loud,
 and kneel before him.

Isab. Justice, O, royal duke! Vail't your
 regard

Upon a wrong'd, I'd fain have said, a maid!
 O worthy prince, dishonour not your eye
 By throwing it on any other object,
 Till you have heard me in my true complaint,
 And given me, justice, justice, justice, justice!

Duke. Relate your wrongs: In what? By
 whom? Be brief:

Here is lord Angelo shall give you justice;
 Reveal yourself to him.

Isab. O, worthy duke,
 You bid me seek redemption of the devil:
 Hear me yourself; for that which I must speak
 Must either punish me, not being believ'd,
 Or wring redress from you: hear me, O, hear
 me, here. [firm:

Ang. My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not
 She hath been a sultor to me for her brother,
 Cut off by course of justice.

Isab. By course of justice!
Ang. And she will speak most bitterly, and
 strange. [I speak:

Isab. Most strange, but yet most truly, will
 That Angelo's forsworn; is it not strange?
 That Angelo's a murderer; 'tis not strange?
 That Angelo is an adulterous thief,
 An hypocrite, a virgin-violator;
 Is it not strange, and strange?

Duke. Nay, ten times strange.
Isab. It is not truer he is Angelo,
 Than this is all as true as it is strange:

a. Credit unquestionable.

f. Advantages. . . A Most noble.

! Utterer. . . ! Start off.

as. Belov'd.

§ Available.

†† Lower.

Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth
To the end of reckoning.

Duke. Away with her:—Poor soul,
She speaks this in the infirmity of sense.

Isab. O prince, I conjure thee, as thou
believ'st

There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madness: make not
impossible

That which but seems unlike: 'tis not impos-
sible, [sible,
But one, the wicked'st caltiff on the ground,
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute,
As Angelo; even so may Angelo,

In all his dressings* characts, titles, forms,
Be an arch-villain: believe it, royal prince,
If he be less, he's nothing; but he's more,
Had I more name for badness.

Duke. By mine honesty,
If she be mad, (as I believe no other,)
Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,
Such a dependency of thing on thing,
As e'er I heard in madness.

Isab. O, gracious duke,
Harp not on that; nor do not banish reason
For inequality: but let your reason serve
To make the truth appear, where it seems hid;
And hide the false, seems true.

Duke. Many that are not mad,
Have, sure, more lack of reason.—What
would you say?

Isab. I am the sister of one Claudio,
Condemn'd upon the act of fornication
To lose his head; condemn'd by Angelo

(For this was of much length,) the vile ci-
clusion

I now begin with grief and shame to utter:
He would not, but by gift of my chaste bed
To his concupiscible intemperate lust, [me
Release my brother; and, after much debate
My sisterly remorse; confutes mine honour
And I did yield to him: But the next mo-
ment

His purpose surfeiting, he sends a warrant
For my poor brother's head.

Duke. This is most like

Isab. O, that it were as like, as it is true

Duke. By heaven, fond wretch, thou
know'st not what thou speak'st;

Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour
In hateful practice: First, his integrity
Stands without blemish:—next, it imports
reason,

That with such vehemency he should pursue
Faults proper to himself: if he had so offend
He would have weigh'd thy brother by him
And not have cut him off: Some one hath
you on;

Confess the truth, and say by whose advice
Thou cam'st here to complain.

Isab. And is this

Then, oh, you blessed ministers above,
Keep me in patience; and, with ripen'd tongue
Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up
In countenance!—Heaven shield your grace
from woe,

As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbelieved go!

Peter. I know him for a man divine and curvy, nor a temporary meddler, [holy; 's reported by this gentleman; on my trust, a man that never yet as he vouches, misreport your grace.

Isa. My lord, most villainously; believe it. [clear himself;

Peter. Well, he in time may come to d this instant he is sick, my lord, strange fever: Upon his mere request, he come to knowledge that there was complaint

ad 'gainst lord Angelo,) came I hither, pak, as from his mouth, what he doth know we, and false; and what he with his oath, all probation, will make up full clear, soever he's convented t. First, for this justify this worthy nobleman, (woman; vulgarly; and personally accus'd,) shall you hear disproved to her eyes, she herself confess it.

Isa. Good friar, let's hear it.

[*ISABELLA is carried off, guarded; and MARIANA comes forward.*

you not smile at this lord Angelo?—aven't the vanity of wretched fools!—as some scats.—Come, cousin Angelo; in I'll be impartial; be you judge our own cause.—Is this the witness, friar? let her show her face; and, after, speak. *Pardon, my lord; I will not show my husband bid me.* [my face, *Isa.* What, are you married?

Isa. No, my lord.

Isa. Are you a maid?

Isa. No, my lord.

Isa. A widow then?

Isa. Neither, my lord.

Isa. Why, you nothing then:—Neither maid, widow, nor wife!

Isa. My lord, she may be a punk; for y of them are neither maid, widow, nor [some cause

Isa. Silence that fellow: I would, he had rattle for himself.

Isa. Well, my lord. [married;

Isa. My lord, I do confess I ne'er was, I countess, besides, I am no maid: ve known my husband; yet my husband ever he knew me. [knows not,

Isa. He was drunk then, my lord; it cau better.

Isa. For the benefit of silence, 'would wert so too.

Isa. Well, my lord.

Isa. This is no witness for lord Angelo.

Isa. Now I come to't, my lord:

that accuses him of fornication,

the same manner doth accuse my husband;

I charges him, my lord, with such a time,

as I'll depose I had him in mine arms,

is all the effect of love.

Isa. Charges she more than me?

Isa. Not that I know.

Duke. No? you say, your husband.

Mari. Why, just, my lord, and that is Angelo, Who thinks, he knows, that he ne'er knew my body.

But knows, he thinks, that he knows Isabel's.

Ang. This is a strange abuse i:—Let's see thy face. [unmask. (*Unceiling.*

Mari. My husband bids me; now I will This is that face, thou cruel Angelo, [ing on: Which, once thou swor'st, was worth the look— This is the hand, which, with a vow'd contract, Was fast belock'd in thine: this is the body That took away the match from Isabel, And did supply thee at thy garden-house, In her imagined person.

Duke. Know you this woman?

Lucio. Carnally, she says.

Duke. Sirrah, no more.

Lucio. Enough, my lord. [woman;

Ang. My lord, I must confess, I know this And, five years since, there was some speech of marriage

Between myself and her; which was broke off, Partly, for that her promised proportions Came short of composition; but, in chief, For that her reputation was devalued

In levity: since which time of five years, I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard Upon my faith and honour. [from her,

Mari. Noble prince, As there comes light from heaven, and words from breath,

As there is sense in truth, and truth in virtue, I am affianc'd this man's wife, as strongly

As words could make up vows: and, my good lord, [house,

But Tuesday night last gone, in his garden— He knew me as a wife: As this is true

Let me in safety raise me from my knees; Or else for ever be confix'd here,

A marble monument!

Ang. I did but smile till now: Now, good my lord, give me the scope of justice;

My patience here is touch'd: I do perceive, These poor informal women are no more

But instruments of some more mightier member,

That sets them on: Let me have way, my lord, To find this practice out.

Duke. Ay, with my heart; And punish them unto your height of pleasure.— Thou foolish friar; and thou pernicious woman,

Compact with her that's gone! think'st thou, thy oaths, [saint,

Though they would swear down each particular Were testimonies against his worth and credit,

That's seal'd in approbation?—You, lord Escalus,

Sit with my consin; lend him your kind pains To find out this abuse, whence 'tis deriv'd.—

There is another friar that set them on; Let him be sent for. [he, indeed,

F. Peter. Would he were here, my lord; for Hath set the women on to this complaint:

* Simple. † Convicted.
‡ Her fortune fell short.

‡ Publicly. § Deception.
¶ Crazy. ** Conspiracy.

Your provost knows the place where he abides,
And he may fetch him.

Duke. Go, do it instantly.—[*Exit Provost.*
And you, my noble and well warranted cousin,
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth *,
Be with your injuries as seems you best,
In any chastisement: I for a while [well
Will leave you; but stir not you, till you have
Determined upon these slanderers.

Escal. My lord, we'll do it thoroughly.—
[*Exit Duke.*—Signior Lucio, did not you say,
you knew that friar Lodowick to be a dis-
honest person?

Lucio. *Cucullus non facit monachum:*
honest in nothing, but in his clothes; and one
that hath spoke most villanous speeches of
the duke.

Escal. We shall entreat you to abide here
till he come, and enforce them against him:
we shall find this friar a notable fellow.

Lucio. As any in Vienna, on my word.

Escal. Call that same Isabel here once
again; [To an Attendant.] I would speak
with her: Pray you, my lord, give me leave
to question; you shall see how I'll handle her.

Lucio. Not better than he, by her own
report.

Escal. Say you?

Lucio. Marry, sir, I think, if you handled
her privately, she would sooner confess; per-
chance, publicly she'll be ashamed.

*Re-enter Officers, with ISABELLA; the DUKE,
in the Friar's habit, and Provost.*

Escal. I will go quickly to work with her.

Is't not enough, thou hast suborn'd th
women

To accuse this worthy man; but, in soul too
And in the witness of his proper ear,
To call him villain? [him]

And then to glance from him to the d
To tax him with injustice?—Take him hen
To the rack with him:—We'll touze you jo
by joint, [ju]

But we will know this purpose:—What?

Duke. Be not so hot; the duke
Dare no more stretch this finger of mine, th
Dare rack his own; his subject am I not,
Nor here provincial: My business in this
Made me a looker on here in Vienna,
Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble
Till it o'er-run the stew: laws, for all faults
But faults so countenanc'd, that the strong a
tutes

Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,
As much in mock as mark.

Escal. Slander to the state! Away with
to prison.

Ang. What can you vouch against him,
nor Lucio?

Is this the man that you did tell us of?

Lucio. 'Tis he, my lord. Come him
goodman bald-pate: Do you know me?

Duke. I remember you, sir, by the se
of your voice: I met you at the prison, in
absence of the duke.

Lucio. O, did you so? And do you re
ber what you said of the duke?

Duke. Most notably, sir.

Heak not away, sir; [To Lucio.] for the friar and you

But have a word anon:—lay hold on him.

Lucio. This may prove worse than hanging.

Duke. What you have spoke, I pardon; sit you down.— [To Escalus.

We'll borrow place of him:—Sir, by your leave:— [To Angelo.

But then or word, or wit, or impudence,

But yet can do thee office? If thou hast,

Rely upon it till my tale be heard, And hold no longer out.

Ang. O, my dread lord, I should be guiltier than my guiltiness,

To think I can be undiscernable, [divine,

When I perceive, your grace, like power

Which look'd upon my passet: Then, good

No longer censure hold upon my shame, [prince,

But let my trial be mine own confession;

Immediate sentence then, and sequent death,

Is all the grace I beg.

Duke. Come, hither, Mariana:—

Say, wast thou e'er contracted to this woman?

Ang. I was, my lord. [Instantly.—

Duke. Go take her hence, and marry her

Do you the office, friar; which consummate,

Return him here again:—Go with him, Provost.

[Exit ANGELO, MARIANA, PETER,

and Provost.

Isabel. My lord, I am more amaz'd at his

Than at the strangeness of it. [dishonour,

Duke. Come hither, Isabel:

Your friar is now your prince: As I was then

Adorning; and holy to your business,

But changing heart with habit, I am still

Answer'd at your service.

Isabel. O, give me pardon,

That I, your vassal, have employ'd and pain'd

Your unknown sovereignty.

Duke. You are pardon'd, Isabel:

And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.

Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart;

And you may marvel, why I obscur'd myself,

Labouring to save his life; and would not rather

Make rash remembrance of my hidden power,

Than for him so be lost: O, most kind maid,

Know the swift celerity of his death,

Which I did think with slower foot came on,

That would'st my purpose: But, peace be with

That life is better life, past fearing death [him;

That that which lives to fear: make it your

So happy to your brother. [comfort,

Re-enter ANGELO, MARIANA, PETER,

and Provost.

Isabel. I do, my lord.

Duke. For this new married man, approach-

ing here,

What art imagination yet hath wrong'd

Your well-defended honour, you must pardon

Me Mariana's sake: but as he adjudg'd your

Giving criminal, in double violation [brother,

Of sacred chastity, and of promise breach,

Heaven dependant, for your brother's life,)
 In very mercy of the law cries out

Not audible, even from his proper tongue,

As Angelo for Claudio, death for death.

Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure; [Measure.

Like doth quit like, and Measure still for

Then Angelo, thy fault's thus manifested;

Which though thou wouldst deny, denies thee

vantage: We do condemn thee to the very block

Where Claudio stoop'd to death, and with

Away with him. [like haste:—

Mari. O, my most gracious lord,

I hope you will not mock me with a husband!

Duke. It is your husband mock'd you with

a husband: Consenting to the safeguard of your honour,

I thought your marriage fit; else imputation,

For that he knew you, might reproach your life,

And choke your good to come: for his pos-

sessions, Although by confiscation they are ours,

We do instate and widow you withal,

To buy you a better husband.

Mari. O, my dear lord,

I crave no other, nor no better man.

Duke. Never crave him; we are definitive.

Mari. Gentle, my liege.— [Kneeling.

Duke. You do but lose your labour;

Away with him to death—Now, sir, [To

Lucio.] to you. [take my part:

Mari. O, my good lord!—Sweet Isabel,

Lend me your knees, and all my life to come

I'll lend you, all my life to do you service.

Duke. Against all sense you do importune her:

Should she kneel down, in mercy of this fact,

Her brother's ghost his pained bed would break,

And take her hence in horror.

Mari. Isabel,

Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me;

Hold up your hands, say nothing, I'll speak all.

They say, best men are moul'ded out of faults;

And, for the most, become much more the better

For being a little bad; so may my husband.

O, Isabel! will you not lend a knee?

Duke. He dies for Claudio's death.

Isabel. Most bonnetous sir, [Kneeling.

Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,

As if my brother liv'd: I partly think,

A due sincerity govern'd his deeds,

Till he did look on me; since it is so,

Let him not die: My brother had but justice,

In that he did the thing for which he died:

For Angelo,

His act did not o'er-take his bad intent;

And must be buried but as an intent [jects;

That perish'd by the way: thoughts are no sub-

Intents but merely thoughts.

Mari. Merely, my lord. [say.—

Duke. Your suit's unprofitable; stand up, I

I have bethought me of another fault:—

Provost, how came it, Claudio was beheaded

At an unusual hour?

Prov. It was commanded so.

Duke. Had you a special warrant for the

deed? [message.

Prov. No, my good lord; it was by private

Duke. For which I do discharge you of

Give up your keys. [your office

* Service. † Devices. ‡ Following.

§ Attentive. ¶ Angelo's own tongue.

Prov. Pardon me, noble lord :
I thought it was a fault, but knew it not ;
Yet did repent me, after more advice :
For testimony whereof, one in the prison
That should by private order else have died,
I have reserv'd alive.

Duke. What's he ?

Prov. His name is Barnardine.
Duke. I would thou hadst done so by Claudio.
Go, fetch him hither ; let me look upon him.

[*Exit Provost.*]

Escal. I am sorry, one so learned and so wise,
As you, lord Angelo, have still appear'd,
Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood,
And lack of temper'd judgment afterward.

Ang. I am sorry, that such sorrow I procure :
And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart,
That I crave death more willingly than mercy ;
Tis my deserving, and I do entreat it.

*Re-enter Provost, BARNARDINE, CLAUDIO,
and JULIET.*

Duke. Which is that Barnardine ?

Prov. This, my lord.

Duke. There was a friar told me of this man :—
Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul,
That apprehends no further than this world,
And squar'st thy life according. Thou'rt con-

demn'd ;
But, for those earthly faults, I quit them all ;
And pray thee, take this mercy to provide
For better times to come :—Friar, advise him ;
I leave him to your hand.—What muffled
fellow's that ?

I find an apt remission in myself :
And yet here's one in place I cannot
You, sirrah, [*To Lucio.*] that know'st
fool, a coward, an ass, a mad
One all of luxury ; an ass, a mad
Wherein have I so deserved of y
That you extol me thus ?

Lucio. Faith, my lord, I spok
cording to the trick : If you w
for it, you may, but I had rath
please you, I might be whipp'd.

Duke. Whipp'd first, sir, and ha
Proclaim it, provost, round about
If any woman's wrong'd by this
(As I have heard him swear himself
Whom he begot with child,) let h
And he shall marry her : the nigh
Let him be whipp'd and hang'd.

Lucio. I beseech your highness,
ry me to a whore ! Your highne
now, I made you a duke ; good
not recompense me, in making m

Duke. Upon mine honour, thou
Thy slanders I forgive ; and there
Remit thy other forfeits :—Take hi
And see our pleasure herein exec

Lucio. Marrying a punk, my l
ing to death, whipping, and hang

Duke. Stand'ring a princee des
She, Claudio, that you wrong'd,
store.—

Joy to you, Mariana !—love her,
I have confess'd her, and I know

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Persons represented.

Don PEDRO, Prince of Arragon.	DOGBERRY, } two foolish officers.
Don JOHN, his bastard brother.	VERGES, }
CLAUDIO, a young lord of Florence, favourable to Don Pedro.	A SEXTON.
BENEDICK, a young lord of Padua, favourable likewise of Don Pedro.	A PRIAR.
MESSINA, governor of Messina.	A BOY.
ANTONIO, his brother.	HERO, daughter to Leonato.
ULTRAHAM, servant to Don Pedro.	BEATRICE, niece to Leonato.
BRACHIO, } followers of Don John.	MARGARET, } gentlewomen attending
HERMAN, }	URSULA, } Hero.

Messengers, Watch, and Attendants.

Scene,—Messina.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Before Leonato's House.

Enter LEONATO, HERO, BEATRICE, and others, with a Messenger.

Leon. I learn in this letter that Don Pedro of Arragon comes this night to Messina.

Mess. He is very near by this; he was not long off when I left him.

Leon. How many gentlemen have you lost in this action?

Mess. But few of any sort*, and none of name.

Leon. A victory is twice itself, when the conqueror brings home full numbers. I find here, that Don Pedro hath bestowed much honour on a young Florentine, called Claudio.

Mess. Much deserved on his part, and equally remembered by Don Pedro: He hath done himself beyond the promise of his age;

being, in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a lion: he hath, indeed, better bettered expectation, than you must expect of me to tell you here.

Leon. He hath an uncle here in Messina who will be very much glad of it.

Mess. I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him; even so much, that joy could not show itself modest enough, without a badge of bitterness.

Leon. Did he break out into tears?

Mess. In great measure†.

Leon. A kind overflow of kindness: There is no face truer than those that are so washed.

Mess. How much better is it to weep at joy, than at weeping!

Leon. I pray you, is signior Montanto slain from the wars, or no?

Mess. I know none of that name, lady: there was none such in the army of any sort.

Leon. What is he that you ask for, niece?

Hero. My cousin means signior Benedick of Padua.

Mess. O, he is returned; and as pleasant as ever he was.

Beat. He set up his bills here in Messina and challenged Cupid at the flight: and my uncle's fool, reading the challenge, subscribed for Cupid, and challenged him at the bird-bolt.—I pray you, how many hath he killed and eaten in these wars? But how many hath he killed? for, indeed, I promised to eat all of his killing.

Leon. Faith, niece, you tax signior Benedick too much; but he'll be meet; with you I doubt it not.

Mess. He hath done good service, lady, in these wars.

Beat. You had musty victual, and he hath holp to eat it: he is a very valiant trencher-man, he hath an excellent stomach.

Mess. And a good soldier too, lady.

Beat. And a good soldier to a lady;—But what is he to a lord?

Mess. A lord to a lord, a man to a man; stuffed with all honourable virtues.

Beat. It is so, indeed; he is no less than a stuffed man: but for the stuffing,—Well, we are all mortal.

Leon. You must not, sir, mistake my niece: there is a kind of merry war betwixt signior Benedick and her: they never meet but there is a skirmish of wit between them.

Beat. Alas, he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict, four of his five wits were

* Kind. † Abundance. ‡ At long lengths. § Even. ¶ A cuckold.

halting off, and now is the whole man governed with one: so that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him wear it for a difference between himself and his horse: for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reasonable creature.—Who is his companion now? He hath every month a new sworn brother.

Mess. Is it possible?

Beat. Very easily possible: he wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat, it ever changes with the next block*.

Mess. I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books.

Beat. No: an he were, I would burn my study. But, I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young squarer† now, that will make a voyage with him to the devil?

Mess. He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.

Beat. O Lord! he will hang upon him like a disease: he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God help the noble Claudio! if he have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pound ere he be cured.

Mess. I will hold friends with you, lady.

Beat. Do, good friend.

Leon. You will never run mad, niece.

Beat. No, not till a hot January.

Mess. Don Pedro is approached.

Enter Don PEDRO, attended by BALTHAZAR, and others, Don JOHN, CLAUDIO,

Bene. Then is courtesy a turn-c it is certain, I am loved of all la you excepted: and I would I coul my heart that I had not a hard l truly, I love none.

Beat. A dear happiness to wor would else have been troubled wit cious suitor. I thank God, and blood, I am of your humour for th rather hear my dog bark at a cro man swear he loves me.

Bene. God keep your ladyship s mind! so some gentleman or other s a predestinate scratched face.

Beat. Scratching could not mak an 'twere such a face as yours wer

Bene. Well, you are a rare parro

Beat. A bird of my tongue, is be beast of yours.

Bene. I would; my horse had th your tongue; and so good a conti keep your way o' God's name; I ha

Beat. You always end with a ja I know you of old.

D. Pedro. This is the sum of all: I signior Claudio, and signior Bene dear friend Leonato hath invited y tell him, we shall stay here at t month; and he heartily prays, som may detain us longer: I dare swei hypocrite, but prays from his heart

Leon. If you swear, my lord, yo be forsworn.—Let me bid you we

to the contrary, if there would be
it come to this, I faith to: Hath not
one man, but he will wear his cap
four? Shall I never see a bachelor
re again? Go to, Faith; as thou
thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear
it, and sigh away Sundays. Look,
is returned to seek you.

Re-enter Don Pedro.

ro. What secret hath held you
on followed not to Leonato's?
would, your grace would constrain

ro. I charge thee on thy allegiance.
on hear, Count Claudio: I can be
dumb man, I would have you
not on my allegiance,—mark you
alliance:—He is in love. With
that is your grace's part.—Mark,
his answer is:—With Hero,
short daughter.

If this were so, so were it uttered.
the old tale, my lord: It is not
as not so; but, indeed, God forbid
so.

If my passion change not shortly,
it should be otherwise.

ro. Anen, if you love her; for the
y well worthy.

You speak this to fetch me in, my

ro. By my truth, I speak my thought.
and, in faith, my lord, I spoke mine.
and, by my two faiths and truths,
I spoke mine.

That I love her, I feel.

ro. That she is worthy, I know.

That I neither feel how she should

D. Pedro. Well, if ever thou dost fall from
this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a
cat, and shoot at me; and he that hits me,
let him be clapped on the shoulder, and called
Adams.

D. Pedro. Well, as time shall try:
In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke.

Bene. The savage bull may; but if ever
the sensible Benedick bear it, pluck off the
bull's horns, and set them in my forehead:
and let me be vilely painted; and in such
great letters as they write, *Here is good horse
to hire*, let them signify under my sign,—
*Here you may see Benedick the married
man.*

Claud. If this should ever happen, thou
wouldest be horn-mad.

D. Pedro. Nay, if Cupid have not spent
all his quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for
this shortly.

Bene. I look for an earthquake too then.

D. Pedro. Well, you will temporize with
the hours. In the mean time, good signior
Benedick, repair to Leonato's; commend
me to him, and tell him, I will not fall him
at supper; for, indeed, he hath made great
preparation.

Bene. I have almost matter enough in me
for such an embassy; and so I commit you—

Claud. To the tuition of God: From my
house, (if I had it,)—

D. Pedro. The sixth of July: Your loving
friend, Benedick.

Bene. Nay, mock not, mock not: The
body of your discourse is sometime guarded
with fragments, and the guards are but slightly
basted on neither: ere you flout old ends any
further, examine your conscience; and so I

But now I am return'd, and that war-thoughts
Have left their places vacant, in their rooms
Come thronging soft and delicate desires,
All prompting me how fair young Hero is,
Saying, I lik'd her ere I went to wars.

D. Pedro. Thou wilt be like a lover presently,
And tire the hearer with a book of words:
If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it;
And I will break with her, and with her father,
And thou shalt have her: Was't not to this end,
That thou began'st to twist so fine a story?

Claud. How sweetly do you minister to love,
That know love's grief by his complexion!
But lest my liking might too sudden seem,
I would have sav'd it with a longer treatise.

D. Pedro. What need the bridge much
broader than the flood?

The fairest grant is the necessity: [lov'st;
Look, what will serve, is fit: 'tis once*, thou
And I will fit thee with the remedy.

I know, we shall have reveling to-night;
I will assume thy part in some disguise,
And tell fair Hero I am Claudio;
And in her bosom I'll enclasp my heart,
And take her hearing prisoner with the force
And strong encounter of my amorous tale:
Then, after, to her father will I break;
And, the conclusion is, she shall be thine:
In practice let us put it presently. [Exit.

SCENE II. A Room in Leonato's House.

Enter LEONATO and ANTONIO.

SCENE III. Another Room. House.

Enter DON JOHN and

Con. What the conjurer, m
you thus out of measure sad?

D. John. There is no mea
sion that breeds it, therefore
without limit.

Con. You should hear reas
D. John. And when I hav
blessing briugeth it?

Con. If not a present reme
sufferance.

D. John. I wonder, that
thou say'st thou art) born and
about to apply a moral medi
fying mischief. I cannot hi
must be sad when I have ca
no man's jests; eat when I h
wait for no man's leisure; i
drowsy, and tend to no man's
when I am merry, and claw
humour.

Con. Yea, but you must ne
show of this till you may de
trolment. You have of late
your brother, and he hath t
into his grace; where it is
should take true root, but by
that you make yourself: it
you frame the season for you

erry, on Hero, the daughter and
ato.

A very forward March chick!
you to this!

ing entertained for a performer, as
ng a musty room, comes me the
Claudio, hand in hand, in sad.*

I whipt me behind the arras;
ard it agreed upon, that the prince
Hero for himself, and having ob-
give her to count Claudio.

Come, come, let us thither; this

may prove food to my displeasure: that young
start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow;
if I can cross him any way, I bless myself
every way: You are both sure, and will as-
sist me!

Con. To the death, my lord.

D. John. Let us to the great supper; their
cheer is the greater, that I am subdued:
'Would the cook were of my mind!—Shall we
go prove what's to be done?

Bora. We'll wait upon your lordship.

{*Exeunt.*}

ACT II.

A Hall in Leonato's House.

ONATO, ANTONIO, HERO, BEA-
TRICE, and others.

as not count John here at supper?
w him not.

ow tartly that gentleman looks! I
ee him, but I am heart-burned an

e is of a very melancholy disposi-

le were an excellent man, that were
in the mid-way between him and
the one is too like an image, and
ng; and the other, too like my la-
son, evermore tattling;

hen half signior Benedick's tongue
ohn's mouth, and half count John's
y in signior Benedick's face,—

With a good leg, and a good foot,
money enough in his purse, such a
d win any woman in the world,—if

let her good will.

By my troth, niece, thou wilt never
husband, if thou be so shrewd of

e.

a faith, she is too curst.

Too curst is more than curst: I shall
d's sending that way: for it is said,

Is a curst cow short horns; but to
curst he sends none.

So, by being too curst, God will
no horns.

Just, if he send me no husband; for
a blessing, I am at him upon my

try morning and evening: Lord! I
endure a husband with a beard on

I had rather lie in the woollen.

You may fight upon a husband, that
beard.

What should I do with him? dress
ly apparel, and make him my waiting

man? He that hath a beard, is more
out; and he that hath no beard, is

a man; and he that is more than a
not for me; and he that is less than

I am not for him. Therefore I will
sixpence in earnest of the bear-herd,

his apes into hell.

Leo. Well then, go you into hell?

Beat. No; but to the gate; and there will
the devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with
horns on his head, and say, *Get you to heaven,*
Beatrice, get you to heaven; here's no
place for you maids: so deliver I up my
apes, and away to Saint Peter for the hea-
vens; he shows me where the bachelors sit,
and there live we as merry as the day is long.

Ant. Well, niece, [To Hero.] I trust, you
will be ruled by your father.

Beat. Yes, faith; it is my cousin's duty to
make courtesy, and say, *Father, as it please*
you—but yet for all that, cousin, let him be
a handsome fellow, or else make another
courtesy, and say, *Father, as it please me.*

Leon. Well, niece, I hope to see you one
day fitted with a husband.

Beat. Not till God make men of some
other metal than earth. Would it not grieve
a woman to be over-mastered with a piece of
valiant dust? to make an account of her life
to a clod of wayward mar! No, uncle, I'll
none: Adam's sons are my brethren; and
truly, I hold it a sin to match in my kin-
dred.

Leon. Daughter, remember, what I told
you: if the prince do solicit you in that kind,
you know your answer.

Beat. The fault will be in the music, cou-
sin, if you be not woo'd in good time: If the
prince be too important, tell him, there is
measure in every thing, and so dance out the
answer. For hear me, Hero; Wooing, wed-
ding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a mea-
sure, and a cinque-pace: the first suit is hot
and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fan-
tastical; the wedding, mannerly-modest, as a
measure full of state and anticentry; and then
comes repentance, and, with his bad legs,
falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster, till
he sink into his grave.

Leon. Cousin, you apprehend passing
shrewdly.

Beat. I have a good eye, uncle; I can see
a church by day-light.

Leon. The revellers are entering; brother,
make good room.

Enter Don PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, BALTHAZAR; Don JOHN, BORACHIO, MARGARET, URSULA, and others, masked.

D. Pedro. Lady, will you walk about with your friend *?

Hera. So you walk softly, and look sweetly, and say nothing; I am yours for the walk; and, especially, when I walk away.

D. Pedro. With me in your company?

Hera. I may say so, when I please.

D. Pedro. And when please you to say so?

Hera. When I like your favour; for God defend it, the lute should be like the case!

D. Pedro. My visor is Philemon's roof; within the house is Jove.

Hera. Why, then your visor should be thatch'd.

D. Pedro. Speak low, if you speak love.

[Takes her aside.]

Bene. Well, I would you did like me.

Marg. So would not I, for your own sake; for I have many ill qualities.

Bene. Which is one?

Marg. I say my prayers aloud.

Bene. I love you the better; the hearers may cry, Amen.

Marg. God match me with a good dancer!

Balth. Amen.

Marg. And God keep him out of my sight, when the dance is done!—Answer, clerk.

Balth. No more words; the clerk is answered.

light in him; and the commendation of his wit, but in his villany; for he both deceiveth men, and angers them, and then turns at him, and beats him: I am sure, he is a fleet; I would he had boarded me.

Bene. When I know the gentleman, tell him what you say.

Beat. Do, do: he'll but break a corner or two on me; which, peradventure, marked, or not laughed at, strikes him melancholy; and then there's a partridge saved, for the fool will eat no supper tonight *[Music within.]* We must follow leaders.

Bene. In every good thing.

Beat. Nay, if they lead to any ill, leave them at the next turning.

[Dance. Then exeunt all but Don PEDRO, BORACHIO, and CLAUDIO.]

D. John. Sure, my brother is angry with me, and hath withdrawn her father from me; with him about it. The ladies follow me, but one visor remains.

Bora. And that is Claudio: I know him by his bearing.

D. John. Are not you signior Bene?

Claud. You know me well; I am he.

D. John. Signior, you are very dear to my brother in his love: he is enamoured of you, I pray you, dissuade him from her, as equal for his birth: you may do the part of an honest man in it.

Claud. How know you he loves her?

they sell bullocks. But did you since would have served you thus? pray you, leave me.

Now you strike like the blind boy that stole your meat, and he post.

It will not be, I'll leave you.

[Exit.]
As, poor hurt fowl! Now will he edges. — But, that my lady Beatrice know me, and not know me! fool! — Ha! it may be, I go away because I am merry. — Yea; but to do myself wrong: I am not it is the base, the bitter disposition, that puts the world into her; so gives me out. Well, I'll be I may.

Don PEDRO, HERO, and LEONATO.

Now, signior, where's the you see him?

Oh, my lord, I have played the Fame. I found him here as in a lodge in a warren; I told him, I told him true, that your grace / good will of this young lady; and him my company to a willow to make him a garland, as being to bind him up a rod, as being whipped.

To be whipped! What's his

is flat transgression of a school- being overjoy'd with finding a shows it his companion, and he

Wilt thou make a trust a transgression is in the stealer. It had not been amiss, the rod side, and the garland too; for the might have worn himself; and the it have bestow'd on you, who, as we stolen his bird's nest.

I will but teach them to sing, then to the owner, their singing answer your saying, you say honestly.

The lady Beatrice hath a quarrel the gentleman, that danced with her, she is much wronged by you. she misused me past the endurance; an oak, but with one green could have answered her; my very to assume life, and scold with old me, not thinking I had been I was the prince's jester; that I then a great thaw; budding just with such impossible conveyance, but I stood like a man at a mark, the army shooting at me: She lards, and every word stabs: If were as terrible as her terminations were no living near her, she to the north star. I would not

marry her, though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgressed: she would have made Hercules have turned spit; yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her; you shall find her the infernal Atreus in good apparel. I would to God, some scholar would conjure her; for, certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell, as in a sanctuary; and people sin upon purpose, because they would go thither; so, indeed, all disquiet, horror, and perturbation follow her.

Re-enter CLAUDIO and BEATRICE.

D. Pedro. Look, here she comes.

Bene. Will your grace command me any service to the world's end? I will go on the slightest errand now to the Antipodes, that you can devise to send me on; I will fetch you a toothpicker now from the farthest inch of Asia; bring you the length of Prester John's foot; fetch you a hair off the great Cham's beard; do you any embassy to the Pigmies, rather than hold three words' conference with this harpy: You have no employment for me?

D. Pedro. None, but to desire your good company.

Bene. O God, sir, here's a dish I love not; I cannot endure my lady Tongue. [Exit.]

D. Pedro. Come, lady, come; you have lost the heart of signior Benedick.

Beat. Indeed, my lord, he lent it me awhile; and I gave him use; for it, a double heart for his single one: marry, once before, he won it of me with false dice, therefore your grace may well say, I have lost it.

D. Pedro. You have put him down, lady, you have put him down.

Beat. So I would not he should do me, my lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools. I have brought count Claudio, whom you sent me to seek.

D. Pedro. Why, how now, count? wherefore are you sad?

Claud. Not sad, my lord.

D. Pedro. How then? Sick?

Claud. Neither, my lord.

Beat. The count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well; but civil, count; civil as an orange, and something of that jealous complexion.

D. Pedro. Faith, lady, I think your blazon to be true; though, I'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is false. Here, Claudio, I have wooed in thy name, and fair Hero is won; I have broke with her father, and his good will obtained: name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy!

Leon. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his grace hath made the match, and all grace say Amen to it!

Beat. Speak, count, 'tis your cue.

Claud. Silence is the perfectest herald of joy: I were but little happy, if I could say how much. — Lady, as you are mine, I am

• Incredible.

• The Goddess of Discord.

• Interest.

• Turn: a phrase among the players.

yours : I give away myself for you, and dote upon the exchange.

Beat. Speak, cousin; or, if you cannot, stop his mouth with a kiss, and let him not speak, neither.

D. Pedro. In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.

Beat. Yea, my lord; I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care :—My cousin tells him in his ear, that he is in her heart.

Claud. And so she doth, cousin.

Beat. Good lord, for alliance!—Thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am sunburned; I may sit in a corner, and cry, heigh-ho! for a husband.

D. Pedro. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather have one of your father's getting: Hath your grace ne'er a brother like you? Your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

D. Pedro. Will you have me, lady?

Beat. No, my lord, unless I might have another for working-days: your grace is too costly to wear every day:—But, I beseech your grace, pardon me: I was born to speak all mirth, and no matter.

D. Pedro. Your silence most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you; for, out of question, you were born in a merry hour.

Beat. No, sure, my lord, my mother cry'd; but then there was a star danced, and under that was I born.—Cousins, God give you joy!

labours; which is, to bring signior Benedict and the lady Beatrice into a mountain section, the one with the other. I tain have it a match; and I doubt no fashion it, if you three will but minis assistance as I shall give you direction.

Leon. My lord, I am for you, it cost me ten nights' watchings.

Claud. And I, my lord.

D. Pedro. And you too, gentle Hero. I will do any meanest office, to help my cousin to a good husband.

D. Pedro. And Benedick is not a hopefulest husband that I know: I can I praise him; he is of a noble of approved valour; and confirmed I will teach you how to humour your that she shall fall in love with Benedick and I, with your two helps, will set on Benedick, that, in despite of his qu and his queasy stomach, he shall fall with Beatrice. If we can do this, I no longer an archer; his glory shall for we are the only love-gods. Come, and I will tell you my drift. {1

SCENE II.

Another Room in Leonato's House

Enter Don JOHN and BONAPE

D. John. It is so; the count Claudio marry the daughter of Leonato.

Bona. Yea, my lord; but I can ere

D. John. Any bar, any cross, any ment will be medicinable to me: I am

made this match; and his friend's who is thus like to be cozened of the substance of a maid,—that you have done. They will scarcely believe it; but offer them instances; which no less likelihood, than to see me after window; hear me call Margaret; hear Margaret term me Balthazar; then to see this, the very night be- wedded wedding: for, in the mean time, go fashion the matter, that Hero sent; and there shall appear such truth of Hero's disloyalty, that jealousy's assurance, and all the pre- judgments.

Know that;—but I would have it in private: He coming in the night, and thy fee is a thousand ducats. In your constant in the accusation, wrong shall not shame me. I will presently go learn their stage. [Exit.

RE III. Leonato's Garden.

Mr BENEDICK and a Boy.

Boy.—

My chamber-window has a book; her to me in the orchard. am here already, sir.

Know that;—but I would have, and here again. [Exit Boy.]—I wonder, that one man, seeing how her man is a fool when he dedicates vows to love, will, after he hath such shallow follies in others, be- segment of his own scorn, by fall- ing. And such a man is Claudio. I know, when there was no music with a drum and fife; and now had he the taber and the pipe; I have seen he would have walked ten miles in a good armour; and now will he be awake, carving the fashion of a suit. He was wont to speak plain, purpose, like an honest man, and now is he turn'd orithographer; set a very fantastical banquet, just trange dishes. May I be so con- sidered with these eyes? I cannot see that: I will not be sworn, but transform me to an oyster; but I'll stick on it, till he have made an oys- ter shall never make me such a fool. He is fair; yet I am well: another yet I am well: another virtuous; well: but till all graces be in one man woman shall not come in my thought shall be, that's certain; wise, in; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her. I'll never look on her; mild, or sour me; noble, or not I for an good discourse, an excellent mind her hair shall be of what colour it is. Hail the prince and monsieur Love! I am in the harbour. [Whistrous.

Enter DON PEDRO, LEONATO, & CLAUDIO.

D. Pedro. Come, shall we hear this music?

Claud. Yea, my good lord:—How still the evening is,

As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony!

D. Pedro. See you where Benedick hath hid himself?

Claud. O, very well, my lord: the music ended, We'll fit the kid-fox* with a penny-worth.

Enter BALTHAZAR, with music.

D. Pedro. Come, Balthazar, we'll hear that song again. [voice

Balth. O good my lord, tax not so bad a To slander music any more than once.

D. Pedro. It is the witness still of excellency, To put a strange face on his own perfection:— I pray thee, sing, and let me woo no more.

Balth. Because you talk of wooing, I will sing: Since many a wooer doth commence his suit To her he thinks not worthy; yet he woos: Yet will he swear, he loves.

D. Pedro. Nay, pray thee, come: Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument, Do it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes, There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting. [that he speaks;

D. Pedro. Why these are very crotchets: Note, notes, forsooth, and noting! [Music.

Bene. Now, *Divine air!* now is his soul ravished!—Is it not strange, that sheep's guts should hale souls out of men's bodies?—Well, a horn for my money, when all's done.

BALTHAZAR sings.

Balth. *Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea, and one on shore;
To one thing constant never:
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny;
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into, Hey nonny, nonny.
Sing no more ditties, sing no mo'
Of dumps so dull and heavy;
The fraud of men was e'er so,
Since summer first was leary.
Then sigh not so, &c.*

D. Pedro. By my troth, a good song.

Balth. And an ill singer, my lord.

D. Pedro. Ha! no; no, faith; thou singest well enough for a shift.

Bene. [Aside.] And he had been a dog, that should have howled thus, they would have hanged him: and, I pray God, his bad voice bode no mischief! I had as lief have heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it.

D. Pedro. Yea, marry; [To CLAUDIO.]—Dost thou hear, Balthazar? I pray thee, get us some excellent music; for to-morrow night we would have it at the lady Hero's chamber-window.

Balth. The best I can, my lord.

D. Pedro. Do so: farewell. [Exit Balth.

* Young or cub-fox.

† Longer.

THAZAR and music.] Come hither, Leonato: What was it you told me of to-day? that your niece Beatrice was in love with signior Benedick?

Claud. O, ay:—Stalk on, stalk on; the fowl sits. [*Aside to PEDRO.*] I did never think that lady would have loved any man.

Leon. No, nor I neither; but most wonderful, that she should so dote on signior Benedick, whom she hath in all outward behaviours seemed ever to abhor.

Bene. Is't possible? Sits the wind in that corner?

[*Aside.*

Leon. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it; but that she loves him with an enraged affection,—it is past the infinite of thought*.

D. Pedro. May be, she doth but counterfeit.

Claud. 'Faith, like enough.

Leon. O God! counterfeit! There never was counterfeit of passion came so near the life of passion, as she discovers it.

D. Pedro. Why, what effects of passion shows she?

Claud. Bait the hook well; this fish will bite.

[*Aside.*

Leon. What effects, my lord! She will sit you,—You heard my daughter tell you how.

Claud. She did, indeed.

D. Pedro. How, how, I pray you? You amaze me: I would have thought her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection.

Leon. I would have sworn it had, my lord; especially against Benedick.

weeps, sobs, beats her heart, tears her prayers, curses;—*O sweet Benedick! give me patience!*

Leon. She doth indeed; my daughter so; and the ecstasy hath so much over her, that my daughter is sometime afraid will do a desperate outrage to herself very true.

D. Pedro. It were good, that Benedick of it by some other, if she will not discover it.

Claud. To what end? He would but sport of it, and torment the poor lady.

D. Pedro. An he should it were a to hang him! She's an excellent sweet and, out of all suspicion, she is virtuous.

Claud. And she is exceeding wise.

D. Pedro. In every thing, but in Benedick.

Leon. O my lord, wisdom and blood bating in so tender a body, we have test to one, that blood hath the victory. I am sorry for her, as I have just cause, be uncle and her guardian.

D. Pedro. I would she had bestowed dotage on me; I would have daff'd a respects, and made her half myself: I will tell Benedick of it, and hear what he will.

Leon. Were it good, think you?

Claud. Hero thinks surely, she will; she says, she will die if he love her; no she will die ere she makes her love known she will die if he woo her, rather than bate one breath of her accustomed cry.

D. Pedro. She doth well; if she

nine himself, to see how much
y so good a lady.

ed, will you walk dinner already.
he do not dote on her upon this,
not my expectation. (*Aside.*)

Let there be the same not spread
that must your daughter and her
carry. The sport will be, when
an opinion of another's dote,
matter; that's the scene that I
ish will be merely a dumb show.
re call him in to dinner. (*Aside.*)

¶ *Enter* PANDRO, CLAUDIO, & LEONATO.
advances from the arbour.

can be no trick: The confer-
y-borne.—They have the truth
Here. They seem to pity the
s, her affections have their fell
not why, it must be requited.
am censured: they say, I will
readily, if I perceive the love
r; they say, too, that she will
give any sign of affection.—
ink to marry:—I must not seem
py are they that hear their de-
can put them to mending. They
is fair: 'tis a truth, I can bear
and virtuous:—'tis so, I cannot
ad wise, but for loving me:—
it is no addition to her wit:—
argument of her folly, for I will
love with her.—I may chance
id quirks and remnants of wit

broken on me, because I have railed so long
against marriage:—But doth not the appetite
alter? A man loves the meat in his youth,
that he cannot endure in his age: Shall quips,
and sentences, and those paper bullets of the
brain, awe a man from the career of his hu-
mour? No: the world must be peopled.
When I said, I would die a bachelor, I did
not think I should live till I were married.—
Here comes Beatrice: By this day, she's a fair
lady: I do spy some marks of love in her.

¶ *Enter* BEATRICE.

Beat. Against my will, I am sent to bid
you come in to dinner.

Bene. Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your
pains.

Beat. I took no more pains for those thanks,
than you take pains to thank me; if it had
been painful, I would not have come.

Bene. You take pleasure in the message?

Beat. Yes, just so much as you may take
upon a knife's point, and choke a daw withal:
You have no stomach, signior; sure you will.

[*Exit.*]

Bene. Ha! *Against my will I am sent
to bid you come to dinner*—there's a double
meaning in that. *I took no more pains for
those thanks, than you took pains to thank
me*—that's as much as to say, Any pains that
I take for you is as easy as thanks:—If I do
not take pity of her, I am a villain; if I do
not love her, I am a Jew: I will go get her
picture. [*Exit.*]

ACT III.

¶ *Enter* L. Leonato's Garden.

¶ *Enter* MARGARET, and URSULA.

¶ Margaret, run thee into the par-
son and my cousin Beatrice [our;
with the Prince and Claudio:
ear, and tell her, I and Ursula
orchard, and our whole discourse
say, that thou overheard'st us;
steal into the pleached bower,
peaches, ripen'd by the sun,
is to enter:—like favourites,
yprinces, that advance their pride
lower that bred it:—there will she
er,

r propose: This is thy office,
dill in it, and leave us alone.

make her come, I warrant you,
dy. [*Exit.*]

¶ Ursula, when Beatrice doth come,
see this alley up and down,
it only be of Benedick:
name him, let it be thy part
more than ever man did merit:
her must be, how Benedick
re with Beatrice: Of this matter
he's crafty arrow made,
sounds by hearsay. Now begin;

readily carried on.

¶ *Discouraging.*

¶ *Enter* BEATRICE, behind.

For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs
Close by the ground, to hear our conference.

¶ Urs. The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish
Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait:
So angle we for Beatrice; who even now
Is couched in the woodbine coverture:

Fear you not my part of the dialogue. [nothing
¶ Hero. Then go we near her, that her ear lose
Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it.—

[*They advance to the bower.*]

No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful;
I know her spirits are as coy and wild
As haggards of the rock;—

¶ Urs. But are you sure,
That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely?

¶ Hero. So says the prince, and my new-
trothed lord. [*madam!*]

¶ Urs. And did they bid you tell her of it,
¶ Hero. They did entreat me to acquaint her
of it:

But I persuaded them, if they lov'd Benedick,
To wish him wrestle with affection,
And never to let Beatrice know of it. [*man*]

¶ Urs. Why did you so? Doth not the gentle-
Deserve as full, as fortunate a bed,
As ever Beatrice shall couch upon?

¶ A species of hawk.

Hero. O God of love! I know, he doth de-
As much as may be yielded to a man: [serve
But nature never fram'd a woman's heart.
Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice:
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Misprising * what they look on; and her wit
Values itself so highly, that to her
All matter else seems weak: she cannot love,
Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
She is so self-endear'd.

Urs. Sure, I think so;
And therefore, certainly, it were not good
She knew his love, lest she make sport at it.

Hero. Why you speak truth: I never yet
saw man, [turd,
How wise, how noble, young, how rarely fea-
But she would spell him backward: if fair-faced,
She'd swear, the gentleman should be her sister;
If black, why, nature, drawing of an antic,
Made a foul blot: if tall, a lance ill-headed;
If low, an agate very vilely cut:
If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds:
If silent, why a block moved with none.
So turns she every man the wrong side out;
And never gives to truth and virtue, that
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

Urs. Sure, sure, such carping is not com-
mendable. [fashious,

Hero. No: not to be so odd, and from all
As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable:
But who dare tell her so? If I should speak,
She'd mock me into air; O, she would laugh me
Out of myself, press me to death with wit.
Therefore let Benedick live, so would I.

BEATRICE advances.

Beat. What fire is in mine ears
be true?

Stand I condemn'd for pride and
Contempt, farewell! and maiden p

No glory lives behind the back:
And, Benedick, love on, I will re

Taming my wild heart to thy lov
If thou dost love, my kindness shall

To bind our loves up in a holy
For others say, thou dost deserve;

Believe it better than reportingly.

SCENE II. A Room in Leonat

Enter Don PEDRO, CLAUDIO, I
and LEONATO.

D. Pedro. I do but stay till you
be consummate, and then I go towar

Claud. I'll bring you thither, a
you'll vouchsafe me.

D. Pedro. Nay, that would be
soil in the new gloss of your mari
show a child his new coat, and for
wear it. I will only be bold with
for his company; for, from the cr
head to the sole of his foot, he is
he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's
and the little hangman dare not sh
he hath a heart as sound as a be
tongue is the clapper; for what
thinks, his tongue speaks.

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I b

Leon. So say I; methinks, you

Claud. I hope she has in love

Indeed, he looks younger than he is loss of a beard.

Bro. Nay, he rubs himself with civet: smell him out by that?

Bro. That's as much as to say, The sweet a love.

Bro. The greatest note of it is his sly.

Bro. And when was he wont to wash his

Bro. Yes, or to paint himself? for the hear what they say of him.

Bro. Nay, but his jesting spirit; which crept into a lute-string, and now goes stop.

Bro. Indeed, that tells a heavy tale.

Bro. Conclude, conclude, he is in love.

Bro. Nay, but I know who loves him.

Bro. That would I know too; I war: that knows him not.

Bro. Yes, and his ill conditions; and, in of all, dies for him.

Bro. She shall be buried with her sards.

Bro. Yet is this no charm for the tooth-ld signior, walk aside with me: I died eight or nine wise words to speak rich these hobby-horses must not hear.

[*Exeunt BLENDICK and LEONATO.*]

Bro. For my life, to break with him estrice.

Bro. 'Tis even so: Hero and Margaret this played their parts with Beatrice; and the two bears will not bite one another they meet.

Enter Don JOHN.

Bro. My lord and brother, God save

Bro. Good den, brother.

Bro. If your leisure served, I would with you.

Bro. In private?

Bro. If it please you;—yet count may hear; for what I would speak seems him.

Bro. What's the matter?

Bro. Means your lordship to be mar-morrow?

[*To CLAUDIO.*]

Bro. You know, he does.

Bro. I know not that, when he knows know.

Bro. If there be any impediment, I pray sever it.

Bro. You may think, I love you not; appear hereafter, and aim better at me t I now will manifest: For my brother, t he holds you well; and in dearness t he hath help to effect your ensuing marriage, and ill spent, and labour ill ed?

Bro. Why, what's the matter?

Bro. I came hither to tell you; and, stances shortened, (for she hath been g a talking off,) the lady is disloyal.

Bro. What! Hero?

Bro. Even she; *Leonato's Hero, your every man's Hero.*

Bro. Disloyal?

Bro. The word is too good to paint out her wickedness; I could say, she were worse; think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not till further warrant: go but with me to-night, you shall see her chamber-window entered; even the night before her wedding-day: If you love her then, to-morrow wed her; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.

Bro. May this be so?

Bro. I will not think it.

Bro. If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know: If you will follow me, I will show you enough; and when you have seen more, and heard more, proceed accordingly.

Bro. If I see any thing to-night why I should not marry her to-morrow; in the congregation, where I should wed, there will I shame her.

Bro. And, as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.

Bro. I will disfigure her no farther, till you are my witnesses: bear it coldly but till midnight, and let the issue show itself.

Bro. O day untowardly turned!

Bro. O mischief stringently thwarting!

Bro. O plague right well prevented! So will you say, when you have seen the sequel. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. A Street.

Enter DOGBERRY and VERGES, with the Watch.

Dogb. Are you good men and true?

Verg. Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

Dogb. Nay, that were a punish ment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the prince's watch.

Verg. Well, give them their charge, neighbour Dogberry.

Dogb. First, who think you the most desartless man to be constable?

1 Watch. Hugh Oatcake, sir, or George Seacoal; for they can write and read.

Dogb. Come hither, neighbour Seacoal.—God hath blessed you with a good name: to be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by nature.

2 Watch. Both which, master constable,—

Dogb. You have; I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favour, sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most scuseless and fit man for the constable of the watch; therefore bear you the lantern: This is your charge; You shall comprehend all vagrom men; you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.

2 Watch. How if he will not stand?

Dogb. Why then, take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

Ferg. If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.

Dogb. True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince's subjects:—You shall also make no noise in the streets; for, for the watch to babble and talk, is most tolerable and not to be endured.

2 Watch. We will rather sleep than talk; we know what belongs to a watch.

Dogb. Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman; for I cannot see how sleeping should offend: only, have a care that your bills* be not stolen:—Well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid those that are drunk get them to bed.

2 Watch. How if they will not?

Dogb. Why then, let them alone till they are sober; if they make you not then the better answer, you may say, they are not the men you took them for.

2 Watch. Well, sir.

Dogb. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man: and, for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

2 Watch. If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

Dogb. Truly, by your office, you may; but, I think, they that touch pitch will be defiled: the most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is, to let him show himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

let us go sit here upon the chair two, and then all to bed.

Dogb. One word more, honest I pray you, watch about signal door; for the wedding being there there is a great coil to-night: Adiant, I beseech you.

[*Exit* DOGBERRY and

Enter BORACHIO and CONRADO.]

Bora. What! Conrade,—

Watch. Peace, stir not.

Bora. Conrade, I say!

Con. Here, man, I am at thy elbow.

Bora. Mass, and my elbow thought, there would a scab follow.

Con. I will owe thee an answer and now forward with thy tale.

Bora. Stand thee close then in house, for it drizzles rain; and I true drunkard, utter all to thee.

Watch. [*Aside.*] Some treasure yet stand close.

Bora. Therefore know, I have Don John a thousand ducats.

Con. Is it possible that any will be so dear?

Bora. Thou shouldst rather ask possible any villany should be when rich villains have need: poor ones may make what price.

Con. I wonder at it.

Bora. That shows, thou art not. Thou knowest, that the fashion

thousand darts good night.—I tell this lady.—I should not tell thee, how the Claudio, and my master, plotted; and, and possessed by my master, Dost thou stir off in the orchard this available day.

And thought they, Margaret was Hero? No. Two of them did, the Prince and so; but the devil my master knew she was not; and partly by his oaths, which first set them, partly by the dark night, did deceive them, but chiefly by my, which did confirm any slander that she had made, away went Claudio on; swore he would meet her as he was, next morning at the temple, and before the whole congregation, shame it that he saw over night, and send me again without a husband.

Enter. We charge you in the prince's stead.

Enter. Call up the right master constable have here recovered the most dangerous flock of leachery that ever was known commonwealth.

Enter. And one Deformed is one of them; to him, he wears a lock.

Enter. Masters, masters.

Enter. You'll be made bring Deformed I warrant you.

Enter. Masters,—

Enter. Never speak: we charge you, let you go to go with us.

Enter. We are like to prove a goodly company, being taken up of these men's bills.

Enter. A commodity in question, I warrant Come, we'll obey you. [Exit.

ACT IV. A Room in Leonato's House.

Enter. HERO, MARGARET, and URSULA.

Enter. Good Ursula, wake my cousin Benedicture her to rise.

Enter. I will lady.

Enter. And bid her come hither.

Enter. Well. [Exit URSULA.]

Enter. Troth, I think, your other rabble's

Enter. No, pray thee, good Mag, I'll wear this.

Enter. By my troth, it's not so good; and

Enter. Your cousin will say so.

Enter. My cousin's a fool, and thou art another. I'll wear none but this.

Enter. I like the new tinct within excellent. If the hair were a thought browner:

Enter. Your gown's a most rare fashion, I faith. Of the duchess of Milan's gown, that they

Enter. O, that exceeds, they say.

Enter. By my troth it's but a night gown in

Enter. Of years: Cloth of gold, and cuts, and

Enter. With silver; set with pearls, down

Enter. With sleeves; and skirts round, under

Enter. With a black tinsel: but for a fine,

Enter. Precious, and excellent fashion, yours,

Enter. With an out.

Enter. Hero. God give me joy to wear it, for my heart is exceeding heavy!

Enter. Marg. 'Twill be heavier soon, by the weight of a man.

Enter. Hero. Fye upon thee! art not ashamed?

Enter. Marg. Of what, lady? of speaking honourably? Is not marriage honourable in a beggar? Is not your lord honourable without marriage? I think, you would have me say, saving your reverence,—a husband; an bad thinking do not wrest true speaking, I'll offend nobody: Is there any harm in—*the Accuser for a husband?* None, I think, as it be the right husband, and the right wife; otherwise 'tis light, and not heavy: Ask my lady Beatrice also, here she comes.

Enter. Enter BEATRICE.

Enter. Hero. Good morrow, coz.

Enter. Beat. Good morrow, sweet Hero.

Enter. Hero. Why, how now! do you speak in the sick time?

Enter. Beat. I am out of all other tune, methinks.

Enter. Marg. Clap us into—*Light o' love*; that goes without burden; do you sing it, and I'll dance it.

Enter. Beat. Yes, *Light o' love*, with your heels!—then if your husband have stables enough, you'll see he shall lack no barns.

Enter. Marg. O illegitimate construction! I scorn that with my heels.

Enter. Beat. 'Tis almost five o'clock, cousin; 'tis time you were ready. By my troth I am exceeding ill!—hey ho!

Enter. Marg. For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?

Enter. Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H & G.

Enter. Marg. Well, an you be not turned Turk, there's no more sailing by the star.

Enter. Beat. What means the fool, trow?

Enter. Marg. Nothing I; but God send every one their heart's desire!

Enter. Hero. These gloves the count sent me, they are an excellent perfume.

Enter. Beat. I am stuffed cousin, I cannot smell.

Enter. Marg. A shald, and stuffed! there's goodly catching of cold.

Enter. Beat. O, God help me! God help me! how long have you profess'd apprehension?

Enter. Marg. Ever since you left it: doth not my wit become me rarely?

Enter. Beat. It is not seen enough, you should wear it in your cap.—By my troth, I am sick.

Enter. Marg. Get you some of this distilled Cardus Benedictus, and lay it to your heart; it is the only thing for a qualm.

Enter. Hero. There thou prick'st her with a thistle.

Enter. Beat. Benedictus! why Benedictus? you have some moral in this Benedictus.

Enter. Marg. Moral! no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning; I meant, plain holy-thistle. You may think, perchance, that I think you are in love: nay, by'r lady, I am not such a fool to think what I list; nor I list not to think what I can; nor, indeed, I cannot think if I would think my heart out of thinking that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love: yet Be-

* A kind of ruff.

† Head-dress.

‡ Long-sleeves.

§ I. e., for an *achter* path.

¶ Hidden meaning.

dick was such another, and now is he become a man: he swore he would never marry; and yet now, in despite of his heart, he eats his meat without grudging: and how you may be converted, I know not; but methinks, you look with your eyes as other women do.

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?

Marg. Not a false gallop.

Re-enter URSULA.

Urs. Madam, withdraw; the prince, the count, signior Benedick, Don John, and all the gallants of the town, are come to fetch you to church.

Hero. Help to dress me, good coz, good Meg, good Ursula. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE V.

Another Room in Leonato's House.

Enter LEONATO, with DOGBERRY and VERGES.

Leon. What would you with me, honest neighbour?

Dogb. Marry, sir, I would have some confidence with you, that decerns you nearly.

Leon. Brief, I pray you; for you see, 'tis a busy time with me.

Dogb. Marry, this it is, sir.

Verg. Yes, in truth it is, sir.

Leon. What is it, my good friends?

Dogb. Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little off the matter: an old man, sir, and his wife

more than 'tis: for I hear as good execution on your worship, as of any man in the land; and though I be but a poor man, I would fain hear it.

Verg. And so am I.

Leon. I would fain know what you have to say.

Verg. Marry, sir, our watch conceiving your worship's presence, have couple of as arrant knaves as any in the land.

Dogb. A good old man, sir; he will sing; as they say, When the age is in, it is out; God help us! it is a world to see. Well said, I'faith, neighbour Verges. God's a good man; an two men and a horse, one must ride behind:—An he will sing, sir: by my troth he is, as every man's bread: but, God is to be worshipped: are not alike; alas, good neighbour!

Leon. Indeed, neighbour, he is short of you.

Dogb. Gifts, that God gives.

Leon. I must leave you.

Dogb. One word, sir: our watch, indeed, comprehended two aspicious men, and we would have them this morning examined before your worship.

Leon. Take their examination and bring it me; I am now in great haste. It may appear unto you.

Dogb. It shall be suffigance.

Leon. Drink some wine ere you go. You well.

Leon. I dare make his answer, none.

Claud. O, what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do! not knowing what they do!

Ben. How now! Interjections! Why, then some be of laughing, as, ha! ha! he!

Claud. Stand thee by, friar:—Father, by your leave!

Will you with free and unconstrained soul Give me this maid, your daughter?

Leon. As freely, son, as God did give her me. [whose worth

Claud. And what have I to give you back, May counterpoise this rich and precious gift.

A. Pedro. Nothing, unless you render her again. [thankfulness.—

Claud. Sweet prince, you learn me noble There, Leonato, take her back again;

Give not this rotten orange to your friend:

She's but the sign and semblance of her honour:—

Behold, how like a maid she blushes here:

O, what authority and show of truth

Can cunning sin cover itself withal!

Commend that blood, as modest evidence,

To witness simple virtue? Would you not swear,

All you that see her, that she were a maid, By these exterior shows? But she is none:

She knows the heat of a luxurious bed:

Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

Leon. What do you mean, my lord?

Claud. Not to be married.

Detest my soul to an approved wanton.

Leon. Dear my lord, if you, in your own proof

Have vanquish'd the resistance of her youth, And made defeat of her virginity,—

Claud. I know what you would say; If I

have known her, You'll say, she did embrace me as a husband, And so extenuate the forehand sin:

No, Leonato, I never tempted her with word too large;

But, as a brother to his sister, show'd her plain sincerity, and comely love.

Hero. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?

Claud. Out on thy seeming! I will write against it:

You seem to me as Dian in her orb; As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown;

But you are more intemperate in your blood Than Venus, or those panper'd animals

That rage in savage sensuality. [so wide!] *Hero.* Is my lord well, that he doth speak

Leon. Sweet prince, why speak not you?

D. Pedro. What should I speak? I shall dishonour'd, that have gone about

To hawk my dear friend to a common stale.

Leon. Are these things spoken? or do I but dream? [things are true.

D. John. Sir, they are spoken, and these

Ben. This looks not like a nuptial.

Hero. True, O God!

Claud. Leonato, stand I here!

Is this the prince? Is this the prince's brother? Is this face Hero's? Are our eyes our own?

Leon. All this is so; But what of this, my lord? [your daughter]

Claud. Let me but move one question And, by that fatherly and kindly power

That you have in her, bid her answer truly.

Leon. I charge thee do so, as thou art my child. [set!

Hero. O God defend me! how am I bidden? What kind of catechizing call you this?

Claud. To make you answer truly to your name. [name]

Hero. Is it not Hero? Who can blot this With any just reproach?

Claud. Marry, that can Hero! Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue.

What man was he talk'd with yon yesternight? [one]

Out at your window, betwixt twelve at Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.

Hero. I talk'd with no man at that hour, my lord. [Leonato]

D. Pedro. Why, then are you no maiden. I am sorry you must hear; Upon mine honour,

Myself, my brother, and this grieved count, Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night

Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window; Who hath, indeed, most like a liberal villain

Confess'd the vile encounters they have had A thousand times in secret.

D. John. Fye, fye! they are Not to be nam'd, my lord, not to be spoke of.

There is not chastity enough in language. Without offence, to utter them: Thus, pretty

lady, I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.

Claud. O Hero! what a Hero hadst thou been,

If half thy outward graces had been plac'd About thy thoughts, and counsels of thy heart

But, rare thee well, most foul, most fair! far well,

Thou pure impiety, and impious purity! For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,

And on my eye-lids shall conjuncture hang, To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,

And never shall it more be gracious.

Leon. Hath no man's dagger here a point for me? [HERO swoon]

Beat. Why, how now, cousin? wherefore sink you down?

D. John. Come, let us go: these things come thus to light,

Smother her spirits up.

[Exit DON PEDRO, DON JOHN, and CLAUDIO.]

Ben. How doth the lady?

Beat. Dead, I think;—help, uncle; Hero! why, Hero!—Uncle!—Signior Ben

dick!—friar!

Leon. O fate, take not away thy heaven! hand!

Death is the fairest cover for her shame,

* Lascivious.

† Licentious.

‡ Too free of tongue.

‡ Remote from the business in hand.

‡ Attractive.

That may be wish'd for.

Beat. How now, cousin Hero?

Friar. Have comfort, lady.

Leon. Dost thou look up?

Friar. Yea; Wherefore should she not?

Leon. Wherefore? Why, doth not every earthly thing

Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny

The story that is printed in her blood?—

Do not live, Hero: do not ope thine eyes:

For did I think thou wouldst not quickly die,

Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,

Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,

Strike at thy life. Griev'd I, I had but one?

Child I for that at fragal nature's frame?!

O, one too much by thee! Why had I one?

Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?

Why had I not, with charitable hand,

Took up a beggar's issue at my gates;

Who smirched thus, and mired with Infamy,

I might have said, *No part of it is mine,*

This shame derives itself from unknown loins? [prais'd,

But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I

And mine that I was proud on; mine so much,

That I myself was to myself not mine,

Valuing of her; why, she—O, she is fallen

Into a pit of ink! that the wide sea

Hath drops too few to wash her clean again;

And salt too little, which may season give

To her foul tainted flesh!

Beat.

She shall be restor'd.

Thou seest, that all the grace that she left,

Is, that she will not add to her damnation

A sin of perjury; she not denies it:

Why seek'st thou then to cover with excuse

That which appears in proper nakedness?

Friar. Lady, what man is he you accus'd of? [know

Hero. They know, that do accuse him

If I know more of any man alive,

Than that which maiden modesty doth

Let all my sins lack mercy!—O my father

Prove you that any man with me conversed

At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight

Maintain'd the change of words with any

Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death!

Friar. There is some strange misprision in the princes. [ho

Bene. Two of them have the very best

And if their wisdoms be misled in this,

The practice of it lives in John the bastard

Whose spirits toil in frame of villanies.

Leon. I know not; If they speak truth of her, [bo

These hands shall tear her; if they wrong

The proudest of them shall well hear of

Time hath not yet so dried this blood of

Nor age so eat up my invention,

Nor fortune made such havock of my

Nor my bad life left me so much of friend

But they shall find, awak'd in such a life

Both strength of limb, and policy of mind

Ability in means, and choice of friends,

To suit your fortunes to the world.

And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,
More moving-delicate, and full of life,
Than the eye and prospect of his soul,
Than when she liv'd indeed:—then shall he
mourn,

(Never love had interest in his liver,)
And wish he had not so accused her;
So, though he thought his accusation true,
Yet this be so, and doubt not but success
Will fashion the event in better shape
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
Build all aim but this be level'd false,
The supposition of the lady's death
Will quench the wonder of her infamy:
And, if it sort not well, you may conceal her
(As best befits her wounded reputation,)
In some reclusive and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.

Bene. Signior Leonato, let the friar advise
you: [love
And though, you know, my inwardness* and
every much unto the prince and Claudio,
Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this
As secretly, and justly, as your soul
Shall wish with your body.

Leon. Bring that I flow in grief,
The smallest twine may lead me.

Friar. 'Tis well consented; presently
away; [cure.—
For to strange sores strangely they strain the
Come, lady, die to live: this wedding day,
Perhaps, but prolong'd; have patience, and
endure.

[*Exeunt Friar, Hero, and Leonato.*]

Bene. Lady Beatrice, have you wept all
this while?

Beat. Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

Bene. I will not desire that.

Beat. You have no reason, I do it freely.

Bene. Surely, I do believe your fair cousin
is wrong'd.

Beat. Ah, how much might the man deserve
death, that would right her!

Bene. Is there any way to show such
kindship?

Beat. A very even way, but no such friend.

Bene. May a man do it?

Beat. It is a man's office, but not yours.

Bene. I do love nothing in the world so
well as you: Is not that strange?

Beat. As strange as the thing I know not:
were as possible for me to say, I loved no-
thing so well as you: but believe me not;
yet I lie not; I confess nothing, nor I
say nothing:—I am sorry for my cousin.

Bene. By my sword, Beatrice, thou lovest me.

Beat. Do not swear by it, and eat it.

Bene. I will swear by it, that you love me;
and I will make him eat it, that says, I love
no you.

Beat. Will you not eat your word?

Bene. With no sauce that can be devised to
it: I protest, I love thee.

Beat. Why then, God forgive me!

Bene. What offence, sweet Beatrice?
Beat. You have staid me in a happy hour;
I was about to protest, I loved you.

Bene. And do it with all thy heart.

Beat. I love you with so much of my
heart, that none is left to protest.

Bene. Come, bid me do any thing for thee.

Beat. Kill Claudio.

Bene. Ha! not for the wide world.

Beat. You kill me to deny it: Farewell.

Bene. Tarry, sweet Beatrice.

Beat. I am gone, though I am here;—
There is no love in you:—Nay, I pray you,
let me go.

Bene. Beatrice,—

Beat. In faith, I will go.

Bene. We'll be friends first.

Beat. You dare easier be friends with me,
than fight with mine enemy.

Bene. Is Claudio thine enemy?

Beat. Is he not approved in the height a
villain, that hath slandered, scorned, disho-
noured my kinswoman?—O, that I were
a man!—What! bear her in hand until
they come to take hands; and then with
public accusation, uncovered slander, unmiti-
gated rancour,—O God, that I were a man!
I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Bene. Hear me, Beatrice;—

Beat. Talk with a man out at a window?—
a proper saying!

Bene. Nay but, Beatrice;—

Beat. Sweet Hero!—she is wronged, she
is slandered, she is undone.

Bene. Beat—

Beat. Princes, and counties? Surely, a
princely testimony, a goodly count-confess:
a sweet gallant, surely! O that I were a man
for his sake! or that I had any friend would
be a man for my sake! But manhood is
melted into courtesies, valour into compli-
ment, and trim ones too: he is now as valiant as
Hercules, that only tells a lie, and swears it:—
I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I
will die a woman with grieving.

Bene. Tarry, good Beatrice: By this hand,
I love thee.

Beat. Use it for my love some other way
than swearing by it.

Bene. Think you in your soul the count
Claudio hath wronged Hero?

Beat. Yea, as sure as I have a thought, or
a soul.

Bene. Enough, I am engaged, I will chal-
lenge him; I will kiss your hand, and so leave
you: By this hand, Claudio shall render me
a dear account: As you hear of me, so think
of me. Go, comfort your cousin; I must say
she is dead; and so, farewell. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE II. A Prison.

*Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, and Sexton in
gowns; and the Watch, with CONRAD
and BORACHIO.*

Dogb. Is our whole dissembly appeared?

* Intimacy. † Delude her with hopes. ‡ Noblemen. § A nobleman made out of my
Ceremony.

Verg. O, a stool and a cushion for the sexton!

Sexton. Which be the malefactors?

Dogb. Marry, that am I and my partner.

Verg. Nay, that's certain; we have the exhibition to examine.

Sexton. But which are the offenders that are to be examined? let them come before master constable.

Dogb. Yea, marry, let them come before me.—What is your name, friend?

Bora. Borachio.

Dogb. Pray write down—Borachio.—Yours, sirrah?

Con. I am a gentleman, sir, and my name is Conrade.

Dogb. Write down—master gentleman Conrade.—Masters, do you serve God?

Con. Bora. Yea, sir, we hope.

Dogb. Write down—that they hope they serve God:—and write God first; for God defend but God should go before such villains!—Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves; and it will go near to be thought so shortly. How answer you for yourselves?

Con. Marry, sir, we say we are none.

Dogb. A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you; but I will go about with him.—Come you hither, sirrah; a word in your ear, sir; I say to you, it is thought you are false knaves.

Bora. Sir, I say to you, we are none.

Dogb. Well, stand aside.—Fore God, they are both in a tale: Have you writ down—

Sexton. What heard you him say else?

2 Watch. Marry, that he had received thousand ducats of Don John, for accusing lady Hero wrongfully.

Dogb. Flat burglary, as ever was committed.

Verg. Yea, by the mass, that it is.

Sexton. What else, fellow?

1 Watch. And that count Claudio mean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

Dogb. O villain! thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption for this.

Sexton. What else?

2 Watch. This is all.

Sexton. And this is more, mastery, you can deny. Prince John is this money secretly stolen away; Hero was in this manner accused, in this very manner refused upon the grief of this, suddenly did Master constable, let these men be brought to Leonato's; I will go back and show him their examination.

Dogb. Come, let them be opinioned.

Verg. Let them be in band*.

Con. Off, coxcomb!

Dogb. God's my life! where's the seal? let him write down—the prince's officer, coxcomb.—Come, bind them:—Thou art a varlet!

Con. Away! you are an ass, you are an ass!

Dogb. Dost thou not suspect my years? Dost thou not suspect my years?—O thou were here to write me down—an ass!

Which they themselves not feel; but, tasting it,
Their counsel turns to passion, which before,
Would give preceptual medicine to rage,
Foster strong madness in a sliken thread,
Charm ache with air, and agony with words:
No; 'tis all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow;
But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency,
To be so moral, when he shall endure
The like himself: therefore give me no counsel:
My griefs cry louder than advertisement.*

Ant. Therein do men from children nothing
differ. [and blood;

Leon. I pray thee, peace: I will be flesh
For there was never yet philosopher,
That could endure the tooth-ach patiently;

However they have writ the style of gods,
And made a pish at chance and sufferance.

Ant. Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself;
Make those, that do offend you, suffer too.

Leon. There thou speak'st reason: nay, I will
My soul doth tell me, Hero is belied; [do so:
And that shall Claudio know, so shall the
prince,

And all of them, that thus dishonour her.

Enter Don PEDRO and CLAUDIO.

Ant. Here comes the prince, and Claudio,

D. Pedro. Good den, good den. [hastily.

Claud. Good day to both of you.

Leon. Hear you, my lords,—

D. Pedro. We have some haste, Leonato.

Leon. Some haste, my lord!—well, fare
you well, my lord:—

Ant. You so hasty now?—well, all is one.

D. Pedro. Nay, do not quarrel with us,
good old man. [reiling,

Ant. If he could right himself with quar-
rels of us would lie low.

Claud. Who wrongs him?

Leon. Marry,

Ant. Thou dost wrong me; thou discombler,
thou:—

Leon. Never lay thy hand upon thy sword,
I fear thee not.

Claud. Marry, beshrew my hand,
It should give your age such cause of fear:

In this, my hand meant nothing to my sword.

Leon. Tush, tush, man, never fear and jest
I speak not like a dotard, nor a fool; [at me:
I speak privilege of age, to brag [do,
What I have done being young, or what would
I were not old: Know, Claudio, to thy head,
Thou hast so wrong'd mine innocent child and
him, thou forc'd to lay my reverence by; [me,
And with gray hairs, and bruise of many days,
To challenge thee to trial of a man.

Leon. Thou hast belied mine innocent child;
My shadow hath gone through and through
her heart,

And she lies haried with her ancestors:
In a tomb where never scandal slept,
See this of here, fram'd by thy villany.

Claud. My villany!

Leon. Thine, Claudio; thine I say.

D. Pedro. You say not right, old man.

Leon. My lord, my lord,

I'll prove it on his body, if he dare;

Despite his nice fence, and his active practice,
His May of youth, and bloom of lustihood.

Claud. Away, I will not have to do with you.

Leon. Canst thou so daff me? Thou hast
kill'd my child;

If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.

Ant. He shall kill two of us, and men indeed;

But that's no matter; let him kill one first:—

Win me and wear me,—let him answer me,—

Come, follow me, boy; come, boy, follow me:

Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foaming fence;

Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

Leon. Brother,—

Ant. Content yourself: God knows, I lov'd
my niece;

And she is dead, slander'd to death by villains;

That dare as well answer a man, indeed,

As I dare take a serpent by the tongue:

Boys, apes, braggarts, Jacks, milkops!—

Leon. Brother Antony,—

Ant. Hold you content; What, man! I
know them, yea, [scruple:

And what they weigh, even to the utmost

Scambling, out-facing, fashion-mong'ring boys,

That lie, and cog, and flout, deprave and slander,

Go anticly, and show outward hideousness,

And speak off half a dozen dangerous words,

How they might hurt their enemies, if they

And this is all. [durst,

Leon. But, brother Antony,—

Ant. Come, 'tis no matter;

Do not you meddle, let me deal in this.

D. Pedro. Gentlemen both, we will not
wake your patience.

My heart is sorry for your daughter's death;

But, on my honour, she was charg'd with
nothing

But what was true, and very full of proof.

Leon. My lord, my lord,—

D. Pedro. I will not hear you.

Leon. No?

Brother, away:—I will be heard;—

Ant. And shall,

Or some of us will smart for it.

[*Exeunt LEONATO and ANTONIO.*

Enter BENEDICK.

D. Pedro. See, see; here comes the man
we went to seek.

Claud. Now, signior! what news!

Benc. Good day, my lord.

D. Pedro. Welcome, signior: You are
almost come to part almost a fray.

Claud. We had like to have had our two
noses snapped off with two old men without
teeth.

D. Pedro. Leonato and his brother: What
think'st thou? Had we fought, I doubt, we
should have been too young for them.

Benc. In a false quarrel there is no true
valour. I came to seek you both.

Claud. We have been up and down to
seek thee; for we are high-proof melancholy,
and would fain have it beaten away: With
thou use thy wit?

Benc. It is in my scabbard; Shall I draw it?

* Admonition.

† Skill in fencing.

‡ Thrusting.

D. Pedro. Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side?

Claud. Never any did so, though very many have been beside their wit.—I will bid thee draw, as we do the minstrels; draw, to pleasure us.

D. Pedro. As I am an honest man, he looks pale :—Art thou sick, or angry?

Claud. What! courage, man! What though care killed a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.

Bene. Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career, an you charge it against me :—I pray you, choose another subject.

Claud. Nay, then give him another staff; this last was broke cross.

D. Pedro. By this light, he changes more and more; I think he be angry indeed.

Claud. If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.

Bene. Shall I speak a word in your ear?

Claud. God bless me from a challenge!

Bene. You are a villain;—I jest not;—I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare :—Do me right, or I will protest your cowardice. You have killed a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you: Let me hear from you.

Claud. Well, I will meet you, so I may have good cheer.

D. Pedro. What, a feast? a feast?

Claud. I'faith, I thank him; he hath bid me to a calf's-head and a capon; the which if I do not carve most curiously, say, my knife's

mind; I will leave you now to your like humor; you break jests as he their blades, which, God, be that not.—My lord, for your many thank you: I must discontinue your your brother, the bastard, is fled sin: you have, among you, kill and innocent lady: For my lord I there, he and I shall meet; and peace be with him. [Exit]

D. Pedro. He is in earnest.

Claud. In most profound ear I'll warrant you, for the love of E

D. Pedro. And hath challenged

Claud. Most sincerely.

D. Pedro. What a pretty thing when he goes in his doublet and leaves off his wit!

Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, and

with CORBAC and BORACHIO

Claud. He is then a giant to a

then is an ape a doctor to such an

D. Pedro. But, soft you, let up, my heart, and be sad!

Did my brother was fled?

Dogb. Come, you, sir; if just tame you, she shall ne'er weigh in

in her balance: nay, as you be hypocrite once, you must be look

D. Pedro. How now, two of men bound! Borachio, one!

Claud. Hearken after their offense

D. Pedro. Officers, what offense

upon mine and my master's false
and, briefly, I desire nothing but
of a villain.

Runs not this speech like iron
in your blood?
have drunk poison, whiles he

But did my brother set thee on
a, and paid me richly for the
.

He is compos'd and fram'd of
upon this villany. [treachery:—
reet Hero! now thy image doth
r
emblance that I loved it first.
me, bring away the plaintiffs;
our sexton hath reformed sigulor
the matter: And masters, do not
selfy, when time and place shall
an an ass.

ere, here comes master sigulor
the Sexton too.

Leonato and ANTONIO, with the
Sexton.

Which is the villain? Let me see
es;

note another man like him,
him: Which of these is he?
you would know your wronger,
on me. [breath hast kill'd
it thou the slave, that with thy
out child?

Yea, even I alone.
not so, villain; thou beliest thyself;
a pair of honourable men,
ed, that had a hand in it:—
princes, for my daughter's death;
with your high and worthy deeds;
ely done, if you bethink you of it.
I know not how to pray your
ace, [yourself;
I speak: Choose your revenge
e to what penance your invention
on my sin: yet shinn'd I not,
aking.

o. By my soul, nor I;
satisfy this good old man,
and under any heavy weight
ajoin me to.

[live,
cannot bid you bid my daughter
impossible; but, I pray you both,
e people in Messina here
ent she died: and, if your love
aught in sad invention,
an epitaph upon her tomb,
t to her bones; sing it to-night:—
morning come you to my house;
you could not be my son-in-law,
ephew: my brother hath a daughter,
copy of my child that's dead,
one is heir to both of us;
we right you should have given her
s my revenge. [cousin,

O, noble sir,
kindness doth wring tears from me!

I do embrace your offer; and dispose
For henceforth of poor Claudio. [coming

Leon. To-morrow then I will expect your
To-night I take my leave.—This naughty man
Shall face to face be brought to Margaret,
Who, I believe, was pack'd† in all this wrong.
Hir'd to it by your brother.

Bora. No, by my soul, she was not.
Nor knew not what she did, when she spoke to
But always hath been just and virtuous, [me:
In any thing that I do know by her.

Dogb. Moreover, sir, (which, indeed, is not
under white and black,) this plaintiff here,
the offender, did call me ass: I beseech you,
let it be remembered in his punishment:
And also, the watch heard them talk of one
Deformed: they say, he wears a key in his
ear, and a lock hanging by it; and borrows
money in God's name; the which he hath
used so long, and never paid, that now men
grow hard-hearted, and will lend nothing for
God's sake: Pray you, examine him upon
that point.

Leon. I thank thee for thy care and honest
pains.

Dogb. Your worship speaks like a most
thankful and reverend youth; and I praise
God for you.

Leon. There's for thy pains.

Dogb. God save the foundation!

Leon. Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoner.
and I thank thee.

Dogb. I leave an arrant knave with your
worship; which, I beseech your worship, to
correct yourself, for the example of others.
God keep your worship; I wish your worship
well; God restore you to health: I humbly
give you leave to depart; and if a merry
meeting may be wished, God prohibit it.—
Come, neighbour.

[Exit DOGBERRY, VERGES, and Watch.

Leon. Until to-morrow morning, lords,
farewell. [to-morrow.

Ant. Farewell, my lords; we look for you
D. Pedro. We will not fail.

Claud. To-night I'll mourn with Hero.
[Exit DON PEDRO and CLAUDIO.

Leon. Bring you these fellows on; we'll
talk with Margaret, [fellow,
How her acquaintance grew with this lewd;
[Exit.

SCENE II. Leonato's Garden.

Enter BENEDICK and MARGARET, meeting.

Bene. Pray thee, sweet mistress Margaret,
deserve well at my hands, by helping me to
the speech of Beatrice.

Marg. Will you then write me a sonnet in
praise of my beauty?

Bene. In so high a style, Margaret, that no
man living shall come over it; for, in most
comely truth, thou deservest it.

Marg. To have no man come over me?
why, shall I always keep below stairs?

Bene. Thy wit is as quick as the grey-
hound's mouth, it catches.

* Command.

† Acquaint.

‡ Combined.

§ Ignorant.

Marg. And yours as blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit, but hurt not.

Bene. A most manly wit, Margaret, it will not hurt a woman; and so, I pray thee, call Beatrice: I give thee the bucklers.

Marg. Give us the swords, we have bucklers of our own.

Bene. If you use them, Margaret, you must put in the pikes with a vice; and they are dangerous weapons for maids.

Marg. Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who, I think, hath legs. [*Exit MARGARET.*]

Bene. And therefore will come.

The god of love, [*Singing.*]

That sits above,

And knows me, and knows me,

How pitiful I deserve,

I mean, in singing; but in loving,—Leander the good swimmer, Troilus the first employer of panders, and a whole book full of these quondam carpet-mongers, whose names yet run smoothly in the even road of a blank verse, why, they were never so truly turned over and over as my poor self, in love: Marry, I cannot show it in rhyme; I have tried; I can find out no rhyme to *lady* but *baby*, an innocent rhyme; for *scorn*, *horn*, a hard rhyme; for *school*, *fool*, a babbling rhyme; very ominous endings: No, I was not born under a rhyming planet, nor I cannot woo in festival terms.—

Enter BEATRICE.

Sweet Beatrice, wouldst thou come when I

Bene. Thou and I are peaceably.

Beat. It appears not: there's not one wise man will praise himself.

Bene. An old, an old that lived in the time of a man do not erect in this ere he dies, he shall live in ment, than the bell ring weeps.

Beat. And how long is

Bene. Question!—Why mour, and a quarter in r is most expedient for the w his conscience, and no i contrary,) to be the trum tues, as I am to myself: S myself, (who, I myself v praise-worthy,) and now your cousin!

Beat. Very ill.

Bene. And how do you.

Beat. Very ill too.

Bene. Serve God, lov there will I leave you too, in haste.

Enter Urs

Urs. Madam, you must cle; yonder's old coil; at l my lady Hero hath becu, f Prince and Claudio might! John is the author of all, w

*Midnight, assist our moan ;
Help us to sigh and groan,
Heavily, heavily :
Graves, pawns, and yield your dead,
Till death be uttered,
Heavily, heavily.*

Claud. Now, unto thy bones good night !
Yearly will I do this rite.

B. Pedro. Good morrow, masters ; put
your torches out : [the day,
The wolves have prey'd ; and look, the gen-
tles the wheels of Phrebus, round about
Dapple the drowsy east with spots of gray :
Bless to you all, and leave us ; fare you
well. [several way.

Claud. Good morrow, masters ; each his
B. Pedro. Come, let us hence, and put on
other weeds ;

And then to Leonato's we will go.

Claud. And, Hymen, now with luckier fa-
me spreads,

Than this, for whom we render'd up this woe !
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Room in Leonato's House.

*Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, BENEDICK,
BALTHAZAR, URSULA, Friar, and HERO.*

Friar. Did I not tell you she was inno-
cent ?

Leon. So are the prince and Claudio, who
accus'd her,

Upon the error that you heard debated :

But Margaret was in some fault for this ;

Although against her will, as it appears

In the true course of all the question.

Ant. Well, I am glad that all things sort
so well. [enforc'd

Ben. And so am I, being else by faith
Very young Claudio to a reckoning for it.

Leon. Well, daughter, and you gentlewo-
men all,

Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves ;

And, when I send for you, come hither mask'd :

The prince and Claudio promis'd by this hour

To visit me :—You know your office, brother ;

You must be father to your brother's daughter,

And give her to young Claudio.
[*Exeunt Ladies.*

Ant. Which I will do with confirm'd con-
science. [think.

Ben. Friar, I must entreat your pains, I

Friar. To do what, signior ? [them.—

Ben. To blind me, or undo me, one of

your Leonato, truth it is, good signior,

Whose mere regards me with an eye of favour.

Leon. That eye my daughter lent her ; 'Tis

most true. [quite her.

Ben. And I do with an eye of love re-
spect. The sight whereof, I think, you had

from me,

From Claudio, and the prince ; But what's

your will ?

Ben. Your answer, sir, is enigmatical :

But by my will, my will is, your good will

May stand with ours, this day to be coujugal'd

In the estate of honourable marriage ;—

In which, good friar, I shall desire your help.

Leon. My heart is with your liking.

Friar. And my help.

Here comes the prince, and Claudio.

*Enter DON PEDRO and CLAUDIO, with
Attendants.*

D. Pedro. Good morrow to this fair as-
sembly. [row, Claudio ;

Leon. Good morrow, prince ; good mor-
row. We here attend you ; are you yet determin'd

To-day to marry with my brother's daughter ?

Claud. I'll hold my mind, were she an
Ethiope. [friar ready.

Leon. Call her forth, brother, here's the
[*Exit ANTONIO.*

D. Pedro. Good morrow, Benedick : Why,
what's the matter,

That you have such a February face,
So full of frost, of storm, and cloudiness ?

Claud. I think, he thinks upon the savage
bull :— [gold,

Tush, fear not, man, we'll tip thy horns with
And all Europa shall rejoice at thee ;

As once Europa did at lusty Jove,
When he would play the noble beast in love.

Ben. Bull Jove, sir, had an amiable low ;
And some such strange bull leap'd your fa-
ther's cow,

And got a calf in that same noble feat,
Much like to you, for you have just his bleat.

Re-enter ANTONIO, with the Ladies mask'd.
Claud. For this I owe you : here come
other reckonings.

Which is the lady I must seize upon ? [her.

Ant. This same is she, and I do give you
Claud. Why, then she's mine : Sweet, let
me see your face. [her hand

Leon. No, that you shall not, till you take
Before this friar, and swear to marry her.

Claud. Give me your hand before this holy
friar ;

I am your husband, if you like of me.

Hero. And when I lived, I was your other
wife : [Unmasking.

And when you loved, you were my other
husband.

Claud. Another Hero ?

Hero. Nothing certainer :

One Hero died defil'd ; but I do live,

And, surely as I live, I am a maid. [dead !

D. Pedro. The former Hero ! Hero that is

Leon. She died, my lord, but whiles her
slander lived.

Friar. All this amazement can I qualify ;
When, after that the holy rites are ended,

I'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death :

Mean time, let wonder seem familiar,
And to the chapel let us presently.

Ben. Soft and fair, friar.—Which is Bea-
trice ?

Beat. I answer to that name ; [Unmask-
What is your will ? [ing.

Ben. Do not you love me ?

Beat. No, no more than reason.

Ben. Why, then your uncle, and the
prince, and Claudio,

Have been deceived ; for they swore you do
O 3

Beat. Do not you love me?

Bene. No, no more than reason.

Beat. Why, then my cousin, Margaret, and Ursula, [dkt.]

Are much deceiv'd; for they did swear you *Bene.* They swore that you were almost sick for me.

Beat. They swore that you were well-nigh dead for me. [not love me?]

Bene. 'Tis no such matter:—Then, you do

Beat. No, truly, but in friendly recompense.

Leon. Come, cousin, I am sure you love the gentleman.

Claud. And I'll be sworn upon't, that he loves her;

For here's a paper, written in his hand, A halting sonnet of his own pure brain, Fashion'd to Beatrice.

Hero. And here's another, Writ in my cousin's hand, stolen from her pocket,

Containing her affection unto Benedick.

Bene. A miracle! here's our own hands against our hearts!—Come, I will have thee; but, by this light, I take thee for pity.

Beat. I would not deny you; but, by this good day, I yield upon great persuasion; and, partly, to save your life, for I was told you were in a consumption.

Bene. Peace, I will stop your mouth.—

[Kissing her.]
D. Pedro. How dost thou, Benedick the

mour: Dost thou think, I care for an epigram? No: if a man will with brains, he shall wear nothing about him: in brief, since I do marry, I will think nothing to do that the world can say against it; I fore never flout at me for what I against it; for man is a giddy thing is my conclusion.—For thy part, I did think to have beaten thee; but thou art like to be my kinsman, live and love my cousin.

Claud. I had well hoped, they have denied Beatrice, that I might have edgell'd thee out of thy single life thee a double dealer; which, out of thou wilt be, if my cousin do not ceeding narrowly to thee.

Bene. Come, come, we are friends have a dance ere we are married may lighten our own hearts, and o' heels.

Leon. We'll have dancing afterwards

Bene. First, o' my word; there'll music,—

Prince, thou art sad; get thee a wife a wife: there is no staff more revealing one tipped with horn.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, your brother John in flight,

And brought with armed men back to

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

Persons represented.

THESEUS, Duke of Athens.
 BOBUS, Father to Hermia.
 LYSANDER, } in love with Hermia.
 DEMETRIUS, }
 PHILOSTRATE, Master of the Revels to
 THESEUS.
 QUINCE, the Carpenter.
 SNOUT, the Joiner.
 BOTTOM, the Weaver.
 FLECK, the Bellows-mender.
 SNOUT, the Tinker.
 STARVELING, the Tailor.
 HIPPOLYTA, Queen of the Amazons, be-
 lieved to THESEUS.

HERMIA, Daughter to Egeus, in love with
 Lysander.
 HELENA, in love with Demetrius.
 OBERON, King of the Fairies.
 TITANIA, Queen of the Fairies.
 PUCK, or ROBIN-GOODFELLOW, a Fairy.
 PEASE-BLOSSOM,
 CUEWEED, } Fairies.
 MOTH,
 MUSTARD-SEED,
 PYRAMUS,
 THISBE, } Characters in the In-
 WALL, } terlude performed by
 MOONSHINE, } the Clowns.
 LION,

Other Fairies attending their King and Queen.

Attendants on THESEUS and HIPPOLYTA.

Scene,—Athens, and a Wood not far from it.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Athens. A Room in the Palace of THESEUS.

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, and Attendants.

THESEUS. Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour
 Draws on apace; four happy days bring in
 Another moon: but, oh, methinks, how slow
 This old moon wanes! she lingers my desires,
 Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,
 Long withering out a young man's revenue.

PHILOSTRATE. Four days will quickly steep them-
 selves in nights;

Her nights will quickly dream away the time;
 And then the moon, like to a silver bow
 In heaven, shall behold the night
 Of our solemnities.

THESEUS. Go, Philostrate,
 Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments;
 Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth;
 Turn melancholy forth to funerals,
 The pale companion is not for our pomp.—
 [Exit PHILOSTRATE.]

HIPPOLYTA. I would thee with my sword,
 And win thy love, doing thee injuries;
 And I will wed thee in another key,
 With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling.

Enter BOBUS, HERMIA, LYSANDER, and
 DEMETRIUS.

THESEUS. Happy be THESEUS, our renowned duke!
 BOBUS. Thanks, good Egeus: What's the news
 with thee?

Egeus. Full of vexation come I, with complaint
 Against my child, my daughter Hermia.—

Stand forth, Demetrius;—My noble lord,

This man hath my consent to marry her:—

Stand forth, Lysander;—and, my gracious duke

This hath bewitch'd the bosom of my child:

Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her

rhymes,

And interchange'd love-tokens with my child:

Thou hast by moon-light at her window sung

With feigning voice, verses of feigning love;

And stol'n the impression of her fantasy

With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds,†

conceits, [singer

Knacks, trifles, nose-gays, sweet-meats; met

Of strong prevailment in unhardened youth:

With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's

heart;

Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,

To stubborn harshness:—And, my gracious duke,

Be it as she will not here before your grace

Consent to marry with Demetrius,

I beg the ancient privilege of Athens;

As she is mine, I may dispose of her:

Which shall be either to this gentleman,

Or to her death; according to our law,

Immediately provided in that case. [maid

THESEUS. What say you, Hermia? I beg advis'd, fall

To you your father should be as a god;

One that compos'd your beauties; yea, and one

To whom you are but as a form in wax,

By him imprint'd, and within his power

† Shows.

† Baubles.

To leave the figure, or disfigure it.

Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

Her. So is Lysander.

The. " In himself he is :

But, in this kind, wanting your father's voice,
The other must be held the worthier. [*my eyes.*]

Her. I would, my father look'd but with

The. Rather your eyes must, with his judg-
ment look.

Her. I do entreat your grace to pardon me.
I know not by what power I am made bold;

Nor how it may concern my modesty.

In such a presence here, to plead my thoughts:

But I beseech your grace that I may know

The worst that may befall me in this case,

If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

The. Either to die the death, or to abjure
For ever the society of men.

Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires,

Know of your youth, examine well your blood,

Whether, if you yield not to your father's

You can endure the livery of a nun; [choice,

For aye * to be in shady cloister mew'd,

To live a barren sister all your life, [moon.

Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless

Thrice blessed they, that master so their blood,

To undergo such maiden pilgrimage :

But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,

Than that, which, withering on the virgin thorn,

Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.

Her. So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,

Ere I will yield my virgin patent up

Unto his lordship, whose unwish'd yoke

And with Demetrius thou

But, being over-full of self

My mind did leave it.—*Be*

And come, Egeus; you sh

I have some private schoo

For you, fair Hermia, look

To fit your fancies to your

Or else the law of Athens

(Which by no means we :

To death, or to a vow of

Come, my Hippolyta; Wh

Demetrius, and Egeus, go

I must employ you in son

Against our nuptial; and

Of something nearly that c

Ege. With duty, and de

[*Exeunt THE. HER. EG.*

Lys. How now, my fa

check so pale?

How chance the roses thi

Her. Belike, for want

could well

Beteem them; from the te

Lys. Ah me! for augh

Could ever hear by tale o

The course of true love ne

But, either it was different

Her. O cross! too high

Lys. Or else misgrafted

Her. O spite! too old to!

Lys. Or else it stood upon

Her. O hell! to choose

eye!

And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen,

From the false Trojan under smil was seen;
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
A number more than ever women spoke;—
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

Lys. Keep promise, love: Look, here comes Helena.

Enter HELENA.

Her. Godspeed, fair Helena! Whither away?

Hel. Call you me fair? that fair again unsay.

Demetrius loves your fair: O happy fair!
Your eyes are lodestars*; and your tongue's
sweet air

More tunable than lark to shepherd's ear,
Than wheat is green, when hawthorn buds
begin to appear.

Hel. I am catching; O, were favour! so!

Demetrius would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go;

For you should catch your voice, my eye your
eye, [melody.]

My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet
note, the world mine, Demetrius being bated,

For I'll give to be to you translated.

Hel. O, that you bow you look; and with what art

you way the motion of Demetrius' heart.

Demetrius. I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.

Hel. O, that your frowns would teach my
smiles such skill!

Demetrius. I give him curses, yet he gives me love.

Hel. O, that my prayers could such affection
move! [me.]

Demetrius. The more I hate, the more he follows.

Hel. The more I love, the more he hateth me.

Demetrius. His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine.

Hel. None but your beauty; 'Would that
fault were mine! [my face;]

Demetrius. Take comfort; he no more shall see
Lysander and myself will fly this place.—

Hel. Before the time I did Lysander see,
Athens as a paradise to me:

O then, what graces in my love do dwell,

That he hath turn'd a heaven unto hell! [fold:]

Lys. Helen, to you our minds we will un-

fold to-morrow-night, when Phœbe doth behold

Our silver visage in the wat'ry glass,

And looking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,

At that time that lovers' flights doth still conceal,)

Through Athens' gates have we devis'd to steal.

Demetrius. And in the wood, where often you and I

Like faint primrose-beds were wont to lie,

Employing our brows of their counsel sweet:

There my Lysander and myself shall meet:

And thence, from Athens, turn away our eyes,

To seek new friends and stranger companies.

Prereach, sweet playfellow; pray thou for us,

And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!

Demetrius. And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!

Hel. And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!

Demetrius. And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!

Hel. And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!

Demetrius. And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!

Hel. And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!

Demetrius. And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!

Hel. And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!

Demetrius. And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!

Hel. And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!

Demetrius. And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!

Hel. And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!

Demetrius. And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!

Hel. And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!

Demetrius. And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!

Hel. And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!

Demetrius. And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!

But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;

He will not know what all but he do know.

And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,

So I, admiring of his qualities.

Things base and vile, holding no quantity,

Love can transpoe to form and dignity.

Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;

And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind;

Nor hath love's mind of any judgment taste;

Wings, and no eyes, figure his heedless haste;

And therefore is love said to be a child,

Because in choice he is so oft beguill'd.

As waggish boys in game themselves forswear,

So the boy love is perjur'd every where:

For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's cynef,

He hail'd down oaths, that he was only mine;

And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,

So he dissolv'd, and showers of oaths did melt.

I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight;

Then to the wood will he, to-morrow night,

Pursue her; and for this intelligence

If I have thanks, it is a dear expense:

But herein mean I to enrich my pain,

To have his sight thither, and back again.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.

The same. A Room in a Cottage.

*Enter SNUG, BOTTOM, FLETC, SNOOT,
QUINCE, and STARVELING.*

Quin. Is all our company here?

Bot. You were best to call them generally,
man by man, according to the scrip.

Quin. Here is the scroll of every man's
name, which is thought fit, through all Athens,
to play in our interlude before the duke and
duchess, on his wedding-day at night.

Bot. First, good Peter Quince, say what
the play treats on; then read the names of
the actors; and so grow to a point.

Quin. Marry, our play is—The most lament-
able comedy, and most cruel death of Pyra-
mus and Thisby.

Bot. A very good piece of work, I assure
you, and a merry.—Now, good Peter Quince,
call forth your actors by the scroll: Masters,
spread yourselves.

Quin. Answer, as I call you.—Nick Bot-
tom, the weaver.

Bot. Ready: Name what part I am for,
and proceed.

Quin. You, Nick Bottom, are set down for
Pyramus.

Bot. What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?

Quin. A lover, that kills himself most gal-
lantly for love.

Bot. That will ask some tears in the true
performing of it: If I do it, let the audience
look to their eyes; I will move storms, I will
condole in some measure. To the rest:—Yet
my chief humour is for a tyrant: I could play
Eclesiastes rarely, or a part to tear a cat in,
to make all split.

"The raging rocks,

"With shivering shocks,

"Shall break the locks

* Pole-stars.

† Countenance.

‡ Sport.

§ Eyes.

" Of prison-gates :
 " And Phibbus' car
 " Shall shine from far,
 " And make and mar
 " The foolish fates."

This was lofty!—Now name the rest of the players.—This is Eccles' vein, a tyrant's vein; a lover is more condoling.

Quin. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

Flu. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You must take Thisby on you.

Flu. What is Thisby? a wandering knight?

Quin. It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

Flu. Nay, faith, let me not play a woman; I have a beard coming.

Quin. That's all one; you shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as small as you will.

Bot. An I may hide my face, let me play Thisby too; I'll speak in a monstrous little voice;—*Thisne, Thisne.—Ah, Pyramus, my lover dear; thy Thisby dear! and lady dear!*

Quin. No, no; you must play Pyramus, and, Flute, you Thisby.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quin. Robin Starveling, the tailor.

Star. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's mother.—Tom Snout, the tinker.

Snout. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You, Pyramus's father; myself, Thisby's father; Snug, the joiner, you, the lion's part:—and, I hope, here is a play fitted.

Snug. Have you the lion's part written?

Quin. An you should do it would fright the duchess and they would shriek: and thus hang us all.

All. That would hang a son.

Bot. I grant you, friends, fright the ladies out of their have no more discretion but I will aggravate my voice as you as gently as any sucking you as 'twere any nighting

Quin. You can play no part for Pyramus is a sweet-faced man, as one shall see in a most lovely, gentleman-like you must needs play Pyram

Bot. Well, I will undertake were I best to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will

Bot. I will discharge it in coloured beard, your own your purple-in-grain-beard, crown-colour beard, your part

Quin. Some of your French hair at all, and then you will

—But, masters, here are you am to entreat you, request you to con them by to-morrow me in the palace wood, a town, by moon-light; there for if we meet in the city, with company, and our de the mean time I will draw

never meet in grove, or green,
 fear, or spangled star-light sheen,
 meet; that all their elves, for fear,
 corn cups, and hide them there.
 I mistake your shape and make
 it, that shrewd and knavish sprite,
 Good-fellow: are you not he,
 maidens of the villagery;
 and sometimes labour in the
 churn;
 make the breathless housewife
 make the drink to bear no
 harm;
 it-wanderers, laughing at their
 goblin call you, and sweet Puck,
 work, and they shall have good
 luck?

Thou speak'st aright;
 try wanderer of the night,
 rom, and make him smile,
 and bean-fed horse beguile,
 likeness of a filly foal:
 elark I in a gossip's bowl,
 ess of a roasted crab;
 e drinks, against her lips I bob,
 ither'd dew-lap pour the ale.
 nt, telling the saddest tale,
 e three-foot stool mistaketh me;
 rom her bum, down topples she,
 ries, and falls into a cough;
 whole quire hold their hips, and

their mirth, and neeze, and swear
 or was never wasted there.—
 tery, here comes Oberon.
 here my mistress:—'Would that
 e gone.

SCENE II.

ON, at one door, with his train,
 TITIA, at another, with hers.
 x by moon-light, prond Titania.
 s, jealous Oberon! Fairy, skip
 on his bed and company.
 rash wanton; Am not I thy lord?
 I must be thy lady: But I know
 ast stol'n away from fairy land,
 ape of Corin sat all day,
 ipes of corn, and versing love
 Phillida. Why art thou here,
 he farthest step of India?
 ooth, the bounding Amazon,
 I mistress, and your warrior love,
 ust be wedded; and you come
 bed joy and prosperity.
 amst thou thus, for shame, Titania,
 e credit with Hippolyta,
 now thy love to Theseus?
 tend him through the glimmering
 nia, whom he ravished? [night
 m with fair Ægle break his faith,
 e, and Antiopa!

TITIA. These are the forgeries of jealousy:
 And never, since the middle summer's spring,
 Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
 By paved fountains, or by rushy brook,
 Or on the beached margin of the sea,
 To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
 But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our
 sport.

Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
 As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
 Contagious fogs; which, falling in the land,
 Have every peking river made so proud,
 That they have overborne their continents:
 The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in
 vain,

The ploughman lost his sweat; and the green
 Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard:
 The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
 And crows are fattened with the murrain fock;
 The blue men's morris is fill'd up with mud;
 And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,
 For lack of tread, are undistinguishable:

The human mortals want their winter here;
 No night is now with hymn or carol blest:—
 Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
 Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
 That rheumatic diseases do abound:

And thorough this distemperature, we see
 The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts
 Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose;
 And on old Hyemis chin, and icy crown,
 An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
 Is, as in mockery, set: The spring, the summer,

The childing autumn, angry winter, change
 Their wonted liveries; and the 'mazed world
 By their increase, now knows not which is
 And this same progeny of evils comes (which)
 From our debate, from our dissension;
 We are their parents and original.

Obe. Do you amend it then; it lies in you:
 Why should Titania cross her Oberon?
 I do but beg a little changeling boy,
 To be my henchman.

TITA. Set your heart at rest,
 The fairy land buys not the child of me.
 His mother was a votress of my order:
 And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,
 Full often hath she gossip'd by my side;
 And set with me on Neptune's yellow sands,
 Marking the embarked traders on the flood;
 When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive,
 And grow big-bellied, with the wanton wind:
 Which she, with pretty and with swimming
 gait, [squire.]

[Following her womb, then rich with my young
 Would imitate; and sail upon the land,
 To fetch me trippers, and return again,
 As from a voyage, rich with merchandise.
 But she, being mortal, of that boy did die;
 And, for her sake, I do repair up her boy:
 And, for her sake, I will not part with him.

Obe. How long within this wood intend
 you stay? [day.]

TITA. Perchance, till after Theseus' wedding.

Q. † Quarrel. ‡ Mill. § Yeast. ¶ Wild Apple. †† Petty.
 ** Banks which contain them. †† A game played by boys.
 *** Producing flowers unseasonably. §§ Produce. ||: Page.

If you will patiently dance in our round,
And see our moon-light revels, go with us;
If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

Obé. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

Tita. Not for thy kingdom.—Fairies, away:
We shall chide down-right, if I longer stay.

[*Exit TITANIA, and her train.*]

Obé. Well, go thy way: thou shalt not
from this grove,

Till I forment thee for this injury.— [ber'st]

My gentle Puck, come hither: Thou remem-

Since once I sat upon a promontory,

And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,

Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,

That the rude sea grew civil at her song;

And certain stars shot madly from their

To hear the sea-maid's music. [spheres,

Puck. I remember. [not,

Obé. That very time I saw; (but thou couldst

Flying between the cold moon and the earth,

Cupid all arm'd: a certain aim he took

At a fair vestal, throned by the west;

And loo'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,

As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts:

But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft

Quench'd in the chaste beams of the wat'ry

And the imperial vot'ress passed on [moon;

In maiden meditation, fancy-free*.

Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:

It fell upon a little western flower,—

Before, milk-white; now purple with love's

wound.—

Is true as steel: Leave you;

And I shall have no power

Dem. Do I entice you? I

Or, rather, do I not in play

Tell you—I do not, nor I

Hel. And even for that

I am your spaniel; and, I

The more you beat me, I

Use me but as your spade

Neglect me, lose me; only

Unworthy as I am, to follow

What worse place can I

(And yet a place of high re

Than to be used as you use

Dem. Tempt not too mu

For I am sick; when I do

Hel. And I am sick, when

Dem. You do impeach;

To leave the city, and comm

Into the hands of one that

To trust the opportunity of

And the ill counsel of a de

With the rich worth of you

Hel. Your virtue is my

It is not night, when I do

Therefore I think I am not

Nor doth this wood lack w

For you, in my respect, ar

Then how can it be said, I

When all the world is here

Dem. I'll run from the

the brakes,

And leave thee to the mere



juice of this I'll streak her eyes,
r full of hateful fantasies.
some of it, and seek through this
mist lady is in love [grove:
fatal youth: anoint his eyes;
the next thing he espies
sly: Thou shalt know the man
slam garments be bath on.
some care; that he may prove
a her, than she upon her love:
a meet me ere the first cock crow.
w not, my lord, your servant shall
[Exit.

[. Another part of the Wood.

TITANIA, with her train.

now roundels, and a fairy song;
third part of a minute, hence;
lankers in the musk-rose beds;
with rear-mice † for their leathern
(back
small elves coats; and some, keep
me owl, that nightly boots, and
as
† spirits: Sing me now asleep;
r offices, and let me rest.

SONG.

s spotted snakes, with double
tongue,
hedge-hogs, be not seen;
and blind-worms †, do no wrong;
of near our fairy queen:
lilomet, with melody,
ling in our sweet lullaby;
s, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby:
er harm, nor spell, nor charm,
as our lovely lady nigh;
good night, with lullaby.
dag spiders, come not here;
you long-legg'd spinners, hence:
lack, approach not near;
nor snail, do no offence.
lilomet, with melody, &c.

me, away; now all is well:

stand sentinel.

Exeunt Fairies. TITANIA sleeps.

Enter OBERON.

† thou seest, when thou dost wake,
the flower on TITANIA's eye-lids.
† true love take;
agash for his sake:
†, or cat, or bear,
or with bristled hair,
hat shall appear
wak't, it is thy dear; }
some vile thing is near. } Exit.
LYSANDER and HERMIA.
love, you faint with wandering
wood;
ank troth, I have forgot our way;
s, Hermia, if you think it good,
for the comfort of the day.
see, Lysander: find you out a bed,
this bank will rest my head.

Lys. One turf shall serve as pillow for us both;
One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one troth.

Her. Nay, good Lysander; for my sake,
Lie further off yet, do not lie so near. [my dear,

Lys. O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence;
Love takes the meaning, in love's conference.

I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit;

So that but one heart we can make of it:

Two bosoms interchain'd with an oath;

So then, two bosoms, and a single troth.

Then, by your side no bed-room me deny;

For, lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.

Her. Lysander riddles very prettily:—

New much beshrew my manners and my pride,

If Hermia meant to say, Lysander lied.

But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy

Lie further off; in human modesty

Such separation, as, may well be said,

Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid:

So far be distant; and good night, sweet friend:

Thy love ne'er alter, till thy sweet life end!

Lys. Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, say I;

And then end life, when I end loyalty!

Here is my bed: Sleep give thee all his rest!

Her. With half that wish the wisher's eyes

be press'd! [They sleep.

Enter Puck.

Puck. Through the forest have I gone,

But Athenian found I none,

On whose eyes I might approve

This flower's force in stirring love.

Night and silence! who is here?

Weeds of Athens he doth wear:

This is he, my master said,

Despised the Athenian maid;

And here the maiden, sleeping sound,

On the dank and dirty ground.

Pretty soul! she durst not lie

Near this lack-love, kill-courtesy.

Churl, upon thy eyes I throw

All the power this charm doth owe **:

When thou wak'st, let love forbid

Sleep his seat on thy eye-lid.

So awake, when I am gone;

For I must now to Oberon. [Exit.

Enter DEMETRIUS and HELENA, running.

Hel. Stay, though thou kill me, sweet De-

metrius, [haunt me thus.

Dem. I charge thee, hence, and do not

Hel. O, wilt thou darkling † leave me? do

not so.

Dem. Stay, on thy peril; I alone will go.

[Exit DEMETRIUS.

Hel. O, I am out of breath in this fond chase!

The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.

Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies;

For she hath blessed and attractive eyes. (tears:

How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt

If so, my eyes are oftener wash'd than hers.

No, no, I am as ugly as a bear;

For beasts that meet me, run away for fear:

Therefore, no marvel, though Demetrius

Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.

What wicked and dissembling glass of mine

Made me compare with Hermia's sphery eye!—

ind of deer.

† The small tiger.

† Bats.

† Sports.

as Poeson.

† Esfs.

† In the dark.

P

But who is here?—Lysander! on the ground!
Dead! or asleep! I see no blood, no wound:—
Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.

Lys. And run through fire I will, for thy
sweet sake,

[Waking.]
Transparent Helena! Nature here shows art,
That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.
Where is Demetrius? O, how fit a word
Is that vile name, to perish on my sword!

Hel. Do not say so, Lysander; say not so:
What though he love your Hermia! Lord,
what though?

Yet Hermia still loves you: then be content.

Lys. Content with Hermia? No: I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have spent.

Not Hermia, but Helena I love:

Who will not change a raven for a dove?

The will of man is by his reason sway'd;

And reason says you are the worthier maid.

Things growing are not ripe until their season:

So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason;

And touching now the point of human skill,

Reason becomes the marshal to my will,

And leads me to your eyes; where I o'erlook

Love's stories written in love's richest book.

Hel. Wherefore was I to this keen mockery
born?

When, at your hands, did I deserve this scorn?

Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man,

That I did never, no, nor never can,

Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,

But you must float my insolencies
Good troth, you do me wrong, good
In such disdainful manner me to w
But fare you well: perforce I must
I thought you lord of more true g
O, that a lady, of one man refus'd,
Should, of another, therefore be abus

Lys. She sees not Hermia:—H
thou there;

And never mayst thou come Lysan

For, as a surfeit of the sweetest thi

The deepest loathing to the stomach

Or, as the heresies, that men do lea

Are hated most of those they did

So thou, my surfeit, and my heresy

Of all be hated; but the most of us

And all my powers, address your

To honour Helen, and to be her knight

Her. [starting.] Help me, Lysan

ma! do thy best,

To pluck this crawling serpent from!

Ah me, for pity!—what a dream w

Lysander, look, how I do quake w

Methought a serpent eat my heart a

And you sat smiling at his cruel p

Lysander! what, remov'd! Lysand

What, out of hearing! gone! no sound

Alack, where are you? speak, an if

Speak, of all loves! I swoon almost

No!—then I well perceive you are

Either dead, or you, I'll find immediat

ACT III.

and out moon-shine, and out moon-

Yes, it doth shine that night.

Why, then you may leave a casement
at chamber window, where we play,
and the moon may shine in at the

Ay; or else one must come in with
thorns and a lantern, and say, he
disfigure, or to present, the person
shine. Then, there is another thing:
have a wall in the great chamber;
thus and Thisby, says the story, did
ugh the chink of a wall.

You never can bring in a wall.—
you, Bottom?

One man or other must present wall:
him have some plaster, or some lome,
ough-cast about him, to signify wall;
a bold his fingers thus, and through
ry shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.
If that may be, then all is well.
down, every mother's son, and re-
ur parts. Pyramus, you begin: when
spoken your speech, enter into that
and so every one according to his cue.

Enter Puck behind.

What hempen home-spuns have we
aggering here,
be cradle of the fairy queen?
play toward? I'll be an auditor;
too, perhaps, if I see cause.

Speak, Pyramus:—Thisby, stand forth.
hisby, the flowers of odious savours
Odours, odours. [sweet,—

—odours savours sweet:
thy breath, my dearest Thisby dear.—
t, a voice stay thou but here a while,
and by I will to thee appear. [Exit.

A stranger Pyramus than e'er play'd
re! [Aside.—Exit.

Must I speak now?

Ay, marry, must you: for you must
ad, he goes but to see a noise that he
id is to come again.

Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-
lite of hue, [brier,

our like the red rose on triumphant
skily juchant, and eke most lovely
w, [never tire,

as truest horse, that yet would
the, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.

Ninny's tomb, man: Why you must
that yet; that you answer to Pyra-
speak all your part at once, cues;
Pyramus enter; your cue is past;
re tire.

Puck, and Bottom with an ass's
head.

),—As true as truest horse, that
I would never tire. [thine:—

If I were fair, Thisby, I were only
monstrous! O strange! we are haunted,
sters! fly, masters! help!

[Exit Clowus.

Puck. I'll follow you, I'll lead you about
a round, [through brier;
Through bog, through bush, through brake,
Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,
A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire;
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and
burn,
Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn.

Bot. Why do they run away? this is a
knavery of them, to make me afraid.

Re-enter SNOUT.

Snout. O Bottom, thou art changed! what
do I see on thee?

Bot. What do you see? you see an ass's
head of your own; Do you?

Re-enter QUINCE.

Quin. Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou
art translated. [Exit.

Bot. I see their knavery: this is to make
an ass of me; to fright me, if they could. But
I will not stir from this place, do what they
can: I will walk up and down here, and I will
sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid. [Sings.

The owl-cock, so black of hue,
With orange-tawney bill,
The throistle with his note so true,
The wren with little quill;—

Tita. What angel wakes me from my
flowery bed? [Waking.

Bot. The fuch, the sparrow, and the lark,
The plain-song cuckoo gray,
Whose note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not answer, nay;—

for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish
a bird? who would give a bird the lie, though
he cry, Cuckoo, never so?

Tita. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again:
Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note,
So is mine eye intrall'd to thy shape; [me,
And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move
On the first view, to say, to swear, I love thee.

Bot. Methinks, mistress, you should have
little reason for that: And yet, to say the
truth, reason and love keep little company to-
gether now-a-days: The more the pity, that
some honest neighbours will not make them
friends. Nay, I can glee upon occasion.

Tita. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

Bot. Not so, neither: but if I had wit
enough to get out of this wood, I have enough
to serve mine own turn.

Tita. Out of this wood do not desire to go,
Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.
I am a spirit, of no common rate;
The summer still doth tend upon my state,
And I do love thee: therefore, go with me;
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee;
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep:
And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost
sleep:

And I will purge thy mortal grossness so,
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go. [sings!
Peas-blossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustard-
seed!

set. † Young man.

u who is to speak next.

‡ The last words of the preceding speech, which serve as a

§ Afraid. || The cuckoo with his uniform note. ¶ Joke.

Enter four Fairies.

1 *Fai.* Ready.

2 *Fai.* And I.

3 *Fai.* And I.

4 *Fai.* Where shall we go?

Titu. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;
Feed him with apricocks and dewberries*,
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;
The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees,
And, for night tapers, crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
To have my love to bed, and to arise;
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
To fan the moon-beams from his sleeping eyes:
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

1 *Fai.* Hail, mortal!

2 *Fai.* Hail!

3 *Fai.* Hail!

4 *Fai.* Hail!

Bot. I cry your worship's mercy, heartily.
—I beseech, your worship's name.

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I shall desire you of more acquaintance,
good master Cobweb: If I cut my finger,
I shall make bold with you.—Your name,
honest gentleman?

Peas. Peas-blossom.

Bot. I pray you, commend me to mistress
Squash, your mother, and to master Peascod,
your father. Good master Peas-blossom, I
shall desire you of more acquaintance too.—
Your name, I beseech you, sir?

Mrs. Mustard-seed.

Forsook his scene, and enter'd in a brake
When I did him at this advantage take,
An ass's now! I fixed on his head;
Anon, his Thisbe must be answered, [Alas!
And forth my mimic⁵ comes: When
As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye
Or russet-pated chonghs, many in sort,
Rising and cawing at the gun's report,
Sever themselves, and madly sweep the
So, at his sight, away his fellows fly:
And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one fall
He murder cries, and help from Athens
Their sense, thus weak, lost with their
thus strong,

Made senseless things begin to do them
For briars and thorns at their apparel
Some, sleeves; some, hats; from yielding
things catch.

I led them on in this distracted fear,
And left sweet Pyramus translated there
When in that moment (so it came to pass)
Titania wak'd, and straightway lov'd an

Obe. This falls out better than I could de
But hast thou yet latch'd** the Athenian's
With the love-joice, as I did bid thee do

Puck. I took him sleeping,—that is all
And the Athenian woman by his side; [to
That, when he wak'd, of force she must be

Enter DEMETRIUS and HERMIA.

Obe. Stand close; this is the same Athenian
Puck. This is the woman, but not this the

Dem. O, why rebuke you him that loves
Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

Here, Name I, but, chide, but I should

id it; for with doubler tongue
thou serpent, never adder stung.
spend your passion on a mis-
1st mood:

guilty of Lysander's blood;
lead, for aught that I can tell.
say thee, tell me then that he is

[therefore I
id if I could, what should I get
privilege, never to see me more.—
thy hated presence part I so:
ore, whether he be dead or no.] *Her.*
ere is no following her in this fierce
ore, for a while I will remain. [vein:
heaviness doth heavier grow
at bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe;
r, in some slight measure it will
nder here I make some stay. [pay,

[*Lies down.*
ast hast thou done? thou hast mis-
quite,

[sight:
be love juice on some true-love's
prison must perforce ensue [true,
love turn'd, and not a false turn'd
ben fate o'er-rules; that, one man
ing truth,

al, confounding oath on oath.
set the wood go swifter than the
t of Athens look thou find: [wind,
ick; she is, and pale of cheer;
of love, that cost the fresh blood
in to see thou bring her here; [dear:
in eyes, against she do appear.
go, I go; look, how I go;
sorrow from the Tartar's bow.] *Exit.*

Flower of this purple die,
th Cupid's archery,
apple of his eye!
his love he doth espay,
shine as gloriously
Venus of the sky.—
thou wak'st, if she be by,
her for remedy.

Re-enter Puck.
A. Captain of our fairy hand,
th here at hand;
e youth, mistook by me,
ng for a lover's fee;
we their tomb pageant see?
what looks these mortals be!
stand aside: the noise they make,
awake Demetrius to awake.

A. Then will two at once, woo one;
not needs be sport alone;
love things do best please me,
al preposterously.

LYSANDER AND HELENA.
by should you think, that I should
in scorn?

al derision never come in tears:
a I vow, I weep; and vows so born,
sitivity all truth appears.
se things in me seem scorn to you,
badge of faith, to prove them true!
do advance your cunning more
more.

When truth kills truth, O devilish holy fray!
These vows are Hermia's; Will you give her
o'er?

[weigh:
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing
Your vows, to her and me, put in two scales,
Will even weigh, and both as light as tales.

Lys. I had no judgment, when to her I
swore.

[her o'er.
Hel. Nor none, in my mind, now you give
Lys. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not
you.

[perfect, divine!

Dem. [awaking.] O Helen, goddess, nymph,
To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyes?
Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!
That pure congealed white, high Taurus' snow,
Fann'd with the eastern wind turns to a crow,
When thou hold'st up thy hand: O let me kiss
This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss!

Hel. O spite! O hell! I see you all are bent
To set against me, for your merriment.

If you were civil, and knew courtesy,
You would not do me thus much injury.

Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But you must join, in souls, to mock me too?

If you were men, as men you are in show,
You would not use a gentle lady so;

To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,
When, I am sure, you hate me with your hearts.

You both are rivals, and love Hermia;
And now both rivals, to mock Helena:

A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes,

With your derision! none, of noble sort,
Would so offend a virgin; and extort

A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.
Lys. You are unkind, Demetrius; be not so;

For you love Hermia! this, you know, I know:
And here, with all good will, with all my heart,

In Hermia's love I yield you up my part;
And yours of Helena to me bequeath,

Whom I do love, and will do to my death.

Hel. Never did mockers waste more idle
breath.

[none:
Dem. Lysander, keep thy Hermia; I will
If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone.

My heart with her but, as guest-wise, sojourn'd;
And now to Helen is it home return'd,

There to remain.

Lys. Helen, it is not so.
Dem. Disparage not the faith thou dost not
Lest, to thy peril, thou aby it dear.

[know:
Look, where thy love comes; yonder is thy dear.

Enter HERMIA. [tion takes,
Her. Dark night, that from the eye his func-

The ear more quick of apprehension makes;
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense.

It pays the hearing double recompense:—
Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found;

Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.
But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?

Lys. Why should he stay, whom love doth
press to go?

[my side!
Her. What love could press Lysander from
Lys. Lysander's love, that would not let him
bide,

Fair Helena; who more engilds the night
Than all you fiery ones * and eyes of light.
Why seek'st thou me? could not this make thee
know,

The hate I bear thee made me leave thee so?

Her. You speak not as you think; it cannot

Hel. Lo, she is one of this confederacy! (be.

Now I perceive they have conjoin'd, all three,

To fashion this false sport in spite of me.

Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid!

Have you conspir'd, have you with these con-

To bait me with this foul derision? [triv'd

Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,

The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,

When we have chid the hasty-footed time

For parting us,—O, and is all forgot?

All school-days' friendship, childhood inno-

cence!

We, Hermia, like two artificial† gods,

Have with our needles‡ created both one flower,

Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,

Both warbling of one song, both in one key;

As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,

Had been incorporate. So we grew together,

Like to a double cherry, seeming parted;

But yet a union in partition,

Two lovely berries moulded on one stem:

So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;

Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,

Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.

And will you rent our ancient love asunder,

To join with men in scorning your poor friend?

It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly.

Lys. Thou canst compel
entreat;

Thy threats have no more;

Helen, I love thee; by my

I swear by that which I will

To prove him false, that say

Dem. I say, I love thee more

Lys. If thou say so, with

Dem. Quick, come,—

Her. Lysander, where

Lys. Away, you Ethiop!

Dem. No, n

Seem to break loose; take

follow;

But yet come not: You are

Lys. Hang off, thou cat,

thing let loose;

Or I will shake thee from n

Her. Why are you grow

Sweet love?

Lys. Thy love? out, t

Out, loathed medicine! hate

Her. Do you not jest?

Hel. Yes, 'sooth

Lys. Demetrius, I will ke

thee.

Dem. I would, I had you

A weak bond holds you; I

word.

Lys. What should I har

Although I hate her, I'll not

Her. What, can you do

them?

at all in shrewishness ;
mild for my cowardice ; [think,
strikes me : You, perhaps, may
something lower than myself,
with her.

Lower ! hark, again.
Hermia, do not be so bitter with
id love you, Hermia, [me,
p your counsels, never wrong'd
love unto Demetrius, [you ;
your stealth unto this wood :
you ; for love, I follow'd him.
hid me hence ; and threaten'd me
spurn me, nay, to kill me too :
you will let me quiet go,
ill I bear my folly back,
on no further : Let me go :
sleep and how fond I am.
I, get you gone : Who is't that
s you ? [blind.
sick heart, that I leave here be-
e, with Lysander ?

With Demetrius.
t afraid : she shall not harm thee,
t. [take her part.
sir ; she shall not, though you
then she's angry, she is keen and
t :
then, when she went to school ;
she be but little, she is fierce.
against nothing but low and little—
a suffer her to float me thus ?
: to her.

Get you gone, you dwarf ;
t, of hind'ring knot-grass made ;
m accorn.

You are too officious,
' that scorns your services.
t ; speak not of Helena ;
part : for if thou dost intend ;
is show of love to her,
ry it.

Now she holds me not ;
If thou dar'st, to try whose right,
mine, is most in Helena.
low I say, I'll go with thee, cheek
t. [Exit Lys. and Dem.
sistress, all this coil is 'long of you :
back.

I will not trust you, I ;
try in your curst company.
than mine, are quicker for a fray ;
onger though, to run away. [Exit.
amaz'd, and know not what to say.

[Exit, pursuing HELENA.
t is thy negligence : still thou
r'st,
mist'st thy knaveries wilfully.
show me, king of shadows, I
sh.

tell me, I should know the man
sian garments he had on ?
senseless proves my enterprise,
'noted an Athenian's eyes :

And so far am I glad it so did cost,
As this their jangling I esteem a sport.

Obe. Thou seest, these lovers seek a place
to fight :

His therefore, Robin, overcast the night ;
The starry welkin cover thou anon
With drooping fog, as black as Acheron ;
And lead these teary rivals so astray,
As one come not within another's way.
Like to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue,
Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong ;
And sometime rail thou like Demetrius ;
And from each other look thou lead them thus,
Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep
With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep :
Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye ;
Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,
To take from thence all error, with his might,
And make his eye-balls rest with wonted sight.
When they next wake, all this derision
Shall seem a dream, and fruitless vision ;
And back to Athens shall the lovers wend,
With league, whose date till death shall never
Whiles I in this affair do thee employ, [and.
I'll to my queen, and beg her Indian boy ;
And then I will her charmed eye release
From monster's view, and all things shall be
peace. [haste ;

Puck. My fairy lord, this must be done with
For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger ; [fast,
At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here
and there,

Troop home to church-yards : damned spirits
That in cross-ways and floods have bural, [all,
Already to their wormy beds are gone ;
For fear lest day should look their shames upon,
They wilfully themselves exile from light,
And must for aye consort with black-brow'd
night.

Obe. But we are spirits of another sort :
I with the Morning's Love^{oo} have oft made
sport ;

And, like a forester, the groves may tread,
Even till the eastern gate, all fiery red,
Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,
Turns into yellow gold his salt-green streams.
But, notwithstanding, haste ; make no delay ;
We may effect this business yet ere day.

[Exit OBEARON.
Puck. Up and down, up and down ;
I will lead them up and down ;
I am fear'd in field and town ;
Goblin, lead them up and down.

Here comes one.

Enter LYSANDER.

Lys. Where art thou, proud Demetrius ?
speak thou now. [Where art thou ?

Puck. Here, villain ; drawn and ready.
Lys. I will be with thee straight.

Puck. Follow me then
To plainer ground.

[Exit Lys. as following the voice.

[†] Anciently, knot-grass was believed to prevent the growth of children.
retard.

^{oo} Happen.

|| Medicinal efficacy.

¶ Go.

^{oo} Cephalus, the paramour of Aurora.

Enter DEMETRIUS.

Dem. Lysander! speak again.
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?
Speak. In some bush? Where dost thou hide
thy head?

Puck. Thou coward, art thou bragging to
Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,
And wilt not come? Come, recreant; come,
thou child;

I'll whip thee with a rod: He is defil'd,
That draws a sword on thee.

Dem. Yea; art thou there?

Puck. Follow my voice; we'll try no
manhood here. *[Exit.*

Re-enter LYSANDER.

Lys. He goes before me, and still dares me on;
When I come where he calls, then he is
gone.

The villain is much lighter heel'd than I:
I follow'd fast, but faster he did fly;
That fallen am I in dark uneven way,
And here will rest me. Come, thou gentle day!

[Lies down.]
For if but once thou show me thy gray light,
I'll find Demetrius, and revenge this spite.

[Sleeps.]

Re-enter PUCK and DEMETRIUS.

Puck. Ho, ho! ho, ho! Coward, why com'st
thou not?

Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'st; for well
I wot,
Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place;
And dar'st not stand, nor look me in the face.

Enter HELENA.

Hel. O weary night, O long and h
Abate thy hours: shine, con
the east:

That I may back to Athens, by d
From these that my poor comp
And, sleep, that sometimes shuts
eye,

Steal me awhile from mine own

Puck. Yet but three? Come on
Two of both kinds make
Here she comes, curst a
Cupid is a knavish lad,
Thus to make poor fema

Enter HERMIA.

Her. Never so weary, never so
Bedabbled with the dew, and
briers;

I can no further crawl, no further
My legs can keep no pace with
Here will I rest me, till the break
Heavens shield Lysander, if they

Puck. On the ground

Sleep sound:

I'll apply

To your eye,

Gentle lover, remedy.

[Squeezing the juice on LYSAN

When thou wak'st,

Thou tak'st

True delight

dy, a peck of provender ; I could
r good dry out. Methinks, I have
in to a bottle of hay : good hay,
hath no fellow.

ave a venturesome fairy that shall seek
it's board, and fetch thee new nuts.
nd rather have a handful, or two,
as. But, I pray you, let none of
e stir me ; I have an exposition of
upon me.

[my arms.
sep thou, and I will wind thee in
gone, and be all ways away.
woodbine, the sweet honeysuckle,
wist,—the female ivy so
e bony fingers of the elm.
ove thee ! how I dote on thee !

[*They sleep.*
in advances. Enter PUCK.
come, good Robin. See'st thou
west night ?

new I do begin to pity.
g her of late, behind the wood,
est savours for this hateful fool,
id her, and fall out with her :
airy temples then had rounded
set of fresh and fragrant flowers ;
meadow, which sometime on the beds
to swell, like round and orient
is,

within the pretty flow'et's eyes,
that did their own disgrace bewail.
d, at my pleasure, taunted her,
mild terms, begg'd my patience,
ask of her her changeling child ;
ight she gave me, and her fairy sent
a to my bower in fairy land.

I have the boy, I will undo
him perfection of her eyes.
Puck, take this transformed scalp
e head of this Athenian swain ;
asking when the other do,
Athens back again repair ;
no more of this night's accidents,
force vexation of a dream.
will release the fairy queen.

thou wast wont to be ;
Touching her eyes with an herb.
thou wast wont to see :
had o'er Cupid's flower
much force and blessed power.
Niania ; wake you, my sweet queen.
y Oberon ! what visions have I seen !
I was enamour'd of an ass.
ere lies your love.

How came these things to pass ?
me eyes do loath his visage now !
once, awhile.—Robin, take off this
lance, awhile.—Robin, take off this
me call ; and strike more dead
non sleep, of all these five the sense.
me, ho ! music ; such as charineth
to [own fool's eyes peep.

Now, when thou wak'st, with thine
nd music. [*Still music.*] Come, my
n, take hands with me, [be.
the ground whereon these sleepers

Now thou and I are now in amity ;
And will, to-morrow midnight, solemnly,
Dance in Duke Theseus' house triumphantly,
And bless it to all fair posterity :
There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be
Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.

Puck. Fairy king, attend and mark ;
I do hear the morning lark.

Obe. Then, my queen, in silence sit,
Trip we after the night's shade :
We the globe can compass soon,
Swifter than the wandering moon.

Tita. Come, my lord ; and in our flight,
Tell me how it came this night,
That I sleeping here was found,
With these mortals, on the ground. [*Shout.*

[*Horns sound within.*
Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, HERUS,
and train.

The. Go, one of you, find out the forester ;—
For now our observation is perform'd :
And since we have the vaward * of the day,
My love shall hear the music of my hounds.—
Uncouple in the western valley ; go :
Despatch, I say, and find the forester.—
We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

Hip. I was with Hercules and Cadmus, once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear
With hounds of Sparta : never did I hear
Such gallant chiding ; for, besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, every region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry : I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

The. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan
kind, [*hang*
So flew'd ;, so sanded ; and their heads are
With ears that sweep away the morning dew ;
Crook-knee'd, and dew-lapp'd like Thracian
bells ; [*bells,*
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like
Each under each. A cry more tunable
Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly :
Judge, when you hear.—But, soft ; what
nymphs are these ?

Ege. My lord, this is my daughter here asleep ;
And this, Lysander ; this Demetrius is ;
This Helena, old Nedar's Helena :
I wonder of their being here together.

The. No doubt, they rose up early, to observe
The rite of May ; and, hearing our intent,
Came here in grace of our solemnity.—
But, speak, Egeus ; is not this the day
That Hermia should give answer of her choice ?

Ege. It is, my lord. [*their horns.*

The. Go, bid the huntmen wake them with
Horns, and shout within. DEMETRIUS,
LYSANDER, HERMIA, and HELENA, wake
and start up.

The. Good-morrow, friends. Saint Valen-
tine is past ;
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now !

Lys. Pardon, my lord.
[*He and the rest kneel to THESEUS.*

* *Depart.*

† *Sound.*

‡ *The Sces are the large chaps of a hound.*

The. I pray you all, stand up.
I know, you are two rival enemies;
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is so far from jealousy,
To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity?

Lys. My lord, I shall reply amazedly,
Half 'sleep, half waking: But, as yet, I swear,
I cannot truly say how I came here:
But, as I think, (for truly would I speak,—
And now I do bethink me, so it is:)
I came with Hermia hither: our intent
Was, to be gone from Athens, where we might
Without the peril of the Athenian law.

Ege. Enough, enough, my lord; you have
enough:

I beg the law, the law, upon his head.—
They would have stolen away, they would,

Demetrius, thereby to have defeated you and me:

You, of your wife; and me, of my consent;
Of my consent that she should be your wife.

Dem. My lord, fair Helen told me of their
stealth,

Of this their purpose hither, to this wood;
And I in fury hither follow'd them;

Fair Helena in fancy following me.
But my good lord, I wot not by what power,

(But by some power it is,) my love to Her-
mia,

Melted as doth the snow, seems to me now
As the remembrance of an idle gawd,

Which in my childhood I did dote upon;
And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,

Dem. Why then, we'll
follow him;
And, by the way, let us

As they go out, Bo

Bot. When my cue comes

will answer:—my next is
mus.—Hey, ho!—Peter

bellows-mender! Snout,

ling! God's my life! stole

asleep! I have had a most

had a dream,—past the

what dream it was: Man

go about to expound this

I was—there is no man

thought I was, and met

man is but a patched fool

say what methought I ha

hath not heard, the ear of

man's hand is not able to

conceive, nor his heart

dream was. I will get P

a ballad of this dream: it

tom's Dream, because it

I will sing it in the latter

the duke: Peradventure,

gracious, I shall sing it af

SCENE

Athens. A Room in

Enter QUINCE, FLU

STARVEL

Quin. Have you sent t

chenion. I will tell you every thing, fell out.

Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

Let a word of me. All that I will is, that the duke hath dined: Get wel together; good strings to your sw ribbons to your pumps; meet at the palace; every man look o'er for, the short and the long is, our

play is preferred. In any case, let Thisby have clean linen; and let not him, that plays the lion, pare his nails, for they shall hang out for the lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat no onions, nor garlic, for we are to utter sweet breath; and I do not doubt, but to hear them say, it is a sweet comedy. No more words; away; go, away.

[Exeunt.]

ACT V.

L. The same. An Apartment in the Palace of Theseus.

THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILO-
ATE, Lords, and Attendants.

'Is strange, my Theseus, that these we speak of.

[believe we strange than true. I never may see fables, nor these fairy toys. Madmen, have such seething brains, long fantasies, that apprehend not cool reason ever comprehends.

the lover, and the poet, imagination all compact*: sore devils than vast hell can hold; a madman: the lover, all as frantic, r's beauty in a brow of Egypt:

eye, in a fine frenzy rolling, se from heaven to earth, from earth agination bodies forth [to heaven; of things unknown, the poet's pen a to shapes, and gives to airy nothing imitation, and a name.

a hath strong imagination; would not apprehend some joy, tends some bringer of that joy; night, imagining some fear,

'is a bush suppos'd a bear! [over, at all the story of the night told th' minds transfigur'd so together, smoth than fancy's images,

is to something of great constancy; sever, strange, and admirable. LAUNDER, DEMETRIUS, HERMIA, and HELENA.

we come the lovers, full of joy and th—

friends! joy, and fresh days of love, y your hearts!

More than to us our royal walks, your board, your [shall we have, one now; what masks, what dances way this long age of three hours, or after-supper, and bed-time? our usual manager of mirth? is are in hand? Is there no play, is anguish of a torturing hour? state.

Here, mighty Theseus.

The. Say, what abridgment; have you for this evening? [guile

What mask? what mangle? How shall we be The lazy time, if not with some delight?

Philos. There is a brief, how many sports are ripe;

Make choice of which your highness will see first. [Giving a paper.

The. reads.] The battle with the Centaurs, to be sung.

By an Athenian eunuch to the bary. We'll none of that; that I have told my love, In glory of my kinsman Hercules.

The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals, Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage.

That is an old device; and it was play'd When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.

The thrice three Muses mourning for the death

Of learning, late deceas'd in beggary. That is some satire, keen, and critical, Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.

A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus, And his love Thisbe; very tragical mirth.

Merry and tragical! Tedious and brief! That is, hot ice, and wonderous strange snow.

How shall we find the concord of this discord?

Philos. A play there is, my lord, some ten words long;

Which is as brief as I have known a play; But by ten words, my lord, it is too long;

Which makes it tedious: for in all the play There is not one word apt, one player fitted.

And tragical, my noble lord, it is; For Pyramus therein doth kill himself,

Which, when I saw rehear'd, I must confess, Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears

The passion of loud laughter never shed.

The. What are they, that do play it? *Philos. Hard-handed men, that work in Athens here,*

Which never labour'd in their minds till now; And now have told'd their unbreath'd memory

With this same play, against your nuptial.

The. And we will hear it. *Philos. No, my noble lord,*

It is not for you: I have heard it over, And it is nothing, nothing in the world;

Unless you can find sport in their intents,

* Are made of mere imagination.
† Short account.

† Stabily. † Pastime.
‡ Unexercised.

Extremely stretch'd, and conn'd with cruel
To do you service. [pain,

The. I will hear that play;
For never any thing can be amiss,
When simpleness and duty tender it.

Go, bring them in;—and take your places,
ladies. [Exit PHILOSTRATE.

Hip. I love not to see wretchedness o'er-
And duty in his service perishing. [charg'd,

The. Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no
such thing. [kind.

Hip. He says, they can do nothing in this
The. The kinder we, to give them thanks
for nothing.

Our sport shall be, to take what they mistake :
And what poor duty cannot do,

Noble respect takes it in might, not merit.

Where I have come, great clerks have purposed

To greet me with premeditated welcomes;

Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,

Make periods in the midst of sentences,

Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,

And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,

Not paying me a welcome: Trust me, sweet,

Out of this silence, yet, I pick'd a welcome;

And in the modesty of fearful duty

I read as much, as from the rattling tongue

Of saucy and audacious eloquence.

Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity,

In least, speak most, to my capacity.

Enter PHILOSTRATE.

Philost. So please your grace, the prologue

is address'd. [pets.

" This man, with lime and
present

" Wall, that vile wall

" And through wall's chink

are content

" To whisper; at the

" This man, with lantern,

thorn,

" Presenteth moon shine

" By moon shine did these

scorn

" To meet at Ninus' tou

" This grisly beast, which b

" The trusty Thisby, comin

" Did scare away, or rather

" And, as she fled, her man

" Which lion vile with

stain :

" Anon comes Pyramus,

" And finds his trusty

slain :

" Whereat with blade, wit

" He bravely broach'd

breast;

" And, Thisby tarrying in

" His dagger drew, and

rest,

" Let lion, moon-shine,

" At large discourse, whil

main."

[*Exeunt* Prol. THISBY, LION

The. I wonder, if the lion

Dem. No wonder, my lo

Thinks, courteous wall: Jove shield thee well for this!

But what see I? No Thisby do I see.

Swich'd wall, through which I see no bliss; [murmur]

I can't be thy stones for thus deceiving me. The wall, methinks, being sensible, will curse again.

Pyr. No, in truth, sir, he should not. Deceiving me, is Thisby's cue: she is to enter up, and I am to spy her through the wall. I shall see, it will fall pat as I told you:—enter she comes.

Enter THISBY.

Th. "O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans."

For parting my fair Pyramus and me: thy cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones;

thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee."

Th. "I see a voice: now will I to the ditch,"

Happy as I can hear my Thisby's face.

Th. "My love! thou art my love, I think."

Th. "Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace;

and like Lysander am I trusty still."

Th. "And I like Helen, till the fates me kill."

Pyr. "Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true."

Th. "As Shafalus to Procrus I to you."

Pyr. "O, kiss me through the hole of this wall."

Th. "I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all."

Pyr. "Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straightway?"

Th. "Tide life, tide death, I come without delay."

Pyr. "Thus have I, wall, my part discharged so; [go.]

And, being done, thus wall away doth burst Wall, PYRAMUS, and THISBY.

Th. Now is the mural down between the neighbours.

Pyr. No remedy, my lord, when walls are thus to bear without warning.

Th. This is the silliest stuff that ever I saw.

Pyr. The best in this kind are but shadows; and the worst are no worse, if imagin'd as themselves.

Th. It must be your imagination then, and theirs.

Pyr. If we imagine no worse of them, than of ourselves, they may pass for excellents. Here come two noble beasts in, a lion and a lioness.

Th. Here come two noble beasts in, a lion and a lioness.

Enter LION and MOONSHINE.

Th. "You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear

The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,

"May now, perchance, both quake and tremble here,

"When their rough in wildest rage doth roar." [am]

Th. Then know, that I, one thing the joiner,

"A lion fell, nor else no lion's dam:

"For if I should as lion come in strife

"Into this place, 'twere pity on my life."

Th. A very gentle beast and of a good conscience.

Dem. The very best at a beast, my lord, that e'er I saw.

Lys. This lion is a very fox for his valour.

Th. True; and a goose for his discretion.

Dem. Not so, my lord: for his valour cannot carry his discretion; and the fox carries the goose.

Th. His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his valour; for the goose carries not the fox. It is well: leave it to his discretion, and let us listen to the moon.

Moon. "This lantern doth the horned moon present."

Dem. He should have worn the horns on his head.

Th. He is no crescent, and his horns are invisible within the circumference.

Moon. "This lantern doth the horned moon present;

"Myself the man, the moon do seem to be."

Th. This is the greatest error of all the rest: the man should be put into the lantern: How is it else the man, the moon?

Dem. He dares not come there for the candle: for, you see, it is already in snuff."

Hip. I am awary of this moon: Would, he would change!

Th. It appears, by his small light of discretion, that he is in the wane: but yet, in courtesy, in all reason, we must stay the time.

Lys. Proceed, moon.

Moon. All that I have to say, is, to tell you, that the lantern is the moon; I, the man in the moon; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog.

Dem. Why, all these should be in the lantern; for they are in the moon. But, silence; here comes Thisbe.

Enter THISBY.

This. "This is old Ninny's tomb: Where is my love?"

Lion. "Oh—"

[The Lion roars.—THISBY runs off.]

Dem. Well roared, lion.

Th. Well run, Thisbe.

Hip. Well shone, moon.—Truly, the moon shines with a good grace.

Th. Well moused, lion.

[The Lion tears THISBY's mantle, and exit.]

Dem. And so comes Pyramus.

Lys. And then the moon vanishes.

Enter PYRAMUS.

Pyr. "Sweet moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams;

"I thank thee, moon, for shining now so bright."

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

Persons represented.

FERDINAND, *King of Navarre.*
 BIRON, }
 LONGAVILLE, } *Lords, attending on the*
 DUMAIN, } *King.*
 BOYET, } *Lords attending on the Prin-*
 MERCADE, } *cess of France.*
 DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO, *a fantastical*
 Spaniard.
 SIR NATHANIEL, *a Curate.*
 HOLOFERNES, *a Schoolmaster.*

DULL, *a Constable.*
 COSTARD, *a Clown.*
 MOTH, *Page to Armado.*
 A Forester.
 Princess of France.
 ROSALINE, } *Ladies, attending on*
 MARIA, } *Princess.*
 KATHARINE, }
 JAQUENETTA, *a country Wench.*

Officers and others, Attendants on the King and Princess.

Scene,—Navarre.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Navarre. A Park, with a Palace in it.

Enter the KING, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN.

King. Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,

As, not to see a woman in that term;
 Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there;
 And, one day in a week to touch no food;
 And but one meal on every day beside;
 The which, I hope, is not enrolled there;
 And then, to sleep but three hours in the night;
 And not be seen to wink of all the day;

• blind the eyesight of his look:
 big light, doth light of light bequeath:
 And where light in darkness lies,
 rows dark by losing of your eyes.
 to please the eye indeed,
 it upon a fairer eye:
 so, that eye shall be his heed,
 him light that was is blinded by.
 the heaven's glorious sun, [looks;
 not be deep-search'd with saucy
 southern plodders ever won,
 authority from others' books.
 y godfathers of heaven's lights,
 a name to every fixed star,
 we profit of their shining nights,
 : that walk, and wot not what they
 [fame;
 : know, is, to know nought but
 father can give a name. [reading]
 w well he's read, to reason against
 oceeded well, to stop all good pro-
 g! [grow the wedding.
 : weeds the corn, and still lets
 e spring is near, when green geese
 w follows that? [are a breeding.
 Fk in his place and time.
 reason nothing.

Something then in rhyme.
 rom is like an envious sneaping t
 [spring.
 s the first-born infants of the
 fell, say I am; why should proud
 er boast,
 e birds have any cause to sing?
 ! I joy in an abortive birth?
 w I no more desire a rose
 a snow in May's new-fangled
 t;
 ch thing, that in season grows. }
 study now it is too late,
 the house to unlock the little gate.
 ell, sit you out: go home, Biron.
 ! [to stay with you:
 lo, my good lord; I have sworn
 I have for barbarism spoke more,
 hat angel knowledge you can say,
 at I'll keep what I have sworn,
 the penance of each three years' day,
 a paper, let me read the same;
 brist at decrease! I'll write my name.
 w well this yielding rescues thee
 shame!
 Reads.] Item, That no woman
 within a mile of my court.—
 has been proclaimed!

Four days ago.
 at's see the penalty.
 On pain of losing her tongue.—
 Who devis'd this?
 Larry, that did I.
 lowest lord, and why? [penalty.
 bright them hence with that dread
 a dangerous law against gentility.
 Item, If any man be seen to
 a woman within the term of three

years, he shall endure such public shame as
 the rest of the court can possibly devise.—
 This article, my liege, yourself must break;
 For, well you know, here comes in embassy
 The French King's daughter, with yourself to
 speak.—

A maid of grace, and complete majesty,—
 About surrender-up of Aquitaine.
 To her desecrit, sick, and bed-ridden father:
 Therefore this article is made in vain,
 Or vitally outdoes the admired princess' father.
 King. What say you, lords? why, this was
 quite forgot.

Biron. So steady evermore is overshoot;
 While it doth study to have what it would;
 It doth forget to do the thing it should:
 And when it hath the thing it hunteth meet,
 'Tis won, as towns with fire; so won, so lost.
 King. We must, of force, dispense with this.
 She must lie; here we have more necessity. [doubt;
 Biron. Necessity will make us all forewarn
 Three thousand times within this three years'
 For every man with his affect is born; [space:
 Not by might master'd, but by special grace:
 If I break faith, this word shall speak for me,
 I am forewarn on mere necessity.—
 So to the laws at large I write my name:

And he, that breaks them in the least degree,
 Stands in attainder of eternal shame:
 Suggestions are to others, as to me;
 But, I believe, although I seem so loth,
 I am the last that will last keep his oath.
 But is there no quick recreation granted?
 King. Ay, that there is: our court, you
 know, is haunted

With a refined traveller of Spain;
 A man in all the world's new fashion planted,
 That hath a mist of phrases in his brain:
 One, whom the music of his own vain tongue
 Doth ravish, like enchanting harmony;
 A man of complements, whom right and wrong
 Have chose as umpire of their mutiny;
 This child of fancy, that Armado might be,
 For interim to our studies, shall relate,
 In high-born words, the worth of many a knight
 From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate.
 How you delight, my lords, I know not, I;
 But, I protest, I love to hear him lie,
 And I will use him for my minstrelsy.

Biron. Armado is a most illustrious wight,
 A man of fire-new words, fashion's own knight.
 Long. Costard, the swain, and he, shall be
 our sport;

And, so to study, three years is but short.
 Enter DULL, with a letter, and COSTARD.

Dull. Which is the duke's own person?

Biron. This fellow; What wouldst?

Dull. I myself reprehend his own person,
 for I am his grace's tharborough; but I
 would see his own person in flesh and blood.

Biron. This is he.

Dull. Signior Arme—Arme—commends
 you. There's villainy abroad; this letter will
 tell you more.

by, treacherously. † Nipping. † Games, sports. § Reside. † Temptation
 truly, sprightly. † Called. † & c., third-borough, a peace-officer.

Cost. Sir, the contempts thereof are as touching me.

King. A letter from the magnificent Armado.

Biron. How low soever the matter, I hope in God for high words.

Long. A high hope for a low having: God grant us patience!

Biron. To hear? or forbear hearing?

Long. To hear meekly, sir, and to laugh moderately; or to forbear both.

Biron. Well, sir, be it as the style shall give us cause to climb in the merriuess.

Cost. The matter is to me, sir, as concerning Jaquenetta. The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner*.

Biron. In what manner?

Cost. In manner and form following, sir; all those three: I was seen with her in the manor house, sitting with her upon the form, and taken following her into the park; which, put together, is, in manner and form following. Now, sir, for the manner,—it is the manner of a man to speak to a woman: for the form,—in some form.

Biron. For the following, sir?

Cost. As it shall follow in my correction; And God defend the right!

King. Will you hear this letter with attention?

Biron. As we would hear an oracle.

Cost. Such is the simplicity of man to hearken after the flesh.

King. [Reads.] *Great deputy, the welkin's*

King. —*that unletter'd small-known soul,*

Cost. Me.

King. —*that shallow vassal,*

Cost. Still me.

King. —*which, as I remember, high*
Costard,

Cost. O me!

King. —*sorted and converted, contray to thy established proclaimed edict as continent canon, with—with,—O with—with this I passion to say wherewith,*

Cost. With a wench.

King. —*with a child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman. Him I (as my love esteemed duty pricks me on) have sent thee, to receive the meed of punishment, thy sweet grace's officer, Antony Dull, man of good repute, carriage, bearing, as estimation.*

Dull. Me, an't shall please you; I am Antony Dull.

King. For Jaquenetta, (so is the weak vessel called, which I apprehended was the aforesaid swain,) I keep her as a vessel of thy law's fury; and shall, at the loss of thy sweet notice, bring her to true Thine, in all compliments of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty.

DON ADRIANO DE ARMA.

Biron. This is not so well as I looked

it; and therefore, Welcome the prosperity! Affliction may one gain, and till then, Sit thee down; [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Part of the same. Armado's House. Enter ARMADO and MOTH.

Moth. y, what sign is it, when a man of grows melancholy?
great sign, sir, that he will look sad, by, sadness is one and the self-dear imp.
o, no; O lord, sir, no.
ow canst thou part sadness and my tender juvenal?
y a familiar demonstration of the y tough senior.
y tough senior? why tough senior? (by tender juvenal? why tender

poke it, tender juvenal, as a con- beton, appertaining to thy young we may nominate tender.
ad I, tough senior, as an apper- to your old time, which we may
etty, and apt.
low mean you, sir? I pretty, and
t apt? or I apt, and my saying
ou pretty, because little.
ittle pretty, because little: Where-
nd therefore apt, because quick.
peak you this in my praise, master?
(thy condign praise,
will praise an eel with the same

hat? that an eel is ingenious?
hat an eel is quick.
do say, thou art quick in answers:
at my blood.
am answered, sir.
love not to be crossed.
He speaks the mere contrary,
re not him. [Aside.]
have promised to study three
the duke.
fou may do it in an hour, sir.
ossible.
ow many is one thrice told?
am ill at reckoning, it fitteth the
taster.
fou are a gentleman, and a game-

confess both; they are both the
complete man.
then, I am sure, you know how
great sum of deuce-ace amounts to.
doth amount to one more than two.
Which the base vulgar do call, three,
roe.

Why, sir, is this such a piece of
ow here is three studded, ere you'll
k: and how easy it is to put years

to the word three, and study three years in
two words, the dancing horse will tell you.*

Arm. A most fine figure!

Moth. To prove you a cipher.

[Aside.]

Arm. I will herupon confess, I am in
love; and, as it is base for a soldier to love,
so am I in love with a base wench. If
drawing my sword against the humour of
affection would deliver me from the reprobate
thought of it, I would take desire prisoner,
and ransom him to any French courtier for a
new devised courtesy. I think scorn to sigh;
methinks, I should out-swear Cupid. Comfort
me, boy: What great men have been in love?

Moth. Hercules, master.

Arm. Most sweet Hercules!—More autho-
rity, dear boy, name more; and, sweet my
child, let them be men of good repate and
carriage.

Moth. Sampson, master: he was a man of
good carriage, great carriage; for he carried
the town-gates on his back, like a porter; and
he was in love.

Arm. O well-knit Sampson! strong jointed
Sampson! I do excel thee in my rapier, as
much as thou didst me in carrying gates. I
am in love too,—Who was Sampson's love,
my dear Moth?

Moth. A woman, master.

Arm. Of what complexion?

Moth. Of all the four, or the three, or the
two; or one of the four.

Arm. Tell me precisely of what complexion?

Moth. Of the sea-water green, sir.

Arm. Is that one of the four complexions?

Moth. As I have read, sir; and the best of
them too.

Arm. Green, indeed, is the colour of lovers:
but to have a love of that colour, methinks,
Sampson had small reason for it. He, surely,
affected her for her wit.

Moth. It was so, sir; for she had a green wit.

Arm. My love is most immaculate white
and red.

Moth. Most maculate thoughts, master, are
masked under such colours.

Arm. Define, define, well-educated infant.

Moth. My father's wit, and my mother's
tongue, assist me!

Arm. Sweet invocation of a child; most
pretty, and—pathetical!

Moth. If she be made of white and red,

Her faults will ne'er be known;

For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,

And fears by pale-white shown:

Then, if she fear, or be to blame,

By this you shall not know:

For still her cheeks possess the same,

Which native she doth owe.

A dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason
of white and red.

Arm. Is there not a ballad, boy, of the
King and the Beggar?

Moth. The world was very guilty of such
a ballad some three ages since: but, I think,
now 'tis not to be found; or, if it were,

* To me ~ a cat ~ acc. ~ opt.

† Of which she is naturally possess

would neither serve for the writing, nor the tune.

Arm. I will have the subject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digression * by some mighty precedent. Boy, I do love that country girl, that I took in the park with the rational hind Costard; she deserves well.

Moth. To be whipped; and yet a better love than my master. [*Aside.*]

Arm. Sing, boy; my spirit grows heavy in love.

Moth. And that's great marvel, loving a light wench.

Arm. I say, sing.

Moth. Forbear till this company be past.

Enter DULL, COSTARD, and JAQUENETTA.

Dull. Sir, the duke's pleasure is, that you keep Costard safe; and you must let him take no delight, nor no penance; but a' must fast three days a-week: For this damsel, I must keep her at the park; she is allowed for the day-woman. Fare you well.

Arm. I do betray myself with blushing.—Maid.

Jaqu. Man.

Arm. I will visit thee at the lodge.

Jaqu. That's hereby.

Arm. I know where it is situate.

Jaqu. Lord, how wise you are!

Arm. I will tell thee wonders.

Jaqu. With that face?

Arm. I love thee.

Jaqu. So I heard you say.

Arm. Thou shalt be heavily punished.

Cost. I am more bound to you, than fellows, for they are but lightly rewarded.

Arm. Take away this villain; shut his

Moth. Come, you transgressing slave;

Cost. Let me not be pent up, sir; fast, being loose.

Moth. No, sir; that were fast and thou shalt to prison.

Cost. Well, if ever I do see the merr of desolation that I have seen, some shall

Moth. What shall some see?

Cost. Nay, nothing, master Moth, but they look upon. It is not for prisoners too silent in their words; and, therefore will say nothing; I thank God, I have little patience as another man; and, therefore I can be quiet.

[*Exeunt MOTH and COSTARD.*]

Arm. I do affect the very ground, is base, where her shoe, which is baser, by her foot, which is baser, doth tread shall be forsworn, (which is a great argument of falsehood,) if I love: And how can be true love, which is falsely attended? Love is a familiar; love is a devil; there is no evil angel but love. Yet Sampson was tempted: and he had an excellent strength yet was Solomon so seduced; and he very good wit. Cupid's butt-shaft is hard for Hercules' club, and therefore much odds for a Spaniard's rapier. The first and second cause will not serve my turn.

a daughter of the king of France,
business, craving quick despatch,
personal conference with his grace.
ly so much : while we attend,
e-viag'd suitors, his high will.
nd of employment, willingly I go.
[Exit.]

I pride is willing pride, and yours
—
a votaries, my loving lords,
w-fellows with this virtuous duke f
Longaville is one.

Know you the man ?
know him, madam ; at a marriage

rd Perigord and the beauteous heir
Falconbridge solemnized,
dy saw I this Longaville :
vantage parts he is esteem'd ;
in the wars, glorious in arms :
comes him ill, that he would well,
d of his fair virtue's gloss,
glaze will stain with any soil.)
sk match'd with too blunt a will ;
a hath power to cut, whose will
will
ness spare that come within his
er.

[Is't so f
ome merry mocking lord, belike ;
my say so most, that most his ha-
rknow.

[they grow
ach short-liv'd wits do wither as
se rest ?

[plish'd youth,
he young Dumain, a well-accom-
virtue love for virtue lov'd : [ill ;
r to do most harm, least knowing
h wit to make an ill shape good,
to win grace though he had no wit.
at the duke Alençon's once ;
too little of that good I saw,
et, to his great worthiness.

ther of these students at that time
with him : if I have heard a truth,
call him ; but a merrier man

limit of becoming mirth,
not an hour's talk withal ;
gets occasion for his wit ;
object that the one doth catch,
turns to a mirth-moving jest ;
fair toogue (conceit's expositor,)
such apt and gracious words,
ers play truant at his tales,
er hearings are quite ravished ;
nd voluble is his discourse.

led bless my ladies ! are they all in
one her own hath garnished [love ;
bedecking ornaments of praise ?
lare comes Boyet.

Re-enter BOYET.

Now, what admittance, lord ?
Navarre had notice of your fair
reach ;
nd his competitors* in oath,
address'd f to meet you, gentle lady,
me. Marry, thus much I have learnt,
means to lodge you in the field,

(Like one that comes here to besiege his court.)
Than seek a dispensation for his oath,
To let you enter his unpeopled house.

Here comes Navarre. [The ladies mask.]

Enter KING, LONGAVILLE, DUMAIN,
BIRON, and Attendants.

King. Fair princess, welcome to the court
of Navarre.

Prin. Fair, I give you back again ; and,
welcome I have not yet : the roof of this
court is too high to be yours ; and welcome
to the wild fields too base to be mine.

King. You shall be welcome, madam, to
my court. [me thither.]

Prin. I will be welcome then ; conduct

King. Hear me, dear lady ; I have sworn
an oath. [forsworn.]

Prin. Our lady help my lord ! he'll be

King. Not for the world, fair madam, by
my will. [nothing else.]

Prin. Why, will shall break it ; will, and

King. Your ladyship ignorant what it is.

Prin. Were my lord so, his ignorance were
wise. [no answer.]

Where ; now his knowledge must prove ig-
I hear, your grace hath sworn-out house-
keeping :

'Tis deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord,
And sin to break it :

But pardon me, I am too sudden-bold ;
To teach a teacher ill besee meth me.

Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming,
And suddenly resolve me in my suit.

[Gives a paper.]

King. Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.

Prin. You will the sooner, that I were
away ;

For you'll prove perjur'd, if you make me stay.

Biron. Did not I dance with you in Brabant
once ? [once ?]

Ros. Did not I dance with you in Brabant

Biron. I know you did.

Ros. How needless was it then

To ask the question ?

Biron. You must not be so quick.

Ros. 'Tis 'long of you that spur me with
such questions. [twill thre.]

Biron. Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast,

Ros. Not till it leave the rider in the mire.

Biron. What time o' day ?

Ros. The hour that fools should ask.

Biron. Now fair befall your mask !

Ros. Fair fall the face it covers !

Biron. And send you many lovers !

Ros. Amen, so you be none.

Biron. Nay, then will I be gone. [spate]

King. Madam, your father here doth intli-

The payment of a hundred thousand crowns ;

Being but the one half of an entire sum,

Disbursed by my father in his wars.

But say, that he, or we, (as neither have,)

Receiv'd that sum ; yet there remains unpaid

A hundred thousand more ; in surety of the

One part of Aquitain is bound to us, (which,

Although not valued to the money's worth,

If then the king your father will restore

* Confederates.

† Prepared.

‡ Whereas.

But that one half which is unsatisfied,
We will give up our right in Aquitain,
And hold fair friendship with his majesty.
But that, it seems, he little purposeth,
For here he doth demand to have repaid
An hundred thousand crowns; and not de-

mands,
On payment of a hundred thousand crowns,
To have his title live in Aquitain;
Which we much rather had depart * withal,
And have the money by our father lent,
Than Aquitain so gelded as it is.
Dear princess, were not his requests so far
From reason's yielding, your fair self should
make

A yielding, 'gainst some reason, in my breast,
And go well satisfied to France again. [wrong.

Prin. You do the king my father too much
And wrong the reputation of your name,
In so unseemly to confess receipt
Of that which hath so faithfully been paid.

King. I do protest, I never heard of it;
And, if you prove it, I'll repay it back,
Or yield up Aquitain.

Prin. We arrest your word:—
Boyet, you can produce acquittances,
For such a sum, from special officers
Of Charles his father.

King. Satisfy me so. [come,

Boyet. So please your grace, the packet is not
Where that and other specialties are bound;
To-morrow you shall have a sight of them.

Dum. A gallant lad
well.

Long. I beseech you
in the white?

Boyet. A woman so

Long. Perchance, li
her name.

Boyet. She hath but

Long. Pray you, si

Boyet. Her mother

Long. God's blessin

Boyet. Good sir, be

She is an heir of Falco

Long. Nay, my cho

She is a most sweet la

Boyet. Not unlike,

Biron. What's her

Boyet. Katharine, I

Biron. Is she wedd

Boyet. To her will,

Biron. You are wel

Boyet. Farewell to

to you. [Exit I

Mar. That last is Bi

Not a word with him

Boyet. And

Prin. It was well d

at his word.

Boyet. I was as will

Mar. Two hot shee

Boyet. At

their own worth, from where
e glass'd, (pass'd.
to; buy them, along as you
margent did quote such amazes,
saw his eyes enchanted with
guitars, and all that is his,
am for my sake but one loving
, to our pavilion: Boyet is dis
o speak that in words, which his
disclos'd:

I only have made a mouth of his eye,
By adding a tongue which I knew will not lie.
Res. Thou art an old love-monger, and
speak'st skillfully. (news of him.
Mar. He is Cupid's grandfather, and loves
Res. Then was Venus like her mother; for
her father is but grim.
Boyet. Do you hear, my mad wench?..
Mar. No.
Boyet. What then, do you see?
Res. Ay, our way to be gone.
Boyet. Your are too hard for me.
(*Exeunt.*)

ACT III.

Another part of the same.

ARNADO and MOTH.

e, child; make passionate my
bearing.

Mo.— (Singing.
sir!—Go, tenderness of years;
give enlargement to the swain,
safely hither; I must employ
to my love.

r, will you win your love with
? I
mean'st thou? bawling in

my complete master; but to
the tongue's end, canary; to
it, humour it with turning up
sigh a note, and sing a note;
th the throat, as if you swal-
th singing love; sometime
e, as if you snuffed up love by
with your hat penthouse-like,
of your eyes; with your arms
this belly-doublet, like a rab-
r your hands in your pocket,
or the old painting; and keep
one tone, but a snip and away:
plements, these are humours;
e wenches—that would be be-
these; and make them men of
ote, men!) that most are af-

ast thou purchased this expe-

y penny of observation.

—but O,—

hobby-horse is forgot.

then say love, hobby-horse?
water; the hobby-horse is but
ur love, perhaps, a hackney.
forgot your love?

I had.

gent student! learn her by heart.
art, and in heart, boy.

et of heart, master: all those
ve?

Arm. What wilt thou prove?

Moth. A man, if I live; and this, by, in,
and without, upon the instant: By heart you
love her, because your heart cannot come by
her: in heart you love her, because your
heart is in love with her; and out of heart
you love her, being out of heart that you can-
not enjoy her.

Arm. I am all these three.

Moth. And three times as much more, and
yet nothing at all.

Arm. Fetch hither the swain; he must car-
ry me a letter.

Moth. A message well sympathised; a
horse to be ambassador for an ass!

Arm. Ha, ha! what sayest thou?

Moth. Marry, sir, you must send the ass
upon the horse, for he is very slow-gaited:
But I go.

Arm. The way is but short; away.

Moth. As swift as lead, sir.

Arm. Thy meaning, pretty ingenious?

Is not lead a metal heavy, dull, and slow?

Moth. Minimé, honest master; or rather,
master, no.

Arm. I say, lead is slow.

Moth. You are too swift, sir, to say so:
Is that lead slow which is fir'd from a gun?

Arm. Sweet smoke of rhetoric!

He repotes me a cannon; and the bullet, that's
I shoot thee at the swain. (he:—

Moth. Thump then, and I see. (Exit.

Arm. A most acute juvenal; voluble and
free of grace! (thy face:

By thy favour, sweet welkin, I must sigh in
Most rude melancholy, valour gives thee place.
My herald is return'd.

Re-enter MOTH and COSTARD.

Moth. A wonder, master; here's a Cos-
tard! broken in a shin.

Arm. Some enigma, some riddle: come,—
thy l'envoy?—begin.

Cost. No egma, no riddle, no l'envoy; no
salve in the mail, sir: O, sir, plantain, a plain
plantain; no l'envoy, no l'envoy, no salve,
sir, but a plantain!

† A kind of dance. ‡ Canary was the name of a sprightly dance.

γ. § A head. ¶ An old French term for concluding verses, which served
her to convey the moral, or to address the poem to some person.

Arm. By virtue, thou enforcest laughter: thy silly thought, my spleen; the heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous smiling: O, pardon me, my stars! Doth the inconsiderate take salve for *l'envoy*, and the word, *l'envoy*, for a salve?

Moth. Do the wise think them other? is not *l'envoy* a salve?

Arm. No, page: it is an epilogue or discourse, to make plain. Some obscure precedence that hath tofore I will example it: [been slain.]

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,

Were still at odds, being but three.

There's the moral: Now the *l'envoy*.

Moth. I will add the *l'envoy*: Say the moral again.

Arm. The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee, Were still at odds, being but three:

Moth. Until the goose came out of door,

And stay'd the odds by adding four.

Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with my *l'envoy*.

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,

Were still at odds, being but three:

Arm. Until the goose came out of door, Staying the odds by adding four.

Moth. A good *l'envoy*, ending in the goose: Would you desire more?

Cost. The boy hath sold him a bargain, a goose, that's flat:— [be fat.—]

Sir, your pennyworth is good, an your goose To sell a bargain well, is as cunning as fast and loose:

of mine honour, is, rewarding my dependents. *Moth.* follow. [Exit *Moth.*]

Moth. Take the sequel, I.—Signior Costardieu.

Cost. My sweet ounce of man's flesh! inconvince a Jew!— [Exit *Moth.*]

Now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration! O, that's the Latin word for the farthings: three farthings—remuneration. What's the price of this inkie? a penny. No, I'll give you a remuneration: why carries it.—Remuneration!—why, it is fairer name than French crown. I will not buy and sell out of this word.

Enter *BIRON*.

Biron. O, my good knave Costard! exceedingly well met.

Cost. Pray you, sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

Biron. What is a remuneration?

Cost. Marry, sir, half-penny farthing.

Biron. O, why then, three-farthings' worth of silk.

Cost. I thank your worship: God be willy!

Biron. O, stay, slave, I must employ thee. As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave, Do one thing for me that I shall entreat.

Cost. When would you have it done, sir?

Biron. O, this afternoon.

Cost. Well, I will do it, sir: Fare you well.

Biron. O, thou knowest not what it is.

Cost. I shall know, sir, when I have done.

Biron. Why, villain, thou must know it.

Cost. I will come to your worship to-day.

love! I see! I seek a wife!
 not is like a German clock,
 lag; ever out of frame;
 going right, being a watch,
 stand that it may still go right?
 surer'd, which is worst of all;
 three, to love the worst of all;
 tison with a velvet brow, [eyes;
 such balls stuck in her face for

Ay, and, by heaven, one that will do the deed,
 Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard:
 And I to sigh for her! to watch for her!
 To pray for her! Go to; it is a plague
 That Cupid will impose for my neglect
 Of his almighty dreadful little might. [groan:
 Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue; and
 Some men must love my lady, and some Joan.
 [Exit.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

their part of the same.

Princess, ROSALINE, MARIA,
 ME, BOYET, Lords, Attendants,
 rest.

as that the king, that spur'd his
 so hard
 steep uprising of the hill?
 know not; but, I think, it was
 a [ing mind.
 he'd'er he was, he show'd a mount-
 to-day we shall have our des-
 it;

y we will return to France.—
 er, my friend, where is the bush,
 stand and play the murderer in
 e by, upon the edge of yonder
 ice; [shoot.
 there you may make the fairest
 bank my beauty, I am fair that
 [shoot.

pon thou speak'st, the fairest
 idon me, madam, for I meant
 a.
 but, what? first praise me, and
 say, no?
 pride! Not fair? alack for woel
 madam, fair.

Nay, never paint me now;
 is not, praise cannot mend the
 [true;
 my glass, take this for telling
 [Giving him money.

ent for foul words is more than
 [inherit.
 thing but fair is that which you
 ee, see, my beauty will be sav'd
 wit.

fair, fit for these days!
 hand, though foul, shall have fair
 a— [kill,

the bow:—Now merry goes to
 ng well is then accounted ill.
 save my credit in the shoot:
 king, pity would not let me do't;
 up, then it was to shew my skill,
 for praise, than purpose, meant to

of question, so it is sometimes;
 is guilty of detested crimes;

When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward
 part,

We bend to that the working of the heart:
 As I, for praise alone, now seek to spill
 The poor deer's blood, that my heart means
 no ill. [sovereignty

Boyet. Do not curst wives hold that self-
 Only for praise' sake, when they strive to be
 Lords o'er their lords? [afford

Prin. Only for praise: and praise we may
 To any lady that subdues a lord.

Enter COSTARD.

Prin. Here comes a member of the com-
 mon-wealth.

Cost. God dig-you-den! all! Pray you,
 which is the head lady?

Prin. Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the
 rest that have no heads.

Cost. Which is the greatest lady, the high-

Prin. The thickest, and the tallest. [test?

Cost. The thickest, and the tallest! it is
 so; truth is truth.

An your waist, mistress, were as slender as
 my wit, [should be fit.

One of these maids' girdles for your waist
 Are not you the chief woman? you are the
 thickest here.

Prin. What's your will, sir? what's your
 will? [to one lady Rosaline.

Cost. I have a letter from monsieur Biron.

Prin. O, thy letter, thy letter; he's a good
 friend of mine: [carve;

Stand aside, good bearer.—Boyet, you can
 Break up this capon't.

Boyet. I am bound to serve—

This letter is mistook, it importeth none
 It is writ to Jaquenetta. [here;

Prin. We will read it, I swear:
 Break the neck of the wax, and every one
 give ear.

Boyet. [Reads.]. By heaven, that thou
 art fair, is most insullible; true, that thou
 art beautiful; truth itself, that thou art
 lovely: More fairer than fair, beautiful
 than beautiful; truer than truth itself,
 have commiseration on thy heroical ras-
 sal! The magnanimous and most illu-
 strate king Cophetua set eye upon the per-
 nicious and indubitate beggar Zenelophon;
 and he it was that might rightly say, vent,
 vidi, vici; which to anatomize in the cul-

God give you good even.

† Open this letter.

R

† Illustrious.

gar, (O base and obscure vulgar!) videlicet, he came, saw, and overcame: he came, one; saw, two; overcame, three. Who came? the king; Why did he come? to see; Why did he see? to overcome: To whom came he? to the beggar; What saw he? the beggar; Who overcame he? the beggar: The conclusion is victory; On whose side? the king's: the captive is enrich'd; On whose side? the beggar's; The catastrophe is a nuptial; On whose side? the king's?—no, on both in one, or one in both. I am the king; for so stands the comparison: thou the beggar; for so witnesseth thy lowliness. Shalt I command thy love? I may: Shalt I enforce thy love? I could: Shalt I entreat thy love? I will. What shalt thou exchange for rags? robes; For tittles, titles; For thyself, me. Thus, expecting thy reply, I profane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part.

Thine, in the dearest design of industry,

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.

Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar 'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey;

Submissive fall his princely feet before,
And he from forage will incline to play:
But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou then?

Food for his rage, repasture for his den.

Erin. What plume of feathers is he, that

Finely put on!

Ros. Well then, I am the
Boyet.

Ros. If we choose by the
come near.

Finely put on, indeed!—

Mar. You still wrangle v
and she strikes at the b

Boyet. But she herself is h
hit her now?

Ros. Shall I come upon t
saying, that was a man whe
France was a little boy, as to

Biron. So I may answer t
old, that was a woman when
of Britain was a little wench,
hit it.

Ros. Thou canst not hit i

Thou canst not hit i

Boyet. An I cannot, can
An I cannot, anct,

[Exit R

Cost. By my troth, most
both did fit it!

Mar. A mark marvellous
they both did hit it.

Boyet. A mark! O, mark
A mark, says my lady

Let the mark have a prick in
it may be.

Mar. Wide o' the bow ha

Cost. Indeed, a' must sho
ne'er hit the clout.

cer was, as you know, in *san-*
ripe as a pomewater*, who
like a jewel in the ear of *calo*,
welkin, the heaven; and anon
crab, on the face of *terra*,—the
the earth.

y, master Holofernes, the epi-
tly varied, like a scholar at the
r, I assure ye, it was a buck of

Nathaniel, *hand credo*.

as not a *hand credo*, 'twas a

: barbarous intimation! yet a
nation, as it were, *in via*, in way,
: *facere*, as it were, replication,
stentare, to show, as it were,
n,—after his undressed, unpoc-
ated, unpruned, untrained, or
red, or, ratherest, unconfirmed
nert again my *hand credo* for

d, the deer was not a *hand cre-*
ricket.

: sod simplicity, his *corvus*!—
ster ignorance, how deformed
x!

he hath never fed of the dain-
bred in a book; he hath not ent
vere; he hath not drunk ink :
s not replenished; he is only an
sensible in the diller parts;
ren plants are set before us, that
nkful should be

(taste and feeling are) for those
ut do fructify in us more than he.
ld till become me to be vain, in-
t, or a fool,
ere a patch † set on learning, to
in a school:

hence, say I; being of an old fa-
mind, [the wind]

reek the weather, that love not
two are book-men: Can you
your wit,
month old at Cain's birth, that's
e weeks old as yet?

ynna, good man Dull; Dictynna,
nan Dull.

at is Dictynna?

title to Phœbe, to Luna, to the
[Adam was no more;

moon was a month old, when
not to five weeks, when he came
score.

holds in the exchange.

is true indeed; the collusion holds
age.

comfort thy capacity! I say, the
is in the exchange.

d I say the pollution holds in the
or the moon is never but a month
say beside, that 'twas a pricket
seem kill'd.

Nathaniel, will you hear an ex-
taph on the death of the deer?

and, to humour the ignorant, I have call'd the
deer the princess kill'd, a pricket.

Nath. *Perge*, good master Holofernes,
perge; so it shall please you to abrogate
scurillity.

Hol. I will something affect the letter; for
it argues facility.

The praiseful princess pierc'd and prick'd
a pretty pleasing pricket;

Some say, a sore; but not a sore, till now
made sore with shooting.

The dogs did yell; put L to sore, then sort
jumps from thicket;

Or pricket, sore, or else sore; the people
fall a hooting.

If sore be sore, then L to sore makes fifty
sore; O sore L!

Of one sore I an hundred make, by adding
but one more L.

Nath. A rare talent!

Dull. If a talent be a claw, look how he
claws him with a talent.

Hol. This is a gift that I have, simple, sim-
ple; a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms,
figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions,
motions, revolutions: these are begot in the
ventricle of memory, nourished in the womb
of *pia mater*; and deliver'd upon the mel-
lowing of occasion: But the gift is good in
those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful
for it.

Nath. Sir, I praise the Lord for you; and
so may my parishioners; for their sons are
well tutor'd by you, and their daughters pro-
fit very greatly under you: you are a good
member of the commonwealth.

Hol. *Mecherle*, if their sons be ingenious,
they shall want no instruction: if their daugh-
ters be capable, I will put it to them: But, *vir*
sapit, qui pauca loquitur: a soul feminine
saluteth us.

Enter JAQUENETTA and COSTARD.

Jaqu. God give you good morrow, master
person.

Hol. Master person,—*quasi* pers-on. And
if one should be pierc'd, which is the one?

Cost. Marry, master schoolmaster, he that
is likeliest to a hog'shead.

Hol. Of piercing a hog'shead! a good lustre
of conceit in a turf of earth; fire enough for a
flint, pearl enough for a swine: 'tis pretty; it
is well.

Jaqu. Good master parson, be so good as
read me this letter; it was given me by Cos-
tard, and sent me from Don Armatho: I be-
seech you, read it.

Hol. *Fauste, precor gelidâ quando pecus*
omne sub umbra

Ruminat,—and so forth. Ah, good old Man-
tuan! [nice:]

I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Ve-
— *Vinea, Vinea,*

Chi non te vede, et non te pregia.

Old Mantuan! old Mantuan! Who under-
standeth thee not, loves thee not.—*Ut, re, sol,*

lu, mi, fa.—Under pardon, sir, what are the

* A species of apple.

† A low fellow.

‡ Reached.

contents? or, rather, as Horace says in his—
What, my soul, verses?

Nath. Ay, sir, and very learned.

Hol. Let me hear a staff, a stanza, a verse;
Legs, domine.

Nath. If love make me forsworn, how
shall I swear to love?

Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty
vowed!

Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll faithful
[prove;

Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee
like osiers bowed.

Study his bias leaves, and make his book
thine eyes:

Where all those pleasures live, that art
If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall
suffice;

Well learned is that tongue, that well can
All ignorant that soul, that sees thee without
wonder;

[Which is to me some praise, that I thy
Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice
his dreadful thunder,

Which, not to anger bent, is music, and
sweet fire.

Celestial, as thou art, oh pardon, love, this
That sings heaven's praise with such an
earthly tongue!

Hol. You find not the apostrophes, and so
miss the accent: let me supervise the canzonet.

Here are only numbers ratified; but,
for the elegancy, facility, and golden cadence
of poesy, *caret*. Ovidius Naso was the man:

Nath. Marvellous well for the pen.

Hol. I do dine to-day at the father's of
certain pupil of mine; where if, before rep
it shall please you to gratify the table with
grace, I will, on my privilege I have with
parents of the foresaid child or pupil, was
take your *ben conato*; where I will per
those verses to be very unlearned, and
savouring of poetry, wit, nor invention
beseech your society.

Nath. And thank you too: for such
(saith the text,) is the happiness of life.

Hol. And, certes t, the text most infall
concludes it.—Sir, [To DOLL.] I do for
you too; you shall not say me, nay: *per
verba*. Away; the gentles are at their go
and we will to our recreation. [Exit

SCENE III. Another part of the inn

Enter BIRON, with a paper.

Biron. The king he is hunting the deer
am coursing myself: they have pitch'd a t
I am toiling in a pitch; pitch that shall
defile a foul word. Well, Set thee down
sorrow! for so, they say, the fool said, and
say I, and I the fool. Well proved, will!
the lord, this love is as mad as Ajax: it
sheep; it kills me, I a sheep: Well prov
again on my side! I will not love: if I
hang me; I'faith, I will not. O, but her
—by this light, but for her eye, I would
love her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I

at love thyself; then thou wilt keep
for glasses, and still make me
weep.

If guess, how far dost thou excel!
No one think, nor tongue of mortal
tell—

I she know my griefs! I'll drop the
ven, shade folly. Who is he comes
u? [Steps aside.

LONGAVILLE, with a paper.
merville! and reading! listen, ear.
Now, in thy likeness, one more fool,
tari! [Aside.

Alas! I am forsworn.
Why, he comes in like a perjure,
ring paper. [Aside.

In love, I hope; Sweet fellowship
thence! [Aside.

One drunkard loves another of the
the. [Aside.

Am I the first that have been per-
it so? [Aside.] I could put thee in comfort;
by two, that I know:

At the triumpv, the corner cap of
lity. [Aside.] I could put thee in comfort;
of love's Tyburn that hangs up sin-
I fear, these stubborn lines lack
ver to move:

Maria, empress of my love!
shew will I tear, and write in prose,
[Aside.] O, rhymes are guards on
men Cupid's hose:

not his sloop.
This same shall go—
[He reads the sonnet.

the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye
whom the world cannot hold ar-
ment.)

my heart to this sales perjury!
for thee broke, deserve not punish-
ment.

I forswore; but, I will prove,
sing a goddess, I forswore not thee:
was earthly, thou a heavenly love;

was being gain'd, cures all dis-
pace in me.
but breath, and breath a vapour is:

low, fair sun, which on my earth
but shine,
this vapour vow; in thee it is:

on then, it is no fault of mine;
broke, What fool is not so wise,
a oath to win a paradise?

[Aside.] This is the liver vein, which
has such a deity;
some, a goddess: pure, pure idolatry.

ad us, God amend! we are much out
he way.
ter DUMAIN, with a paper.

By whom shall I send this?—Com-
y I stay. [Stepping aside.

[Aside.] All hid, all hid, an old infant
f:
mild here sit I in the sky,
shed fool's secrets heedfully o'er-eye.

More sachs to the mill! O heavens, I have my
wish; [dish!

Dumain transform'd: four woodcocks in a
Dum. O most divine Kate!
Biron. O most profane conceit! [Aside.

Dum. By heaven, the wonder of a mortal eye!
Biron. By earth, she is but corporal; there
you lie. [Aside.

Dum. Her amber hairs for fool have amber
coted. [Aside.

Biron. An amber-colour'd reben was well
noted. [Aside.

Dum. As upright as the cedar.
Biron. Stoop, I say;
Her shoulder is with child. [Aside.

Dum. As fair as day.
Biron. Ay, as some days; but then no sun
must shine. [Aside.

Dum. O that I had my wish!
Long. And I had mine! [Aside.
King. And I mine too, good Lord! [Aside.

Biron. Adieu, so I had mine: Is not that
a good word? [Aside.

Dum. I would forget her; but a fever she
Reigns in my blood, and will remember'd be.
Biron. A fever in your blood, why, then
inclination [lon. [Aside.

Would let her out in saucers; Sweet mispri-
Dum. Once more I'll read the ode that I
have writ.

Biron. Once more I'll mark how love can
vary wit. [Aside.

Dum. On a day, (alack the day!)
Love, whose month is ever May,
Spied a blossom, passing fair,

Playing in the wanton air:
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen, 'gan passage find;

That the lover, sick to death,
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.
Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;

Air, would I might triumph so!
But alack, my hand is sworn,
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:

Vow, alack, for youth unmeet;
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.
Do not call it sin in me,

That I am forsworn for thee:
Thou for whom even Jove would swear
Juno but an Ethiop were;

And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.—
This will I send; and something else more plain,

That shall express my true love's fasting pain.
O, would the King, Biron, and Longaville,
Were lovers too! Ill, to example ill,

Would from my forehead wipe a perjur'd note;
For none offend, where all alike do dote.
Long. Dumain, [advancing.] thy love is far
from charity,

That in love's grief death's at society:
You may look pale, but I should blush, I know,
To be o'erheard, and taken napping so.

King. Come, sir, [advancing.] you blush;
no his your case is such;
You chide at him, offending twice as much:

You do not love Maria; Longaville
Did never sonnet for her sake compile;
Nor never lay his wreathed arms athwart
His loving bosom, to keep down his heart.
I have been closely shrouded in this bush,
And mark'd you both, and for you both did

blush. [fashion]
I heard your guilty rhymes, observ'd your
Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your
passion:

Ah me! says one; O Jove! the other cries;
One, her hairs were gold, crystal the other's
eyes:

You would for paradise break faith and troth;
[To Long.]

And Jove, for your love, would infringe an
oath. [To Dumain.]

What will Birón say, when that he shall hear
A faith infring'd, which such a zeal did swear?
How will he scorn? how will he spend his
wit?

How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it?
For all the wealth that ever I did see,
I would not have him know so much by me.

Birón. Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy,—
Ah, good my liege, I pray thee pardon me:

[Descends from the tree.]
Good heart, what grace hast thou, thus to re-
prove

These worms for loving, that art most in love?
Your eyes do make no coaches; in your tears,
There is no certain princess that appears:
You'll not be believ'd 'tis a hateful thing:

Enter JAQUESSYTA and COSTARD.
Jaqu. God bless the king!

King. What present hast thou the
Cost. Some certain treason.

King. What makes treason he
Cost. Nay, it makes nothing, sir.

King. If it may nothing hurt
The treason, and you, go in peace away to
ther.

Jaqu. I beseech your grace, let this letter
Our person misdoubts it; 'twas treason, he
King. Birón, read it over.

[Giving him the letter]
Where hadst thou it?

Jaqu. Of Costard.

King. Where hadst thou it?

Cost. Of Dun Adramaillo, Dun Adramaillo
King. How now! what is in you? do
dost thou tear it? [needs not tear]

Birón. A toy, my liege, a toy; your grace
Long. It did move him to passion, and
therefore let's hear it.

Dum. It is Birón's writing, and here is
name. [Picks up the piece]

Birón. Ah, you whoreson loggerhead, [to
Cost.] you were born to do me shame

Guiltily, my lord, guiltily; I confess, I confess
King. What? [to make up the matter]

Birón. That you three fools lack'd me? He, he, and you, my liege, and I,

Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to
O, damn this audience, and I shall tell

Dum. Now the matter is done. [Exit]

Is she like her? O wood divine!
 If such wood were felicity.
 I give an oath? where is a book?
 My swart, beauty doth beauty lack,
 I learn not of her eye to look:
 Is fair, that is not full so black.
 Paradox! Black is the badge of hell,
 Of dungeons, and the scowl of night;
 Y's crest becomes the heavens well.
 Devils soonest tempt, resembling
 Its of light.
 Ick my lady's brows be deckt,
 As that painting, and usurping hair,
 Vain deters with a false aspect;
 Before is she born to make black fair.
 It turns the fashion of the days;
 We blood is counted painting now;
 One red, that would avoid dispraise,
 Self black, to imitate her brow.
 To look like her, are chimney-sweep-
 Black. [et] bright.
 And, since her time, are colliers count-
 And Ethiops of their sweet com-
 ion crack. [is] light.
 Dark needs no candles now, for dark
 Our mistresses dare never come in
 [away.
 If their colours should be wash'd
 Were good, yours did; for, sir, to
 You plain,
 Is a fairer face not wash'd to-day.
 'I prove her fair, or talk till Jovins-
 here. [much as she.
 O devil will fright thee then so
 Never knew man hold vile stuff so
 . [her face see. [Showing his shoe.
 Look, here's thy love: my foot and
), if the streets were paved with
 : eyes, [tread!

Without the beauty of a woman's face?
 From women's eyes this doctrine I derive!
 They are the ground, the books, the academes,
 From whence doth spring the true Prometheus
 Why, universal plodding prisons up [fire.
 The nimble spirits in the arteries;
 As motion, and long during action, throes
 The sinewy vigour of the traveller.
 Now, for not looking on a woman's face,
 You have in that forsworn the use of eyes;
 And study too, the causer of your vow:
 For where is any author in the world,
 Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye?
 Learning is but an adjunct to ourself,
 And where we are, our learning likewise is.
 Then, when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,
 Do we not likewise see our learning there?
 O, we have made a vow to study, lords;
 And in that vow we have forsworn our books;
 For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,
 In leaden contemplation, have found out
 Such fiery numbers, as the prompting eyes
 Of beauteous tutors have enrich'd you with?
 Other slow arts entirely keep the brain;
 And therefore finding barren practisers,
 Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toll:
 But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,
 Lives not alone immured in the brain;
 But with the motion of all elements,
 Courses as swift as thought in every power;
 And gives to every power a double power,
 Above their functions and their offices.
 It adds a precious seeing to the eye;
 A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind;
 A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,
 When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd;
 Love's feeling is more soft, and sensible,
 Than are the tender horns of cockled snails;
 Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in

Or, keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.
 For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love;
 Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men;
 Or for men's sake, the authors of these women;
 Or women's sake, by whom we men are men;
 Let us once lose our oaths, to find ourselves,
 Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths:
 It is religion to be thus forsworn;
 For charity itself fulfils the law;
 And who can sever love from charity?

King. Saint Cupid, then! and, soldiers, to
 the field! (them, lords;

Biron. Advance your standards, and upon
 Pell-mell, down with them! but be first advis'd,
 In conflict that you get the sun of them. [by:

Long. Now to plain-dealing; lay these gloves
 Shall we resolve to won these girls of France?

King. And win them too: therefore let us
 devise

Some entertainment for themselves to night.

Biron. First, from the park let us
 them thither;

Then, homeward, every man attack
 Of his fair mistress: in the afternoon
 We will with some strange pastimes come
 Such as the shortness of the time can
 For revels, dances, masks, and merry
 Fore-run fair Love, strewing her way
 flowers.

King. Away, away! no time to tarry!
 That will be time, and time by us be.

Biron. *Allons! Allons! Allons!*
 reap'd no corn;

And justice always whirls in equal
 Light vouches may prove playful
 forsworn;

If so, our copper buys no better than
 gold.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Another part of the same.*

*Enter HOLOFERNES, Sir NATHANIEL, and
 DULL.*

Hol. *Satis quod sufficit.*

Nath. I praise God for you, sir: your reasons
 at dinner have been sharp and senten-
 tious: pleasant without scurrility, witty with-
 out affection, audacious without impudency,
 learned without opinion, and strange without

Hol. *Quare Chirra, not sirrah?*

Arm. Men of peace, well encounter

Hol. Most military sir, salutation.

Moth. They have been at a great feast
 guages, and stolen the scraps. [To Cost]

Cost. O, they have lived long in the
 basket of words! I marvel, they may
 not eaten thee for a word; for thou art
 long by the head as *honorificabilitud*
 ing: thou art under swallowed thee

of discretion. O, an the heavens
deased, that thou wert but my bas-
at a joyful father wouldst thou make
to; thou hast it *ad dunghill*, at the
nds, as they say.
), I smell false Latin; dunghill for

Arts-man, *praecambula*; we will be
om the barbarous. Do you not edu-
th at the charge-house* on the top
ountain?

Or, mons, the hill.

At your sweet pleasure, for the moun-

do, sans question.

Sir, it is the king's most sweet plea-
affection, to congratulate the princess
willon, in the posteriors of this day;
e rude multitude call, the afternoon.
be posterior of the day, most gene-
rally, congruent, and measurable
afternoon: the word is well cull'd,
sweet and apt, I do assure you, sir,
re.

Sir, the king is a noble gentleman;
familiar, I do assure you, very good.
For what is inward between us,
—I do beseech thee, remember thy
—I beseech thee, apparel thy head;
song other inopportune and most se-
rious,—and of great import indeed,
let that pass:—for I must tell thee,
come his grace (by the world) some-
lean upon my poor shoulder; and
royal finger, thus, dally with my ex-
—with my mustachio: but sweet
that pass. By the world, I recount
some certain special honours it pleas-
graciousness to impart to Armado, a sol-
dier of travel, that hath seen the world:
but pass.—The very all of all is,—but,
art, I do implore secrecy,—that the
old have me present the princess,
ack; with some delightful ostenta-
show, or pageant, or antic, or fire-
Now, understanding that the curate
sweet self, are good at such erup-
d sudden breaking out of mirth, as
I have acquainted you withal, to the
are your assistance.

Now, you shall present before her the
things.—Sir Nathaniel, as concerning
ertainment of time, some show in the
of this day, to be rendered by our
—the king's command, and this most
illustrate, and learned gentleman,—
be princess; I say, none so fit as to
be nine worthies.

Where will you find men worthy
to present them?

Oshua, yourself; myself, or this gal-
eman, Judas Maccabaeus; this swain,
of his great limb or joint, shall pass
the great; the page, Hercules.
Pardon, sir, error: he is not quan-

tity enough for that worthy's thumb: he is
not so big as the end of his club.

Hol. Shall I have audience? he shall pre-
sent Hercules in minority: his *enter* and *exit*
shall be strangling a snake; and I will have
an apology for that purpose.

Moth. An excellent device! so, if any of
the audience hiss, you may cry: *well done*,
Hercules! now thou crushest the snake!
that is the way to make an offence gracious;
though few have the grace to do it.

Arm. For the rest of the worthies?—

Hol. I will play three myself.

Moth. Thrice worthy gentleman!

Arm. Shall I tell you a thing?

Hol. We attend.

Arm. We will have, if this fadge not, an
antic. I beseech you, follow.

Hol. *Vla* ¶, Goodman Dull! thou hast spoken
no word all this while.

Dull. Nor understood none neither, sir.

Hol. *Allons!* we will employ thee.

Dull. I'll make one in a dance, or so; or
I will play on the tabor to the worthies, and
let them dance the hay.

Hol. Most dull, honest Dull, to our sport,
away. [Exit.

SCENE II. *Another part of the same.*
Before the Princess's Pavilion.

*Enter the Princess, KATHARINE, ROSA-
LIND, and MARIA.*

Prin. Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we
If fairings come thus plentifully in: [depart,
A lady wall'd about with diamonds!—
Look you, what I have from the loving king.

Ros. Madam, came nothing else along with
that? [in rhyme,

Prin. Nothing but this? yes, as much love
As would be cramm'd up in a sheet of paper,
Writ on both sides the leaf, margent and all;
That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.

Ros. That was the way to make his god-
head wax **;

For he hath been five thousand years a boy.

Kath. Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows
too. [kill'd your sister.

Ros. You'll ne'er be friends with him; he
Kath. He made her melancholy, sad, and
heavy;

And so she died: had she been light, like you,
Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,
She might have been a grandam ere she died:
And so may you; for a light heart lives long.

Ros. What's your dark meaning, mouse ¶,
of this light word?

Kath. A light condition in a beauty dark.

Ros. We need more light to find your
meaning out. [in snuff ¶;

Kath. You'll mar the light, by taking it
Therefore, I'll darkly end the argument.

Ros. Look, what you do, you do it still
I' the dark.

Kath. So do not you; for you are a light
wench.

school. † Confidential. ‡ Beard.

¶ Grow. ¶ Formerly a term of endearment.

§ Chick.

|| Suit.

¶ Courage.

¶ In anger.

Ros. Indeed, I weigh not you; and therefore light. [care not for me.

Kath. You weigh me no:—O, that's you

Ros. Great reason; for, Past cure is still past care. [well play'd.

Prin. Well bandied both; a set of wit

But, Rosaline, you have a favour too:

Who sent it? and what is it?

Ros. I would, you knew:

An if my face were but as fair as yours,

My favour were as great; be witness this.

Nay, I have verses too, I thank Birón: [too,

The numbers true; and, were the numbring

I were the fairest goddess on the ground;

I am compar'd to twenty thousand fairs.

O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter!

Prin. Any thing like? [praise.

Ros. Much, in the letters; nothing in the

Prin. Beauteous as ink; a good conclusion.

Kath. Fair as a text B in a copy-book.

Ros. 'Ware pencils! How? let me not die your debtor,

My red dominical, my golden letter:

O, that your face were not so full of O's!

Kath. A pox of that jest! and beshrew all shrews!

Prin. But what was sent to you from fair Dumain?

Kath. Madam, this glove.

Prin. Did he not send you twain?

Kath. Yes, madam; and moreover,

Some thousand verses of a faithful lover:

A huge translation of hypocrisy,

Enter Boyet.

Prin. Here comes Boyet, and mirth in his face. [Where's her grace?

Boyet. O, I am stabb'd with laughter!

Prin. Thy news, Boyet?

Boyet. Prepare, madam, prepare!

Arm, wenches, arm! encounters mounted!

Against your peace: Love doth approach

disguis'd,

Armed in arguments; you'll be surpris'd:

Muster your wits; stand in your own defence!

Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence!

Prin. Saint Dennis to saint Cupid! We

are they,

That charge their breath against us? say, tell

Boyet. Under the cool shade of aycams

I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour

When, lo! to interrupt my purpos'd rest,

Toward that shade I might behold address

The king and his companions: warily

I stole into a neighbour thicket by,

And overheard what you shall overhear;

That, by and by, disguis'd they will be hence

Their herald is a pretty knavish page,

That well by heart hath conn'd his embassy;

Action, and accent, did they teach him there

Thus must thou speak, and thus thy be

And ever and anon they made a doubt, [He

Presence majestical would put him out;

For, quoth the king, an angel shalt thou be

Yet fear not thou, but speak undaunted

The boy reply'd, An angel is not evil:

I should have fear'd her, had she been a devil

them; wear the favours most
[intent]
this changing, what is your
set of my intent is, to cross

mocking merriment;
lock is only my intent.
mocks they unbecom shall
; and so be mock'd withal,
occasion that we meet,
play'd, to talk, and greet.
we dance, if they desire us

(a foot :
the death, we will not move
d speech render we no grace;
take, each turn away her face.
that contempt will kill the
heart,
to his memory from his part.
we I do it; and, I make no
come in, if he be out. [doubt,
sport, as sport by sport o'er-

(own :
ours, and ours none but our
mocking intended game;
mock'd, depart away with
[Trumpets sound within.
impet sounds; be mask'd, the
me. [The ladies mask,
BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and
russian habits, and masked;
us and Attendants.
if, the richest beauties on
!

as no richer than rich taffata.
parcel of the fairest dames.
idles turn their backs to him.
d their—backs—to mortal
eyes, villain, their eyes.
ever turn'd their eyes to
ews! Out—
out, indeed.
f your favours, heavenly
muchsafe
—
o behold, rogue.
o behold with your sun-
yes,
un-beamed eyes—
ill not answer to that epithet;
ill it, daughter-beamed eyes.
not mark me, and that brings
[you rogue.
your perfectness? be gone,
ould these strangers? know
s; Boyet :
our language, 'tis our will
man recount their purposes :
would.
would you with the princess?
ing but peace, and gentle visi-
aid they, say they? [tation.
g but peace, and gentle visi-
(so be gone.
at they have; and bid them
n, you have it, and you may

King. Say to her, we have measur'd many
miles

To tread a measure with her on this grass.

Boyet. They say, that they have measur'd
many a mile,

To tread a measure with you on this grass.

Ros. It is not so: ask them, how many inches
is in one mile: if they have measur'd many,
The measure then of one is easily told. [miles,

Boyet. If, to come hither you have measur'd
And many miles; the princess bids you tell,
How many inches do fill up one mile. [steps.

Biron. Tell her, we measure them by weary

Boyet. She hears herself.

Ros. How many weary steps,
Of many weary miles you have o'ergone,
Are number'd in the travel of one mile?

Biron. We number nothing that we spend
Our duty is so rich, so infinite, [for you;
That we may do it still without account.

Vouchsafe to show the sunshine of your face,
That we, like savages, may worship it. [too.

Ros. My face is but a moon, and clouded

King. Blessed are clouds, to do as such
clouds do! [to shine

Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars,
(Those clouds remov'd,) upon our wat'ry eyes.

Ros. O vain petitioner! beg a greater matter;
Thou now request'st but moonshine in the
water. [safe one change:

King. Then, in our measure do but vouch-
Thou bid'st me beg; this begging is not strange.

Ros. Play, music, then: nay, you must do
it soon. [Music plays.

Not yet;—no dance:—thus change I like the
moon. [thus estrang'd?

King. Will you not dance? How come you
Ros. You took the moon at full; but now
she's chang'd. [man.

King. Yet still she is the moon, and I the
The music plays; vouchsafe some motion to it.

Ros. Our ears vouchsafe it.

King. But your legs should do it.

Ros. Since you are strangers, and come
here by chance, [dance.

We'll not be nice: take hands;—we will not

King. Why take we hands then?

Ros. Only to part friends:—

Courtesy, sweet hearts; and so the measure
ends. [not nice.

King. More measure of this measure; be

Ros. We can afford no more at such a price.

King. Prize you yourselves; What buys

Ros. Your absence only. [your company?

King. That can never be.

Ros. Then cannot we be bought: and so

adieu;

Twice to your visor, and half once to you!

King. If you deny to dance, let's hold more

Ros. In private then. [chat.

King. I am best pleas'd with that.

[They converse apart.

Biron. White-handed mistress, one sweet

word with thee. [is three.

Prin. Honey, and milk, and sugar; there

Biron. Nay then, two treys, (as if you grow

so nice,) [dice!

Metheglin, wort, and malmsey;—Well run,

There's half a dozen sweets.

Prin. Seventh sweet, adieu! Since you can cog*, I'll play no more with you.

Biron. One word in secret.

Prin. Let it not be sweet.

Biron. Thou griev'st my gall.

Prin. Gall? bitter.

Biron. Therefore meet.

[*They converse apart.*]

Dum. Will you vouchsafe with me to

Mar. Name it. [*change a word?*]

Dum. Fair lady,—

Mar. Say you so? Fair lord,— Take that for your fair lady.

Dum. Please it you,

As much in private, and I'll bid adieu.

[*They converse apart.*]

Kath. What, was your visor made without a tongue? [*ask.*]

Long. I know the reason, lady, why you

Kath. O, for your reason! quickly, sir: I

long. [*your mask,*]

Long. You have a double tongue within And would afford my speechless visor half,

Kath. Veal, quoth the Dutchman;—Is not veal a calf?

Long. A calf, fair lady?

Kath. No, a fair lord calf.

Long. Let's part the word.

Kath. No, I'll not be your half: Take all, and wean it; it may prove an ox.

Long. Look, how you butt yourself in these sharp mocks!

Will you give horns, chaste lady? do not so.

Ros. O! they were all in lamentable

The king was weeping-ripe for a good

Prin. Biron did swear himself out of

Mar. Dumain was at my service, sword;

No point, quoth I; my servant strai

Kath. Lord Longaville said, I came

And trow you, what he call'd me?

Prin. Qualm, p

Kath. Yes, in good faith.

Prin. Go, sickness as th

Ros. Well, better wits have wrot statute-capes.

But will you hear? the king is m sworn.

Prin. And quick Biron hath plights to me.

Kath. And Longaville was for my

Mar. Dumain is mine, as sure as I tree.

Boyet. Madam, and pretty mistress

Immediately they will again be here

In their own shapes; for it can never

They will digest this harsh indignity.

Prin. Will they return?

Boyet. They will, they will, God And leap for joy, though they are tan

blows:

Therefore, change favours; and, wh

Blow like sweet roses in this summer

Prin. How blow? how blow? spea understood. [*the*]

Boyet. Fair ladies, mask'd, are r Dismask'd, their damask sweet com

is his wit's pedlar; and retails his wares
in wakes, and wassels*, meetings, markets,
fairs; [know,
and we that sell by gros, the Lord doth
not the grace to grace it with such show.
The gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve;
If he been Adam, he had tempted Eve;
He can carve too, and sleep: Why, this is he,
that has'd away his hand in courtesy;
He is the ape of form, monsieur the nice,
that, when he plays at tables, chides the dice
a honourable terms; nay, he can slug
a man most meanly; and, in ushering,
find him who can: the ladies call him, sweet;
He sits, as he treads on them, kiss his feet;
He is the flower that smiles on every one,
show his teeth as white as whales bone†:
He can converse, that will not die in debt,
and him the due of honey-tongued Boyet.
King. A pinner on his sweet tongue, with
my heart,
that put Armado's page out of his part!
Enter the Princess, usher'd by BOYET;
ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, and
Mariana.
Prin. See where it comes!—Behaviour,
what wert thou, [now?
this man show'd thee? and what art thou
King. All hail, sweet madam, and fair time
of day!
Prin. Fair, in all hail, is foul, as I conceive.
King. Construe my speeches better, if you
may. [leave.
Prin. Then wish me better, I will give you
King. We came to visit you; and purpose
now
To lead you to our court: vouchsafe it then.
Prin. This field shall hold me; and so hold
your vow:
Nor God, nor I, delight in perjur'd men.
King. Rebuke me not for that which you
provoke;
The virtue of your eye must break my oath.
Prin. You nick-name virtue: vice you
should have spoke;
For virtue's office never breaks men's troth.
By my maiden honour, yet as pure
As the unsullied lily, I protest,
I would not yield to be your house's guest:
Much I hate a breaking-cause to be
Heavenly oaths, vow'd with integrity.
King. O, you have liv'd in desolation here,
Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame.
Prin. Not so, my lord; it is not so, I swear;
We have had pastimes here, and pleasant
Games of Russians left us but of late. [game;
King. How, madam? Russians?
Prin. Ay, in truth, my lord;
The gallants, full of courtship, and of state.
Prin. Madam, speak true:—It is not so, my
lord, (to the manner of the days,) [lord;
Nay, give undeserving praise.
Prin. Indeed, confronted here with four
Russian habit: here they stay'd an hour,

And talk'd apace; and in that he
They did not bless us with one ha,
I dare not call them fools; but this
When they are thirsty, fools would sa
drink.

Biron. This jest is dry to me—Fair, ge
sweet,
Your wit makes wise things foolish; when we
With eyes best seeing heaven's fiery eye,
By light we lose light: Your capacity
Is of that nature, that to your huge store
Wise things seem foolish, and rich things but
poor. [my eye,—

Ros. This proves you wise and rich; for in
Biron. I am a fool, and full of poverty.

Ros. But that you take what doth to you
belong,

It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.

Biron. O, I am yours, and all that I possess.

Ros. All the fool mine?

Biron. I cannot give you less.

Ros. Which of the visors was it, that you wore?

Biron. Where? when? what visor? why
demand you this? [case,

Ros. There, then, that visor; that superfluous
That hid the worse, and show'd the better face.

King. We are desir'd: they'd mock us
now downright.

Dum. Let us confess, and turn it to a jest.

Prin. Amaz'd, my lord? Why looks your
highness sad? [Why look you pale?—

Ros. Help, hold his brows! he'll swoon!
Sea-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy.

Biron. Thus pour the stars down plagues
for perjury.

Can any face of brass hold longer out?—

Here stand I, lady; dart thy skill at me;

Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a
foul; [france;

Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance

Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit;

And I will wish thee never more to dance,

Nor never more in Russian habit wait.

O! never will I trust to speeches penn'd,

Nor to the motion of a school boy's tongue;

Nor never come in visor to my friend;

Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's song:

Taffeta phrases, silken terms precise,

Three-pil'd hyperboles, spruce affectation,

Figures pedantical; these summer-flies

Have blown me full of maggot ostentation:

I do forswear them: and I here protest,

By this white glove, (how white the hand,
God knows!)

Henceforth my wooing mind shall be express'd

In russet yeas, and honest kersey noes;

And, to begin, wench,—so God help me, la!—

My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw.

Ros. Sans sans, I pray you.

Biron. Yet I have a trick

Of the old rage:—bear with me, I am sick;

I'll leave it by degrees. Soft, let us see:—

Write, Lord have mercy on us, on these three;

They are infected, in their hearts it lies; [eyes:

They have the plague, and caught it of you

* Rustic merry-meetings.

† The tenor in music.

‡ After the fashion of the times.

† The tooth of the horse-whale
Mistress.

These lords are visited; you are not free,
For the Lord's tokens on you do I see.

Sir *Prin.* No, they are free, that gave these
tokens to us. [undo us.]

Biron. Our states are forfeit, seek not to

Ros. It is not so; For how can this be true,
That you stand forfeit, being those that sue?

Biron. Peace; for I will not have to do
with you.

Ros. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend. [end.]

Biron. Speak for yourselves, my wit is at an

King. Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude
Some fair excuse. [transgression]

Prin. The fairest is confession.

Were you not here, but even now, disguis'd?

King. Madam, I was.

Prin. And were you well advis'd?

King. I was, fair madam.

Prin. When you then were here,
What did you whisper in your lady's ear?

King. That more than all the world I did
respect her. [will reject her.]

Prin. When she shall challenge this, you

King. Upon mine honour, no.

Prin. Peace, peace, forbear;
Your oath once broke, you force * not to for-
swear. [of mine.]

King. Despise me, when I break this oath

Prin. I will; and therefore keep it:—Rosaline,
What did the Russian whisper in your ear?

Ros. Madam, he swore that he did hold me
As precious eye-sight; and did value me [dear
Above this world: adding thereto, moreover,

You put our page out: Go, you are allow'd
Die when you will, a smock shall be your
shroud.

You leer upon me, do you? there's an eye,
Wounds like a leaden sword.

Boyet. Full merrily

Hath this brave manage, this career, been

Biron. Lo, he is tilting straight! Peace;
have done.

Enter COSTARD.

Welcome, pure wit! thou partest a fair fra-

Cost. O Lord, sir, they would know,

Whether the three worthies shall come in, or no.

Biron. What, are there but three?

Cost. No, sir; but it is vary'd thus

For every one pursueth three.

Biron. And three times thrice is nine

Cost. Not so, sir; under correction, sir,
hope, it is not so:

You cannot beg us, sir, I can assure you, sir,
we know what we know:

I ope, sir, three times thrice, sir,—

Biron. Is not nine.

Cost. Under correction, sir, we know what
until it doth amount. [for nine]

Biron. By Jove, I always took three times

Cost. O Lord! sir, it were pity you should
get your living by reckoning, sir.

Biron. How much is it?

Cost. O Lord! sir, the parties themselves
the actors, sir, will show whereuntil it doth

amount: for my own part, I am, as they are,
but to perfect one man,—e'en one poor man

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

1917

I protest, the school-master is
 foolish; too, too vain; too, too
 will put it, as they say, to for-
 serra. I wish you the peace of
 your complement! [Exit AN-
 is like to be a good presence
 he presents Hector of Troy; the
 ry the great; the parish curate,
 Armado's page, Hercules; the
 Machabæus. [Thrive,
 bar worthies in their first show
 it change habits, and present the
 va.

re is five in the first show.
 are deserv'd, 'tis not so.
 pedant, the braggart, the hedge-
 t, and the boy:— [again,
 atrovum; and the whole world
 :† out five such, take each one
 rein. [comes again.
 ship is under sail, and here she
 brought for the King, Prin. &c.
 ut of the Nine Worthies.
 STAND ARMED, for Pompey.
 Pompey am,—

You lie, you are not he.
 Pompey am,—

With Hibbard's head on knee.
 illud, old mocker; I must needs
 ide with thee. [the big,—
 Pompey am, Pompey surnam'd
 great. [the great;
 great, sir;—Pompey surnam'd
 sold, with targe and shield, did
 my foe to sweat:
 ing along this coast, I here am
 y chance;

arms before the legs of this
 lass of France.

ship would say, Thanks, Pom-
 had done.

it thanks, great Pompey.
 not so much worth; but, I hope,
 : I made a little fault in, great.
 hat to a halfpenny, Pompey
 at worthy.

SAMUEL ARMED, for Alexander.
 in the world I liv'd, I was
 old's commander;

t, north, and south, I spread
 quering might: [Alexander.
 in plain declares, that I am
 ur nose says, no, you are not; for
 is too right.

ar nose smells, no, in this, most
 smelling knight.

conqueror is dismay'd: proceed
 Alexander.

on in the world I liv'd, I was
 old's commander;—

not true, 'tis right; you were so,
 Pompey the great,— [Alexander.

Your servant, and Costard.
 the away the conqueror, take
 her.

Cost. O, sir, [To NATH.] you
 thrown Alexander the conqueror
 be scraped out of the painted cloth
 your lion, that holds his poll-ax sitting
 close stool, will be given to Ajax: he
 the ninth worthy. A conqueror, and able
 to speak! run away for shame, Alexander.
 [NATH. retires.] There, an't shall please you;
 a foolish mild man; an honest man, look you,
 and soon dash'd! He is a marvellous good
 neighbour, insooth; and a very good bowler;
 but, for Alexander, alas, you see, how 'tis;—a
 little o'erparted:—But there are worthies a com-
 ing will speak their mind in some other sort.

Prin. Stand aside, good Pompey.

Enter HOLOFERNES armed, for Judas, and
 MOTH ARM'D, for Hercules.

Hol. Great Hercules is presented by this
 imp, [headed canvas;
 Whose club kill'd Cerberus, that three-
 And, when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp,
 Thus did he strangle serpents in his manns:
 Quoniam, he seemeth in minority;
 Ergo, I come with this apology.—

Keep some state in thy exit, and vanish.

Hol. Judas I am,— [Exit MOTH.
 Dum. A Judas!

Hol. Not Iscariot, sir.—

Judas I am, ycleped Machabæus.

Dum. Judas Machabæus elipt, is plain Judas.

Biron. A kissing traitor:—How art thou
 Hol. Judas I am,— [prov'd Judas!

Dum. The more shame for you, Judas.

Hol. What mean you, sir?

Boyet. To make Judas hang himself.

Hol. Begin, sir; you are my elder.

Biron. Well follow'd: Judas was hang'd
 on an elder.

Hol. I will not be put out of countenance.

Biron. Because thou hast no face.

Hol. What is this?

Boyet. A cittern head.

Dum. The head of a bodkin.

Biron. A death's face in a ring. [seen.
 Long. The face of an old Roman coin, scarce
 Boyet. The pommel of Caesar's falchion.

Dum. The carv'd-bone face on a flask.

Biron. St. George's half-cheek in a brooch.

Dum. Ay, and in a brooch of lead.

Biron. Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-
 drawer: [countenance.

And now, forward; for we have put thee in
 Hol. You have put me out of countenance.

Biron. False; we have given thee faces.

Hol. But you have out-face'd them all.

Biron. An thou wert a lion, we would do so.

Boyet. Therefore, as he is, an ass, let him go.

And so adieu, sweet Jude! nay, why dost thou
 Dum. For the latter end of his name. [stay?
 Biron. For the ass to the Jude: give it
 him:—Jud-as, away. [humble.

Hol. This is not generous, not gentle, not
 Boyet. A light for monsieur Judas: it grows
 dark, he may stumble. [been baited!
 Prin. Alas, poor Machabæus, how hath he

game with dice.

† Pick out.

† A soldier's powder-horn.

§ An ornamental buckle for fastening hat-bands, &c.

Then Enter ARMADO armed, for Hector.

F Biron. Hide thy head, Achilles; here comes
Sir Hector in arms.

Dum. Though my mocks come home by me,
I will now be merry.

King. Hector was but a Trojan in respect
of this.

Boyet. But is this Hector?

Dum. I think, Hector was not so clean-
limber'd.

Long. His leg is too big for Hector.

Dum. More calf, certain.

Boyet. No; he is best indued in the small.

Biron. This cannot be Hector.

Dum. He's a god or a painter; for he
makes faces.

(The almighty,

Arm. The omnipotent Mars, of lances
Gave Hector a gift,—

Dum. A gilt nutmeg.

Biron. A lemon.

Long. Stuck with cloves.

Dum. No, cloven.

Arm. Peace.

The omnipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,
Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilium;
A man so breath'd, that certain he would
fight, yea

From morn till night, out of his pavilion.

I am that flower,—

Dum. That mint.

Long. That columbine.

Arm. Sweet lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.

Long. I must rather give it the rein; for
it runs against Hector.

Dum. Hector will challenge him.

Biron. Ay, if he have no more man's blood
in's belly than will sup a flea.

Arm. By the north pole, I do challenge thee.

Cost. I will not fight with a pole, like
northern man; I'll slash; I'll do it by the sword.

I pray you, let me borrow my arms again.

Dum. Room for the incensed worthies.

Cost. I'll do it in my shirt.

Dum. Most resolute Pompey!

Moth. Master, let me take you a better
hole lower. Do you not see, Pompey is
easing for the combat? What mean you? you
will lose your reputation.

Arm. Gentlemen, and soldiers, pardon me;
I will not combat in my shirt.

Dum. You may not deny it; Pompey has
made the challenge.

Arm. Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

Biron. What reason have you for't?

Arm. The naked truth of it is, I have no
shirt; I go woolward for penance.

Boyet. True, and it was enjoind him
Rome for want of linen; since when, I'll
sworn, he wore none, but a dish-cloth of
queneita's; and that 'a wears next his skin
for a favour.

Enter MERCADE.

Mer. God save you, madam!

Prin. Welcome, Mercade;

But that thou interrupt'st our merriment.

Mer. I am sorry, madam; for the news
bring,

Is he not your tongue? That he is not, that



LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

197.

loud of sorrow justle it [lost,
purpos'd; since, to wail friends
ch so wholesome, profitable,
at friends but newly found.
understand you not; my grief are
[ear of grief;—
most plain words best pierce the
hedges understand the king.
sakes have we neglected time,
lag with our oaths; your beauty,

[mourns
defer'd us, fashioning our hu-
supposed end of our interests:
us hath seem'd ridiculous,—
ll of unbalancing strains;
a child, skipping, and vain;
e eye, and, therefore, like the eye
e shapes, of habits, and of forms,
hjects as the eye doth roll
ed object in his glance:
coated presence of loose love
lf, in your heavenly eyes,
m'd our oaths and gravities,
ly eyes, that look into these faults,
s to make: Therefore, ladies,
g yours, the error that love makes
ars: we to ourselves prove false,
s false for ever to be true
make us both,—fair ladies, you:
t falsehood, in itself a sin
itself, and turns to grace. [love;
have receiv'd your letters, full of
, the ambassadors of love;
aiden council, rated them
pleasant jest, and courtesy,
and as lining to the time:
out than this, in our respects,
been; and therefore met your
fashion, like a merriment. [loves
tters, madam, show'd much more
ld our looks. [than jest.

We did not quote't them so,
, at the latest minute of the hour,
loves.

A time, methinks, too short.
mid-without-end bargain in:
rd, your grace is perjur'd much,
pallidness; and, therefore this,—
e (as there is no such cause)
ight, this shall you do for me:
rill not trust; but go with speed
rn and naked hermitage,
all the pleasures of the world;
all the twelve celestial signs
t about their annual reckoning:
inocitable life
our offer made in heat of blood;
l fasts, hard lodging, and thin
l,
pady blossoms of your love,
ar this trial, and last love;
expiration of the year,
ge, challenge me by these deserts,
virgin palm, now kissing thine,
is; and, till that instant, shut
d up in a mourning house;

Raining the tears of lamentation,
For the remembrance of my father's death.
If this thou do deny, let our hands part;
Neither entic'd in the other's heart.

King. If this, or more than this, I would
deny, [rest,

To flatter up these powers of mine with
The sudden hand of death close up mine eye!
Hence ever then my heart is in thy breast.

Biron. And what to me, my love! and what
to me? [rank;

Ros. You must be purged too, your sins are
You are stain'd with faults and perjury;
Therefore, if you my favour mean to get,
A twelvemonth shall you spend, and never rest,
But seek the weary beds of people sick.

Dum. But what to me, my love! but what
to me? [honesty;

Kath. A wife!—A beard, fair health, and
With three-fold love I wish you all these three.

Dum. O, shall I say, I thank you, gentle
wife! [and a day

Kath. Not so, my lord;—a twelvemonth
I'll mark no words that smooth-fac'd wooers say:
Come when the king doth to my lady come,
Then, if I have much love, I'll give you some.

Dum. I'll serve thee true and faithfully till
then. [again.

Kath. Yet swear not, lest you be forsworn
Long. What says Maria?

Mar. At the twelvemonth's end,
I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.

Long. I'll stay with patience; but the time
is long. [young.

Mar. The liker you; few taller are so
Biron. Studies my lady! mistress look on me,
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,
What humble suit attends thy answer there;
Impose some service on me for thy love.

Ros. Oft have I heard of you, my lord Biron,
Before I saw you: and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks;
Full of comparisons and wounding flouts;
Which you on all estates will execute,
That lie within the mercy of your wit: [brain;
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful
And, therewithal, to win me, if you please,
(Without the which I am not to be won,) [day
You shall this twelvemonth term from day to
Visit the speechless sick, and still converse
With groaning wretches; and your task shall
With all the fierce endeavour of your wit, [be,
To enforce the pained impotent to smile.

Biron. To move wild laughter in the throat
It cannot be; it is impossible: [of death!
Mirth cannot move a soul in agony. [spirit,

Ros. Why, that's the way to choke a gilding
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace,
Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools
A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it: then, if sickly ears,
Deaf'd with the clamours of their own dear
groans,

Will hear your idle scorns, continue then,
And I will have you, and that fault withal;

speed. † Regard. ‡ Clothing. § Vehement. ¶ Immediate.

But, if they will not, throw away that spirit,
And I shall find you empty of that fault,
Right joyful of your reformation.

Biron. A twelvemonth? well, befall what
will befall.

I'll jest a twelvemonth in an hospital.

Prin. Ay, sweet my lord; and so I take
my leave. [To the King.

King. No, madam: we will bring you on
your way. [play:

Biron. Our wooing doth not end like an old
Jack hath not Jill: these ladies' courtesy
Might well have made our sport a comedy.

King. Come, sir, it wants a twelvemonth
And then 'twill end. [and a day.

Biron. That's too long for a play.

Enter ARMADO.

Arm. Sweet majesty, vouchsafe me,—

Prin. Was not that Hector?

Dum. The worthy knight of Troy.

Arm. I will kiss thy royal finger, and take
leave: I am a votary; I have vowed to Ja-
quenetta to hold the plough for her sweet love
three years. But, most esteemed greatness,
will you hear the dialogue that the two learn-
ed men have compiled, in praise of the owl
and the cuckoo? it should have followed in
the end of our show.

King. Call them forth quickly, we will do so.

Arm. Holla! approach.

*Enter HOLOFERNES, NATHANIEL, MOTH,
COSTARD, and others.*

This side is Hiems, winter; this Ver, the

*The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings
Cuckoo;*

*Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!*

II.

*When shepherd's pipe on oaten straw
And merry larks are ploughmen's c*

*When turtles tread, and rooks, and
And maidens bleach their smocks,*

*The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings
Cuckoo;*

*Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!*

III.

*Winter. When icicles hang by the wall
And Dick the shepherd blows his*

*And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in*

*When blood is nipp'd, and ways be
Then nightly sings the staring owl,*

To—who;

*Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the*

IV.

*When all about the wind doth blow
And coughing drowns the parson*

*And birds sit brooding in the snow
And Marian's nose looks red and*

*When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl
Then nightly sings the staring owl*

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Persons represented.

ce.
rocco, } suitors to Portia.
ragon, }
e Merchant of Venice.
is friend.

friends to Antonio and Bas-
sanio.

love with Jessica.

Jew.

w, his friend.

of Venice, Officers of the Court of Justice, Jailor, Servants, and other
Attendants.

ity at Venice, and partly at Belmont, the Seat of Portia, on the Continent.

LAUNCELOT GOBBO, a clown, servant to
Shylock.

OLD GOBBO, father to Launcelot.

SALERIO, a messenger from Venice.

LEONARDO, servant to Bassanio.

BALTHAZAR, } servants to Portia.

STEPHANO,

PORTIA, a rich heiress.

NERISSA, her waiting-maid.

JESSICA, daughter to Shylock.

ACT I.

E I. Venice. A Street.

SIO, SALARINO, and SALANIO.

th, I know not why I am so sad;

;; you say, it wearies you;

ight it, found it, or came by it,

a made of, whereof it is born,

;

ant-wit sadness makes of me,

such ado to know myself.

ar mind is tossing on the ocean;

your argosies* with portly sail,—

and rich burghers of the flood,

: the pageants of the sea,—

the petty traffickers,

o them, do them reverence,

y them with their woven wings.

lieve me, sir, had I such venture

rt of my affections would [forth,

tops abroad. I should be still

grass, to know where sits the

[roads;

saps, for ports, and piers, and

ject, that might make me fear

my ventures, out of doubt,

me sad.

My wind, cooling my broth,

me to an ague, when I thought

wind too great might do at sea.

see the sandy hour-glass run,

think of shallows and of flats;

wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand,

high-top lower than her ribs,

trial. Should I go to church,

sooty edifice of stone, [rocks?

sink me straight of dangerous

Which touching but my gentle vessel's side,
Would scatter all her spices on the stream;
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks;
And, in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing? Shall I have the
thought

To think on this; and shall I lack the thought,
That such a thing, bechance'd would make me
But, tell not me; I know, Antonio [sad?
Is sad to think upon his merchandise. [for it,

Ant. Believe me, no: I thank my fortune
My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present year:

Therefore, my merchandise makes me not sad.

Salan. Why then you are in love.

Ant.

Flie, flie!

Salan. Not in love neither? Then let's say,
you are sad,

Because you are not merry: and 'twere as easy
For you, to laugh, and leap, and say, you are
merry, [Janus,

Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed
Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their
And laugh, like parrots, at a bag piper; [eyes,
And other of such vinegar aspect, [smile,
That they'll not show their teeth in way of
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Enter BASSANIO, LORENZO, and GRATIANO.

Salan. Here comes Bassanio, your most
noble kinsman,

Gratiano, and Lorenzo: Fare you well;

We leave you now with better company.

Salar. I would have staid till I had made you
merry,

* Ships of large burthen.

† Lowering.

If worthier friends had not prevented me.

Ant. Your worth is very dear in my regard.

I take it, your own business calls on you,

And you embrace the occasion to depart.

Salar. Good-morrow, my good lords.

Bass. Good signiors both, when shall we laugh? Say, when?

You grow exceeding strange: Must it be so?

Salar. We'll make our leisures to attend on yours.

(*Exeunt SALARINO and SALONIO.*)

Lor. My lord Bassanio, since you have found Antonio,

We two will leave you: but, at dinner-time,

I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.

Bass. I will not fail you.

Gra. You look not well, signior Antonio;

You have too much respect upon the world:

They lose it, that do buy it with much care.

Believe me, you are marvellously chang'd.

Ant. I hold the world but as the world,
Gratiano;

A stage, where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.

Gra. Let me play the fool:

With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;

And let my liver rather heat with wine,

Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.

Why should a man, whose blood is warm

Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster? (within,

Sleep when he wakes? and creep into the

jaundice

By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio,—

I love thee, and it is my love that speaks;—

nothing, more than any man in all Venice.
His reasons are as two grains of wheat
in two bushels of chaff; you shall seek
day ere you find them; and when you find
them, they are not worth the search.

Ant. Well; tell me now, what lady is
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage, as
That you to-day promis'd to tell me of?

Bass. 'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,
How much I have disabled mine estate,
By something showing a more swelling port

Than my faint means would grant continuance.

Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd

From such a noble rate; but my chief care

Is, to come fairly off from the great debts,

Wherein my time, something too prodigal,

Hath left me gaged: To you, Antonio,

I owe the most, in money, and in love;

And from your love I have a warranty

To unburthen all my plots, and purposes,

How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

Ant. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know

And, if it stand, as you yourself still do,

Within the eye of honour, be assur'd,

My purse, my person, my extremest means

Lie all unlock'd to your occasions, love that

Bass. In my school-days, when I had

I shot his fellow of the self-same flight

The self-same way, with more advised watch

To find the other forth; and by adventu-

both,

I oft found both: I urge this childhood proof

Because what follows is pure innocence.

I owe you much; and, like a wilful youth,

know'st, that all my fortunes are

money, nor commodity
sent sum : therefore go forth,
credit can in Venice do ;
rack'd, even to the uttermost,
to Belmont, to fair Portia.
inquire, and so will I,
is : and I no question make,
my trust, or for my sake.

[*Exeunt.*]

Belmont. *A Room in Portia's House.*

PORTIA and NERISSA.

My troth, Nerissa, my little body
this great world.
would be, sweet madam, if your
In the same abundance as your
are : And, yet, for aught I see,
ek, that surfeit with too much,
starve with nothing : It is no
ss therefore, to be seated in the
finity comes sooner by white
spetrancy lives longer.

sentences, and well pronounced.
would be better, if well followed.
do were as easy as to know
good to do, chapels had been
I poor men's cottages, princes'
a good divine that follows his
ons : I can easier teach twenty
ood to be done, than be one of
to follow mine own teaching.
ay devise laws for the blood ;
aper leaps over a cold decree :
madness the youth, to skip o'er
good counsel the cripple. But
is not in the fashion to choose
d :—O me, the word choose ! I
choose whom I would, nor
I dislike ; so is the will of a
er curb'd by the will of a dead
not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot
or refuse none ?

My father was ever virtuous ; and
their death, have good inspira-
fere, the lottery, that he hath
ese three chests, of gold, silver,
ereof who chooses his meaning,
will, no doubt, never be chosen
ly, but one who you shall rightly
what warmth is there in your
ards any of these princely suitors
dy come ?

My three, over-name them ; and as
them, I will describe them ; and,
my description, level at my

There is the Neapolitan prince.
that's a colt*, indeed, for he
but talk of his horse ; and he
great appropriation to his own
that he can shoe him himself : I
aid, my lady his mother played
smith.

Ner. Then, is there the county† Palatine.

Por. He doth nothing but frown ; as who
should say, *An if you will not have me,
choose* : he hears merry tales, and smiles not :
I fear, he will prove the weeping philosopher
when he grows old, being so full of unman-
nerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be
married to a death's head with a bone in his
mouth, than to either of these. God defend
me from these two !

Ner. How say you by the French lord,
Monsieur Le Bon ?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him
pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin
to be a mocker ; But, he ! why, he hath a
horse better than the Neapolitan's ; a better
bad habit of frowning than the count Pala-
tine : he is every man in no man : if a
throstle sing, he falls straight a capering ; he
will fence with his own shadow : if I should
marry him, I should marry twenty husbands :
If he would despise me, I would forgive him ;
for if he love me to madness, I shall never
requite him.

Ner. What say you then to Faulconbridge,
the young baron of England ?

Por. You know, I say nothing to him ;
for he understands not me, nor I him : he
hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian ; and
you will come into the court and swear, that
I have a poor penny-worth in the English.
He is a proper man's picture ; But, alas !
who can converse with a dumb-show ! How
oddly he is suited ! I think, he bought his
doublet in Italy, his round hose in France,
his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour
every where.

Ner. What think you of the Scottish lord,
his neighbour ?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charity in
him ; for he borrowed a box of the ear of the
Englishman, and swore he would pay him
again, when he was able : I think, the French-
man became his surety, and sealed under for
another.

Ner. How like you the young German,
the duke of Saxony's nephew ?

Por. Very vilely in the morning, when he
is sober ; and most vilely in the afternoon,
when he is drunk : when he is best, he is a
little worse than a man ; and when he is
worst, he is little better than a beast : an the
worst fall that ever fell, I hope, I shall make
shift to go without him.

Ner. If he should offer to choose, and
choose the right casket, you should refuse to
perform your father's will, if you should
refuse to accept him.

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I
pray thee, set a deep glass of Rhenish wine
on the contrary casket : for, if the devil be
within, and that temptation without, I know
he will choose it. I will do any thing,
Nerissa, ere I will be married to a sponge.

Ner. You need not fear, lady, the having
any of these lords ; they have acquainted me

* A heady, gay youngster.

† Count.

with their determination ; which is, indeed, to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more suit ; unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition, depending on the caskets.

Por. If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will : I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable ; for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence, and I pray God grant them a fair departure.

Ner. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar, and a soldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat ?

Por. Yes, yes, it was Bassanio ; as I think, so was he called.

Ner. True, madam ; he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

Por. I remember him well ; and I remember him worthy of thy praise.—How now ! what news ?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave : and there is a fore-runner come from a fifth, the prince of Morocco ; who brings word, the prince, his master, will be here to-night.

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach : if he

men : there be land-rats, and water rats, water-thieves, and land-thieves ; I mean, pirates ; and then, there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks : The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient ;—three thousand ducats ;—I think, I may take his bond.

Bass. Be assured you may.

Shy. I will be assured, I may ; and, that I may be assured, I will bethink me : May I speak with Antonio ?

Bass. If it please you to dine with us.

Shy. Yes, to smell pork ; to eat of the habitation which your prophet, the Nazarene, conjured the devil into : I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following ; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto ?—Who is he comes here ?

Enter ANTONIO.

Bass. This is signior Antonio.

Shy. [Aside.] How like a fawning pablar he looks !

I hate him for he is a christian ;
But more, for that, in low simplicity,
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation ; and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-worn



MERCHANT OF VENICE.

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ther wrought in his behalf,) now; ay, he was the third. And of him? did he take interest?

[would say,] it takes interest; not as you say: mark what Jacob did. And himself were compromised, huge which were streak'd, and rank,

Jacob's hire; the ewes, being tamen turned to the rams: work of generation was woolly breeders in the act, hard peel'd me certain wands, eg of the deed of kind, up before the false ewes; mixing, did in eating time ur'd lambs, and those were

to thrive, and he was blest; sing, if men steal it not. is a venture, sir, that Jacob

his power to bring to pass, and fashion'd, by the hand of

ed to make interest good? and silver, ewes and rams? I tell; I make it breed as fast:— prior.

Mark you this, Bassanio, as scripture for his purpose. oducing holy witness, with a smiling cheek; rotten at the heart; ly outside falsehood hath! thousand ducats,—'tis a good man.

om twelve, then let me see the [to you.

Shylock, shall we be beholden Antonio, many a time and oft, on have rated me es, and my usances; ne it with a patient shrug; s the badge of all our tribe: s the bellever, cut-throat dog, my Jewish gaberdine, of that which is mine own.

ow appears, you need my help: s come to me, and you say, sld have monies; You say so; did your rheum upon my beard, s you spurn a stranger cur shold; monies is your suit. say to you? Should I not say, sney? is it possible, d three thousand ducats? or w, and in a bondman's key, eath, and whispering humble-

[ness,] opt on me on Wednesday

me such a day; another time —dog; and for these cour- thus much monies. [tastes

Ant. I am as like to call thee so again, To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too. If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not As to thy friends; (for when did friendship take

A breed for barren metal of his friend?) But lend it rather to thine enemy; Who if he break, thou may'st with better Exact the penalty. [face

Shy. Why, look you, how you storm! I would be friends with you, and have your love, [with, Forget the shames that you have stain'd me Supply your present wants, and take no dole Of usance for my monies, and you'll not hear This is kind I offer. [me:

Ant. This were kindness. Shy. This kindness will I show:— Go with me to a notary, seal me there Your single bond; and, in a merry sport, If you repay me not on such a day, In such a place, such sum, or sums, as are Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit Be nominated for an equal pound Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken In what part of your body pleaseth me.

Ant. Content, in faith; I'll seal to such a bond, And say, there is much kindness in the Jew. Bass. You shall not seal to such a bond for me, I'll rather dwell in my necessity.

Ant. Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it; [before Within these two months, that's a month This bond expires, I do expect return Of thrice three times the value of this bond. Shy. O father Abraham, what these Christians are; Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect [this; The thoughts of others! Pray you, tell me If he should break his day, what should I By the exaction of the forfeiture? [gain A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man, Is not so estimable, profitable neither, As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say, To buy his favour, I extend this friendship: If he will take it, so; if not, adieu; And, for my love, I pray you, wrong me not.

Ant. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond. Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the notary: Give him direction for this merry bond, And I will go and purse the ducats straight; See to my house, left in the fearful guard Of an unthrifty knave; and presently I will be with you. [Exit.

Ant. Hie thee, gentle Jew. This Hebrew will turn Christian; he grows kind. Bass. I like not fair terms, and a villain's mind. [dismay, Ant. Come on: in this there can be no My ships come home a month before the day. [Exit.

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Ant.

Interest

Ant.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Belmont. *A Room in Portia's House.**Flourish of Cornets. Enter the Prince of Morocco, and his Train; PORTIA, NE-
RISSA, and other of her Attendants.*

Mor. Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,
To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred.
Bring me the fairest creature northward born,
Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,
And let us make incision* for your love,
To prove whose blood is reddest, his, or mine.
I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
Hath fear'd † the valiant; by my love, I
The best-regarded virgins of our clime ‡ swear,
Have lov'd it too: I would not change this
hue,

[queen.
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle*Por.* In terms of choice I am not solely

By nice direction of a maiden's eyes: [led

Besides, the lottery of my destiny

Bars me the right of voluntary choosing:

But, if my father had not scanted me,

And hedg'd me by his wit, to yield myself

His wife, who wins me by that means I told

you, [fair,

Yourself, renowned prince, then stood as

As any comer I have look'd on yet.

SCENE II. Venice. A Street

Enter LAUNCELOT GOBBO.

Laun. Certainly my conscience will
me to run from this Jew, my master:
fiend is at mine elbow; and tempts
ing to me, *Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo,*
Launcelot, or good Gobbo, or good
lot Gobbo, use your legs, take the
run away: My conscience says,—
heed, honest Launcelot; take heed,
Gobbo; or, as aforesaid, honest
Laun Gobbo; do not run; scorn runneth
thy heels: Well, the most couragous
bids me pack; via! says the fiend;
says the fiend, for the heavens; run,
brave mind, says the fiend, and run.
my conscience, hanging about the neck
heart, says very wisely to me,—*my*
friend Launcelot, being an honest
son,—or rather an honest woman's
for, indeed, my father did something
something grow to, he had a kind of
well, my conscience says, *Launcelot*
not; budge, says the fiend; budge
my conscience: Conscience, say I, ye
sel well; fiend, say I, you counsel
be ruled by my conscience, I should
the Jew my master, who, (God b-

master, sir, but a poor man's son; though I say it, is an honest ex-man, and, God be thanked, well

do, let his father be what he will, my master Launcelot, worship's friend, and Launcelot,

as I pray you urge, old man, with you; Talk you of young man? Launcelot, as't please your master-

go, master Launcelot; talk not Launcelot, father; for the young according to fates and destinies, sayings, the sisters three, and of learning,) is, indeed, deceas- on would say, in plain terms, me.

God forbid! the boy was the my age, my very prop. I look like a cadgel, or a hovel- or a prop!—Do you know me,

the day, I know you not, man: but, I pray you, tell me, (God rest his soul!) alive, or

you not know me, father? t, sir, I am sand-blind, I know

ry, indeed, if you had your eyes, all of the knowing me: it is a hat knows his own child. Well, will tell you news of your son: r blessing: truth will come to r cannot be hid long, a man's t, in the end, truth will out.

you, sir, stand up; I am sure, Launcelot, my boy.

ry you, let's have no more fool- but give me your blessing; I am ear boy that was, your son that t that shall be.

not think, you are my son. now not what I shall think of am Launcelot, the Jew's man; are, Margery, your wife, is my

same is Margery, indeed: I'll be e be Launcelot, thou art mine and blood. Lord, worshipp'd what a beard hast thou got! thou e hair on thy chin, than Dobbin e* has on his tail.

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l, how art thou changed! How nd thy master agree! I have a present; How 'gree you now? 'ell, well; but, for mine own ve set up my rest to run away, so st till I have run some ground:

my master's a very Jew: Give him a present! give him a halter: I am famish'd in his service; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come; give me your present to one master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries; if I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground.—O rare fortune! here comes the man;—to him, father; for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.

Enter BASSANIO, with LEONARDO, and other Followers.

Bass. You may do so;—but let it be so hasted, that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock: See these letters deliver'd; put the liveries to making; and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging.††

[Exit a Servant.

Laun. To him, father.

Gob. God bless your worship!

Bass. Gramercy; Wouldst thou anight with me?

Gob. Here's my son, sir, a poor boy,—

Laun. Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man; that would, sir, as my father shall specify,—

Gob. He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve—

Laun. Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and I have a desire, as my father shall specify,—

Gob. His master and he, (saving your worship's reverence,) are scarce cater-consins:

Laun. To be brief, the very truth is, that the Jew having done me wrong, doth cause me, as my father, being I hope an old man, shall frutify unto you,—

Gob. I have here a dish of doves, that I would bestow upon your worship; and my suit is,—

Laun. In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man; and, though I say it, though old man, yet, poor man, my father.

Bass. One speak for both;—What would you?

Laun. Serve you, sir.

Gob. This is the very defect of the matter, sir.

Bass. I know thee well, thou hast obtain'd thy suit:

Shylock, thy master, spoke with me this day, And have preferr'd thee, if it be preferment, To leave a rich Jew's service, to become The follower of so poor a gentleman.

Laun. The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, sir; you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.

Bass. Thou speak'st it well: Go, father, with thy son:—

Take leave of thy old master, and inquire My lodging out:—Give him a livery

[To his Followers.

More guarded† than his fellows': See it done.

Laun. Father, in:—I cannot get a service, no;—I have ne'er a tongue in my head.—

* Shaft-horse.

† Ornamented.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

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*Flourish of Cornets. Enter the Prince of Morocco, and his Train; PORTIA, NE-
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Mor. Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,
To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred.
Bring me the fairest creature northward born,
Where Phoebus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,
And let us make incision* for your love,
To prove whose blood is reddest, his, or mine.
I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
Hath fear'd the valiant; by my love, I
The best-regarded virgins of our climate swear,
Have lov'd it too: I would not change this
hue, (queen)

Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle

Por. In terms of choice I am not solely

By nice direction of a maiden's eyes: (led)

Besides, the lottery of my destiny

Bars me the right of voluntary choosing:

But, if my father had not scanted me,

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Launcelot, or good Gobbo, or good Laun-
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run away:* My conscience says,—no; *fol-
heed, honest Launcelot; take heed, honest
Gobbo; or, as aforesaid, honest Laun-
Gobbo; do not run; scorn running with
thy heels:* Well, the most courageous fiend
bids me pack; *vill!* says the fiend; *swear*
says the fiend, for the heavens; revenge
brave mind, says the fiend, and run. Will
my conscience, hanging about the neck of a
heart, says very wisely to me,—*my honest*
friend Launcelot, being an honest man
son,—or rather an honest woman's son;
for, indeed, my father did something more;
something grow to, he had a kind of sense;
well, my conscience says, *Launcelot, budge*
not; budge, says the fiend; budge not, if
my conscience: Conscience, say I, you can-
sel well; fiend, say I, you counsel well:
be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with
the Jew my master, who, (God bless)

Sh. No master, sir, but a poor man's son; whether, though I say it, is an honest ex-acting poor man, and, God be thanked, well re-

ana. Well, let his father be what he will, ilk of young master Launcelot.

Sh. Your worship's friend, and Launcelot,

ana. But I pray you *ergo*, old man, beseech you; Talk you of young master Launcelot?

Sh. Of Launcelot, an't please your master-

ana. *Ergo*, master Launcelot; talk not with Launcelot, father; for the young man (according to fates and destinies, such odd sayings, the sisters three, and branches of learning,) is, indeed, deceased, as you would say, in plain terms, to heaven.

Sh. Marry, God forbid! the boy was the staff of my age, my very prop.

ana. Do I look like a cudgel, or a hovel-staff, or a prop?—Do you know me, or?

Sh. Alack the day, I know you not, a gentleman; but, I pray you, tell me, my boy, (God rest his soul!) alive, or if

ana. Do you not know me, father?

Sh. Alack, sir, I am sand-blind, I know not.

ana. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, might fail of the knowing me: it is a father, that knows his own child. Well, man, I will tell you news of your son: his blessing: truth will come to him; murder cannot be hid long, a man's may; but, in the end, truth will out.

Sh. Pray you, sir, stand up; I am sure, are not Launcelot, my boy.

ana. Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing; I am workt, your boy that was, your son that your child that shall be.

Sh. I cannot think, you are my son.

ana. I know not what I shall think of it; but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man; I am sure, Margery, your wife, is my dear.

Sh. Her name is Margery, indeed: I'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine a flesh and blood. Lord, worshipp'dst he be! what a beard hast thou got! thou hast more hair on thy chin, than Dobbin (that horse*) has on his tail.

ana. It should seem then, that Dobbin's grows backward; I am sure he had more hair on his tail, than I have on my face, when I saw him.

Sh. Lord, how art thou changed! How art thou and thy master agreed! I have brought him a present; How 'gree you now?

ana. Well, well; but, for mine own sake, I have set up my rest to run away, so will not rest till I have run some ground:

my master's a very Jew: Give him a present! give him a halter: I am famish'd in his service; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come; give me your present to one master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries; if I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground.—O rare fortune! here comes the man;—to him, father; for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.

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Laun. Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and I have a desire, as my father shall specify,—

Gob. His master and he, (saving your worship's reverence,) are scarce cater-cousins:

Laun. To be brief, the very truth is, that the Jew having done me wrong, doth cause me, as my father, being I hope an old man, shall fruitfully unto you,—

Gob. I have here a dish of doves, that I would bestow upon your worship; and my suit is,—

Laun. In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man; and, though I say it, though old man, yet, poor man, my father.

Bass. One speak for both;—What would you?

Laun. Serve you, sir.

Gob. This is the very defect of the matter, sir.

Bass. I know thee well, thou hast obtain'd thy suit:

Shylock, thy master, spoke with me this day, And have preferr'd thee, if it be preferment, To leave a rich Jew's service, to become The follower of so poor a gentleman.

Laun. The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, sir; you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.

Bass. Thou speak'st it well: Go, father with thy son:—

Take leave of thy old master, and inquire My lodging out:—Give him a livery.

[To his Followers.]

More guarded than his fellows': See it done.

Laun. Father, in:—I cannot get a word in;—no;—I have ne'er a tongue in my head.—

* Shaft-horse.

† Ornamented.

Well; [*Looking on his palm.*] if any man in Italy have a fairer table*, which doth offer to swear upon a book.—I shall have good fortune; Go to, here's a simple line of life! here's a small trifle of wives: Alas, fifteen wives is nothing; eleven widows, and nine maids, is a simple coming-in for one man; and then, to 'scape drowning thrice; and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed;—here are simple 'scapes! Well, if fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this gear.—Father, come; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye.

[*Exeunt LAUN. and old GOBBO.*]

Bass. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this; [*stow'd,*]
These things being bought, and orderly be-
Return in haste, for I do feast to-night

My best-esteem'd acquaintance; hie thee, go.

Leon. My best endeavours shall be done herein.

[*Enter GRATIANO.*]

Gra. Where is your master?

Leon. Yonder, sir, he walks.

[*Exit LEONARDO.*]

Gra. Signior Bassanio,—

Bass. Gratiano!

Gra. I have a suit to you.

Bass. You have obtain'd it.

Gra. You must not deny me; I must go with you to Belmont.

Bass. Why, then you must:—But hear thee, Gratiano;

[*voice;*—

Thou art too wild, too bold, too full of

SCENE III. *The same. A Room in Shylock's House.*

[*Enter JESSICA and LAUNCELOT.*]

Jes. I am sorry, thou wilt leave my father. Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil, Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness. But fare thee well; there is a ducat for thee. And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see Lorenzo, who is thy new master's gone. Give him this letter; do it secretly. And so farewell; I would not have my father see me talk with thee.

Laun. Adieu!—tears exhibit my tongue. Most beautiful pagan,—most sweet Jew a Christian do not play the knave; and thou, I am much deceived: But, adieu! foolish drops do somewhat drown my spirit; adieu!

Jes. Farewell, good Launcelot.—Alack, what heinous sin is it in me, To be ashamed to be my father's child! But though I am a daughter to his blood, I am not to his manners: O Lorenzo, If thou keep promise, I shall end this sin, Become a Christian, and thy loving wife.

SCENE IV. *The same. A Street.*

[*Enter GRATIANO, LORENZO, SALANIO, and SALANIO.*]

Lor. Nay, we will slink away in disguise as at my lodging, and return all in an hour.

[*Exit. They are not heard.*]

He needs tell thee all: She hath
ke her from her father's house;
A Jewess, she is furnish'd with;
sit she hath, in readiness,
her father comes to heaven;
his gentle daughter's sake;
misfortune cross her feet,
under this excuse,—
to a faithless Jew.
me; peruse this, as thou goest:
He be my torch-bearer. [Exit.

The same. Before Shylock's House.

YLOCK and LAUNCELOT.
How shall we, thy eyes shall be
of old Shylock and Bassanio:—
—then shalt not gormandise,
we with me;—What, Jessica!—
more, and read; apparel out;—
[sings]

Why, Jessica! [call-
ing thus call? I do not bid thee
worship was wont to tell me,
sing without bidding.

Enter JESSICA.
What is your will?
d forth to supper, Jessica;
ays:—But wherefore should I
love; they flatter me: [go]
in hate, to feed upon
Christian—Jessica, my girl,
me:—I am right loth to go;
all a howling towards my rest,
ce of money-bags to-night.
ceeh you, sir, go; my young
past your reproach.

his.
hey have conspired together,—
you shall see a masque; but if
was not for nothing that my
singing on Black-Monday last,
the morning, falling out that
Wednesday was four year in the

are there masques? Hear you
ion: [drum,
loers; and when you hear the
neaking of the wry-neck'd fife,
up to the casements then,
r head into the public street,
ation fools with varnish'd faces:
se's ears, I mean my casements;
nd of shallow foppery enter
—By Jacob's staff, I swear,
of feasting forth to night:
—Go you before me, sirrah;
me.

I will go before, sir.—
set at window, for all this;
me a Christian by,
he Jewess' eye. [Exit LAUN-
says that foot of Hagar's off-
at

Jes. His words were, Farewell, mistress;
nothing else.

She. The patch is kind enough; but a huge
feeder.

Small-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day [me;
More than the wild cat; dreams have not with
Therefore I part with him; and part with him
To one that I would have him help to waste
His borrow'd purse.—Well, Jessica, go in;
Perhaps, I will return immediately;

Do as I bid you,
Shut doors after you [Fast blind, fast and;
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. [Exit.

Jes. Farewell; and if my fortune be not
cross,

I have a father, you a daughter, lost. [Exit.

SCENE VI. *The same.*

Enter GRATIANO and SALARINO, masked.

Gra. This is the pent-house, under which
Desir'd us to make stand. [Lorenzo

Salar. His hour is almost past.

Gra. And it is marvel he out-dwells his
For lovers ever run before the clock. [hour,

Salar. O, ten times faster Venny pigeons fly
To seal love's bonds new made, than they are
To keep obliged faith unforfeited! [wont,

Gra. That ever holds: Who rieth from a
feast,

With that keen appetite that he sits down?
Where is the horse that doth untread again
His tedious measures with the unbated fire
That he did pace them first? All things that are,
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.

How like a younker, or a prodigal,
The scarfed bark puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind!
How like the prodigal doth she return,
With over-weather'd ribs, and ragged sails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!

Enter LORENZO.
Salar. Here comes Lorenzo;—more of this
hereafter. [long aside;

Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my
Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait;
When you shall please to play the thieves for
wives,

I'll watch as long for you then.—Approach;
Here dwells my father Jew:—Ho! who's
within.

Enter JESSICA above, in boy's clothes.

Jes. Who are you? Tell me, for more cer-
tainly,

Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.

Lor. Lorenzo, and thy love.

Jes. Lorenzo, certain; and my love, indeed;
For who love I so much? And now who knows
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?

Lor. Heaven, and thy thoughts are witness
that thou art. [pains.

Jes. Here, catch this casket; it is worth the
I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me,
For I am much ashamed of my exchange:

But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit;

For if they could, Cupid himself would blush
To see me thus transformed to a boy.

Lor. Descend, for you must be my torch-
bearer. [shames?]

Jes. What, must I hold a candle to my
They in themselves, good sooth, are too too
Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love; [light.
And I should be obscured.

Lor. So are you, sweet,
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.
But come at once;

For the close night doth play the run-away,
And we are staid for at Bassanio's feast.

Jes. I will make fast the doors, and gild
myself

With some more ducats, and be with you
straight. [Exit, from above.

Gra. Now, by my hood, a Gentle and no
Jew.

Lor. Besbrew me, but I love her heartily:
For she is wise, if I can judge of her;
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true;
And true she is, as she hath prov'd herself;
And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

[Enter JESSICA, below.

What, art thou come?—On, gentlemen, away;
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.

[Exit with JESSICA and SALARINO.

Enter ANTONIO.

Ant. Who's there?

Gra. Signior Antonio?

Ant. Fie, fie, Gratiano! where are all the

What says this leaden casket?
*Who chooseth me, must give
he hath.*

Must give—For what? for le
This casket threatens: Men, th
Do it in hope of fair advantag
A golden mind stoops not to sl
I'll then nor give, nor hazard,
What says the silver, with her
*Who chooseth me, shall get
deserves.*

As much as he deserves?—Pa
And weigh thy value with an
If thou be'st rated by thy estim
Thou dost deserve enough; at
May not extend so far as to th
And yet to be afraid of my de
Were but a weak disabling of
As much as I deserve!—Why
I do in birth deserve her, and
In graces, and in qualities of l
But more than these, in love l
What if I stray'd no further, b
Let's see once more this saying
*Who chooseth me, shall ge
men desire.*

Why, that's the lady; all the w
From the four corners of the
To kiss this shrine, this mortal
The Hyrcanian deserts, and th
Of wide Arabia, are as throug
For princes to come view fair
The watery kingdom, whose

indeed; and labour lost:
arewell, heat; and, welcome, frost.—
then! I have too griev'd a heart
tedious leave: thus losers part. (*Exit.*
A gentle riddance:—Draw the cur-
tains, go:— (*Exeunt.*
his complexion choose me so.

NE VIII. Venice. A Street.

For SALARINO and SALANIO.

Why, man, I saw Bassanio under sail;
his is Gratiano gone along;
their ship, I am sure, Lorenzo is not.

The villain Jew with outcries rais'd
the duke;

and with him to search Bassanio's ship.

He came too late, the ship was under
sail:

the duke was given to understand,
gondolas were seen together
and his amorous Jessica:

Antonio certify'd the duke,
he not with Bassanio in his ship.

I never heard a passion so confus'd,
so outrageous, and so variable,
as Jew did utter in the streets:

fight!—O my ducats!—(O my
daughter!— (*ducats!*—

th a Christian?—O my christian
the law! my ducats, and my
daughter!

bag, two sealed bags of ducats,
the ducats, stolen from me by my
daughter! (*rious stones,*

els: two stones, two rich and pre-
my daughter!—Justice!—find the
ri!

the stones upon her, and the ducats!

Why, all the boys in Venice follow
me, (*ducats.*

his stones, his daughter, and his
Let good Antonio look he keep his
all pay for this. (*day,*

Marry, well remember'd:
d with a Frenchman yesterday;

I me,—in the narrow seas, that part
rich and English, there miscarried
of our country, richly fraught:

upon Antonio, when he told me;
he'd in silence, that it were not his.

You were best to tell Antonio what
he hear;

or suddenly, for it may grieve him.

A kinder gentleman treads not the
marble; and Antonio part: (*earth.*

told him, he would make some speed
start; he answer'd—Do not so,

not business for my sake, Bassanio,
by the very riping of the time;

the Jew's bond, which he hath of
of enter in your mind of love: (*me,*

and employ your chiefest thoughts
ship, and such fair objects; of love

conveniently become you there:

in there, his eye being big with tears,

Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wondrous sensible

He wrung Bassanio's hand, and so they parted.

Salar. I think, he only loves the world for
I pray thee, let us go, and find him out. (*him.*

And quicken his embraced heaviness
With some delight or other.

Salar. Do we so. (*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX. Belmont. A Room in Portia's
House.

Enter NERISSA, with a Servant.

Ner. Quick, quick, I pray thee, draw the
curtain straight;

The prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,
And comes to his election presently.

Flourish of Cornets. Enter the Prince of
Arragon, PORTIA, and their Trains.

Por. Behold, there stand the caskets, noble
prince:

If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemniz'd;

But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.

Ar. I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three
First, never to unfold to any one (*things:*

Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I fail
Of the right casket, never in my life

To woo a maid in way of marriage; lastly,
If I do fall in fortune of my choice,

Immediately to leave you and be gone. (*swear.*

Por. To these injunctions every one doth
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

Ar. And so have I address'd; me: Fortune
now (*lead.*

To my heart's hope!—Gold, silver, and base
Who chooseth me, must live and hazard
all he hath:

You shall look fairer, ere I give, or hazard.

What says the golden chest? ha! let me see:—
Who chooseth me, shall gain what many
men desire. (*meant*

What many men desire.—That many may be
By the fool multitude, that choose by show,

Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach;
Which prizes not the interior, but, like the
martlet,

Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force of and road of casualty.

I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jump** with common
spirits,

And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.

Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure house:
Tell me once more what title thou dost bear:

Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he
deserves;

And well said too: For who shall go about
To cozen fortune, and be honourable

Without the stamp of merit! Let none pre-
To wear an undeserved dignity. (*same*

O, that estates, degrees, and offices, (*honour*
Were not deriv'd corruptly! and that clear
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!

How many then should cover, that stand bare!

converted. † To snubber is to do a thing carelessly.

as heaviness he is fond of.

‡ Prepared.

§ Power.

† Shows, tokens.

** Agree with.

How many be commanded, that command?
 How much low peasantry would then be
 glean'd [much honour
 From the true seed of honour? and how
 Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,
 To be new varnish'd? Well, but to my choice:
Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he
deserves:

I will assume desert:—Give me a key for this,
 And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

Por. Too long a pause for that which you
 find there. [idiot,

Ar. What's here? the portrait of a blinking
 Presenting me a schedule? I will read it.
 How much unlike art thou to Portia?

How much unlike my hopes, and my deserv-
 ings? [deserves.

Who chooseth me, shall have as much as he
Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?

Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?

Por. To offend, and judge, are distinct offices,
 And of opposed natures.

Ar. What is here?

*The fire seven times tried this;
 Seven times tried that judgment is,
 That did never choose amiss:*

Some there be, that shadows kiss;

Such have but a shadow's bliss:

There be fools alive, I wot,

Silver'd o'er; and so was this,

Take what wife you will to bed,

I will ever be your head:

So begone, sir, you are sued.

Still more fool I shall appear

By the time I linger here:

With one fool's head I came to w²

But I go away with two.—

Sweet, adieu! I'll keep my oath,

Patiently to bear my wroth.

[*Exeunt Arragon, and Tri*

Por. Thus hath the candle stoged the m²
 O these deliberate fools! when they do cho
 They have the wisdom by their wit to lose

Ner. The ancient saying is no heresy:—
 Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

Por. Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Where is my lady?

Por. Here; what would my la

Serv. Madam, there is alighted at your
 A young Venetian, one that comes before
 To signify the approaching of his lord:

From whom he bringeth sensible regret

To wit, besides commendals and courtesies

Gifts of rich value; yet I have not seen

So likely an ambassador of love:

A day in April never came so sweet,

To show how costly summer was at hand,

As this fore-sparrer comes before his lord

Por. No more, I pray thee; I am half asle

Thou wilt say anon, he is some kin to the

Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising

Come, come, Nerissa; for I long to see

Quick Cupid's post, that comes so man

Per. Bassanio, lord love, if thy will it

[*Exe*

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ey for a Christian courtesy;—let him be bond.

Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou take his flesh; What's that good

to bait fish withal: if it will feed no, it will feed my revenge. He hath me, and hindered me of half a mil-ghed at my losses, mocked at myrued my nation, thwarted my bar-pled my friends, heated mine enemies; it's his reason! I am a Jew: Hath eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs,ns, senses, affections, passions? fed same food, hurt with the same wea-ject to the same diseases, healed by means, warmed and cooled by thester and summer, as a Christian is? ick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle: not laugh? if you poison us, do weand if you wrong us, shall we notif we are like you in the rest, weoble you in that. If a Jew wrong a, what is his homility? revenge: Ifan wrong a Jew, what should hisbe by Christian example? why.

The villany, you teach me, I willand it shall go hard, but I will betteraction.

Enter a Servant.

Gentlemen, my master, Antonio is atand desires to speak with you both. We have been up and down to

Enter TUBAL.

Here comes another of the tribe; a not be matched, unless the devil him-Jew.

Enter SALAN. SALAN. and Servant.
Now now, Tubal, what news from hast thou found my daughter?

I often came where I did hear of her, at find her.

Why there, there, there, there! a di-ence, cost me two thousand ducats inrt! The curse never fell upon ourill now; I never felt it till now;—and ducats in that; and other, pre-cious jewels.—I would, my daughtered at my foot, and the jewels in herold she were heared at my foot, andis in her coffin! No news of them?so:—and I know not what's spent inch: Why, thou loss upon loss! thee with so much, and so much to findf; and no satisfaction, no revenge:ill lack stirring, but what fights o' mye; no sighs, but o' my breathing; no t o' my shedding.

Yes, other men have ill lack too;as I heard in Genoa,—

What, what, what! ill lack, ill lack?an argosy cast away, coming

God, I thank God:—Is itit true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal:—Good news, good news; ha! ha!—Where? in Genoa?

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, one night, fourscore ducats.

Shy. Thou stick'st a dagger in me:—I shall never see my gold again: Fourscore ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of Antonio's cre-ditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.

Shy. I am very glad of it: I'll plague him; I'll torture him; I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them showed me a ring, that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shy. Out upon her! Thou tortur'st me, Tubal: it was my turquoise*; I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

Tub. But Antonio is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true: Go, Tubal, see me an officer, bespeak him a fort-night before: I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandise I will: Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue; go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II. Belmont. A Room in Portia's House.

Enter BASSANTIO, PORTIA, GRATIANO, NE-RISSA, and Attendants. The Caskets are set out.

Por. I pray you, tarry; pause a day or two, Before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong, I lose your company; therefore, forbear a while: There's something tells me, (but it is not love,) I would not lose you; and you know yourself, Hate counsels not in such a quality: But lest you should not understand me well, (And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought,) I would detain you here some month or two, Before you venture for me. I could teach you, How to choose right, but then I am forsworn; So will I never be: so may you miss me; But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin, That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes, They have o'er-look'd me, and divided me: One half of me is yours, the other half yours,— Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then yours, And so all yours: O! these naughty times Put bars between the owners and their rights; And so, though yours, not yours.—Prove it so, Let fortune go to hell for it,—not I. I speak too long; but 'tis to please the time To eke it, and to draw it out in length, To stay you from election.

Bass. Let me choose; For, as I am, I live upon the rack.

Por. Upon the rack, Bassanio? then confess What treason there is mingled with your loves.

Bass. None, but that ugly treason of mistrust, Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love: There may as well be amity and life

Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love

* A precious stone.

† Delay.

Por. Ay, but, I fear, you speak upon the rack,
Where men enforced do speak any thing.

Bass. Promise me life, and I'll confess the

Por. Well then, confess, and live. [truth.

Bass. Confess, and love,

Had been the very sum of my confession :

O happy torment, when my torturer

Doth teach me answers for deliverance !

But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

Por. Away then : I am lock'd in one of them ;

If you do love me, you will find me out.—

Nerissa, and the rest, stand all aloof.—[choice ;

Let music sound, while he doth make his

Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,

Fading in music : that the comparison

May stand more proper, my eye shall be the
stream,

And wat'ry death-bed for him : He may win ;

And what is music then ? then music is

Even as the flourish when true subjects bow

To a new-crowned monarch : such it is,

As are those dulcet sounds in break of day,

That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,

And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,

With no less presence *, but with much more

Than young Alcides, when he did redeem [love,

The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy

To the sea-monster : I stand for sacrifice,

The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,

With bleared visages, come forth to view

The issue of the exploit. Go, Hercules !

Live thou, I live :—With much much more
dismay [fear.

To render them redoubted. I

And you shall see 'tis purchas'd

Which therein works a miracle

Making them lightest that wear

So are those crisped, snaky curls

Which make such wanton gauds

Upon supposed fairness, often

To be the dowry of a second bed

The scull that bred them, in the

Thus ornament is but the guile

To a most dangerous sea ; the

Veiling in Indian beauty ; in a

The seeming truth which cunning

To entrap the wisest. Therefore

gold,

Hard food for Midas, I will not

Nor none of thee, thou pale and

'Tween man and man : but the

lead,

Which rather threat'neth, than

Thy plainness moves me more

And here choose I ; Joy be thou

Por. How all the other pass

As doubtful thoughts, and

despair,

And shudd'ring fear and green

O love, be moderate, alway thy

In measure rein thy joy, scant

I feel too much thy blessing, t

For fear I surfeit !

Bass. What find

[Opening the

Fair Portia's counterfeit : W

these peaks of praise be his or no ;
 a fair lady, stand I, even so ;
 let whether what I see be true,
 surely, sign'd, ratified by you. [stand]
 For see me, lord Bassanio, where I
 stand : though, for myself alone,
 not be ambitious in my wish,
 myself much better ; yet, for you,
 be troubled twenty times myself ;
 as times more fair, ten thousand times
 less.

To stand high on your account,
 a witness, beautiful, living, friends,
 content : but the full sum of me
 something ; which, to term in gross,
 unworldly girl, unworldly, unpractised ;
 this, she is not yet so old
 may learn ; and happier than this,
 a world so dull but she can learn ;
 of all, is, that her gentle spirit
 itself to yours to be directed,

her lord, her governor, her king,
 did what is mine, to you, and yours
 inverted : but now I was the lord
 of mansion, master of my servants,
 to myself ; and even now, but now,
 to these servants and this same myself,
 my lord ; I give them with this ring ;
 from you part from, lose, or give away,
 the ruin of your love,
 advantage to exclaim on you. [words]

Madam, you have bereft me of all
 blood speaks to you in my veins :
 is such confusion in my powers,
 some oration fairly spoke
 oved prince, there doth appear
 he buzzing pleased multitude ;
 very something, being blent together,
 a wild of nothing, save of joy,
 it, and not express'd : But when this
 [hence ;]

on this finger, then parts life from
 he hold to say, Bassanio's dead.
 My lord and lady, it is now our time,
 is stood by, and seen our wishes
 taper, [lady]

good joy ; Good joy, my lord, and
 my lord Bassanio, and my gentle lady,
 on all the joy that you can wish ;
 aware, you can wish none from me :
 on your honours mean to solemnize
 ple of your faith, I do beseech you,
 that time I may be married too.

With all my heart, so thou canst get
 wife. [me one.]

I thank your lordship ; you have got
 my lord, can look as swift as yours :
 the mistress, I beheld the maid ;
 ah, I loved ; for intermission

parties to me, my lord, than you.
 seen, stood upon the caskets there ;
 did mine too, as the matter falls :

long here, until I sweat again ;
 still, till my very roof was dry
 in of love : at last, — if promise last,

speaks of this fair one here,

To have her love, provided that your husband
 Achieved her mistress.

Por. Is this true, Nerissa ?
 Ner. Madam, it is, so you stand pleased
 withal. [faith]

Bass. And do you, Gratiano, mean good
 Gra. Yes, faith, my lord. [your marriage]

Bass. Our feast shall be much honour'd in
 Gra. We'll play with them, the first boy
 for a thousand ducats.

Ner. What, and stake down ?
 Gra. No ; we shall ne'er win at that sport,
 and stake down. —

But who comes here ? Lorenzo, and his infidel ?
 What, my old Venetian friend, Salerio ?

Enter LORENZO, JESSICA, and SALERIO.
 Bass. Lorenzo, and Salerio, welcome hither :

If that the youth of my new interest here
 Have power to bid you welcome : — By your
 I bid my very friends and countrymen, [leave]
 Sweet Portia, welcome.

Por. So do I, my lord ;
 They are entirely welcome. [my lord]

Lor. I thank your honour : — For my part,
 My purpose was not to have seen you here ;
 But meeting with Salerio by the way,
 He did entreat me, past all saying nay,
 To come with him along.

Sale. I did, my lord,
 And I have reason for it. Signior Antonio
 Commends him to you.

[Gives BASSANIO a letter.
 Bass. Ere I ope his letter,

I pray you, tell me how my good friend doth.
 Sale. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in
 mind ;

Nor well, unless in mind : his letter there
 Will show you his estate.

Gra. Nerissa, cheer you' stranger ; bid her
 welcome. [Venice]

Your hand, Salerio ; What's the news from
 How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio ?
 I know, he will be glad of our success ;
 We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece.

Sale. Would you had won the fleece that
 he hath lost ! [you' same paper]

Por. There are some shrewd contents in
 That steal the colour from Bassanio's cheek :
 Some dear friend dead ; else nothing in the
 Could turn so much the constitution [world]
 Of any constant man. What, worse and worse !
 With leave, Bassanio ; I am half yourself,
 And I must freely have the half of any thing
 That this same paper brings you.

Bass. O sweet Portia,
 Here are a few of the unpleasant words,
 That ever blotted paper ! Gentle lady,
 When I did first impart my love to you,
 I freely told you, all the wealth I had
 Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman ;
 And then I told you true : and yet, dear lady,
 Railing myself at nothing, you shall see
 How much I was a bragart : When I told you
 My state was nothing, I should then have told
 you

That I was worse than nothing ; for, indeed,

I have engag'd myself to a dear friend,
Engag'd my friend to his mere enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady;
The paper as the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Issuing life-blood.—But is it true, Salerio?
Have all his ventures fail'd? What, not one hit?
From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India?
And not one vessel 'scape the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks?

Sal. Not one, my lord.

Besides, it should appear, that if he had
The present money to discharge the Jew,
He would not take it: Never did I know
A creature, that did bear the shape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound a man:
He piles the duke at morning, and at night;
And doth impeach the freedom of the state,
If they deny him justice: twenty merchants,
The duke himself, and the magnificoes
Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him;
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.

Jes. When I was with him, I have heard
him swear,

To Tubal, and to Chas, his countrymen,
That he would rather have Antonio's flesh,
Than twenty times the value of the sum
That he did owe him: and I know, my lord,
If law, authority, and power deny not,
It will go hard with poor Antonio.

Por. Is it your dear friend, that is thus in
trouble?

*your pleasure: if your love do
suade you to come, let not my letter*

Por. O love, despatch all business
gone.

Bass. Since I have your good leave
I will make haste: but, till I come
No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay
No rest be interposer 'twixt us

SCENE III. Venice. A Street
Enter SHYLOCK, SALANIO, ANTONIO
Gaoler.

Shy. Gaoler, look to him;—Tell him
mercy:—

This is the fool that lent out money
Gaoler, look to him.

Ant. Hear me yet, good

Shy. I'll have my bond; speak not
my bond;

I have sworn an oath, that I will
bond:

Thou call'dst me dog, before thou
But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs

The duke shall grant me justice.—I do
Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art

Ant. I pray thee, hear me speak.

Shy. I'll have my bond; I will
thee speak:

I'll have my bond; and therefore
I'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed

To shake the head, relent, and sigh,
To christian intercessors. Follow me

amity; which appears most
 ly has the absence of your lord.
 knew to whom you show this ho-
 gentleman you send relief, (nour,
 lover of my lord your husband,
 I would be prouder of the work,
 ary honesty can enforce you.
 ver did repent for doing good,
 it now: for in companions
 verse and waste the time together,
 I do bear an equal yoke of love,
 be needs a like proportion
 its, of manners, and of spirit;
 es me think, that this Antonio,
 oom lover of my lord,
 be like my lord: If it be so,
 s the cost I have bestow'd,
 ng the semblance of my soul
 e state of hellish cruelty?
 too near the praising of myself;
 o more of it: hear other things.—
 commit into your hands
 try and manage of my house,
 rd's return: for mine own part,
 rd heaven breath'd a secret vow,
 rayer and contemplation,
 led by Nerissa here,
 stand and my lord's return:
 nonastery two miles off,
 re will abide. I do desire you,
 : this imposition;
 my love, and some necessity,
 pou you.

Madam, with all my heart;
 you in all fair commands.
 people do already know my mind,
 knowledge you and Jessica
 lord Bassanio and myself.
 I well, till we shall meet again.
 r thoughts, and happy hours, attend
 on.
 sh your ladyship all heart's content.
 ank you for your wish, and am well
 sed
 back on you: fare you well, Jes-
 [Exit JES. and LOR.]

LEAR,
 ever found thee honest, true,
 ind thee still: Take this same letter,
 ou all the endeavour of a man,
 : Paulina; see thou render this
 ain's hand, doctor Bellario;
 , what notes and garments he doth
 thee,
 , I pray thee, with imagined speed
 nject, to the common ferry
 let to Venice:—waste no time in
 is,
 e gone: I shall be there before thee.
 Madam, I go with all convenient
 d. [Exit.
 me on, Nerissa; I have work in
 l, [bands
 et know not of: we'll see our hus-
 y think of us.

Shall they see us?

Per. They shall, Nerissa; but in such a
 habit,
 That they shall think we are accomplished
 With what we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
 When we are both accoutred like young men,
 I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
 And wear my dagger with a braver grace;
 And speak, between the change of man and boy,
 With a reed voice; and turn two mincing steps
 Into a manly stride; and speak of frays,
 Like a fine bragging youth: and tell quaint lies,
 How honourable ladies sought my love,
 Which I denying, they fell sick and died;
 I could not do with all:—then I'll repent,
 And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd
 And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell, (them:
 That men shall swear, I have discontinued
 school [mind
 Above a twelvemonth:—I have within my
 A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,
 Which I will practise.

Ner. Why, shall we turn to men?
 Por. Fie! what a question's that,
 If thou wert near a lewd interpreter?
 But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device
 When I am in my coach, which stays for us
 At the park gate; and therefore haste away,
 For we must measure twenty miles to day.

[Exit.

SCENE V. *The same. A Garden.*

Enter LAUNCELOT and JESSICA.

Laun. Yes, truly:—for, look you, the sins
 of the father are to be laid upon the children;
 therefore, I promise you, I fear you. I was
 always plain with you, and so now I speak
 my agitation of the matter: Therefore, be of
 good cheer; for, truly, I think, you are damn'd.
 There is but one hope in it that can do you
 any good; and that is but a kind of bastard
 hope neither.

Jes. And what hope is that, I pray thee?
 Laun. Marry, you may partly hope that
 your father got you not, that you are not the
 Jew's daughter.

Jes. That were a kind of bastard hope, in-
 deed; so the sins of my mother should be
 visited upon me.

Laun. Truly then I fear you are damn'd
 both by father and mother: thus when I shun
 Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your
 mother: well, you are gone both ways.

Jes. I shall be saved by my husband; he
 hath made me a Christian.

Laun. Truly, the more to blame he: we
 were Christians enough before; e'en as many
 as could well live, one by another: This mak-
 ing of Christians will raise the price of hogs;
 if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we shall not
 shortly have a rasher on the coals for money.

Enter LORENZO.

Jes. I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what
 you say; here he comes.

Lor. I shall grow jealous of you shortly,
 Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into corners.

Jes. Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo;
 Launcelot and I are out; he tells me flatly

there is no mercy for me in heaven, because I am a Jew's daughter; and he says, you are no good member of the commonwealth; for, in converting Jews to Christians, you raise the price of pork.

Lor. I shall answer that better to the commonwealth, than you can the getting up of the negro's belly: the Moor is with child by you, Launcelot.

Laun. It is much, that the Moor should be more than reason: but if she be less than an honest woman, she is, indeed, more than I took her for.

Lor. How every fool can play upon the word! I think, the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence; and discourse grow commendable in none only but parrots.—Go in, sirrah; bid them prepare for dinner.

Laun. That is done, sir; they have all stomachs.

Lor. Goodly lord, what a wit-snapper are you! then bid them prepare dinner.

Laun. That is done too, sir; only, cover is the word.

Lor. Will you cover then, sir?

Laun. Not so, sir, neither; I know my duty.

Lor. Yet more quarrelling with occasion! Wilt thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee, understand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellows; bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Laun. For the table, sir, it shall be served in; for the meat, sir, it shall be covered for

your coming in to dinner, sir, why, let it be as humours and conceits shall govern.

[Exit Laun.]

Lor. O dear discretion, how his words are The fool hath planted in his memory [within] An army of good words: And I do know A many fools, that stand in better place, Garnish'd like him, that for a tricky word Defy the matter. How cheer'st thou, *Jessica*?

And now, good sweet, say thy opinion, How dost thou like the lord Bassanio's wife?

Jes. Past all expressing: It is very meet. The lord Bassanio live an upright life;

For, having such a blessing in his lady, He finds the joys of heaven here on earth. And, if on earth he do not mean it, it Is reason he should never come to heaven. Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match,

And on the wager lay two earthly women, And *Portia* one, there must be something in Pawn'd with the other; for the poor man Hath not her fellow.

Lor. Even such a husband Hast thou of me, as she is for a wife.

Jes. Nay, but ask my opinion too of that.

Lor. I will anon; first, let us go to dinner.

Jes. Nay, let me praise you, while I have stomach.

Lor. No, pray thee, let it serve for table. Then, howe'er thou speak'st, 'mong such I shall digest it.

Jes. Well, I'll set you forth.

But, say, it is my honour*; Is it answer'd? Shall if my house be troubled with a rat, and I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats to have it baned? What, are you answer'd yet? What men there are, love not a gaping pig; what are you answer'd to? If they behold a cat; and others, when the bag pipe sings 't the nose, cannot contain their urine; For affection t, mistress of passion, sways it to the mood; what it likes, or loathes: Now, for your answer:

There is no firm reason to be render'd, they cannot abide a gaping pig; they be, a harmless necessary cat; they be, a swollen bag-pipe; but of force must yield to such inevitable shame, as to offend, himself being offended; nor I give no reason, nor I will not, more than a lord'd hate, and a certain loathing, Antonio, that I follow thus, being set against him. Are you answer'd? This is no answer, thou unfeeling man, to come the current of thy cruelty.

I am not bound to please thee with my answer. [not love]

Do all men kill the things they do love? Bites any man the thing he would not kill?

Every offence is not a hate at first. What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice? [the Jew:]

I pray you, think you question with me, as well go stand upon the beach; and bid the main flood bate his usual height; or may as well use question with the wolf, as he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb; or may as well forbid the mountain pines to wag their high tops, and to make no noise, as they are fretted with the gusts of heaven; or may as well do any thing most hard, as seek to soften that (than which what's harder?) [you, Jewish heart:]—Therefore, I do beseech

you to more offers, use no further means, with all brief and plain conveyency, to have judgment, and the Jew his will. For thy three thousand ducats here

is six. If every ducat in six thousand ducats were in six parts, and every part a ducat, I would not draw them, I would have my bond. Now shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none? [wrong]

What judgment shall I dread, doing no more than you? Have among you many a purchased slave, like you, asses, and your dogs, and mules, in abject and in slavish parts, [mules, you bought them:]—Shall I say to you, let them be free, marry them to your heirs? Shall they under burdens? let their beds

be soft as yours, and let their palates be fed with such viands? You will answer, no more:—So do I answer you: I will, which I demand of him, is mine, and I will have it: I will have it upon your law!

There is no force in the decrees of Venice: I stand for judgment: answer; shall I have it?

Duke. Upon my power, I may dismiss this Unless Bellario, a learned doctor, [court, Whom I have sent for to determine this, Come here to-day.

Salar. My lord, here stays without A messenger with letters from the doctor, New come from Padua. [ger.

Duke. Bring us the letters; Call the messenger. Bass. Good cheer, Antonio! What, man? courage yet! [all,

The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

Ant. I am a tainted wether of the flock, Meetest for death; the weakest kind of fruit Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me: You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio, Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

Enter NARRISSA, dressed like a lawyer's clerk.

Duke. Came you from Padua, from Bellario? Ner. From both, my lord: Bellario greets your grace. [Presents a letter.

Bass. Why dost thou what thy knife so earnestly? [rapt there,

Shy. To cut the torture from that back-biter. Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,

Thou mak'st thy knife keen: but no metal No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness [thief]

Of thy sharp envy! Can no prayers pierce

Shy. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

Gr. O, be thou damn'd, inexorable dog! And for thy life let justice be accus'd.

Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith, To hold opinion with Pythagoras, That souls of animals infuse themselves Into the trunks of men: thy carrish spirit, Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter,

Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet, And whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam, Infus'd itself in thee; for thy desires Are wolfish, bloody, starved, and ravenous.

Shy. Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,

Thou hast offend'd thy lungs to speak so loud Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall To careless ruin.—I stand here for law. [men

Duke. This letter from Bellario doth contain A young and learned doctor to our court:—Where is he?

Ner. He attendeth here hard by, To know your answer, whether you'll admit him. [four of you,

Duke. With all my heart:—some three or Go give him courteous conduct to this place.—Mean time, the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

[Clerk reads.] Your grace shall understand, that, at the receipt of your letter, I am very sick; but in the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation

was with me a young doctor of Rome, his name is Balithasar: I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio the merchant: we turned o'er many books together: he is furnish'd with my opinion; which, better'd with his own learning, (the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend,) comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation: for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation.

Duke. You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he writes:

And here, I take it, is the doctor come.—

Enter PONTIA, dressed like a doctor of laws.
Give me your hand: Came you from old Bel-

Por. I did, my lord. *[Lario?]*

Duke. You are welcome: take your place. Are you acquainted with the difference

That holds this present question in the court?

Por. I am informed thoroughly of the cause.

Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand

Por. Is your name Shylock? *[forth.]*

Shy. Shylock is my name.

Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;

Yet in such rule, that the Venetian law

Cannot impugn* you, as you do proceed.—

You stand within his danger†, do you not?

Bass. Yes, here I tender it for him in the same
Yea, twice the sum: if that will not suffice
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er.
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth. And I beseech
Wrest once the law to your authority:
To do a great right, do a little wrong;
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Por. It must not be; there is no power
Can alter a decree established: *[Veni]*

'Twill be recorded for a precedent;

And many an error, by the same example,

Will rush into the state: it cannot be.

Shy. A Daniel come to judgment! you,

Daniel —

O wise young Judge, how do I honour thee

Por. I pray you, let me look upon the law

Shy. Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here 'tis

Por. Shylock, there's thrice thy money
offer'd thee. *[Hearts]*

Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath

Shall I lay perjury upon my soul!

No, not for Venice.

Por. Why, this bond is forfeit,

And lawfully by this the Jew may claim

A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off

Nearest the merchant's heart?—Be married

Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the law

Shy. When it is paid according to the tenor

It doth appear, you are a worthy judge;

You know the law, your exposition

Hath been most sound: I charge you by

Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,

custom: it is still her use,
 stretched man out-live his wealth,
 hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,
 poverty; from which lingering pe-
 nury doth she cut me off. [ance
 ne to your honourable wife:
 process of Antonio's end,
 lov'd you, speak me false in death;
 the tale is told, bid her be judge,
 usanio had not once a love.
 you that you shall lose your friend,
 nts not that he pays your debt;
 few do cut but deep enough,
 stantly with all my heart.
 tonio, I am married to a wife,
 dear to me as life itself;
 if, my wife, and all the world,
 h me esteem'd above thy life:
 t all, ay, sacrifice them all
 devil, to deliver you. [for that,
 r wife would give you little thanks
 by, to hear you make the offer.
 ve a wife, whom, I protest, I love;
 were in heaven, so she could
 e power to change this curish Jew.
 well you offer it behind her back;
 ould make else an unquiet house.
 e be the christian husbands: I
 a daughter;
 of the stock of Barabbas
 r husband rather than a Christian!
 [Aside.
 ne; I pray thee, pursue sentence.
 pound of that same merchant's
 a thine;
 wards it, and the law doth give it.
 a rightful judge! [his breast;
 you must cut this flesh from off
 ws it, and the court awards it.
 st learned judge!—A sentence;
 prepare. [else.—
 y a little;—there is something
 th give thee here no jot of blood;
 xpressly are, a pound of flesh:
 y bond, take thou thy pound of
 uring it, if thou dost shed flesh;
 Christian blood, thy lands and
 ws of Venice, confiscate [goods
 e of Venice. [learned judge!
 ight judge!—Mark, Jew;—O
 al the law?
 Thyself shalt see the act:
 uest justice, be assur'd,
 ave justice, more than thou de-
 [learned judge!
 earned judge!—Mark, Jew;—a
 e this offer then;—pay the bond
 Christian go. [thrice,
 Here is the money.
 [haste;—
 all have all justice;—soft!—no
 e nothing but the penalty.
 ew! an upright judge, a learned
 [flesh.
 efore, prepare thee to cut off the
 o blood; nor cut thou less, nor
 and of flesh: if thou takest more,

Or less, than a just pound,—be it but so much
 As makes it light or heavy, in the substance,
 Or the division of the twentieth part
 Of one poor scruple; nay, if the scale do turn
 But in the estimation of a hair,—
 Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.
Gra. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
 Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.
Por. Why doth the Jew pause? take thy
 forfeiture.
Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.
Bass. I have it ready for thee; here it is.
Por. He hath refus'd it in the open court;
 He shall have merely justice, and his bond.
Gra. A Daniel, still say I: a second Daniel!—
 I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.
Shy. Shall I not have barely my principal?
Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the for-
 To be so taken at thy peril, Jew. [feiture,
Shy. Why then the devil give him good of
 I'll stay no longer question. [it!
Por. Tarry, Jew;
 The law hath yet another hold on you.
 It is enacted in the laws of Venice,—
 If it be prov'd against an alien,
 That by direct, or indirect attempts,
 He seek the life of any citizen,
 The party, 'gainst the which he doth contrive,
 Shall seize one half his goods; the other half
 Comes to the privy coffer of the state;
 And the offender's life lies in the mercy
 Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
 In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st:
 For it appears by manifest proceeding,
 That, indirectly, and directly too,
 Thou hast contriv'd against the very life
 Of the defendant; and thou hast incur'd
 The danger formerly by me rehears'd.
 Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.
Gra. Beg, that thou may'st have leave to
 hang thyself:
 And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
 Thou hast not left the value of a cord;
 Therefore, thou must be hang'd at the state's
 charge. [our spirit,
Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of
 I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it:
 For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's;
 The other half comes to the general state,
 Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.
Por. Ay, for the state; not for Antonio.
Shy. Nay, take my life and all, pardon no
 that: [pro
 You take my house, when you do take th
 That doth sustain my house; you take my life,
 When you do take the means whereby I live.
Por. What mercy can you render him, An-
 tonio?
Gra. A halter gratis; nothing else; for God's
 sake. [the court,
Ant. So please my lord the duke, and all
 To quit the fine for one half of his goods;
 I am content, so he will let me have
 The other half in use,—to render it,
 Upon his death, unto the gentleman
 That lately stole his daughter: [favour,
 Two things provided more,—That, for this
 He presently become a Christian,

The other, that he do record a gift,
Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,
Unto his son Lorenzo, and his daughter.

Duke. He shall do this; or else I do recant
The pardon, that I late pronounced here.

Por. Art thou contented, Jew, what dost

Shy. I am content. [thou say'st?]

Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

Shy. I pray you, give me leave to go: from
I am not well; send the deed after me, [hence];
And I will sign it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.

Gra. In christening thou shalt have two
godfathers; [more,
Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.

[*Exit SHYLOCK.*]

Duke. Sir, I entreat you home with me to
dinner. [pardon;]

Por. I humbly do desire your grace of
I must away this night toward Padua,
And it is meet, I presently set forth.

Duke. I am sorry, that your leisure serves
Antonio, gratify this gentleman; [you not.
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.

[*Exeunt Duke, Magnificoes, and Train.*]

Bass. Most worthy gentleman, I and my
friend,

Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof,
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.

Ant. And stand indebted, over and above,

The dearest ring in Venice w
And find it out by proclama

Only for this, I pray you, pa

Por. I see, sir, you are lit
You taught me first to beg; an

You teach me how a beggar sh

Bass. Good sir, this ring

my wife;

And, when she put it on, she
That I should neither sell, nor

Por. That 'scuse serves to
their gifts.

An if your wife be not a ma
And know how well I have d

She would not hold our enem
For giving it to me. Well, pe

[*Exeunt PORTIA*]

Ant. My lord Bassanio, let
Let his deservings, and my k

Be valued 'gainst your wife's

Bass. Go, Gratiano, run an

Give him the ring; and bring h
Unto Antonio's house:—awa

[*Exeunt*]

Come, you and I will thither
And in the morning early wi

Fly toward Belmont: Come, An

SCENE II. *The same.*

Enter PORTIA and

Por. Inquire the Jew's

him this deed,

And let him sign it; we'll av

In such a night,
carefully o'ertrip the dew;
Her shadow ere himself,
may'd away.

In such a night,
with a willow in her hand
Id see banks, and wav'd her love
in to Carthage.

In such a night,
s'd the enchanted herbs
sw old *Ason*.

In such a night,
steal from the wealthy Jew:
Intrist love did run from Venice,
almost.

And in such a night,
Lorenzo swear he lov'd her well;
soul with many vows of faith,
true one.

And in such a night,
Jessica, like a little shrew,
love, and he forgave it her.
Idem: night you, did nobody come:
hear the footing of a man.

Enter STEPHANO.
comes so fast in silence of the
friend. [night?

lead! what friend? your name, I
see, friend? [word,
ephano is my name; and I bring
will before the break of day
helmout: she doth stray about
sues, where she kneels and prays
redlock hours.

Who comes with her?
one, but a holy hermit, and her

is my master yet return'd?
is not, nor we have not heard
him.—

I pray thee, *Jessica*,
diously let us prepare
me for the mistress of the house.

Enter LAUNCELOT.
da, sola, wo ha, ho, sola, sola!
calls?

da! did you see master *Lorenzo*?
Lorenzo! sola, sola!
re hollaing, man; here.
da! where? where?

Il him, there's a post come from
with his horn full of good news;
ill be here ere morning. [*Exit*.
et soul, let's in, and there expect
coming.

matter:—Why should we go in?
ephano, signify, I pray you,
ouse, your mistress is at hand;
our music forth into the air.—

[*Exit STEPHANO*.
the moon-light sleeps upon this

eat, and let the sounds of mu-
sic
ears; soft stillness, and the

Become the touches of sweet harmony.

Sit. Jessica: Look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;
There's not the smallest orb, which thou be-
hold'st,

But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubims:
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.—

Enter Musicians.
Come, ho, and wake *Diana* with a hymn
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress
And draw her home with music. [fear,

Jes. I am never merry, when I hear sweet
music. [Music

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are atten-
tive:

For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetchng mad bounds, bellowing, and neigh-
ing loud,

Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,
By the sweet power of music: Therefore,
the poet

Did feign that *Orpheus* drew trees, stones,
and floods; [rage.
Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of
But music for the time doth change his
nature:

The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet
sounds,

Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as *Erebus*:
Let no such man be trusted.—Mark the music.

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA, at a distance.

Por. That light we see, is burning in my
hall.

How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Ner. When the moon shone, we did not
see the candle. [dark:

Por. So doth the greater glory dim t e
A substitute shines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by; and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. Music! hark!

Ner. It is your music, madam, of the
house.

Por. Nothing is good, I see, without re-
spect; [day.

Metbinks, it sounds much sweeter than by
Ner. Silence bestows that virtue on it, ma-
dam. [dark,

Por. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the
When neither is attended; and, I think,
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be
thought

No better a musician than the wren.

How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise, and true perfection!—
Peace, ho! the moon sleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awak'd! *[Music ceases.]*

Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiv'd, of Portia.

Por. He knows me, as the blind man knows
the cuckoo,
By the bad voice.

Lor. Dear lady, welcome home.

Por. We have been praying for our hus-
bands' welfare, *[words.]*
Which speed, we hope, the better for our
Are they return'd?

Lor. Madam, they are not yet;
But there is come a messenger before,
To signify their coming.

Por. Go in, Nerissa,
Give order to my servants, that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence;—
Nor you, Lorenzo;—Jessica, nor you.

[A trumpet sounds.]

Lor. Your husband is at hand, I hear his
trumpet:

We are no tell-tales, madam; fear you not.

Por. This night, methinks, is but the day-
light sick,

It looks a little paler; 'tis a day,
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

*Enter BASSANIO, ANTONIO, GRATIANO, and
their Followers.*

Bass. We should hold day with the Anti-
podes,
If you would walk in absence of the sun.

Ner. What talk you
value?

You swore to me, when
That you would wear
death;

And that it should lie
Though not for me, ye
oaths,

You should have been r
Gave it a judge's clerk?—
The clerk will ne'er w
that had it.

Gra. He will, an if he

Ner. Ay, if a woman

Gra. Now, by this
youth,—

A kind of boy; a little s
No higher than thyself, t
A prating boy, that begg'
I could not for my heart

Por. You were to blam
with you,

To part so slightly with
A thing stuck on with oar

And rivetted so with faith

I gave my love a ring, a
Never to part with it; a

I dare be sworn for him,
Nor pluck it from his fir

That the world masters.
tiano,

You give your wife too
An 'twere to me, I shou

Bass. Why, I were

as such irreparable;
I to have defended it
of soul, wanted the modesty
held as a ceremony?
a what to believe;
some woman had the ring.
mine honour, madam, by my
not a civil doctor, [soul,
a three thousand ducats of
[him,
ng; the which I did deny
to go displeas'd away;
held up the very life
nd. What should I say,
I

send it after him;
hence and courtesy;
I not let ingratitude
it: Pardon me, good lady;
and candles of the night,
re, I think, you would have
give the worthy doctor.
that doctor e'er come near

the jewel that I lov'd,
on did swear to keep for me,
liberal as you:
any thing I have,
nor my husband's bed:
I am well sure of it:
rom home; watch me, like
be left alone, [Argus:
mour, which is yet my own,
or for my bedfellow.
I clerk; therefore be well

me to mine own protection.
you so: let not me take him
ar the young clerk's pen.
unhappy subject of these

re not you; You are wel-
thstanding. [wrong;
forgive me this enforced
ng of these many friends,
rem by thine own fair eyes,
self,—

Mark you but that I
re gloriously sees himself:
—swear by your double self,
h of credit.

Nay, but hear me:
and by my soul I swear,
break an oath with thee.
thid land my body for his

me that had your husband's
[To PORTIA.
ed: I dare be bound again,
forfeit, that your lord
weak faith advisedly.
shall be his surety: Give

It better than the other.

Ans. Here, lord Bassanio; swear to keep
this ring. [the doctor!

Bass. By heaven, it is the same I gave
Por. I had it of him: pardon me, Bassanio;
For by this ring the doctor lay with me.

Ner. And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano;
For that same scrubbed boy, the doctor's
clerk,

In lieu of this, last night did lie with me.

Gra. Why, this is like the meeting of,
highways

In summer, where the ways are fair enough:
What! are we cuckolds, are we have deserv'd
it? [assured:

Por. Speak not so grossly. You are all
Here is a letter, read it at your leisure;
It comes from Padua, from Bellario: [tor;
There you shall find, that Portia was the dea-
Nerissa there, her clerk: Lorenzo here
Shall witness, I set forth as soon as you,
And but even now return'd; I have not yet
Enter'd my house.—Antonio, you are wel-
come;

And I have better news in store for you
Than you expect: unseal this letter soon;
There you shall find, three of your argosies
Are richly come to harbour suddenly:
You shall not know by what strange accident
I chanced on this letter.

Ant. I am dumb.

Bass. Were you the doctor, and I knew
you not?

Gra. Were you the clerk, that is to make
me cuckold? [to do it,

Ner. Ay; but the clerk that never means
Unless he live until he be a man.

Bass. Sweet doctor, you shall be my bed-
fellow;

When I am absent, then lie with my wife.

Ant. Sweet lady, you have given me life,
and living;

For here I read for certain, that my ships
Are safely come to road.

Por. How now, Lorenzo?

My clerk hath some good comforts too for
you. [a fee.—

Ner. Ay, and I'll give them him without
There do I give to you, and Jessica,
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.

Lor. Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of starved people.

Por. It is almost morning,
And yet, I am sure, you are not satisfied
Of these events at fall: Let us go in;
And charge us there upon intergatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully.

Gra. Let it be so: The first intergatory,
That my Nerissa shall be sworn on, is,
Whether till the next night she had rather stay;
Or go to bed now, being two hours to day:
But were the day come, I should wish it dark
That I were couching with the doctor's clerk.
Well, while I live, I'll fear no other thing
So sore, as keeping safe Nerissa's ring.

[Exeunt.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

Persons represented.

DUKE, *living in exile.*
 FREDERICK, *brother to the Duke, and usurper of his dominions.*
 AMIENS, } *lords attending upon the Duke*
 JACQUES, } *in his banishment.*
 LE BRAU, *a courtier attending upon Frederick.*
 CHARLES, *his wrestler.*
 OLIVER, }
 JACQUES, } *sons of Sir Rowland de Bois.*
 ORLANDO, }
 ADAM, } *servants to Oliver.*
 ENNIS, }

TOUCHSTONE, *a clown.*
 SIR OLIVER MARTELL, *a knight.*
 CORIN, } *shepherds.*
 SYLVIO, }
 WILLIAM, *a country fellow, in the Audrey.*
 A Person representing *Hyperion.*
 ROSALIND, *daughter to the Duke.*
 CELIA, *daughter to Frederick.*
 PHOEBE, *a shepherdess.*
 AUDREY, *a country wench.*

Lords belonging to the two Dukes ; Pages, Foresters, and other Attendants.
The Scene lies, first, near Oliver's House : afterwards, partly in the Usurper's, and partly in the forest of Arden.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *An Orchard, near Oliver's House.*

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

Orl. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion, you taught me to be still ; but a

Orl. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt how he will shake me up.

Orl. Now, sir ! what make you here ?

Orl. Nothing : I am not taught to any thing.

Orl. What can you then, sir ?



in this other had pulled out thy tongue
 as; thou hast sailed on thyself.
 Sweet masters, be patient; for your
 remembrance, be at accord.

Let me go, I say.

I will not, till I please: you shall
 . My father charged you in his will
 no good education: you have trained
 a peasant, obscuring and hiding from
 gentleman-like qualities: the spirit
 still grows strong in me, and I will
 venture it: therefore allow me such
 as may become a gentleman, or
 the poor military my father left me
 want; with that I will go buy my

had what wilt thou do? beg, when
 want? Well, sir, get you in: I will
 be troubled with you: you shall
 be part of your will: I pray you,

I will no further offend you than
 me for my good.

Let you with him, you old dog.

Is old dog my reward? Most true,
 but my teeth in your service.—God
 my old master! he would not have
 said a word.

[*Exit* ORLANDO and ADAM.
 Is it even so? begin you to grow
 old? I will physic your rankness, and
 no thousand crowns neither. Hols,

Enter DENNIS.

Call your worship?

Was not Charles, the Duke's wrestler,
 speak with me?

Bygone you, he is here at the door,
 comes access to you.

Call him in. [*Exit* DENNIS.]—'Twill
 be my way; and to-morrow the wrest-

Enter CHARLES.

To-morrow to your worship.

Good-morrow Charles!—what's the
 news at the new court?

There's no news at the court, sir, but

news: that is, the old duke is ban-

ished; his younger brother the new duke;

and four loving lords have put them-

self voluntary exile with him, whose

revenues enrich the new duke;

and gives them good leave to wander.

Can you tell, if Rosalind, the duke's

daughter, be banished with her father.

O, no; for the duke's daughter, her

loves her,—being ever from their

father together,—that she would have

been in her exile, or have died to stay be-

hind. She is at the court, and no less

loved by her uncle than his own daughter;

and as much loved as they do.

Will the old duke live?

Yes, he is already in the forest

with many merry men with him;

and there they live like the old Robin Hood of
 England: they say, many young gentlemen
 flock to him every day; and fleet the time
 carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

Oh! What, you wrestle to-morrow before
 the new duke?

Chas. Marry, do I, sir; and I came to
 acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir,
 secretly to understand, that your younger
 brother, Orlando, hath a disposition to come
 in disguis'd against me to try a fall: To-
 morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit; and he
 that escapes me without some broken limb,
 shall acquit him well. Your brother is but
 young, and tender; and, for your love, I
 would be loath to foil him, as I must, for my
 own honour, if he come in: therefore, out of
 my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you
 withal; that either you might stay him from
 his intentment, or brook such disgrace well
 as he shall run into; in that it is a thing of
 his own search, and altogether against my
 will.

Oh! Charles, I thank thee for thy love to
 me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly
 requite. I had myself notice of my brother's
 purpose herein, and have by underhand
 means laboured to dissuade him from it; but
 he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles,—it is
 the stubbornest young fellow of France; full
 of ambition, an envious emulator of every
 man's good parts, a secret and villainous con-
 triver against me his natural brother; there-
 fore use thy discretion; I had as lief thou
 didst break his neck as his finger: And thou
 wert best look to't; for if thou dost him any
 slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace
 himself on thee, he will practise against thee
 by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous
 device, and never leave thee till he hath
 ta'en thy life by some indirect means or
 other: for, I assure thee, and almost with
 tears I speak it, there is not one so young and
 so villainous this day living. I speak but
 brotherly of him; but should I anatomize
 him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep,
 and thou must look pale and wonder.

Chas. I am heartily glad I came hither to
 you: If he come to-morrow, I'll give him
 his payment: If ever he go alone again, I'll
 never wrestle for prize more: And so, God
 keep your worship! [*Exit*.

Oh! Farewell, good Charles.—Now will I
 stir this gamester: I hope, I shall see an
 end of him; for my soul, yet I know not
 why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's
 gentle; never school'd, and yet learned; full
 of noble device; of all sorts; enchantingly
 beloved; and, indeed, so much in the heart of
 the world, and especially of my own people,
 who best know him, that I am altogether
 misprised: but it shall not be so long; this
 wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains, but
 that I kindle the boy thither, which now I'll
 go about. [*Exit*.

* A ready agent.

† Frolicsome fellow.

‡ Of all ranks.

SCENE II. *A Lawn before the Duke's Palace.**Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.*

Cel. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

Ros. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier! Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Cel. Herein, I see, thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee: if my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine; so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously temper'd as mine is to thee.

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

Cel. You know, my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir: for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster: therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

Ros. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports: let me see; What think you

stone: for always the dulness of the the whetstone of his wits.—How now, whither wander you?

Touch. Mistress, you must come your father.

Cel. Were you made the messenger?
Touch. No, by mine honour; he bid to come for you.

Ros. Where learned you that oath?

Touch. Of a certain knight, that, his honour they were good panes, swore by his honour the mustard was now, I'll stand to it, the pancake naught, and the mustard was good; was not the knight forsworn?

Cel. How prove you that, in a heap of your knowledge?

Ros. Ay, marry; now, unmuzzled wisdom.

Touch. Stand you both forth now, your chins, and swear by your beards, I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards, if we had them.
Touch. By my knavery, if I had, were: but if you swear by that, you are not forsworn; no more was the swearing by his honour, for he never or if he had, he had sworn it away, he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

Cel. Pr'ythee, who is't that thou?

Touch. One that old Frederick, your loves,

Mean your ladyships, you may see for the best is yet to do; and here, — are, they are coming to perform it. — the beginning, that is dead and

m. There comes an old man, and one, — would match this beginning with an

m. Three proper young men, of growth and presence; —

With bills on their necks, — Be it the old man by these presents, —

m. The eldest of the three wrestled ribs, the duke's wrestler; which a moment threw him, and broke his ribs, that there is little hope of; so he served the second, and so Yonder they lie; the poor old man, m, making such pitiful dole over all the beholders take his parting.

But what is the sport, monsieur, dies have lost?

m. Why, this that I speak of.

Thus men may grow wiser every the first time that ever I heard, of ribs was sport for ladies.

I, I promise thee.

It is there any else longs to see this mick in his sides? Is there yet another upon rib-breaking? — Shall we see leg, cousin?

m. You must, if you stay here: for place appointed for the wrestling, we ready to perform it.

And, sure, they are coming: Let us and see it.

Enter Duke FREDERICK, Lords, m, CHARLES, and Attendants.
Come on; since the youth will rated, his own peril on his for-

yonder the man?

m. Even he, madam.

m. He is too young: yet he looks

How new, daughter, and cousin? apt hither to see the wrestling?

my liege! so please you give us

You will take little delight in it, you, there is such odds in the men: the challenger's youth, I would fain dm, but he will not be entreated: him, ladies; see if you can move

him hither, good Monsieur Le

Do so; I'll not be by.

[Duke goes apart.]
m. Monsieur the challenger, the

call for you.
Meet them, with all respect and

only now, have you challenged?

Ord. No, fair princess; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Ced. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years: You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: if you saw yourself with your eyes, or knew yourself with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.

Ros. Do, young sir; your reputation shall not therefore be misprised: we will make it our suit to the duke, that the wrestling might not go forward.

Ord. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts; wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes, and gentle wishes, go with me to my trial: wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

Ros. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

Ced. And mine, to eke out hers.

Ros. Fare you well. Pray heaven, I be deceived in you!

Ced. Your heart's desires be with you.

Cha. Come, where is this young gallant, that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

Ord. Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

Duke F. You shall try but one fall.

Cha. No, I warrant your grace; you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

Ord. You mean to mock me after; you should not have mocked me before: but come your ways.

Ros. Now, Hercules be thy speed, young man!

Ced. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg.

[CHARLES and ORLANDO wrestle.]

Ros. O excellent young man!

Ced. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down.

[CHARLES is thrown. Shout.]

Duke F. No more, no more.

Ord. Yes, I beseech your grace; I am not yet well breathed.

Duke F. How dost thou, Charles?

Le Beau. He cannot speak, my lord.

Duke F. Bear him away. *[CHARLES is borne out.]* What is thy name, young man?

Ord. Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of sir Rowland de Bois.

Duke F. I would, thou hadst been son to some man else.

The world esteem'd thy father honourable, but I did find him still mine enemy:

Thou shouldst have better pleased me with
this deed,

Hadst thou descended from another house.

But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth;
I would, thou hadst told me of another father.

[*Exeunt Duke FRED. Train, and LE BEAU.*]

Cel. Were I my father, coz, would I do
this?

Orl. I am more proud to be sir Rowland's
son,

His youngest son;—and would not change
that calling.

To be adopted heir to Frederick.

Ros. My father loved sir Rowland as his
son,

And all the world was of my father's mind.
Had I before known this young man his son,

I should have given him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he should thus have ventured.

Cel. Gentle cousin,
Let us go thank him, and encourage him;

My father's rough and envious disposition
Sticks me at heart.—Sir, you have well de-
served:

If you do keep your promises in love,
But justly, as you have exceeded promise,
Your mistress shall be happy.

Ros. Gentleman,
[*Giving him a chain from her neck.*]

Wear this for me; one out of suits with for-
tune;

That could give more, but that her hand
Shall we go, coz?

Cel. Ay.—Fare you well, fair gen-
tleman. [*Inter parts.*]

Orl. Can I not say, I thank you? My bet-

Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we
judge by manners;

But yet, indeed, the shorter is his daughter.
The other is daughter to the banish'd duke,

And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,
To keep his daughter company; whose loves

Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.
But I can tell you, that of late this duke

Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece,
Grounded upon no other argument,

But that the people praise her for her virtues,
And pity her for her good father's sake;

And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
Will suddenly break forth.—Sir, fare you
well;

Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of
you.

Orl. I rest much bounden to you: fare you
well! [*Exit LE BEAU.*]

Thus must I from the smoke into the smoke;
From tyrant duke, unto a tyrant brother.—

But, heavenly Rosalind! [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. A Room in the Palace.

Enter CELIA and ROSALIND.

Cel. Why, cousin; why, Rosalind;—Cousin,
have mercy!—Not a word?

Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be
cast away upon curs, throw some of them
me; come, lame me with reasons.

Ros. Then there were two cousins laid
when the one should be lamed with reason,
and the other mad without any.

Cel. But is all this for your father?



should I not? doth he not de-

me love him for that; and do
me, because I do:—Look, here
ake.

his eyes fall of anger.

uke *FREDERICK*, with *Lords*.

Mistress, despatch you with your
haste,
from our court.

Me, uncle?

You, cousin;

ten days if that thou be'st found
public court as twenty miles,
or it.

I do beseech your grace,
knowledge of my fault bear with

if I hold intelligence,
assistance with mine own desires;
not dream, or be not frantic,
if I am not,) then, dear uncle,
such as in a thought unborn,
your highness.

Thus do all traitors;
ation did consist in words.
innocent as grace itself:—
thee, that I trust thee not.
your mistrust cannot make me a
re:

ereon the likelihood depends.
Thou art thy father's daughter,
enough.

his dukedom;
ras I, when your highness took
ben your highness banish'd him:
of inherited, my lord;

I derive it from our friends,
to me? my father was no traitor:
ay liege, mistake me not so much,
poverty is treacherous.
sovereign, hear me speak.

Ay, Celia; we stay'd her for your

with her father rang'd along.
not then entreat to have her stay,
pleasure, and your own remorse;
aug that time to value her,
now her: if she be a traitor,
I; we still have slept together,
instant, learn'd, play'd, eat toge-

er'er we went, like Juno's swans,
coupled, and inseparable.

She is too subtle for thee; and
soutness,

sace, and her patience,
e people, and they pity her.

sei: she robs thee of thy name;
lit show more bright, and seem
virtuous,

gone: then open not thy lips;
evocable is my doom
e pass'd upon her; she is banish'd.

Cel. Pronounce that sentence then on me,
I cannot live out of her company. [my liege;

Duke F. You are a fool:—You, niece, pro-
vide yourself;

If you out-stay the time, upon mine honour,
And in the greatness of my word, you die.

[*Exeunt Duke FRED. and Lords.*

Cel. O my poor Rosalind! whither wilt thou
go? [mine.

Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee
I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than

Ros. I have more cause. [I am.

Cel. Thou hast not, cousin;

Pr'ythee, be cheerful: know'st thou not, the
Hath banish'd me his daughter? [duke

Ros. That he hath not.

Cel. No? hath not? Rosalind lacks then
the love

Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one:
Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet

No; let my father seek another heir. [girl]

Therefore devise with me, how we may fly,

Whither to go, and what to bear with us:

And do not seek to take your change upon you,

To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out;

For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,

Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

Ros. Why, whither shall we go?

Cel. To seek my uncle.

Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us,

Malds as we are, to travel forth so far?

Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

Cel. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,

And with a kind of umber smirch my face;

The like do you; so shall we pass along,

And never stir assailants.

Ros. Were it not better,

Because that I am more than common tall,

That I did suit me all points like a man?

A gallant curtise-axe upon my thigh,

A boar-spear in my hand; and (in my heart

Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will,

We'll have a swashing and a martial outside;

As many other mannish cowards have,

That do outface it with their semblances.

Cel. What shall I call thee, when thou art
a man? [own page,

Ros. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's

And therefore look you call me, Ganymede.

But what wilt you be call'd?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my

No longer Celia, but Aliena. [state;

Ros. But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal

The clownish fool out of your father's court?

Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

Cel. He'll go along o'er the wide world with

Leave me alone to woo him: Let's away, [me;

And get our jewels and our wealth together;

Devise the fittest time, and safest way

To hide us from pursuit that will be made

After my flight: Now go we in content,

To liberty, and not to banishment. [*Exeunt.*

union. † A dusky, yellow-coloured earth. ‡ Cur'ous. § Swaggering.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The Forest of Arden.*

*Enter Duke senior, AMIENS, & other Lords,
in the dress of Foresters.*

Duke S. Now, my co-mates, and brothers
in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference; as, the icy fang,
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind;
Which when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,—
This is no flattery: these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.

Sweet are the uses of adversity;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running
brooks,

Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

Ami. I would not change it: Happy is
your grace,

That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style. [son]

Duke S. Come, shall we go and kill us vent-
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,—
Being native borghers of this desert city,—
Should, in their own confines, with forked

And never stays to greet him;
Sweep on, you fat and greasy

'Tis just the fashion: When

Upon that poor and broken

Thus most invectively he pierces
The body of the country, like

Yea, and of this our life: *sw*

Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and

To fright the animals, and to

In their assign'd and native

Duke S. And did you leave

temptation?

2 Lord. We did, my lord,

Upon the sobbing deer.

Duke S. Sh

I love to cope t him in these

For then he's fall of matter.

2 Lord. I'll bring you to

SCENE II. *A Room in*

Enter Duke FREDERICK, L

Duke F. Can it be poss

saw them?

It cannot be: some villains

Are of consent and sufferanc

1 Lord. I cannot hear o

The ladies, her attendants o

Saw her a-bed; and, in the

They found the bed untreasur

not, master, to some kind of men
serve them but as enemies?
young: your virtues, gentle man-
ed and holy traitors to you. [ter,
world is this, when what is comely
him that bears it?
y, what's the matter?

O unhappy youth,
within these doors; within this roof
of all your graces lives:
er—(no, no brother; yet the son—
son;—I will not call him son—
is about to call his father.)—
your praises; and this night be

lodging where you use to lie,
within it: if he fail of that,
re other means to cut you off:
him, and his practices.
face, this house is but a butchery;
ar it, do not enter it.

y, whither, Adam, wouldst thou
me go? [not here.
to matter whither, so you come
at, wouldst thou have me go and
my food?

base and boisterous sword, enforce
living on the common road?
do, or know not what to do:
will not do, do how I can;
il subject me to the malice
ed blood, and bloody brother.
but do not so: I have five hundred
me,

hire I sav'd under your father,
d store, to be my foster-nurse,
ice should in my old limbs lie lame,
red age in corners thrown;
and he that doth the ravens feed,
sently caters for the sparrow,
to my age! Here is the gold;
ive you: Let me be your servant;
ok old, yet I am strong and lusty:
youth I never did apply
bellicious liquors in my blood;
it with unbashful forehead woo
of weakness and debility;
my age is as a lusty winter,
kindly: let me go with you;
service of a younger man
business and necessities. [pears
ood old man; how well in thee ap-
at service of the antique world,
ice sweat for duty, not for need!
ot for the fashion of these times,
ie will sweat, but for promotion;
g that, do choke their service up
the having: it is not so with thee.
dd man, thou prunest a rotten tree,
as much as a blossom yield,
all thy pains and husbandry:
thy ways, we'll go along together;
e have thy youthful wages spent,
I upon some settled low content.
flatter, go on; and I will follow thee,

To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.—
From seventeen years till now almost fourscore
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek
But at fourscore, it is too late a week:
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better,
Than to die well, and not my master's debtor.
[Exit.

SCENE IV. *The Forest of Arden.*

Enter ROSALIND in boy's clothes, CELIA
drest like a Shepherdess, & TOUCHSTONE.

Ros. O Jupiter! how weary are my spirits!
Touch. I care not for my spirits, if my
legs were not weary.

Ros. I could find in my heart to disgrace
my man's apparel, and to cry like a woman:
but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as
doublet and hose ought to show itself con-
rageous to petticoat: therefore, courage, good
Aliena.

Cel. I pray you, bear with me; I cannot
go no further.

Touch. For my part, I had rather bear
with you, than bear you: yet I should bear
no cross, if I did bear you; for, I think,
you have no money in your purse.

Ros. Well, this is the forest of Arden.

Touch. Ay, now am I in Arden: the more
fool I; when I was at home, I was in a better
place; but travellers must be content.

Ros. Ay, be so, good Touchstone:—Look
you, who comes here; a young man, and a
old, in solemn talk.

Enter CORIN and SILVIUS.

Cor. That is the way to make her scorn you
still. [love her!

Sil. O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do

Cor. I partly guess; for I have loved ere now.

Sil. No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess;

Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover

As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow:

But if thy love were ever like to mine,

[As sure I think did never man love so,]

How many actions most ridiculous

Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

Cor. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

Sil. O, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily:

If thou rememb'rest not the slightest folly

That ever love did make thee run into,

Thou hast not loved:

Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,

Wearying thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,

Thou hast not loved:

Or if thou hast not broke from company,

Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,

Thou hast not loved: O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe!

[Exit SILVIUS.

Ros. Alas, poor shepherd! searching of
thy wound,

I have by hard adventure found mine own.

Touch. And I mine: I remember, when I
was in love, I broke my sword upon a stone,
and bid him take that for coming a-night to
Jane Smile: and I remember the kissing of

his swindlers. † Blood turned from its natural course. ‡ A place of
money stamped with a cross. § In the night.

her batlet*, and the cow's dugs that her pretty chop'd hands had milk'd: and I remember the wooing of a peascod instead of her; from whom I took two cods, and, giving her them again, said with weeping tears, *Wear these for my sake*. We, that are true lovers, run into strange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly.

Ros. Thou speak'st wiser, than thou art ware of.

Touch. Nay, I shall ne'er be 'ware of mine own wit, till I break my shins against it.

Ros. Jove! Jove! this shepherd's passion is much upon my fashion.

Touch. And mine; but it grows something stale with me.

Cel. I pray you, one of you question yond ^{(man,} If he for gold will give us any food;

I faint almost to death.

Touch. Holla; yon, clown!

Ros. Peace, fool; he's not thy kinsman.

Cor. Who calls?

Touch. Your betters, sir.

Cor. Else are they very wretched.

Ros. Peace, I say:—
Good even to you, friend.

Cor. And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.

Ros. I prythee, shepherd, if that love, or gold,
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest ourselves, and feed: ^{(press'd,}

SCENE V. The s

Enter AMIENS, JACQUES,

SONG.

Ami. Under the greenwood
Who loves to lie with
And tune his merry n
Unto the sweet bird's
Come hither, come hither
Here shall he se
No enemy,

But winter and rough u

Jaq. More, more, I prythee

Ami. It will make you melan

Jacques.

Jaq. I thank it. More, I

I can suck melancholy out
weasel sucks eggs: More, I pr

Ami. My voice is ragged
cannot please you.

Jaq. I do not desire you to
desire you to sing: Come,

stanza; Call you them stanzas

Ami. What you will, mons

Jaq. Nay, I care not for the
owe me nothing: Will you si

Ami. More at your request,
myself.

Jaq. Well then, if ever I u

I'll thank you: but that they c

is like the encounter of two
when a man thanks me hearti

have given him a penny, and

sl. What's that *duc ad me*?

g. 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools a circle. I'll go sleep if I can; if I w, I'll rail against all the first-born of n.
sl. And I'll go seek the duke; his banquet prepared. *[Exeunt severally.]*

SCENE VI. *The same.*

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

lam. Dear master, I can go no further: die for food! Here lie I down, and mean my grave. Farewell, kind master.
sl. Why, how now, Adam! no greater fit thee? Live a little; comfort a little; rthyself a little: If this uncouth forest any thing savage, I will either be food to, or bring it for food to thee. Thy ght is nearer death than thy powers. For hibe, be comfortable; hold death awhile in arm's end: I will here be with thee gaily; and if I bring thee not something to give thee leave to die: but if thou before I come, thou art a mocker of my w. Well said! thou look'st cheerily: I'll be with thee quickly.—Yet thou liest in bleak air: Come, I will bear thee to a shelter; and thou shalt not die for lack of shelter, if there live any thing in this w. Cheerily, good Adam! *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VII. *The same.*

Table set out. Enter DUKE senior, AMIENS, Lords, and others.

like S. I think he be transform'd into a lion no where find him like a man. *[beast; Lord. My lord, he is but even now gone hence;*

How he merry, hearing of a song. *[sical, like S. If he, compact of jays', grow maddish have shortly discord in the spheres:—look him; tell him, I would speak with him.]*

Enter JAQUES.

Lord. He saves my labour by his own approach. *[a life is this,*

like S. Why, how now, monsieur! what of your poor friends must woo your company? you look merrily. *[pany?*

Ja. A fool, a fool!—I met a fool P the hasty fool;—a miserable world!—*[forest, I do live by food, I met a fool;*

hold him down and bask'd him in the sun, a self on lady Fortune in good terms, good set terms,—and yet a motley fool.

Tomorrow, fool, quoth I: No, sir, quoth he, I am not fool, till heaven hath sent me fortune:

When he drew a dial from his poke; Looking on it with lack-lustre eye,

A very wisely, *It is ten o'clock: [wags:]* May we see, quoth he, how the world had an hour ago, since it was nine;

After an hour more, 'twill be eleven; An hour from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe, and then, from hour to hour, we rot, and rot, and thereby hangs a tale. When I did hear

The motley fool thus moral on the time, My lungs began to crow like chanticleer, That fools should be so deep-contemplative; And I did laugh, sans intermission, An hour by his dial.—O noble fool!

A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear t.

Duke S. What fool is this? *[a courtier;*

Ja. O worthy fool!—One that hath been And says, if ladies be but young, and fair, They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,— Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit After a voyage,—he hath strange places cramm'd With observation, the which he vents In mangled forms:—O, that I were a fool! I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Duke S. Thou shalt have one.

Ja. It is my only snit;

Provided, that you weed your better judgment Of all opinion that grows rank in them, That I am wise. I must have liberty Withal, as large a charter as the wind, To blow on whom I please; for so fools have: And they that are most galled with my folly They most must laugh: And why, sir, must they so?

The why is plain as way to parish church: He, that a fool doth very wisely hit, Doth very foolishly, although he smart, Not to seem senseless of the bob: if not, The wise man's folly is anatomized

Even by the squand'ring glances of the fool. Invest me in my motley; give me leave To speak my mind, and I will through and through

Cleanse the foul body of the infected world, If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke S. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst do. *[good!*

Ja. What, for a counter, would I do, but

Duke S. Most mischievous foul sin, in child-For thou thyself hast been a libertine, *[ing sin: As sensual as the brutish sting itself;*

And all the embossed sores, and headed evils, That thou with license of free foot hast caught Wouldst thou discharge into the general world

Ja. Why, who cries out on pride,

That can therein tax any private party?

Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,

Till that the very very means do ebb?

What woman in the city do I name,

When that I say, The city-woman bears

The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?

Who can come in, and say, that I mean her,

When such a one as she, such is her neighbour?

Or what is he of basest function,

That says, his bravery; is not on my cost,

[Thinking that I mean him,] but therein snits

His folly to the mettle of my speech?

There then; How, what then? Let me see

wherein *[right,*

My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him

Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,

Why then, my taxing, like a wild goose flies.

Unclaim'd of any man.—But who comes here

Enter ORLANDO, with his sword drawn.

Orl. Forbear, and eat no more.

Up of discords. † The fool was anciently dressed in a party-coloured coat. ‡ Flattery

crooked-pated, old, cuckoldly ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou be'st not damn'd for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds; I cannot see else how thou shouldst scape.

Cor. Here comes young master Gauymede, my new mistress's brother.

Enter ROSALIND, reading a paper.

Ros. From the east to western Ind,
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
All the pictures, fairest lined,
Are but black to Rosalind.
Let no face be kept in mind,
But the fair of Rosalind.

Touch. I'll rhyme you so, eight years together; dinners, and suppers, and sleeping hours excepted: it is the right butter-woman's rank to market.

Ros. Out, fool!

Touch. For a taste:—

If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him seek out Rosalind.
If the cat will after kind,
So, be sure, will Rosalind.
Winter-garments must be lined,
So must slender Rosalind.

*They that reap, must shear and bind;
Then to cart with Rosalind.
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,
Such a nut is Rosalind.
He that sweetest rose will find,*

*Therefore heaven nature cha
That one body should be fi
With all graces wide enlarge
Nature presently distill'd
Helen's cheek, but not her he
Cleopatra's majesty;
Atalanta's better part;*

*Sad Lucretha's modesty.
Thus Rosalind of many parts
By heavenly synod was det
Of many faces, eyes, and hem
To have the touches; deare
Heaven would that she these*

And I to live and die her al

Ros. O most gentle Jupiter!—
homily of love have you wearied
loners withal, and never cry'd, *Ha*
good people!

Cel. How now! back friends;
go off a little:—Go with him, sir

Touch. Come, shepherd, let
honourable retreat: though not
baggage, yet with scrip and scrip

[Exeunt CORIN.]

Cel. Didst thou hear these vers
Ros. O, yes, I heard them al
too; for some of them had in the
than the verses would bear.

Cel. That's no matter; the feet
the verses.

Ros. Ay, but the feet were lam
not bear themselves without the
therefore stood lamely in the vers

Cel. But didst thou hear—*with*

outh, that I may drink thy
y put a man in your belly.
ed's making? What manner
ad worth a hat, or his chin
h but a little beard.
will send more, if the man
let me stay the growth of
elay me not the knowledge

g Orlando; that tripp'd up
y, and your heart, both in
the devil take mocking;
d tree maid*.
*tis he.

ay! what shall I do with
ose?—What did he, when
What said he? How look'd
at he? What makes he
ir me? Where remains he?
ith thee? and when shall
f Answer me in one word.
borrow me Garagantua's;
word too great for any
size: To say, ay, and no,
is more than to answer in

e know that I am in this
n's apparel? Looks he as
y: day he wrestled?
y to count atomies, as to
ions of a lover:—but take
g him, and relish it with a
I found him under a tree,
n.
be call'd Jove's tree, when
fruit.
dience, good madam.

ie, stretch'd along, like a
be pity to see such a sight,
ground.
to thy tongue, I prythee;
seasonably. He was fur-

he comes to kill my heart.
g my song without a bur-
ene out of tune.
t know I am a woman?
st speak. Sweet, say on.
ENDO and JACQUES.
ne out:—Soft! comes he

ik by, and note him.
[CEL. and ROS. retire.
for your company; but,
as lief have been myself
I; but yet, for fashion
o for your society.

Jag. God be with you; let's meet as soon
as we can.

Orl. I do desire we may be better strangers

Jag. I pray you, mar no more trees with
writing love-songs in their barks.

Orl. I pray you, mar no more of my verses
with reading them ill-favour'dly.

Jag. Rosalind is your love's name?

Orl. Yes, just.

Jag. I do not like her name.

Orl. There was no thought of pleasing you,
when she was christen'd.

Jag. What stature is she of?

Orl. Just as high as my heart.

Jag. You are full of pretty answers: Have
you not been acquainted with goldsmiths'
wives; and conn'd them out of rings?

Orl. Not so; but I answer you right painted
cloth, from whence you have studied your
questions.

Jag. You have a nimble wit; I think it
was made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit
down with me? and we two will rail against
our mistress the world, and all our misery.

Orl. I will chide no breather in the world,
but myself; against whom I know most faults.

Jag. The worst fault you have, is to be in
love.

Orl. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your
best virtue. I am weary of you.

Jag. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool,
when I found you.

Orl. He is drown'd in the brook; look but
in, and you shall see him.

Jag. There shall I see mine own figure.

Orl. Which I take to be either a fool or a
cipher.

Jag. I'll tarry no longer with you: fare-
well, good signior love.

Orl. I am glad of your departure; adieu,
good monsieur melancholy.

[Exit JACQUES.—CELIA and ROSALIND
come forward.

Ros. I will speak to him like a sappy lac-
quey, and under that habit play the knave
with him.—Do you hear, forester?

Orl. Very well; What would you?

Ros. I pray you, what is't o'clock?

Orl. You should ask me what time o'clock;
there's no clock in the forest.

Ros. Then there is no true lover in the
forest; else sighing every minute, and groan-
ing every hour, would detect the lazy foot of
time, as well as a clock.

Orl. And why not the swift foot of time?
had not that been as proper?

Ros. By no means, sir: Time travels in
divers paces with divers persons: I'll tell you
who time ambles withal, who time trots
withal, who time gallops withal, and who he
stands still withal.

Orl. I prythee, who doth he trot withal?

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young
maid, between the contract of her marriage,
and the day it is solemnized: If the interim

and beauty. † How was he dreamt? ‡ The giant of Rabelais.
An allusion to the moral consciousness on old tapestry hangings.

be but a se'nnight, time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven years.

Orl. Who ambles time withal?

Ros. With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout: for the one sleeps easily, because he cannot study; and the other lives merrily, because he feels no pain: the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning; the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury: These time ambles withal.

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal?

Ros. With a thief to the gallows: for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

Orl. Who stays it still withal?

Ros. With lawyers in the vacation: for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how time moves.

Orl. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Ros. With this shepherdess, my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orl. Are you native of this place?

Ros. As the coney, that you see dwell where she is kindled.

Orl. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

Ros. I have been told so of many; but, indeed, an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an in-land man: one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it; and I thank God, I am not a woman to be touch'd with so many

your having in beard is a revenue:—Then your hose ter'd, your bonnet unbandied, buttoned, your shoe untied, about you demonstrating a care. But you are no such man; point-device in your accoutre yourself, than seeming the love.

Orl. Fair youth, I would thee believe I love.

Ros. Me believe it? you never that you love believe it. Faint, she is apter to do, that does: that is one of the poltroons still give the lie to it. But, in good sooth, are you lovers on the trees, whereat admired?

Orl. I swear to thee, your hand of Rosalind, I am that I name he.

Ros. But are you so much rhymes speak?

Orl. Neither rhyme nor reason how much.

Ros. Love is merely a madness, deserves as well a d whip, as madmen do; and they are not so punished and the lunacy is so ordinary, that are in love too: Yet I profess counsel.

Orl. Did you ever cure any?

Ros. Yes, one; and in this was to imagine too his love. b

SCENE III.

BROMSTONE and AUDREY; JAQUES
(at a distance, observing them.)

A. Come apace, good Audrey; I will
your goats, Audrey: And how, Au-
drey, I the man yet? Doth my simple
content you?

Your features! Lord warrant us!
features?

A. I am here with thee and thy goats,
most capricious* poet, honest Ovid,
sing the Goths.

O knowledge ill-inhabited! worse
than a thatch'd house! [Aside.]

A. When a man's verses cannot be un-
derstood, nor a man's good wit seconded with
stard child, understanding, it strikes a
more dead than a great reckoning in a
sum:—Truly, I would the gods had
been poetical.

I do not know what poetical is: Is
it in deed, and word? Is it a true

A. No, truly; for the truest poetry is
in feigning; and lovers are given to
swear what they swear in poetry, may
as lovers, they do feign.

Do you wish then, that the gods had
been poetical?

A. I do, truly: for thou swear'st to
be art honest; now, if thou wert a
poet, might have some hope thou didst

Would you not have me honest?

A. No truly, unless thou wert hard-
hearted: for honesty coupled to beauty, is
money a sance to sugar.

A material fool! [Aside.]

Well, I am not fair; and therefore I
must make me honest!

A. Truly, and to cast away honesty
and shut, were to put good meat into
an dish.

I am not a slut, though I thank the
gods I am.

A. Well, praised be the gods for thy
modesty: but may come hereafter.

A. As it may be, I will marry thee:
and, I have been with Sir Oliver

the vicar of the next village; who
wished to meet me in this place of the
world to couple us.

I would fain see this meeting. [Aside.]

Well, the gods give us joy!

A. Amen. A man may, if he were of
heart, stagger in this attempt; for
there is no temple but the wood, no
but horn-beasts. But what though?
As horns are odious, they are ne-

cessary. — Many a man knows no
goods: right: many a man has
and knows no end of them. Well,
lowly of his wife; 'tis none of his
Horns! Evence:—Poor men

alone;—No, no; the noblest deer hath
them as huge as the rascal. Is the single
man therefore blessed? No: as a wall'd town
is more worthier than a village, so is the
forehead of a married man more honourable
than the bare brow of a bachelor: and by
how much defence† is better than no skill,
by so much is a horn more precious than to
want.

Enter Sir OLIVER MAR-TEXT.
Here comes sir Oliver:—Sir Oliver Mar-text,
you are well met: Will you despatch us here
under this tree, or shall we go with you to
your chapel?

Sir Ol. Is there none here to give the
woman?

Touch. I will not take her on gift of any
man.

Sir Ol. Truly, she must be given, or the
marriage is not lawful.

Jaq. [Discovering himself.] Proceed, pro-
ceed; I'll give her.

Touch. Good even, good master What ye
call't: How do you, sir? You are very well
met: God'ild you** for your last company: I
am very glad to see you:—Even a toy in
hand here, sir:—Nay; pray, be covered.

Jaq. Will you be married, motley?

Touch. As the ox hath his bow ††, sir, the
horse his curb, and the falcon her bells, so
man hath his desires: and as pigeons bill, so
wedlock would be nibbling.

Jaq. And will you, being a man of your
breeding, be married under a bush, like a beg-
gar? Get you to church, and have a good
priest that can tell you what marriage is:
this fellow will but join you together as they
join wainscot; then one of you will prove a
shrunk pannel, and, like green timber, warp,
warp.

Touch. I am not in the mind but I were
better to be married of him than of another:
for he is not like to marry me well; and not
being well married, it will be a good excuse
for me hereafter to leave my wife. [Aside.]

Jaq. Go thou with me, and let me counsel
thee.

Touch. Come, sweet Audrey;
We must be married, or we must live in baw-
dry, Farewell, good master Oliver!

Not—O sweet Oliver,
O brave Oliver,

Leave me not belil† thee;
But—Wind away,

Begone, I say,
I will not to wedding wi' thee.

[Exit JAQ. TOUCH. and AUDREY.
Sir Ol. 'Tis no matter; ne'er a fantastical
knave of them all shall flout me out of my
calling. [Exit.]

SCENE IV. The same. Before a Cottage.
Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

Ros. Never talk to me, I will weep.

* Homely. † A fool with matter in him. ‡ Ill-lodged.
§ Lean deer are called rascal deer. ¶ The art of fencing.
** God reward you. †† Yoke.

Cel. Do, I prythee; but yet have the grace to consider, that tears do not become a man.

Ros. But have I not cause to weep?

Cel. As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep.

Ros. His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

Cel. Something browner than Judas's: marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.

Ros. I'faith, his hair is of a good colour.

Cel. An excellent colour: your chestnut was ever the only colour.

Ros. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.

Cel. He hath bought a pair of east lips of Diana: a nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them.

Ros. But why did he swear he would come his morning, and comes not?

Cel. Nay certainly, there is no truth in him.

Ros. Do you think so?

Cel. Yes: I think he is not a pick-purse, nor a horse-stealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as conceave as a cover'd goblet, or a worm-eaten nut.

Ros. Not true in love?

Cel. Yes, when he is in; but, I think he is not in.

Ros. You have heard him swear downright, he was.

Cel. *Was* is not *is*: besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tap-

Bring us unto this sight, and I'll prove a busy actor in their

SCENE V. Another part

Enter SILVIUS and

Sil. Sweet Phebe, do not, Phebe:

Say, that you love me not; In bitterness. The common Whose heart the accustom'd makes hard,

Falls not the axe upon the hu But first begs pardon; Will Than he that dies and lives b

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, a distance.

Phe. I would not be thy e I fly thee, for I would not inj Thou tell'st me, there is mard Tis pretty, sure, and very po That eyes,—that are the fra Who shut their coward gates Should be call'd tyrants, but! Now I do frown on thee with And, if mine eyes can wound kill thee;

Now counterfeit to swoon; wh Or, if thou canst not, O, for si Lie not, to say mine eyes are Now show the wound mine in thee:

Scratch thee but with a pin, a Soine scar of it; lean but up The cicatrice and capable im



sphere, wherefore do you follow
 me, passing with wind and rain?
 stand times a proper man;
 man: 'Tis such fools as you,
 world full of ill-favour'd children:
 as, but you, that flatters her;
 as she sees herself more proper,
 as lineaments can show her.—
 know yourself; down on your
 [love:
 even, fasting, for a good man's
 you friendly in your ear,—
 can; you are not for all markets:
 mercy; love him; take his offer;
 val, being foul to be a scoffer.
 thee, shepherd:—fare you well.
 youth, I pray you, chide a year
 ;
 as you chide, than this man woo.
 alien in love with her foulness,
 a love with my anger: If it be so,
 answers thee with frowning
 e her with bitter words.—Why
 on me?
 ; ill will I bear you.
 you, do not fall in love with me,
 r than vows made in wine:
 you not: If you will know my
 of olives, here hard by:—
 ster!—Shepherd, ply her hard:—
 —Shepherdess, look on him
 [see,
 and; though all the world could
 so abus'd in sight as he.
 look.
 LOSSLIND, CELIA, and CORIN.
 shepherd! now I find thy saw
 t; [sight
 loved, that loved not at first
 Phebe,—
 Hat what say'st thou, Silvius?
 Phebe, pity me. [Silvius.
 , I am sorry for thee, gentle
 rer sorrow is, relief would be;
 ow at my grief in love,
 e, your sorrow and my grief
 terminated. [neighbourly
 hast my love; is not that
 d have you.
 Why, that were covetousness.
 ne was, that I hated thee;
 not, that I bear thee love:

But since that thou canst talk of love so well,
 Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,
 I will endure; and I'll employ thee too:
 But do not look for further recompense,
 'Tis thine own gladness that thou art em-
 ploy'd.

Sil. So holy, and so perfect is my love,
 And I in such a poverty of grace,
 That I shall think it a most plentiful crop
 To glean the broken ears after the man [then
 That the man harvest reaps: loose now and
 A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.

Phe. Know'st thou the youth that spoke to
 me ere while?

Sil. Not very well, but I have met him oft;
 And he hath bought the cottage, and the bounds,
 That the old carlot once was master of.

Phe. Think not I love him, though I ask
 for him;

'Tis but a peevish boy:—yet he talks well;—
 But what care I for words? yet words do well,
 When he that speaks them pleases those that
 It is a pretty youth:—not very pretty:—[hear.
 But, sure, he's proud; and yet his pride be-
 comes him: [him

He'll make a proper man: The best thing in
 Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue
 Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.
 He is not tall; yet for his years he's tall;
 His leg is but so so; and yet 'tis well:
 There was a pretty redness in his lip;
 A little ripper and more lusty red [difference
 Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas just the
 Betwixt the constant red, and mingled damask.
 There be some women, Silvius, had they
 mark'd him

In parcels as I did, would have gone near
 To fall in love with him: but, for my part,
 I love him not, nor hate him not; and yet
 I have more cause to hate him than to love
 For what had he to do to chide at me? [him:
 He said, mine eyes were black, and, my hair
 black;

And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me:
 I marvel, why I answer'd not again:
 But that's all one; omittance is no quiltance.
 I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
 And thou shalt bear it; Wilt thou, Silvius?

Sil. Phebe, with all my heart.

Phe. I'll write it straight;
 The matter's in my head, and in my heart:
 I will be bitter with him, and passing short:
 Go with me, Silvius.

[Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. The same.

ALIND, CELIA, and JACQUES.

Phebe, pretty youth, let me be ac-
 quainted with thee.
 My, you are a melancholy fellow!

Jaq. I am so; I do love it better than
 laughing.

Ros. Those, that are in extremity of either,
 are abominable fellows; and betray them-
 selves to every modern conceit, worse than
 drunkards.

Will you do?

• Pensive and Silly.

• Youthful

Y

Jag. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

Ros. Why then, 'tis good to be a poet.

Jag. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice*; nor the lover's, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects: and, indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me, is a most humorous sadness.

Ros. A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad: I fear, you have sold your own lands, to see other men's; then, to have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

Jag. Yes, I have gained my experience.

Enter ORLANDO.

Ros. And your experience makes you sad: I had rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me sad; and to travel for it too.

Orl. Good-day, and happiness, dear Rosalind!

Jag. Nay then, God be wi' you, as you talk in blank verse. *[Exit.]*

Ros. Farewell, monsieur traveller! Look, you slip, and wear strange suits; disable† all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you

Cel. It pleases him to call you so; he hath a Rosalind of a better leer† than you.

Ros. Come, woo me, woo me; be it in a holiday humour, and like every consent: What would you say to me now I were your very Rosalind?

Orl. I would kiss, before I spoke.

Ros. Nay, you were better speak first; when you were gravell'd for lack of use you might take occasion to kiss. Very orators, when they are out, they will; and for lovers, lacking (God warn us!) me the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

Orl. How if the kiss be denied?

Ros. Then she puts you to entreaty, there begins new matter.

Orl. Who could be out, being before beloved mistress?

Ros. Marry, that should you, if I were mistress; or I should think my honesty less than my wit.

Orl. What, of my suit?

Ros. Not out of your apparel, and yet of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

Orl. I take some joy to say you are, cause I would be talking of her.

Ros. Well, in her person, I say—I will have you.

Orl. Then, in mine own person, I do.

Ros. No, faith, die by attorney. The world is almost six thousand years old, and all this time there was not any man die his own person, *videlicet*, in a lover's Troilus had his brains dashed out with a

Ros. You must begin.—*Will you, Orlando,*—*Or. Go to:—Will you, Orlando, have to be this Rosalind?*

Ros. I will.

Ros. Ay, but when?

Orl. Why now; as fast as she can marry us.

Ros. Then you must say,—*I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.*

Orl. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

Ros. I might ask you for your commission;

—*I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband:* There a girl goes before the priest;

I, certainly, a woman's thought runs before her actions.

Orl. So do all thoughts; they are winged.

Ros. Now tell me, how long you would be her, after you have possessed her.

Orl. For ever, and a day.

Ros. Say a day, without the ever: No, no, heds; men are April when they woo, De-

cease when they wed: malds are May when

are malds, but the sky changes when they

wives. I will be more jealous of thee

in a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen;

in a clamorous than a parrot against rain;

in a new-fangled than an ape; more giddy

in my desires than a monkey: I will weep

nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I

will be that when you are disposed to be

dry: I will laugh like a hyen, and that

when thou art inclined to sleep.

Orl. But will my Rosalind do so?

Ros. By my life, she will do as I do.

Orl. O, but she is wise.

Ros. Or else she could not have the wit to

be: the wiser, the waywarder: Make the

test upon a woman's wit, and it will out

the clearest; shot that, and 'twill out at

every hole; stop that, 'twill fly with the

smoke out at the chimney.

Orl. A man that had a wife with such a wit,

might say,—*Wit, whither wilt?*

Ros. Nay, you might keep that check for

that you met your wife's wit going to your

neighbour's bed.

Orl. And what wit could wit have to ex-

ceed that?

Ros. Marry, to say,—she came to seek you

out. You shall never take her without her

answer, unless you take her without her

leave. O, that woman that cannot make her

husband's occasion, let her never nurse

her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool.

Orl. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will

love thee.

Ros. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee

two hours.

Orl. I must attend the duke at dinner; by

two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Ros. Ay, go your ways, go your ways;—I

but you would prove; my friends told

me, and I thought no less,—that flat-

terness of yours won me:—is but one

hour, and so,—*come, death!*—*I no o'clock*

hour!

Ay, sweet Rosalind.

Ros. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathetical break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful: therefore beware my censure, and keep your promise.

Orl. With no less religion, than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: So, adieu.

Ros. Well, time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let time try: Adieu!

Orl. You have simply misused our sex in your love-prate: we must have your doublet and hose plucked over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

Ros. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sound; my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

Orl. Or rather, bottomless; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

Ros. No, that same wicked bastard of Venus, that was begot of thought, conceived of spleen, and born of madness; that blind rascally boy, that abuses every one's eyes, because his own are out, let him be judge, how deep I am in love:—I'll tell thee Alena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando:—I'll go find a shadow, and sigh till he come.

Orl. And I'll sleep. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. Another part of the Forest.

Enter JAQUES and Lords, in the habit of Foresters.

Jaq. Which is he that killed the deer?

1 Lord. Sir, it was I.

Jaq. Let's present him to the duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory:—Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

2 Lord. Yes, sir.

Jaq. Sing it; 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

SONG.

1. *What shall he have, that kill'd the deer?*

2. *His leather skin, and horns to wear.*

1. *Thou sing him home:*

Take thou no scorn, to wear the

horn;

It was a crest ere thou wast born;

1. Thy father's father wore it;

2. And thy father bore it:

All. The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,

Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III. The Forest.

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

Ros. How say you now? Is it not past

two o'clock? and here much Orlando!

o For the doors.

† Melancholy.

Y 2

Cel. I warrant you, with pure love, and troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and is gone forth—to sleep: Look, who comes here.

Enter SILVIUS.

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth;—
My gentle Phebe bid me give you this:

[Giving a letter.]

I know not the contents; but, as I guess,
By the stern brow, and waspish action

Which she did use as she was writing of it,

It bears an angry tenour; pardon me,

I am but as a guiltless messenger. *[Letter.]*

Ros. Patience herself would startle at this

And play the swaggerer; bear this, bear all:

She says, I am but fair; that I lack manners;

She calls me proud; and, that she could not

love me

Were man as rare as phoenix; O! 's my will!

Her love is not the hare that I do hunt:

Why writes she so to me?—Well, shepherd,

This is a letter of your own device. *[Well.]*

Sil. No, I protest, I know not the contents;

Phebe did write it.

Ros. Come, come, you are a fool,

And turn'd into the extremity of love.

I saw her hand: she has a leathern hand,

A freestone-colour'd hand; I verily did think

That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her

hands;

She has a huswife's hand; but that's no matter:

I say, she never did invent this letter:

This is a man's invention, and his hand.

*Will the faithful offer take
Of me, and all that I can make;
Or else by him my love deny,
And then I'll study how to die.*

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas, poor shepherd!

Ros. Do you pity him? no, he deserves pity.—Wilt thou love such a woman?—Wilt thou make thee an instrument, and play to strains upon thee? not to be endured!—Will you go your way to her, (for I see, love hath made thee a tame snake,) and say this to her?—If she love me, I charge her to love thee; she will not, I will never have her, unless she entreat for her.—If you be a true lover, let and not a word; for here comes more company. *[Exit SILVIUS.]*

Enter OLIVER.

Ol. Good-morrow, fair ones: Pray you, you know

Where, in the purlieus of this forest, was
A sheep-cote, fenced about with olive trees

Cel. West of this place, down in the under-
bour bottom,

The rank of osiers, by the murmuring stream
Left on your right hand, brings you to the

place;

But at this hour the house doth keep itself

There's none within.

Ol. If that an eye may profit by a tongue

Then I should know you by description;

Such garments, and such years: *The boy is*

Of female favour, and bestows himself



AS YOU LIKE IT.

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head on ground, with eat-like
e sleeping man should stir; for
osition of that beast, 'tis
thing that doth seem as dead:
ando did approach the man,
as his brother, his elder brother.
have heard him speak of that
other.
nder him the most unnatural
ngst men.

And well he might so do,
ow he was unnatural,
o Orlando:—Did he leave him
ck'd and hungry lioness? [there,
id he turn his back, and purposen
nobler ever than revenge, [so:
ronger than his just occasion,
e battle to the lioness, [ling
fell before him; in which hurt-
le slumber I awaked.
as his brother?

Was it you he rescued?
you that did so oft contrive to
it?
I; but 'tis not I: I do not shame
at I was, since my conversion
tes, being the thing I am.
or the bloody napkin?—

By, and by.
re first to last, betwixt us two,
ntments had most kindly bathed,
se into that desert place;—
d me to the gentle duke,
s fresh array, and entertainment,
se unto my brother's love;
instantly unto his cave.
I himself, and here upon his arm
d torn some flesh away, [fainted,
is while had bled; and now he

And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind.
Brief, I recover'd him; bound up his wound;
And, after some small space, being strong again
He sent me hither, stranger as I am, [here,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to give this napkin
Dyed in this blood; unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

Cel. Why, how now, Ganymede? sweet
Ganymede!

Old. Many will swoon when they do look
on blood.

Cel. There is more in it:—Cousin—Ganymede

Old. Look, he recovers.

Ros. I would, I were at home.

Cel. We'll lead you thither:—

I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

Old. Be of good cheer, youth:—I on a man?—
You lack a man's heart.

Ros. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sir, a body
would think this was well counterfeited:
I pray you, tell your brother how well I con-
fess it.—Heigh ho!

Old. This was not counterfeit; there is too
great testimony in your complexion, that
was a passion of earnest.

Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.

Old. Well then, take a good heart, and coun-
terfeit to be a man.

Ros. So I do: but, Faith I should have
been a woman by right.

Cel. Come, you look paler and paler;
pray you, draw homewards:—Good sir, go
with us.

Old. That will I, for I must bear answer
back: How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

Ros. I shall devise something: But, I pray
you, commend my counterfeiting to him:—
Will you go?

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The same.*

ROCKSTONE and AUDREY.

: shall find a time, Audrey; pa-
Audrey.
I, the priest was good enough,
I gentleman's saying.
most wicked sir Oliver, Audrey,
far-text. But, Audrey, there is
in the forest lays claim to you.
I know who 'tis, he hath no inte-
the world: here comes the man

Enter WILLIAM.

is meat and drink to me to see a
y truth, we that have good wits,
answer for: we shall be stout-
not hold.

Even, Audrey.

ye good even, William.

good even to you, sir.

Touch. Good even, gentle friend: Cover
thy head, cover thy head; nay, prythee, be
covered. How old are you, friend.

Will. Five and twenty, sir.

Touch. A ripe age: Is thy name, William?

Will. William, sir.

Touch. A fair name: Wast born i' the
forest here?

Will. Ay, sir, I thank God.

Touch. *Thank God*;—a good answer: Art
rich?

Will. Faith, sir, so, so.

Touch. So, so, is good, very good, very ex-
cellent good:—and yet it is not; it is but so
so. Art thou wise?

Will. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

Touch. Why, thou say'st well. I do now
remember a saying: *The fool doth think he
is wise, but the wise man knows himself to
be a fool.* The heathen philosopher, when he
had a desire to eat a grape, would open his

• Describe.

† Scuffle.

lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby, that grapes were made to eat, and lips to open. You do love this maid?

Will. I do, sir.

Touch. Give me your hand: Art thou learned?

Will. No, sir.

Touch. Then learn this of me: To have, is to have: For it is a figure in rhetoric, that drink, being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other: For all your writers do consent, that *ipse* is he; now you are not *ipse*, for I am he.

Will. Which he, sir?

Touch. He, sir, that must marry this woman: Therefore, you clown, abandon,—which is in the vulgar, leave,—the society,—which in the boorish is, company,—of this female,—which in the common is, woman, which together is, abandon the society of this female; or, clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; or to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage: I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will o'er-run thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways; therefore tremble, and depart.

And. Do, good William.

Will. God rest you merry, sir. [*Exit.*]

Enter CONTIN.

Cor. Our master and mistress seek you; come, away, away.

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon, when he showed me your handkerchief?

Orl. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Ros. O, I know where you are:—Nay, 'tis true: there was never any thing so subtle, but the sight of two rams, and Caesar's third sonical brag of—*I came, saw, and overcame*. For your brother and my sister no sooner met, but they looked; no sooner looked, but they loved; no sooner loved, but they sighed; no sooner sighed, but they asked one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedy: and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinently, or else be incontinent before marriage: they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together; they cannot part them.

Orl. They shall be married to-morrow: and I will bid the duke to the nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy, in having what he wishes for.

Ros. Why then, to-morrow I cannot see your turn for Rosalind?

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will weary you no longer then with idle talking. Know of me, then, (for now

we follow'd by a faithful shepherd;
him, love him; he worships you.
ed shepherd tell this youth what
a love.

to be all made of sighs and tears;—
I for Phebe.

d I for Ganymede.

d I for Rosalind.

d I for no woman.

to be all made of faith and service;—

I for Phebe.

d I for Ganymede.

d I for Rosalind.

d I for no woman.

to be all made of fantasy,
passion, and all made of wishes;
in, duty and observance,
ness, all patience, and impatience,
all trial, all observance;—
I for Phebe.

d so am I for Ganymede.

d so am I for Rosalind.

d so am I for no woman.

this be so, why blame you me to
you? [To ROSALIND.

is be so, why blame you me to
you? [To PHEBE.

his be so, why blame you me to
you? [me to love you?

o do you speak to, why blame you
ser, that is not here, nor doth not

y you, no more of this; 'tis like
of Irish wolves against the
ill help you, [To SILVIUS] if I
old love you, [To PHEBE] if I
morrow meet me all together.—I
you. [To PHEBE] if ever I marry
I'll be married to-morrow:—I
you, [To ORLANDO] if ever I
us, and you shall be married to—
I will content you, [To SILVIUS]
ses you contents you, and you
arried to-morrow.—As you [To
love Rosalind, meet;—as you,
is] love Phebe, meet; And as I
oman, I'll meet.—So, fare you
re left you commands.
ot fail, if I live.

Nor I.

Nor I.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III. The same.

TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

To-morrow is the joyful day,
-morrow will we be married,
to desire it with all my heart:
it is no dishonest desire, to desire
man of the world *. Here comes
finished duke's page.

Enter two Pages.

Well met, honest gentleman.

By my troth, well met: Come,
a song.

We are for you: sit i'the middle.

1 Page. Shall we clap into't roundly,
without hawking, or spitting, or saying we
are hoarse; which are the only prologues to
a bad voice?

2 Page. P'faith, P'faith; and both in a tune,
like two gipsies on a horse.

SONG.

*It was a lover, and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass
In the spring time, the only pretty rank
time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.*

*Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In spring time, &c.*

*This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In spring time, &c.*

*And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
For live is crown'd with the prime
In spring time, &c.*

Touch. Truly, young gentlemen, though
there was no greater matter in the ditty, yet
the note was very antientable.

1 Page. You are deceived, sir; we kept
time, we lost not our time.

Touch. By my troth, yes; I count it but
time lost to hear such a foolish song. God
be with you; and God mend your voices!
Come, Audrey. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. Another part of the Forest.

Enter DUKE senior, AMIENS, JAQUES,
ORLANDO, OLIVER, and CELIA.

Duke S. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that
can do all this that he hath promised? [the boy
Orl. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes
do not; [fear.

As those that fear they hope, and know they
Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS, and PHEBE.

Ros. Patience once more, whilst our com-
pact is urg'd:—

You say, if I bring in your Rosalind,

[To the DUKE.

You will bestow her on Orlando here?

Duke S. That would I, had I kingdoms to
give with her. [I bring her?

Ros. And you say, you will have her, when
[To ORLANDO.

Orl. That would I, were I of all kingdoms
king. [willing;

Ros. You say, you'll marry me, if I be
[To PHEBE.

Phe. That will I, should I die the hour after.

Ros. But, if you do refuse to marry me,
You'll give yourself to this most faithful shep-

Phe. So is the bargain. [heard?

Ros. You say, that you'll have Phebe, if
she will? [To SILVIUS.

* A married woman.

Sil. Though to have her and death were
both one thing.

Ros. I have promised to make all this in due
Keep you your word, O duke, to give your
daughter:—

You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter:—
Keep you word, Phoebe, that you'll marry me;
Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd:—
Keep you word, Silvius, that you'll marry her,
If she refuse me:—and from hence I go,
To make these doubts all even.

Exeunt ROSALIND and CELIA.

Duke S. I do remember an true shepherd boy
Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

Orl. My lord, the first time that I ever saw
him,

He thought he was a brother to your daughter;
But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born;
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies by his uncle,
Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obscured in the circle of this forest.

Enter TOUCHSTONE, ROSALIND, and AMONY.

Jaq. There is, sure, another food toward,
and these couples are coming to the ark!
Here comes a pair of very strange beasts,
which in all tongues are called fools.

Touch. Salutation and greeting to you all!

Jaq. Good my lord, bid him welcome:
This is the motley minded gentleman, that I
have so often met in the forest: he hath been
a courtier, he swears.

Touch. If any man doubt that, let him put

tests. If I sent him word again, it was not
well cut, he would send me word, he could
to please himself: This is called the *Quip
modest.* If again, it was not well cut, he
disabled my judgment: This is call'd the
Reply churlish. If again, it was not well
cut, he would answer, I spake not true: This
is call'd the *Reproof valiant.* If again, it
was not well cut, he would say, I lie: This
is call'd the *Countercheck quarrelsome:* and
to the *Leve circumstantial,* and the *Licet direct.*
Jaq. And how oft did you say, his beard
was not well cut?

Touch. I durst go no farther than the *Leve
circumstantial,* nor he durst not give me the
Licet direct; and so we measured swords, and
parted.

Jaq. Can you nominate in order now the
degrees of the tie?

Touch. O sir, we quarrel in print, by the
book; as you have books for good manners,
I will name you the degrees. The first, the
Reproof courteous; the second, the Quip
modest; the third, the Reply churlish; the
fourth, the Reproof valiant; the fifth, the
Countercheck quarrelsome; the sixth, the
Lie with circumstance; the seventh, the
Lie direct. All these you may avoid, but the
Lie direct; and you may avoid that too, with a
Li. I knew when seven justices could not
take up a quarrel; but when the parties were
met themselves, one of them thought but of
If, as, If you said so, then I said so, and



re, ho! I bar confusion:
 ut make conclusion
 is most strange events:
 ght that must take hands,
 a Hymen's bands,
 i holds true contents*.
 on no cross shall part:
 [To ORL. and Ros.
 on are heart in heart:
 [To OLI. and CRL.
 HENR] to his love must accord,
 woman to your lord:—
 on are sure together,
 [To TOUCH. and AUD.
 ker to foul weather.
 edlock-hymn we sing,
 elves with questioning;
 wonder may diminish,
 we met, and these things finish.
 SONG.
 Is great Juno's crown;
 sed bond of board and bed!
 ven peoples every town;
 vedlock then be honoured:
 high honour and renown,
 'n, god of every town!
 ' my dear niece, welcome thou
 ne;
 er, welcome in no less degree.
 ll not eat my word, now thou
 ne;
 fancy to thee doth combineth.

[To SILV.
 ter JACQUES DE BOIS.
 Let me have audience for a
 r two;
 ad son of old sir Rowland,
 se tidings to this fair assembly:—
 eck, hearing how that every day
 worth resorted to this forest,
 ighty power! which were on foot,
 ndact, purposely to take
 ere, and put him to the sword:
 irts of this wild wood he came;
 ng with an old religious man,
 ention with him, was converted
 enterprise, and from the world:
 quathing to his banish'd brother,
 lands restored to them again
 ith him exiled: This to be true,
 ny life.

Welcome, young man;
 fairly to thy brothers wedding:
 ade withheld; and to the other,
 at large, a potent dukedom.
 forest, let us do those ends
 re well begun, and well begot:
 very of this happy number, [us,
 lured shrewd days and nights with
 less truth fails of veracity. † Bind. ‡ Dressed. § That I liked.

y the fable is wild and pleasing. I know not how the ladies will approve the
 which both Rosalind and Celia give away their hearts. To Celia much may be
 be heroism of her friendship. The character of Jacques is natural and well pre-
 comic dialogue is very sprightly, with less mixture of low buffoonery than in
 lays; and the graver part is elegant and harmonious. By hastening to the end
 Shakespeare suppressed the dialogue between the usurper and the hermit, and
 unity of exhibiting a moral lesson in which he might have found matter worth
 power.—JOHNSON.

Shall share the good of our returned fortune,
 According to the measure of their states.
 Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity,
 And fall into our rustic revelry:—
 Play, music;—and you brides and bride-
 grooms all, [fall.
 With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures
 Jaq. Sir, by your patience; If I heard you
 The duke hath put on a religious life, [rightly,
 And thrown into neglect the pompous court
 Jaq. de B. He hath.
 Jaq. To him will I: and of these convertites
 There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.—
 You to your former honour I bequeath;

[To Duke S.
 Your patience, and your virtue, well-deserves
 it:— [faith doth merit:—
 You [To ORLANDO] to a love; that your true
 You [To OLIVER] to your land, and love, and
 great allies:— [bed;
 You [To SILVIUS] to a long and well-deserved
 And you [To TOUCHSTONE] to wrangling; for
 thy loving voyage [pleasures;
 Is but for two months victual'd:—No to your
 I am for other than for dancing measures.

Duke S. Stay, Jacques, stay. [have
 Jaq. To see no pasture, I:—what you would
 I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave. [Exit.
 Duke S. Proceed, proceed: we will begin
 these rites,
 And we do trust they'll end, in true delights.
 [A dance.

EPILOGUE.

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the lady
 the epilogue: but it is no more unhandsome,
 than to see the lord the prologue. If it be
 true, that *good wine needs no bush*, 'tis true,
 that a good play needs no epilogue: Yet to
 good wine they do use good bushes; and good
 plays prove the better by the help of good
 epilogues. What a case am I in then, that
 am neither a good epilogue, nor cannot insti-
 tute with you in the behalf of a good play?
 I am not furnished; like a beggar, therefore
 to beg will not become me: my way is, to
 conjure you; and I'll begin with the women.
 I charge you, O women, for the love you bear
 to men, to like as much of this play as please
 them: and so I charge you, O men, for the
 love you bear to women, (as I perceive by
 your simpering, none of you hate them,) that
 between you and the women, the play may
 please. If I were a woman, I would kiss as
 many of you as had beards that pleased me,
 complexions that liked me, and breaths that
 I desired not: and, I am sure, as many as have
 good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths,
 will, for my kind offer, when I make curtsy,
 bid me farewell. [Exeunt.

† Bind. ‡ Dressed. § That I liked.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Persons represented.

King of France.	A Page.
Duke of Florence.	Countess of Ronsillon, mother to Bertram.
BERTRAM, Count of Ronsillon.	HELENA, a gentlewoman protected by
LAFEU, an old Lord.	Countess.
PAROLLES, a follower of Bertram.	An old Widow of Florence.
Several young French Lords, that serve	DIANA, daughter to the widow.
with Bertram in the Florentine war.	VIOLENTA, } neighbours and friends to
Steward, } servants to the Countess of Ron-	MARIANA, } widow.
Clown, } sillon.	

Lords, attending on the King: Officers, Soldiers, &c., French and Florentine.

Scene,—Partly in France, and partly in Tuscany.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Ronsillon. *A Room in the Countess's Palace.*

Enter BERTRAM, the Countess of Ronsillon, HELENA, and LAFEU, in mourning.

sion, and it was his great right to be so
rard de Narbon.

Laf. He was excellent, indeed, and
the king very lately spoke of him, admiring
and mourningly: he was skilful enough
have lived still, if knowledge could be so



ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

251

conceive grief the enemy to the
the living be enemy to the grief,
when it soon mortal.

me, I desire your holy wishes.
understand we that?
thou blest, Bertram; and sue-
ry father
as in shape! thy blood, and vir-

empire in thee; and thy good-
ly birth-right! Love all, trust a

none: be able for thine enemy
ower, than me; and keep thy

wn life's key: be check'd for
x'd for speech. What heaven
vill,
ay furnish*, and my prayers
down,

ad! Farewell.—My lord,
ion'd courtier; good my lord,

He cannot want the best
and his love.

aven bless him!—Farewell, Ber-
[Exit Countess.

est wishes, that can be forged in
[To HELENA] be servants to
unfathomable to my mother, your
make much of her.

vell, pretty lady: You must hold
our father.

Enter BERTRAM and LAKEU.
re that all!—I think not on my

at tears grace his remembrance
shed for him. What was he

him: my imagination
mour in it, but Bertram's.
there is no living, none,
away. It were all one,
I love a bright particular star,
wed it, he is so above me:
radiance and collateral light
unfathomable, not in his sphere.
in my love thus plagues itself:
t would be mated by the lion,
love. 'Twas pretty, though a

very hour; to sit and draw
rows, his hawking eye, his curls,
table; heart, too capable
and trick of his sweet favour:
gone, and my idolatrous fancy
his relics. Who comes here?
Enter PAROLLES.

with him: I love him for his

ow him a notorious liar,
great way fool, solely a coward;

Yet these fix'd evils sit to sit in him,
That they take place, when virtue's steady
bones

Look bleak in the cold wind: withal, full oft
Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

Par. Save you, fair queen.

Hel. And you, monarch.

Par. No.

Hel. And no.

Par. Are you meditating on virginity?

Hel. Ay. You have some stain of soldier
in you; let me ask you a question: Man is
enemy to virginity; how may we barricade
it against him?

Par. Keep him out.

Hel. But he assails; and our virginity,
though valliant in the defence, yet is weak
unfild to us some warlike resistance.

Par. There is none; man, sitting down be-
fore you, will undermine you, and blow you
up.

Hel. Bless our poor virginkty from under-
miners, and blowers up!—Is there no military
policy, how virgins might blow up men?

Par. Virginity, being blown down, man
will quicklier be blown up: marry, in blow-
ing him down again, with the breach your-
selves made, you lose your city. It is not
politic in the commonwealth of nature, to
preserve virginity. Loss of virginity is ra-
tional increase; and there was never virgin
got, till virginity was first lost. That, you
were made of, is metal to make virgins.
Virginity, by being once lost, may be ten
times found: by being ever kept, it is ever
lost: 'tis too cold a companion; away with
it.

Hel. I will stand for't a little, though there-
fore I die a virgin.

Par. There's little can be said in't; 'tis
against the rule of nature. To speak on the
part of virginity, is to accuse your mothers;
which is most infallible disobedience. He,
that hangs himself, is a virgin: virginity mur-
ders itself; and should be buried in high-
ways, out of all sanctified limit, as a despe-
rate offendress against nature. Virginity
breeds mites, much like a cheese; consumes
itself to the very paring, and so dies with
feeding his own stomach. Besides, virginity
is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love,
which is the most inhibited sin in the canon.
Keep it not; you cannot choose but lose it:
Out with't: within ten years it will make it-
self ten, which is a goodly increase; and the
principal itself not much the worse: Away
with't.

Hel. How might one do, sir, to lose it to
her own liking?

Par. Let me see: Marry, ill, to like him
that ne'er it likes. 'Tis a commodity will lose
the gloss with lying; the longer kept, the less
worth: off with't, while 'tis vendible: an-

t may help thee with more and better qualifications.
I your wishes, and have power to bring them to effect.
as the tablet on which his remembrance was portrayed.
J. Commemoration. T. Porcellan.

† i. e., May you
† Helena count-
† Peculiarly

swer the time of request. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion; richly suited, but unsuitable: just like the brooch and tooth-pick, which wear not now: Your date * is better in your pie and your porridge, than in your cheek: And your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French withered pears; it looks ill, it eats dryly; marry, 'tis a withered pear; it was formerly better; marry, yet, 'tis a withered pear: Will you any thing with it?

Hel. Not my virginity yet.
There shall your master have a thousand loves,

A mother, and a mistress, and a friend,
A phoenix, captain, and an enemy,
A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,
A counsellor, a traitress, and a dear;
His humble ambition, proud humility,
His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet,
His faith, his sweet disaster; with a world
Of pretty, fond, adoptions christendoms,
That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he—
I know not what he shall:—God send him
well!—

The court's a learning-place;—and he is one—

Par. What one, I pray?

Hel. That I wish well.—'Tis pity——

Par. What's pity?

Hel. That wishing well had not a body
in't, (born,
Which might be felt: that we, the poorer
Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends,
And show what we alone must think; which
Returns us thanks. (never

vice shall thrust upon thee; else thou dost
thine unthankfulness, and thine ignorance
makes thee away: farewell. When thou hast
leisure, say thy prayers; when thou hast none,
remember thy friends; get thee a good im-
band, and use him as he uses thee: so say
wells. [Exit]

Hel. Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to heaven: the fated sky
Gives us free scope; only, doth backward
pull

Our slow designs, when we ourselves do blame.
What power is it, which mounts my love so
high;

That makes me see, and cannot feed;
The mightiest space in fortune native tongue,
To join like likes, and kiss like natives?
Impossible be strange attempts, to those
That weigh their pains in sense; and do suppose
What hath been cannot be: Who ever smelt
To show her merit, that did miss her love!
The king's disease—my project may deceive me,
But my intents are fix'd, and will not
me. [Exit]

SCENE II. Paris. A Room in the King's
Palace.

Flourish of cornets. Enter the King
France, with letters; Lords and others
attending.

King. The Florentines and Senoys [are]
the ears;

Have fought with equal fortune, and comb'd
A braving war.

1 Lord. So 'tis reported, sir. [Enter]
King. Nay, 'tis most credible; we heard

Count. Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouthed and calumnious knave?

Clo. A prophet I, madam; and I speak the truth the next way*:

*For I the ballad will repeat,
Which men full true shall find;
Your marriage comes by destiny,
Your cuckoo sings by kind.*

Count. Get you gone, sir; I'll talk with you more anon.

Stew. May it please you, madam, that he bid Helen come to you; of her I am to speak.

Count. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman, I would speak with her; Helen I mean.

Clo. *Was this fair face the cause, quoth she,*

Why the Grecians sacked Troy? [Singing.

Fond done't, done fond,

Was this king Priam's joy.

With that she sighed as she stood,

With that she sighed as she stood,

And gave this sentence then;

Among nine bad if one be good,

Among nine bad if one be good,

There's yet one good in ten.

Count. What, one good in ten? you corrupt the song, sirrah.

Clo. One good woman in ten, madam; which is a purifying o' the song; 'Would God would serve the world so all the year! we'd find no fault with the tithe-woman, if I were the parson: One in ten, quoth a'! an we

first assault, or ransome afterward: This delivered in the most bitter touch of sorrow that e'er I heard virgin exclaim in: which held my duty, speedily to acquaint you with silence, in the loss that may happen, it concerns you something to know it.

Count. You have discharged this honest keepit to yourself: many likelihoods inform me of this before, which hung so tottering on the balance, that I could neither believe, nor misdoubt: Pray you, leave me; stail this in your bosom, and I thank you for your honest care: I will speak with you further anon.

[Exit Steward]

Enter HELENA.

Count. Even so it was with me, what was young:

If we are nature's, these are ours; and doth to our rose of youth rightly belong.

Our blood to us, this to our blood is born. It is the show and seal of nature's truth, Where love's strong passion is impress'd. By our remembrances of days foregone, Such were our faults;—or then we thought them none.

Her eye is sick on't; I observe her now.

Hel. What is your pleasure, madam?

Count. You know, Helen, I am a mother to you.

Hel. Mine honourable mistress,

Count. Nay, a mother. Why not a mother? When I said, a mother

Hel. Ah! you mean it not! daughter, and
 mother,
 Give upon your pulses: What, pale again?
 Your flesh catch'd your fondness: Now I see
 Imagery of your loneliness, and find
 Countess' hand? Now to all senses 'tis gross,
 I love my son; invention is ashamed,
 That the proclamation of thy passion,
 And thou dost not: therefore tell me true;
 Tell me then, 'tis so:—for, look, thy cheeks
 Glow; one to the other; and thine eyes
 So grossly shown in thy behaviours,
 With their kind; they speak it: only sin
 Of foolish obstinacy tie thy tongue,
 But truth should be suspected: Speak, is't so?
 If so, you have wound a goodly cure;
 If not, deservest: however, I charge thee,
 Heaven shall work in me for thine avail,
 And me truly.

Hel. Good madam, pardon me!
Count. Do you love my son?
Hel. Your pardon, noble mistress!
Count. Love you my son?
Hel. Do not you love him, madam?
Count. Go not about; my love hath in't a
 bond, [disclose
 hereof the world takes note: come, come,
 in state of your affection; for your passions
 are to the full appeach'd.]

Hel. Then, I confess,
 on my knee, before high heaven and you,
 at before you, and next unto high heaven,
 love your son:— [love:
 friends were poor, but honest; so's my
 not offended; for it hurts not him,
 as he is lov'd of me: I follow him not
 any token of presumptuous suit;
 as would I have him, till I do deserve him;
 as never know how that desert should be.
 know I love in vain, strive against hope;
 as, in this captious and intenable sieve,
 all pour in the waters of my love,
 as lack not to lose still: thus, Indian-like,
 as flows in mine error, I adore
 as man, that looks upon his worshipper;
 as knows of him no more. My dearest madam,
 as not your hate encounter with my love,
 as loving where you do: but, if yourself,
 as base aged honour cites a virtuous youth,
 as ever, in so true a flame of liking,
 as chastely, and love dearly, that your Dian

Was both herself and love; O then, give pity
 To her, whose state is such, that cannot choose
 But lend and give, where she is sure to lose;
 That seeks not to find that her search implies,
 But, riddle-like, lives sweetly where she dies.

Count. Had you not lately an intent, speak
 To go to Paris?
Hel. Madam, I had. [truly,

Count. Wherefore? tell true.
Hel. I will tell truth; by grace itself, I swear.
 You know my father left me some prescriptions
 Of rare and proved effects, such as his reading,
 And manifest experience, had collected
 For general sovereignty; and that he will'd me
 In heedfullest reservation to bestow them,
 As notes, whose faculties incline were,
 More than they were in note: amongst the
 There is a remedy, approved, set down, [rest,
 To cure the desperate languishes, whereof
 The king is render'd lost.

Count. This was your motive
 For Paris, was it? speak. [of this;

Hel. My lord your son made me to think
 Else Paris, and the medicine, and the king,
 Had, from the conversation of my thoughts,
 Happily, been absent then.

Count. But think you, Helen,
 If you should tender your supposed aid,
 He would receive it? He and his physicians
 Are of a mind; he, that they cannot help him,
 They, that they cannot help: How shall they cure
 A poor unlearned virgin, when the schools, [dit
 Embowell'd of their doctrine, have left off
 The danger to itself?

Hel. There's something hints,
 More than my father's skill, which was the great-
 Of his profession, that his good receipt [et
 Shall, for my legacy, be sanctified [honour
 By the luckiest stars in heaven: and, would your
 But give me leave to try success, I'd venture
 The well-lost life of mine on his grace's cure,
 By such a day, and hour.

Count. Dost thou believe't?
Hel. Ay, madam, knowingly. [and love,

Count. Why, Helen, thou shalt have my leave,
 Means, and attendants, and my loving greetings
 To those of mine in court; I'll stay at home,
 And pray God's blessing into thy attempt:
 Be gone to-morrow; and be sure of this,
 What I can help thee to, thou shalt not miss.
 [Exit.

ACT II.

SCENE I. Paris. A Room in the King's
 Palace.

Warlike. Enter King, with young Lords
 taking leave for the Florentine war;
 BERTHAM, PAROLLES, and Attendants.

King. Farewell, young lord, these warlike
 principles

Do not throw from you:—and you, my lord,
 farewell:— [all,
 Share the advice betwixt you; if both gain
 The gift doth stretch itself as 'tis received,
 And is enough for both.

1 Lord. It is our hope, sir,
 After well-enter'd soldiers, to return
 And find your grace in health.

* Contend. † The source, the cause of your grief. ‡ According to their nature.
 a. Whose respectable conduct in age proves that you were no less virtuous when young.
 J & C, Venet. ¶ Receipts in which greater virtues were enclosed than appeared.
 as Embow'd of their skill.

King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart

Will not confess he owes the malady
That doth my life besiege. Farewell, young lords:

Whether I live or die, be you the sons
Of worthy Frenchmen: let higher Italy
(Those 'bated, that inherit but the fall
Of the last monarchy*,) see, that you come
Not to woo honour, but to wed it: when
The bravest questant† shrinks, find what you
seek,

That fame may cry you loud: I say, farewell.

2 *Lord.* Health, at your bidding, serve
your majesty! [them;

King. Those girls of Italy, take heed of
They say, our French lack language to deny,
If they demand: beware of being captives,
Before you serve‡.

Both. Our hearts receive your warnings.

King. Farewell.—Come hither to me.

[*The King retires to a couch.*

1 *Lord.* O my sweet lord, that you will
stay behind us!

Par. 'Tis not his fault; the spark——

2 *Lord.* O, 'tis brave wars!

Par. Most admirable: I have seen those
wars.

Ber. I am commanded here, and kept a
coil§ with; [early.

Too young, and the next year, and 'tis too

Par. An thy mind stand to it, boy, steal

expressive to them; for they wear themselves
in the cap of the time*, there, do master the
gait**, eat, speak, and move under the influ-
ence of the most received star; and though
the devil lead the measure††, such are to be
followed: after them, and take a more dilated
farewell.

Ber. And I will do so.

Par. Worthy fellows; and like to prove
most sinewy sword-men.

[*Exeunt BERTRAM and PAROLLES.*

Enter LAFEU.

Laf. Pardon, my lord, [*Kneeling.*] for me
and for my tidings.

King. I'll see thee to stand up.

Laf. Then here's a man
Stands, that has brought his pardon. I would,
you

Had kneel'd, my lord, to ask me mercy; and
That, at my bidding, you could so stand up.

King. I would I had; so I had broke thy
pate,

And ask'd thee mercy for't.

Laf. Goodfaith, across‡‡

But, my good lord, 'tis thus; Will you be
Of your infirmity? [cured

King. No.

Laf. O, will you eat

No grapes, my royal fox? yes, but you will,
My noble grapes, as if my royal fox

Could reach them: I have seen a medicine‡‡

That's able to breathe life into a stone:

LAFEO, with HELENA.

same your ways.

This haste hath wings indeed.
same your ways;

say, say your mind to him:
look like; but such traitors
seldom fears: I am Cressid's

two together; fare you well.

[Exit.
fair one, does your business

I [was
good lord. Gerard de Narbon
what he did profess, well
her him. [found t.

will I spare my praises
him; [death

is enough. On his bed of
he gave me; chiefly one,
dearest issue of his practice,
experience the only darling,
e up, as a triple eye I, [so
own two, more clear; I have
our high majesty is touch'd
mant cause wherein the honour
er's gift stands chief in power.
er it, and my appliance,
humbleness.

We thank you, maiden;
so credulous of cure,—
learned doctors leave us; and
college have concluded
art can never ransom nature
ble estate.—I say we must not
gment, or corrupt our hope,
r past-cure malady

to discover so
our credit, to esteem
when help past sense we

pains:
y then shall pay me for my
enforce mine office on you;
ing from your royal thoughts
o bear me back again.

ot give thee less, to be call'd

[I give,
to help me; and such thanks
th to those that wish him live:
ull I know, thou know'st no
y peril, thou no art. [part;
can do, can do no hurt to try,
y our rest 'gainst remedy:
test works is finisher,

y the weakest minister:
babes hath judgment shewn,
ave been babes. Great floods

n
ources; and great seas have

[denied ¶.
have by the greatest been

falls, and most oft there

Where most it promises: and oft it hits,
Where hope is coldest, and despair most sits.

King. I must not hear thee; fare thee well,
kind maid;

Thy pains, not need, must by thyself be paid;
Proffers, not took, reap thanks for their reward.

Hel. Inspired merit so by breath is barr'd:
It is not so with Him that all things knows,

As 'tis with us that square our guess by shows:
But most it is presumption in us, when

The help of heaven we count the act of men.
Dear sir, to my endeavours give consent;

Of heaven, not me, make an experiment. I
I am not an impostor, that proclaim

Myself against the level of mine aim;
But know I think, and think I know most

sure,
My art is not past power, nor you past cure.

King. Art thou so confident? Within what
flap'st thou my cure? [space.

Hel. The greatest grace lending grace.
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring

Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring;
Ere twice in muck and occidental damp

Moist Hesperus hath quench'd his sleepy
lamp;

Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass;

What is inform from your sound parts shall fly,
Health shall live free, and sickness freely die.

King. Upon thy certainty and confidence,
What dar'st thou venture?

Hel. Tax of impudence,—
A strumpet's boldness, a divined shame,

Traduced by odious ballads; my maiden's
name [ed.

Sear'd otherwise; no worse of worst extend.
With vilest torture let my life be ended.

King. Methinks, in thee some blessed spi-
rit doth speak;

His powerful sound, within an organ weak;
And what impossibility would slay

In common sense, sense saves another way.
Thy life is dear; for all, that life can rate

Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate ¶;
Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, virtue, all

That happiness and prime ¶ can happy call:
Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate

Skill infinite, or monstrous desperate.
Sweet practiser, thy physic I will try;

That ministers thine own death, if I die.
Hel. If I break time, or flinch in property

Of what I spoke, unplied let me die; [see;
And well deserv'd: Not helping, death's my

But, if I help, what do you promise me?
King. Make thy demand.

Hel. But will you make it even?

King. Ay, by my sceptre, and my hopes of
heaven. [hand,

Hel. Then shalt thou give me, with thy kingly
What husband in thy power I will command:

¶ Andarus. † Of acknowledged excellence. ‡ A third eye. § An allu-
ding the two Elders. ¶ i. e., When Moses smote the rock in Horeb.
er to the children of Israel passing the Red Sea, when miracles had been de-
b. ¶ i. e., Pretend to greater things than befits the mediocrity of my com-
mon evening star. ‡ i. e., May be counted among the gifts enjoyed by thee.
§ The spring or morning of life.

Exempted be from me the arrogance
To choose from forth the royal blood of
France;

My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or lineage of thy state;
But such a one, thy vassal, whom I know
Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.

King. Here is my hand; the premises ob-
served,

Thy will by my performance shall be served;
So make the choice of thy own time; for I,
Thy resolved patient, on thee still rely.

More should I question thee, and more I must;
Though, more to know, could not be more to
frust; [But rest

From whence thou cam'st, how tended on,—

Unquestion welcome, and undoubted blest.—

Give me some help here, ho!—If thou pro-
ceed [deed.

As high as word, my deed shall match thy
[Flourish. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Rouillon. A Room in the
Countess's Palace.

Enter Countess and Clown.

Count. Come on, sir; I shall now put you
to the height of your breeding.

Clow. I will show myself highly fed, and
lowly taught; I know my business is but to
the court.

Count. To the court! why, what place make
you special, when you put off that with such
contempt? But to the court!

Count. To be young again, if we could
will be a fool in question, hoping to be
wiser by your answer. I pray you, sir,
you a courtier?

Clow. O Lord, sir,—There's a simple
ting off;—more, more, a hundred of them.

Count. Sir, I am a poor friend of you
that loves you.

Clow. O Lord, sir,—Thick, thick, spare not.

Count. I think, sir, you can eat more
this homely meat.

Clow. O Lord, sir,—Nay, put me not
warrant you.

Count. You were lately whipped, sir, I
think.

Clow. O Lord, sir,—Spare not me.

Count. Do you cry, O Lord, sir, at
whipping, and spare not me? Indeed, sir,

O Lord, sir, is very sequent to your
ping; you would answer very well at
whipping, if you were but bound to't.

Clow. I ne'er had worse luck in my life,
my—O Lord, sir: I see, things may be
long, but not serve ever.

Count. I play the noble housewife at
the time, to entertain it so merrily with
fool.

Clow. O Lord, sir,—Why, then, I serve
again.

Count. An end, sir, to your business: Go
Helen this,

And urge her to a present answer back:
Commend me to my kinsman, and my

my say, it is a novelty to the
land: if you will have it in
all read it in.—What do
ing of a heavenly effect in an

t I would have said; the

our dolphin* is not lastier:
in respect—

is strange, 'tis very strange,
and the tedious of it; and he
lucious† spirit, that will not
o be the—
nd of heaven.

say.

weak—

ble minister, great power,
nee: which should, indeed,
me to be made, than alone
he king, as to be—
y thankful.

HELENA, and Attendants.

have said it; you say well:
king.

, as the Dutchman says: I'll
better, whilst I have a too.h
by, he's able to lead her a

Vinagre! Is not this Helen?
al, I think so.

I before me all the lords in
[*Exit an Attendant.*

r, by thy patient's side;
altho! hand, whose banish'd

'd, a second time receive
of my promised gift,
ds thy naming.

r several Lords.
forth thine eye: this youthful

re stand at my bestowing,
sovereign power and father's

by frank election make;

to choose, and they none to
[tuons mistresses

of you one fair and vir-
please!—marry, to each, but

ay Curtal, and his furniture,
were were broken than these
beard.

Peruse them well:
but had a noble father.

en. [health
ough me, restored the king to

stand it, and thank heaven
[wealthiest,

a simple maid; and therein
simply am a maid:—

ajesty, I have done already:

The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,
We blush, that thou shouldst choose; but,
be refused,

Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever;
We'll ne'er come there again.

King. Make choice; and, see,
Who shuns thy love, shuns all his love in me.

Hel. Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly;
And to imperial Love, that god most high,

Do my sighs stream.—Sir, will you hear my
1 *Lord.* And grant it. [suit?

Hel. Thanks, sir; all the rest is mute.
Luf. I had rather be in this choice, than

throw ames-acett for my life.
Hel. The honour, sir, that flames in your

fair eyes,
Before I speak, too threateningly; *Hel.*
Love make your fortunes twenty times above—

Her that so wishes, and her humble love!
2 *Lord.* No better, if you please.

Hel. My wish receive,
Which great love grant! and so I take my leave.

Luf. Do all they deny her? An they were
sons of mine, I'd have them whipped; or I

would send them to the Turk, to make eu-
nuchs of.

Hel. Be not afraid [*To a Lord*] that I your
hand should take;

I'll never do you wrong for your own sake:
Blessing upon your vows! and in your bed

Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!
Luf. These boys are boys of ice, they'll

none have her: sure, they are bastards to the
English; the French ne'er got them.

Hel. You are too young, too happy, and
too good,

To make yourself a son out of my blood.
4 *Lord.* Fair one, I think not so.

Luf. There's one grape yet,—I am sure,
thy father drank wine.—But if thou be'st not

an ass, I am a youth of fourteen; I have
known thee already.

Hel. I dare not say, I take you; [*To Ber-*
tram] but I give

Me, and my service, ever whilst I live,
Into your guiding power.—This is the man.

King. Why then, young Bertram, take her,
she's thy wife. [your highness,

Ber. My wife, my liege? I shall beseech
In such a business give me leave to use

The help of mine own eyes.
King. Know'st thou not, Bertram,

What she has done for me?

Ber. Yes, my good lord;
But never hope to know why I should marry

her. [from my sickly bed.
King. Thou know'st, she has raised me

Ber. But follows it, my lord, to bring me
down [well;

Must answer for your raising? I know her
She had her breeding at my father's charge:

A poor physician's daughter my wife!—Disdain
Rather corrupt me ever! [the which

King. 'Tis only title; thou disdain'st in her,
† *Wicked.* ‡ *Lustigh* is the Dutch word for lusty, cheerful.

to as well as subjects. § *Except one*, meaning Bertram. ¶ *A docked horse.*
have no more to say to you. ¶ *The lowest chance of the dice.*

¶ *i. e., The want of title.*

I can build up. Strange is it, that our bloods,
Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,
Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off
In differences so mighty: If she be

All that is virtuous, (save what thou dislikest,
A poor physician's daughter,) thou dislikest
Of virtue for the name: but do not so: (ceed,
From lowest place when virtuous things pro-
The place is dignified by the doer's deed:
Where great additions* swell, and virtue none,
It is a dropsied honour: good alone
Is good, without a name; vileness is not:

The property by what it is should go,
Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair;
In these to nature she's immediate heir;
And these breed honour: that is honour's scorn,
Which challenges itself as honour's born,
And is not like the sire: Honours best thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our fore-goers: the mere word's a slave,
Debauch'd on every tomb; on every grave,
A lying trophy, and as oft is dumb,
Where dust, and damn'd oblivion, is the tomb
Of honour'd bones indeed. What should I be said!
If thou canst like this creature as a maid,
I can create the rest: virtue, and she, [me,
Is her own dower; honour and wealth, from

Her. I cannot love her, nor will strive to do't.

King. Thou wrong'st thyself, if thou
shouldst strive to choose. [I am glad;

Hel. That you are well restored, my lord,
Let the rest go. [defeat,

King. My honour's at the stake; which to
I must needs lose for now. Here take her

King. Good fortune, and the favour of the
king,

Smile upon this contract; whose ceremony
Shall seem expedient on the now-born bond,
And be perform'd to-night: the solemn rest
Shall more attend upon the coming space,
Expecting absent friends. As thou lovest her,
Thy love's to me religious; else, does err.

[Exeunt King, H. a. H. c. Lords
and Attendants,

Laf. Do you hear, monsieur! a word with you.
Par. Your pleasure, sir?

Laf. Your lord and master did well to make
his recantation.

Par. Recantation?—My lord? my master?

Laf. Ay; is it not a language, I speak?

Par. A most harsh one; and not well
understood without bloody succeeding. My
master?

Laf. Are you companion to the count de
sillon?

Par. To any count; to all counts; is not
is man.

Laf. To what is count's man; count's
ter is of another style.

Par. You are too old, sir; let it pass
you, you are too old.

Laf. I must tell thee, sirrah, I write him
to which title age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not
do.

Laf. I did think thee, for two ord'ances,
to be a pretty wise fellow; thou dost not
tolerable vent of thy travel; if might, we
not the words, and the language, about the



old it were hell-pains for thy poor doing eternal: for doing I will by thee, in what motion we leave.

[Exit.
thou hast a son shall take this re; scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy I must be patient; there is no authority. I'll beat him, by my seat him with any convenience, humble and double a lord. I'll pity of his age, than I would eat him, an if I could but meet

Re-enter LAFEU.

; your lord and master's mar-
sows for you; you have a new

unfeignedly beseech your lord-
me reservation of your wrongs:
lord: whom I serve above, is

God?

ir.
vil it is, that's thy master. Why
er up thy arms of this fashion?
e of thy sleeves? do other ser-
a wert best set thy lower part
stands. By mine honour, if
hours younger, I'd beat thee:
u art a general offence, and
ould beat thee. I think, thou
or men to breathe themselves

hard and undeserved measure,

sir; you were beaten in Italy
emmel out of a pomegranate; you
d, and no true traveller: you
y with lords, and honourable
an the heraldry of your birth
res you commission. You are
other word, else I'd call you
re you.

[Exit.

Enter BERTRAM.

, very good; it is so then.—
old; let it be concealed a while.
e, and forfeited to cares for ever!
is the matter, sweet heart?
igh before the solemn priest I
her.

[have sworn,
? what, sweet heart? [me:—
Parolles, they have married
can wars, and never bed her.
e is a dog-hole, and it no more

man's foot: to the wars!
's letters from my mother; what
it. [the import is,
that would be known: To the
y boy, to the wars!
honour in a box unseen,
kicksy-wicksy here at home;
manly marrow in her arms,
sustain the bound and high curvet
y steed: To other regions!

a. A cast term for a wife.

France is a stable; we that dwell in't, jadas;
Therefore, to the war!

house,
Ber. It shall be so; I'll send her to my
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled; write to the king
That which I durst not speak: His present gift
Shall furnish me to those Italian fields,
Where noble fellows strike: War is no strife
To the dark house, and the detested wife.

Par. Will this capricio hold in thee, art
sure?

me.
Ber. Go with me to my chamber, and advise
I'll send her straight away: To-morrow
I'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.

Par. Why, these balls bound; there's noise
in it.—'Tis hard;

A young man, married, is a man that's marr'd:
Therefore away, and leave her bravely; go:
The king has done you wrong; but, hush!
'tis so.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV. The same. Another Room:
in the same.

Enter HELENA and Clown.

Hel. My mother greets me kindly: Is she
well?

Clo. She is not well; but yet she has her
health: she's very merry; but yet she is not
well: but thanks be given, she's very well,
and wants nothing but the world; but yet she is
not well.

Hel. If she be very well, what does she all,
that she's not very well?

Clo. Truly, she's very well, indeed, but for
two things.

Hel. What two things?

Clo. One, that she's not in heaven, whither
God send her quickly! the other, that she's in
earth, from whence God send her quickly!

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Bless you, my fortunate lady!

Hel. I hope, sir, I have your good will to
have mine own good fortunes.

Par. You had my prayers to lead them on;
and to keep them on, have them still.—O, my
knave! How does my old lady?

Clo. So that you had her wrinkles, and I
her money, I would she did as you say.

Par. Why, I say nothing.

Clo. Marry, you are the wiser man; for
many a man's tongue shakes out his master's
undoing: To say nothing, to do nothing, to
know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be
a great part of your title; which is within a
very little of nothing.

Par. Away, thou'rt a knave.

Clo. You should have said, sir, before a
knave thou art a knave; that is, before me
thou art a knave: this had been truth, sir.

Par. Go to, thou art a witty fool, I have
found thee.

Clo. Did you find me in yourself, sir? or
were you taught to find me? The search, sir,
was profitable; and much fool may you find

; The house made gloomy by discontent.

in you, even to the world's pleasure, and the increase of laughter.

Par. A good knave, I'faith, and well fed.—

Madam, my lord will go away to-night;

A very serious business calls on him.

The great prerogative and rite of love,

Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowledge;

But puts it off by a compell'd restraint;

Whose want, and whose delay, is strewn with sweets,

Which they distil now in the carbed time,

To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy,
And pleasure drown the brim.

Hel. What's his will else?

Par. That you will take your instant leave
o' the king, [ceeding,

And make this haste as your own good pro-
strengthen'd with what apology you think

May make it probable need *.

Hel. What more commands he?

Par. That, having this obtain'd, you pre-
attend his further pleasure. [sently

Hel. In every thing I wait upon his will.

Par. I shall report it so.

Hel. I pray you.—Come, sirrah.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Another Room in the same.*

Enter LAFEU and BERTRAM.

Laf. But, I hope, your lordship thinks not
him a soldier.

Ber. Yes, my lord, and of very valiant ap-
pearance.

said nothings with, should be once
thrice beaten.—God save you, cap

Ber. Is there any unkindness be-

lord and you, monsieur?

Par. I know not how I have d-
run into my lord's displeasure.

Laf. You have made shift to
boots and spurs and all, like him

into the custard; and out of it you'll
rather than suffer question for your

Ber. It may be, you have mist
my lord.

Laf. And shall do so ever, tho'
him at his prayers. Face you well,

and believe this of me, there can be
in this light nut; the soul of this n

clothes: trust him not in matter of l
sequence; I have kept of them

know their natures.—Farewell, m-
have spoken better of you, than ye

will deserve at my hand: but we
good against evil.

Par. An idle lord, I swear.

Ber. I think so.

Par. Why, do you not know him?

Ber. Yes, I do know him well;

mon speech

Gives him a worthy pass. Here c-

Enter HELENA.

Hel. I have, sir, as I was comma-
you,

Spoke with the king, and have pr-
For present parting; only, he desir-

Some private speech with you.



What would you have?
; and scarce so much:—
ced.— [Faith, yes:—
a what I would. my lord—
; do sander, and not kiss.
; stay not, but in haste to
[my lord.
: break your bidding, good

Ber. Where are my other men, monsieur?—
Farewell. [Exit HELENA.
Go thou toward home; where I will never
come, [drum:—
Whilst I can shake my sword, or hear the
Away, and for our flight.
Per. Bravely, coragio!
[Exeunt.

ACT III.

rence. *A Room in the
ess's Palace.*

r the Duke of Florence,
French Lords, & others.

from point to point, now
and
reasons of this war;
shon bath much blood let
fer. [forth,
Holy seems the quarrel
part; black and fearful
[France
we marvel much, our cousin
a business, shut his bosom
ing prayers.

Good my lord,
state I cannot yield*,
and an outward man t,
re of a council frames
tion: therefore dare not
f it; since I have found
rtain grounds to fail
rd.

Be it his pleasure.
m sure, the younger of our

r ease, will, day by day,
sic.

Welcome shall they be;
s, that can fly from us,
e. You know your places

or your avails they fell:
feld. [Flourish. Exeunt.

uillon. *A Room in the
ess's Palace.*

utess and Clown.

ppened all as I would have:
comes not along with her.
h, I take my young lord to
ply man.

observance, I pray you?
lil look upon his boot, and
s, and sing; ask questions,
teeth, and sing: I know a
fick of melancholy, sold a
a song.

se what he writes, and when
[Opening a letter.
mind to label, since I was

at court: our old ling and our Isabels o' the
country are nothing like your old flug and your
Isabels o' the court: the brains of my Cupid's
knocked out; and I begin to love, as an old
man loves money, with no stomach.

Count. What have we here?
Clo. E'en that you have there. [Exit.
Count. [Reads.] *I have sent you a daugh-
ter-in-law: she hath recovered the king,
and undone me. I have wedded her, not
bedded her; and sworn to make the not
eternal. You shall hear, I am run away;
know it, before the report come. If there
be breadth enough in the world, I will hold
a long distance. My duty to you,*
Your unfortunate son,

BERTHAM.
This is not well, rash and unbridled boy;
To fly the favours of so good a king;
To pluck his indignation on thy head,
By the misprizing of a maid too virtuous
For the contempt of empire.

Re-enter Clown.
Clo. O madam, yonder is heavy news with-
in, between two soldiers and my young lady.
Count. What is the matter?

Clo. Nay, there is some comfort in the news,
some comfort: your son will not be killed so
soon as I thought he would.

Count. Why should he be killed?
Clo. So say I, madam, if he run away, as
I hear he does: the danger is in standing to't;
that's the loss of men, though it be the getting
of children. Here they come, will tell you
more: for my part, I only hear, your son was
run away. [Exit Clown.

Enter HELENA and two Gentlemen.

1 Gent. Save you, good madam.
Hel. Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone.

2 Gent. Do not say so. [Gentlemen,—
Count. Think upon patience.—Pray you,
I have felt so many quirks of joy, and grief,
That the first face of neither, on the start,
Can woman me unto't: Where is my son, I
pray you? [of Florence:]

2 Gent. Madam, he's gone to serve the duke
We met him thitherward; from thence we
came,

And, after some despatch in hand at court,
Thither we bend again. [passport]

Hel. Look on his letter, madam; here's my
[Reads.] *When thou canst get the ring*

inform you of the reasons
which, our young fellows,
does me suddenly and deeply,

† One not in the secret of mind.
‡ The folding at the top of the
the box are usually affected.

upon my finger, which never shall come off, and show me a child begotten of thy body, that I am father to, then call me husband: but in such a then I write a never.*
This is a dreadful sentence.

Count. Brought you this letter, gentlemen?

1 Gent. Ay, madam;

And, for the contents' sake, are sorry for our pains.

Count. I pry thee, lady, have a better cheer;
If thou engrossest all the griefs are thine;
Thou robbst me of a moiety: He was my son;
But I do wash his name out of my blood,

And thou art all my child.—Towards Florence

2 Gent. Ay, madam. [is he?

Count. And to be a soldier?

2 Gent. Such is his noble purpose: and, believe't,

The duke will lay upon him all the honour
That good convenience claims.

Count. Return you thither?

1 Gent. Ay, madam, with the swiftest wing
of speed.

Hcl. [Reads.] *Till I have no wife, I have*
'Tis bitter. [nothing in France.

Count. Find you that there?

Hcl. Ay, madam.

1 Gent. 'Tis but the boldness of his hand,
haply, which

His heart was not consenting to. [wife!

Count. Nothing in France, until he have no
There's nothing here, that is too good for him,

But only she; and she deserves a lord,
That twenty such rude boys might tend upon

That chase thee from thy country, and if
Those tender limbs of thine to the sword
Of the none-sparing war! and is it I

That drive thee from the sportive court,

Was shot at with fair eyes, to be the use

Of smoky muskets? O you laden arms

That ride upon the violent speed of steel,

Fly with false aim; move the still passing

That slings with piercing, do not touch me!

Whoever shoots at him, I set him there!

Whoever charges on his forward breast,

I am the califf, that do hold him to his

And, though I kill him not, I am the cause

His death was so effected: better 'twere

I met the ravin lion when he roar'd!

With sharp constraint of hunger: better

That all the miseries, which nature uses,

Were mine at once: No, come thou to

Rousillon,

Whence honour but of danger wins a state

As oft it loses all: I will be gone:

My being here it is, that holds thee here:

Shall I stay here to do't? no, no, although

The air of paradise did fan the home,

And angels officed all: I will be gone.

That pitiful rumour may report my flight

To console thine ear. Come, night: wait

For, with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal away.

SCENE III. Florence. Before the Duke's
Palace.

Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence,
TEAM, Lords, Officers, Soldiers, and men

le, that, from the bloody course
 it master, your dear son may his
 home in peace, whilst I from far,
 with zealous fervour sanctify
 labours bid him me forgive;
 piteful Juno, sent him forth
 thy friends, with camping foes
 [worth:
 with and danger dog the heels of
 sad and fair for death and me;
 self embrace, to set him free.
 b, what sharp stings are in her
 at words!—
 a did never lack advice too much,
 or pass so; had I spoke with her,
 I well diverted her intents,
 she hath prevented.

Parlon me, madam:
 in you this at over-night,
 have been o'ertr'ed; and yet she
 id be in vain.

What angel shall
 worthy husband? he cannot thrive,
 prayers, whom heaven delights to

grant, relieve him from the wrath
 justice.—Write, write, Rinaldo,
 orthy husband of his wife;
 rord weigh heavy of her worth,
 is weigh; too light: my greatest

a he do feel it, set down sharply.
 e most convenient messenger:—
 y, he shall hear that she is gone,
 rn; and hope I may, that she,
 much, will speed her foot again,
 y pure love: which of them both
 me, I have no skill in sense
 distinction:—Provide this mes-
 senger—
 heavy, and mine age is weak;
 have tears, and sorrow bids me
 [Exeunt.

Without the Walls of Florence.
 or off. Enter an old Widow of
 DIANA, VIOLENTA, MARIANA,
 Citizens.

come; for if they do approach
 shall lose all the sight.
 say, the French count has done
 able service.
 reported that he has taken their
 mander; and that with his own
 the duke's brother. We have
 ay; they are gone a contrary way:
 ay know by their trumpets.
 ne, let's return again, and suffice
 th the report of it. Well, Diana,
 this French earl: the honour of
 name; and no legacy is so rich

Wid. I have told my neighbour, how you
 have been solicited by a gentleman his com-
 panion.

Mar. I know that knave; hang him! one
 Parolles: a filthy officer he is in those sug-
 gestions, for the young earl.—Beware of
 them, Diana; their promises, enticements,
 oaths, tokens, and all these engines of lust,
 are not the things they go under; many a
 maid hath been seduced by them; and the
 misery is, example, that so terrible shows in
 the wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that
 dissuade succession, but that they are lined
 with the twigs that threaten them. I hope,
 I need not to advise you further; but, I hope,
 your own grace will keep you where you are,
 though there were no further danger known,
 but the modesty which is so lost.

Dia. You shall not need to fear me.
 Enter HELENA, in the dress of a Pilgrim.

Wid. I hope so.—Look, here comes a
 pilgrim: I know she will lie at my house:
 thither they send one another: I'll question
 her.—

God save you, pilgrim! Whither are you bound?
 Hel. To Saint Jacques le grand.

Where do the pilgrims lodge, I do beseech you?
 Wid. At the Saint Francis here, beside

Hel. Is this the way? [the port.

Wid. Ay, marry, is it.—Hark you!

[A march afar off.
 They come this way:—If you will tarry, holy
 But till the troops come by, [pilgrim,
 I will conduct you where you shall be lodged;
 The rather, for, I think, I know your hostess
 As ample as myself.

Hel. Is it yourself?
 Wid. If you shall please so, pilgrim.

Hel. I thank you, and will stay upon your
 leisure.

Wid. You came, I think, from France?

Hel. I did so.

Wid. Here you shall see a countryman of
 That has done worthy service. [yours,

Hel. His name, I pray you.

Dia. The count Rouillon; know you
 such a one? [of him:

Hel. But by the ear, that hears most nobly
 His face I know not.

Dia. Whatso'er he is,
 He's bravely taken here. He stole from France,
 As 'tis reported, for ** the king had married him
 Against his liking: Think you it is so?

Hel. Ay, surely, merr, the truth; I know
 his lady. [the count,

Dia. There is a gentleman, that serves
 Reports but coarsely of her.

Hel. What's his name?

Dia. Monsieur Parolles.

Hel. O, I believe with him
 In argument of praise, or to the worth.

Of the great count himself, she is too mean
 To have her name repeated; all her deservings
 Is a reserved honesty, and that

to the story of Hercules. Discretion or thought. Weigh how mean
 is Temptation. They are not the things for which their names
 are given. A Pilgrim, or soldier, or a man of war, or a man of law, or a man of
 to carry. If the count, the count's worth.

I have not heard examined.

Dia. *Alas, poor lady!*
 'Tis a hard bondage, to become the wife
 Of a detesting lord.

Wid. A right good creature: wheresoe'er
 she is, [might do her
 Her heart weighs sadly: this young maid
 A shrewd turn, if she pleased.

Hel. How do you mean?
 May be, the amorous count solicits her
 In the unlawful purpose.

Wid. He does, indeed;
 And brookes* with all that can in such a suit
 Corrupt the tender honour of a maid:
 But she is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard
 In honestest defence.

*Enter with drum and colours, a party
 of the Florentine army, BERTRAM, and
 PAROLLES.*

Mar. The gods forbid else!

Wid. So, now they come:—
 That is Antonio, the duke's eldest son;
 That, Escalus.

Hel. Which is the Frenchman?

Dia. He;
 That with the plume: 'tis a most gallant fellow;
 I would, he loved his wife: if he were honest,
 He were much goodlier:—Is't not a handsome

Hel. I like him well. [gentleman?

Dia. 'Tis pity, he is not honest: Yond's
 that same knave,

That leads him to these places; were I his lady,
 I'd poison that vile rascal.

Hel. Which is he?

1 Lord. On my life, my lord, a bubble.

Ber. Do you think, I am so far deceiv'd
 in him?

1 Lord. Believe it, my lord, in mine own
 direct knowledge, without any malice, but
 speak of him as my kinsman, he's a most
 ble coward, an infinite and endless liar,
 hourly promise-breaker, the owner of some
 good quality worthy your lordship's con-
 tainment.

2 Lord. It were fit you knew him; but
 reposing too far in his virtue, which he has
 not, he might, at some great and trusty busi-
 ness, in a main danger, fail you.

Ber. I would, I knew in what perils
 action to try him.

2 Lord. None better than to let him lead
 off his drum, which you hear him so undan-
 dently undertake to do.

1 Lord. I, with a troop of Florentines, will
 suddenly surprise him; such I will have, that
 I am sure, he knows not from the enemy: I
 will blind and hood-wink him so, that he will
 suppose no other but that he is carried to
 the leaguer; of the adversaries, when we lead
 him to our tents: Be but your lordship pre-
 sent at his examination; if he do not, for a
 promise of his life, and in the highest im-
 pulsion of base fear, offer to betray you, I
 deliver all the intelligence in his power against
 you, and that with the divine forfeit of
 soul upon oath, never trust my judgment
 any thing.

2 Lord. O for the loss of luncheon, but

on think your mystery in stratagem
this instrument of honour again into
quarter, be magnanimous in the en-
d go on; I will grace the attempt
by exploit: if you speed well in it,
half such speak of it, and extend to
farther becomes his greatness, even
out syllable of your worthiness.
y the hand of a soldier, I will under-

at you must not now slumber in it.
I about it this evening: and I will
pen down my dilemmas*, encour-
f in my certainty, put myself into
I preparation, and, by midnight,
or farther from me.

ay I be bold to acquaint his grace,
me about it?
know not what the success will be,
but the attempt I vow.
now, thou art valiant; and, to the
of thy soldieryship, will subscribe
Farewell.

love not many words. [Exit.
No more than a fish loves water.—
a strange fellow, my lord! that so
seems to undertake this business,
knows is not to be done; damns
do, and dares better be damned
t.

You do not know him, my lord, as
tain it is, that he will steal himself
s favour, and, for a week, escape a
of discoveries; but when you find
on have him ever after.

by, do you think, he will make no
of this, that so seriously he does
nself unto?

None in the world; but return with
m, and clap upon you two or three
les: but we have almost embossed
shall see his fall to-night; for, in-
not for your lordship's respect.

We'll make you some sport with
re we case him†. He was first
the old lord Lafew: when his dis-
he is parted, tell me what a sprat
ind him; which you shall see this

I must go look my twigs; he shall

our brother, he shall go along with

Ast please your lordship: I'll

ow will I lead you to the house,
show you
spoke of.

But, you say, she's honest.
ast's all the fault: I spoke with her
moor, [her,
her wondrous cold; but I sent to
be concomb that we have t' the wind,
I letters which she did re-send;

And this is all I have done: She's a fair crea-
Will you go see her? [ture;]

3 Lord. With all my heart, my lord.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE VII. Florence. A Room in the
Widow's House.

Enter HELENA and Widow.

Hel. If you misdoubt me that I am not she,
I know not how I shall assure you further,
But I shall lose the grounds I work upon. [born,

Wid. Though my estate be fallen, I was well
Nothing acquainted with these businesses;
And would not put my reputation now
In any staining act.

Hel. Nor would I wish you.
First, give me trust, the count he is my hus-
band; [spoken,

And, what to your sworn counsel I have
Is so, from word to word; and then you cannot,
By the good aid that I of you shall borrow,
Err in bestowing it.

Wid. I should believe you;
For you have show'd me that, which well
You are great in fortune. [approves

Hel. Take this purse of gold,
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,
Which I will over-pay, and pay again,
When I have found it. The count he woos
your daughter,

Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty,
Resolves to carry her; let her, in fine, consent,
As we'll direct her how 'tis best to bear it,
Now his important blood will nought deny
That she'll demand: A ring the county wears,
That downward hath succeeded in his house,
From son to son, some four or five descents
Since the first father wore it: this ring he holds
In most rich choice; yet, in his idle fire,
To buy his will, it would not seem too dear,
Howe'er repented after.

Wid. Now I see
The bottom of your purpose.

Hel. You see it lawful then: It is no more,
But that your daughter, ere she seems as won,
Desires this ring; appoints him an encounter;
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
Herself most chastely absent: after this,
To marry her, I'll add three thousand crowns
To what is past already.

Wid. I have yielded:
Instruct my daughter how she shall persevere,
That time and place, with this deceit so lawful,
May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With musics of all sorts, and songs composed
To her unworthiness: It nothing steads us,
To chide him from our eaves*; for he persists,
As if his life lay on't.

Hel. Why then, to-night
Let us assay our plot; which, if it speed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed,
And lawful meaning in a lawful act;
Where both are sin, and yet a sinful fact:
But let's about it. [Exeunt.]

He pen down my plans and the probable obstructions. † Hunted him down.
where we strip him naked. ‡ I. e., By discovering herself to the count.
[Importunate. ¶ I. e., Count. ** From under our windows.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Without the Florentine Camp.*

Enter first Lord, with five or six Soldiers in ambush.

1 Lord. He can come no other way but by this hedge' corner: When you sally upon him, speak what terrible language you will; though you understand it not yourselves, no matter: for we must not seem to understand him; unless some one among us, whom we must produce for an interpreter.

1 Sold. Good captain, let me be the interpreter.

1 Lord. Art not acquainted with him? knows he not thy voice?

1 Sold. No, sir, I warrant you.

1 Lord. But what linsy-woolsy hast thou to speak to us again?

1 Sold. Even such as you speak to me.

1 Lord. He must think us some band of strangers if the adversary's entertainment*. Now he hath a smack of all neighbouring languages; therefore we must every one be a man of his own fancy, not to know what we speak one to another; so we seem to know, is to know straight our purpose: chough's † language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you must seem very politic. But couch, ho! here he comes; to beguile two hours in a sleep, and then to return and swear the lies he forges.

Enter PAROLLES.

1 Lord. 'Twould not do.

Par. Or to drown my clothes, and my, I was stripped.

1 Lord. Hardly serve.

Par. Though I swore I leaped from the window of the citadel—

1 Lord. How deep?

Par. Thirty fathom.

1 Lord. Three great oaths would make that be believed.

Par. I would, I had any drum of an enemy's; I would swear, I recovered it.

1 Lord. You shall hear one anon.

Par. A drum now of the enemy's!

[Alarum within.]

1 Lord. *Throca movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.*

All. *Cargo, cargo, villianda par cargo, cargo.*

Par. O! ransome, ransome:—Do not hide mine eyes.

[They seize him and blindfold him.]

1 Sold. *Boskos thramuldo boskos.*

Par. I know you are the Maskos' regiment. And I shall lose my life for want of language. If there be here German, or Dane, low Dutch, Italian, or French, let him speak to me, I will discover that which shall undo The Florentine.

1 Sold. *Boskos vaurado:—*

I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue. *Kerekybonto:—Sir,*

II. Florence. A Room in the Widow's House.

or **BERTHAM** and **DIANA**.

told me, that your name was Foul,
my good lord, Diana. [tibel.]

Titled goddess;
it, with addition! But, fair soul,
; frame hath love no quality?
; fire of youth light not your mind,
maiden, but a monument:
are dead, you should be such a one
now, for you are cold and stern;
as should be as your mother was,
sweet self was got.
: then was honest.

So should you be.

No;
did but duty; such, my lord,
to your wife.

No more of that!
to not strive against my vows:
sifted to her; but I love thee
on sweet constraint, and will for
rights of service. [ever

Ay, so you serve us,
you: but when you have our roses,
save our thorns to prick ourselves,
as with our bareness.

How have I sworn?
not the many oaths, that make
st;

a single vow, that is vow'd true.
holy, that we swear not by,
Highest to witness: Then, pray

all me,
wear by Jove's great attributes,
early, would you believe my oaths,
ove you ill! this has no holding,
him whom I protest to love,
work against him: Therefore,
oaths
and poor conditions; but unseal'd;
my opinion.

Change it, change it;
ty-cruel: love is holy;
grity ne'er knew the crafts,
charge men with: Stand no more
self unto my sick desires, [off,
over: say, thou art mine, and ever
it begins, shall so persevere.

, that men make hopes, in such
[ring.
wake ourselves. Give me that
end it thee, my dear, but have no
me. [power

Will you not, my lord?
an honour 'longing to our house,
brought from many ancestors;
the greatest obloquy 'tike world
is.

Mine honour's such a ring:
the jewel of our house,
brought from many ancestors;

Which were the greatest obloquy 'tike world
is me to lose: Thus your own proper wisdom
Brings in the champion honour on my part,
Against your vain assault.

Ber. Here, take my ring;
My house, mine honour, yea, my life be thine,
And I'll be bid by thee. [chamber window;

Dia. When midnight comes, knock at my
I'll order take, my mother shall not hear.
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden bed,
Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me:
My reasons are most strong; and you shall
know them,

When back again this ring shall be deliver'd:
And on your finger, in the night, I'll put
Another ring; that, what in time proceeds,
May token to the future our past deeds.
Adieu, till then; then, fail not: You have won
A wife of me, though there my hope be done.

Ber. A heaven on earth I have won, by
wooing thee. [Exit.

Dia. For which live long to thank both
You may so in the end.— [heaven and me!
My mother told me just how he would woo,
As if she sat in his heart; she says, all men
Have the like oaths: he had sworn to marry
me, [him,

When his wife's dead; therefore I'll lie with
When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so
braided,

Marry that will, I'll live and die a maid:
Only, in this disguise, I think't no sin
To cozen him, that would unjustly win. [Exit.

SCENE III. The Florentine Camp.

*Enter the two French Lords, and two or
three Soldiers.*

1 *Lord.* You have not given him his mother's letter?

2 *Lord.* I have delivered it an hour since:
there is something in't that stings his nature;
for, on the reading it, he changed almost into
another man.

1 *Lord.* He has much worthy blame laid
upon him, for shaking off so good a wife, and
so sweet a lady.

2 *Lord.* Especially he hath incurred the
everlasting displeasure of the king, who had
even tuned his bounty to sing happiness to
him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall
let it dwell darkly with you.

1 *Lord.* When you have spoken it, 'tis
dead, and I am the grave of it.

2 *Lord.* He hath perverted a young gentle-
woman here in Florence, of a most chaste re-
nown; and this night he fishes his will in
the spoil of her honour: he hath given her
his monumental ring, and thinks himself made
in the unhaste composition.

1 *Lord.* Now, God delay our rebellion; as
we are ourselves, what things are we!

2 *Lord.* Merely our own traitors. And as
in the common course of all treasons, we still

*i. e., Against his determined resolution never to cohabit with Helena.
as is—we never swear by what is not holy, but take to witness the Highest,
the Divinity.*

Crafty, deceitful.

see them reveal themselves, till they attain to their abhorred ends; so he, that in this action contrives against his own nobility, in his proper stream o'erflows himself*.

1 *Lord.* Is it not meant damnable in us, to be trumpeters of our unlawful intents? We shall not then have his company to-night?

2 *Lord.* Not till after midnight; for he is dieted to his hour.

1 *Lord.* That approaches apace: I would gladly have him see his company; anatomized; that he might take a measure of his own judgments, wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit.

2 *Lord.* We will not meddle with him till he come; for his presence must be the whip of the other.

1 *Lord.* In the mean time, what hear you of these wars?

2 *Lord.* I hear, there is an overture of peace.

1 *Lord.* Nay, I assure you, a peace concluded.

2 *Lord.* What will count Ronsillon do then? will he travel higher, or return again into France?

1 *Lord.* I perceive, by this demand, you are not altogether of his council.

2 *Lord.* Let it be forbid, sir! so should I be a great deal of his act.

1 *Lord.* Sir, his wife, some two months since, fled from his house; her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint Jaques le grand; which holy undertaking, with most austere sanctimony, she accomplished: and, there residing,

ship will next morning for France. The hath offered him letters of commendation to the king.

2 *Lord.* They shall be no more than ful there, if they were more than they commend.

Enter BERTRAM.

1 *Lord.* They cannot be too sweet to the king's tartness. Here's his lordship. How now, my lord, is't not after midnight?

Ber. I have to-night despatched my businesses, a month's length a-piece, by abstract of success: I have conge'd with duke, done my adieu with his nearest; he a wife, mourned for her; writ to my lady, ther, I am returning; entertained my own and, between these main parcels of days effected many nicer needs; the last was greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

2 *Lord.* If the business be of any difficulty and this morning your departure hence, requires haste of your lordship.

Ber. I mean, the business is not ended, fearing to hear of it hereafter: But shall have this dialogue between the fool and soldier?—Come, bring forth this countess module; he has deceived me, like a de meaning prophet.

2 *Lord.* Bring him forth: [*Enter soldiers.*] he has sat in the stocks all night, gallant knave.

Ber. No matter; his heels have fast it, in usurping his spurs so long. How

Sold. First demand of him how many the duke is strong. What say you to it?

Sold. Five or six thousand; but very weak and unserviceable: the troops are all scattered, and the commanders very poor rogues, my reputation and credit, and as I hope my life.

Sold. Shall I set down your answer so far? Do; I'll take the sacrament on't, how which way you will.

Sold. All's one to him. What a past-saving to this!

Sold. You are deceived, my lord; this is Parolles, the gallant militarist, (upon his own phrase,) that had the whole of war in the knot of his scarf, and was in the chapel of his dagger.

Sold. I will never trust a man again, for he has his sword clean; nor believe he can do every thing in him, by wearing his apparel neatly.

Sold. Well, that's set down.

Sold. Five or six thousand horse, I said,—all my true,—or thereabouts, set down,—I'll speak truth.

Sold. He's very near the truth in this.

Sold. But I can him no thanks for't, in the end he delivers it.

Sold. Poor rogues, I pray you, say.

Sold. Well, that's set down.

Sold. I humbly thank you, sir: a truth's a truth, the rogues are marvellous poor.

Sold. Demand of him, of what strength are a-foot. What say you to that?

Sold. By my troth, sir, if I were to live a moment hour, I will tell true. Let me count a hundred and fifty, Sebastian a hundred, Corambus so many, Jaques so many; Ocasmo, Lodowick, and Gratil, two hundred and fifty each: mine own company, a hundred, Vauzmond, Bentil, two hundred and fifty each: so that the muster-file, rotten and sound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand poll; half of which dare not show the snow from off their cassocks, lest they shew themselves to pieces.

Sold. What shall be done to him?

Sold. Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my conditions, and what will I have with the duke.

Sold. Well, that's set down. You shall demand of him, whether one Captain Dumain be of the camp, a Frenchman; what reputation is with the duke, what his power, honesty, and expertness in wars; whether he thinks, it were not possible, with well-weighing sums of gold, to corrupt him to a revolt. What say you to this? Can you know of it?

Sold. I beseech you, let me answer to the demand of the interrogatories: Demand humbly.

Sold. Do you know this captain Dumain?

Sold. I know him: he was a butcher's apprentice in Paris, from whence he was whipped for getting the sheriff's fool with child; a dumb innocent **, that could not say him, nay.

[DUMAIN lifts up his hand in anger.

Sold. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; though I know, his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

Sold. Well, is this captain in the duke of Florence's camp?

Sold. Upon my knowledge, he is, and lousy.

Sold. Nay, look not so upon me; we shall hear of your lordship anon.

Sold. What is his reputation with the duke?

Sold. The duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine; and writ to me this other day, to turn him out of the band; I think, I have his letter in my pocket.

Sold. Marry, we'll search.

Sold. In good sadness, I do not know; either it is there, or it is upon a file, with the duke's other letters, in my tent.

Sold. Here 'tis; here's a paper: Shall I read it to you?

Sold. I do not know, if it be it, or no.

Sold. Our interpreter does it well.

Sold. Excellently.

Sold. Dian. The count's a fool, and full of gold,—

Sold. That is not the duke's letter, sir; that is an advertisement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurements of one count Ronsillon, a foolish idle boy, but, for all that, very ruttish: I pray you, sir, put it up again.

Sold. Nay, I'll read it first, by your favour.

Sold. My meaning in't, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid: for I knew the young count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy; who is a whale to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.

Sold. Damnable, both sides rogue!

Sold. When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it;

After he scores, he never pays the score: Half won is match well made; match, and we'll make it;

He ne'er pays after debts, take it before; And say, a soldier, Dian, told thee this, Men are to well with, boys are not to kiss: For count of this, the count's a fool, I know it,

Who pays before, but not when he does me Thine, as he vow'd to thee in thine ear,

PAROLLES.

Sold. He shall be whipped through the army, with this rhyme in his forehead.

Sold. This is your devoted friend, sir,

* Theory.

marvellous count.

† The point of the scabbard.

‡ Disposition and character.

¶ As lilies under the care of the sheriff.

† Cassock then signified a horse.

‡ For interrogatories.

•• A natural fool.

* i.e. A match well made is half won; make your match therefore, but make it well.

the manifold flugiat, and the armipotent soldier.

Ber. I could endure any thing before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me.

1 Sold. I perceive, sir, by the general's looks, we shall be fain to hang you.

Par. My life, sir, in any case: not that I am afraid to die; but that, my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature: let me live, sir, in a dungeon, I'll the stocks, or any where, so I may live.

1 Sold. We'll see what may be done, so you confess freely; therefore, once more to this captain Dumain: You have answered to his reputation with the duke, and to his valour: What is his honesty?

Par. He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister; for rapes and ravishments he parallels Nessus. He professes not keeping of oaths; in breaking them, he is stronger than Hercules. He will lie, sir, with such volubility, that you would think truth were a fool: drunkenness is his best virtue; for he will be swine-drunk; and in his sleep he does little harm; save to his bed-clothes about him; but they know his conditions, and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say, sir, of his honesty: he has every thing that an honest man should not have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

1 Lord. I begin to love him for this.

Ber. For this description of thine honesty? A nox upon him for me, he is more and more

1 Sold. If your life be saved, will dertake to betray the Florentine?

Par. Ay, and the captain of his count Roussillon.

1 Sold. I'll whisper with the general know his pleasure.

Par. I'll no more drumming; a all drums! Only to seem to deserve to beguile the supposition of that young boy the count, have I run into ger: Yet, who would have suspected bush where I was taken?

1 Sold. There is no remedy, sir, must die: the general says, you, that traitorously discovered the secrets of my, and made such pestiferous report very nobly held, can serve the worst honest use; therefore you must die headman, off with his head.

Par. O Lord, sir; let me live, I see my death!

1 Sold. That shall you, and take you of all your friends. (*Unmuffled*)

So, look about you; Know you any?

Ber. Good morrow, noble captain!

2 Lord. God bless you, captain!

1 Lord. God save you, noble captain!

2 Lord. Captain, what greeting to my lord Lafen? I am for France.

1 Lord. Good captain, will you a copy of the sonnet you writ to Dis half of the count Roussillon? an I were coward. I'd counsel it of you.

stest in the Christian world
erty; 'fore whose throne, 'tis
ect mine intents, to kneel :
d him a desired office,
his life; which gratitude
Tartar's bosom would peep

hanks : I duly am informed,
Marseilles; to which place
venient convoy. You must

dead : the army breaking,
ies him home ; where, heaven
ve of my good lord the king,
re our welcome.

Gentle madam,
a servant, to whose trust
was more welcome.

Nor you, mistress,
whose thoughts more truly la-
ven
your love ; doubt not, but hea-
me up to be your daughter's

her to be my motive *
o a husband. But O strange
[hate,
sweet use make of what they
trusting of the cozen'd thoughts
thy night ! so lust doth play
loaths, for that which is away :
is hereafter :—You, Diana,
e instructions yet must suffer
my behalf.

Let death and honesty ;
impositions, I am yours
ll to suffer.

Yet, I pray you,—
word, the time will bring on
[thorns,
shall have leaves as well as
et as sharp. We must away ;
prepared, and time revives us :
ends well] : still the fine's
in ;

course, the end is the renown.
[Exit.

Ronsillon. *A Room in the
Countess's Palace.*

ness, LAFFU, and Clown.

no, your son was misled with
fellow there ; whose villainous
d have made all the unbaked
path of a nation in his colour :
in-law had been alive at this
er son here at home, more ad-
king, than by that red-tailed
speak of.

ould, I had not known him ! It
is of the most virtuous gentle-

woman, that ever nature had praise for cre-
ating : if she had partaken of my flesh and
cost me the dearest groans of a mother, I
could not have owed her a more rooted love.

Laf. 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady ;
we may pick a thousand salads, ere we light
on such another herb.

Clo. Indeed, sir, she was the sweet-marjo-
ram of the salad, or, rather the herb of grace**.

Laf. They are not salad-herbs, you knave,
they are nose-herbs.

Clo. I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir, I
have not much skill in grass.

Laf. Whether dost thou profess thyself ; a
knave, or a fool ?

Clo. A fool, sir, at a woman's service, and
a knave at a man's.

Laf. Your distinction ?

Clo. I would cozen the man of his wife,
and do his service.

Laf. So you were a knave at his service,
indeed.

Clo. And I would give his wife my dau-
ghter, sir, to do her service.

Laf. I will subscribe for thee ; thou art
both knave and fool.

Clo. At your service.

Laf. No, no, no.

Clo. Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can
serve as great a prince as you are.

Laf. Who's that ? a Frenchman ?

Clo. Faith, sir, he has an English name ;
but his phisnomy is more hotter in France,
than there.

Laf. What prince is that ?

Clo. The black prince, sir, *alias*, the prince
of darkness ; *alias*, the devil.

Laf. Hold thee, there's my purse : I give
thee not this to suggest ^{††} thee from thy mas-
ter thou talkest of ; serve him still.

Clo. I am a woodland fellow, sir, that al-
ways loved a great fire ; and the master I
speak of, ever keeps a good fire. But, sure,
he is the prince of the world, let his nobility
remain in his court. I am for the house with
the narrow gate, which I take to be too little
for pomp to enter ; some, that humble them-
selves, may ; but the many will be too chill
and tender ; and they'll be for the flowery
way, that leads to the broad gate, and the
great fire.

Laf. Go thy ways, I begin to be a-weary
of thee ; and I tell thee so before, because I
would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways ;
let my horses be well looked to, without any
tricks.

Clo. If I put any tricks upon 'em, sir,
they shall be jades' tricks ; which are their
own right by the law of nature. [Exit.

Laf. A shrewd knave, and an unhappy ^{‡‡}.

Count. So he is. My lord, that's gone,
made himself much sport out of him : by his
authority he remains here, which he thinks is

* † Lascivious.

† There was a fashion of using yellow starch for bands and ruffles, to which

see L. c., Row.

‡ L. c., An honest death.

‡ Lascivious.

‡ Command.

‡ Unhappily unhappy

waggon.

a patent for his sauciness ; and, indeed, he has no pace, but runs where he will.

Laf. I like him well ; 'tis not amiss : and I was about to tell you. Since I heard of the good lady's death, and that my lord your son was upon his return home, I moved the king my master, to speak in the behalf of my daughter ; which, in the minority of them both, his majesty, out of a self-gracious remembrance, did first propose : his highness hath promised me to do it : and, to stop up the displeasure he hath conceived against your son, there is no fitter matter. How does your ladyship like it ?

Count. With very much content, my lord, and I wish it happily effected.

Laf. His highness comes post from Marseilles, of as able body as when he numbered thirty ; he will be here to-morrow, or I am deceived by him that in such intelligence hath seldom failed.

Count. It rejoices me, that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I have letters, that my son will be here to-night : I shall beseech

your lordship, to remain with me till we meet together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking, with your manners I might safely be admitted.

Count. You need but plead your noble privilege.

Laf. Lady, of that I have made a charter ; but, I thank my God, it holds.

Re-enter Clown.

Clow. O madam, yonder's my lord your son with a patch of velvet on't face : will there be a scar under it, or no, the king knows ; but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet ; his left cheek is a cheek of two parts half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

Laf. A scar nobly got, or a noble livery of honour ; so, betide him.

Clow. But it is your carbonadoed cheek.

Laf. Let us go see your son, I pray you ; I long to talk with the young nobleman.

Clow. Faith, there's a dozen of the delicate fine hats, and most courteous fellows which bow the head, and nod at every

ACT V.

SCENE I. Marseilles. A Street.

Enter HELENA, Widow, and DIANA, with two Attendants.

Hel. All's well that ends well ; yet : Though time seem so adverse, and so I do beseech you, whither is he gone ?

to pity his distress in my smiles
and leave him to your lordship.

[Exit Clown.]

lord, I am a man whom fortune
scratched.

what would you have me to do?
to pare her nails now. Wherein
used the knave with fortune, that
scratch you, who of herself is a
mad would not have knaves thrive
her? There's a *quart d'ecu* for
a justices make you and fortune
in for other business.

crutch your honour, to hear me
word.

beg a single penny more: come,
t; save your word.

name, my good lord, is Parolles.

beg more than one word then.—
sion! give me your hand:—How

rum?

my good lord, you were the first
se.

I, in sooth? and I was the first

ies in you, my lord, to bring me

e, for you did bring me out.

upon thee, knave! dost thou put

once both the office of God and

as brings thee in grace, and the

thee out. [Trumpets sound.]

smiling, I know by his trumpets.—

ire further after me; I had talk of

ht: though you are a fool and a

shall eat; go to, follow.

raise God for you. [Exit.]

l. The same. A Room in the
Countess's Palace.

Enter KING. Countess. LAFI

Humbly call'd mistress.

King. Praising what is lost,
Makes the remembrance dear.—Well, call
him hither;—

We are reconciled, and the first view shall kill
All repetition:—Let him not ask your pardon;
The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper than oblivion do we bury
The incensing relics of it: let him approach,
A stranger, no offender; and inform him,
So 'tis our will he should.

Gent. I shall, my liege.

[Exit Gentleman.]

King. What says he to your daughter? have
you spoke?

Laf. All that he is hath reference to your
highness.

King. Then shall we have a match. I have

letters sent me,

That set him high in fame.

Enter BERTRAM.

Laf. He looks well on't.

King. I am not a day of season,

For thou may'st see a sun-shine and a hail

In me at once: But to the brightest beams

Distracted clouds give way; so stand thou forth,

The time is fair again.

Ber. My high-repent'd blames

Dear sovereign, pardon to me.

King. All is whole;

Not one word more of the consumed time.

Let's take the instant by the forward top;

For we are old, and on our quick't decrees

The inaudible and noiseless foot of time

Steals ere we can effect them: You remember

The daughter of this lord?

Ber. Admiringly, my liege: at first

I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart

Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue:

Where the impression of mine eye infixing,

To the great sender turns a sour offence,
Crying, That's good that's gone: our rash faults
Make trivial price of serious things we have,
Not knowing them, until we know their grave:
Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,
Destroy our friends, and after weep their dust:
Our own love waking cries to see what's done,
While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon.
Be this sweet Helen's knell, and now forget
her.

[*lin* :
Send forth your amorous token for fair Maud.
The main consents are bad; and here we'll stay
To see our widower's second marriage-day.

Count. Which better than the first, O dear
heaven, bless!

Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, cease!
Laf. Come on, my son, in whom my house's
name

Must be digested, give a favour from you,
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,
That she may quickly come.—By my old beard,
And every hair that's on't, Helen, that's dead,
Was a sweet creature; such a ring as this,
The last that e'er I took her leave at court,
I saw upon her finger.

Ber. Hers it was not.

King. Now, pray you, let me see it; for
mine eye,
While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to't.—
This ring was mine; and, when I gave it Helen,
I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood
Necessitated to help, that by this token
I would relieve her: Had you that craft, to

(Where you have never come,) &
Upon her great disaster.

Ber. She ne

King. Thou speak'st it false
mine honour;

And makest conjectural fears to
Which I would fain shut out: If
That thou art so inhuman,—'twi
so;—

And yet I know not;—thou di
And she is dead; which nothing,
Her eyes myself, could win me
More than to see this ring.—Take

[*Guards seiz*
My fore-past proofs, howe'er the
Shall tax my fears of little vanit
Having vainly fear'd too little.
We'll sift this matter further.

Ber. If you

This ring was ever hers, you shal
Prove that I husbanded her bed
Where yet she never was.

[*Exit BERTHA*

Enter a Gentleman

King. I am wrapp'd in dismal

Gent. Gratio

Whether I have been to blame, o
Here's a petition from a Florent
Who bath, for four or five rem
To tender it herself. I undertoo
Vanquish'd thereto by the fair gra
Of the poor suppliant, who by th
Is here attending: her business!

in the ancient Capulet:
I do understand, you know,
we know how far I may be pitied.
in her mother, sir, whose age and
sex,
under this complaint we bring,
will cease*, without your remedy.
none hither, count; Do you know
women?
lord, I neither can, nor will deny
knew them: Do they charge me
with?
[wife?] do you look so strange upon your
wife's none of mine, my lord.

If you shall marry,
may this hand, and that is mine;
may heaven's vows, and these are
; my myself, which is known mine;
we are so embodied yours,
which marries you, must marry me,
or none.
[reputation [To BERTRAM.] comes
my daughter, you are no husband

lord, this is a fond and desperate
sue, [your highness
setime I have laugh'd with: let
noble thought upon mine honour,
think that I would sink it here.
, for my thoughts, you have them
friend,
sells galls them: Fairer prove your
thought it lies!

[honour,
Good my lord,
on his oath, if he does think
my virginity.
has say'dt thou to her?
She's impudent, my lord;
common gamester to the camp.
does me wrong, my lord; if I
so,
we bought me at a common price:
sue him: O, behold this ring,
respect, and rich validity;
parallel; yet, for all that,
to a commoner o' the camp,

He blushes, and 'tis it:
adding ancestors, that gem
y testament to the sequent issue,
am owed and worn. This is his
a thousand proofs. [wife];
Methought, you said,
we here in court could witness it.
I, my lord, but loth am to produce
instrument; his name's Parolles.
w the man to-day, if man be be.
nd him, and bring him hither.
What of him?
if for a most perditional slave.
spots o' the world tax'd and de-
d;];
we sickens, but to speak a truth:

Am I or that, or this, for what he'll utter,
That will speak any thing?

King. She hath that ring of yours.

Ber. I think, she has: certain it is, I liked
her,

And boarded her i'the wanton way of youth:
She knew her distance, and did angle for me,
Maddling my engerness with her restraint,
As all impediments in fancy's course
Are motives of more fancy; and, in fine,
Her insult coming with her modern graces,
Subdued me to her rate: she got the ring;
And I had that, which any inferior might
At market-price have bought.

Dia. I must be patient;
You, that turn'd off a first so noble wife,
May justly diet me'tt. I pray you yet,
(Since you lack virtue, I will lose a husband.)
Send for your ring, I will return it home,
And give me mine again.

Ber. I have it not.

King. What ring was yours, I pray you?

Dia. Sir, much like
The same upon your finger.

King. Know you this ring? this ring was
his of late. [a-bed.

Dia. And this was it I gave him, being

King. The story then goes false, you threw
Out of a casement. [it him

Dia. I have spoke the truth.

Enter PAROLLES.

Ber. My lord, I do confess, the ring was here.

King. You boggle shrewdly, every feather
Is this the man you speak of? [starts you.—

Dia. Ay, my lord.

King. Tell me, sirrah, but tell me true, I
charge you,
Not fearing the displeasure of your master,
(Which, on your just proceeding, I'll keep
off.)

By him, and by this woman here, what know

Par. So please your majesty, my master
bath been an honourable gentleman; tricks
be hath had in him, which gentlemen have.

King. Come, come, to the purpose: Did
he love this woman?

Par. 'Faith, sir, he did love her: But how?

King. How, I pray you?

Par. He did love her, sir, as a gentleman
loves a woman.

King. How is that?

Par. He loved her, sir, and loved her not.

King. As thou art a knave, and no knave:
—What an equivocal companion is this?

Par. I am a poor man, and at your majesty's
command.

Laf. He's a good drum, my lord, but a
naughty orator.

Dia. Do you know, he promised me marriage?

Par. 'Faith, I know more than I'll speak.

King. But wilt thou not speak all thou
know'st?

Par. Yes, so please your majesty; I did
go between them, as I said; but more than

s, die. † Gamester when applied to a female, then meant a common woman.
‡ Need. § Debauched. ¶ Love. ** Her solicitation concurring with
wance of being common. †† May justly make me fast. ‡‡ Fellow—

that, he loved her,—for, indeed, he was mad for her, and talked of Satan, and of limbo, and of furies, and I know not what: yet I was in that credit with them at that time, that I knew of their going to bed; and of other motions, as promising her marriage, and things that would derive me ill will to speak of, therefore I will not speak what I know.

King. Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou canst say they are married: But thou art too fine* in thy evidence: therefore stand aside.—

This ring, you say, was yours?

Dia. Ay, my good lord.

King. Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?

Dia. It was not given me, nor I did not buy it.

King. Who lent it you?

Dia. It was not lent me neither.

King. Where did you find it then?

Dia. I found it not.

King. If it were yours by none of all these How could you give it him? {ways,

Dia. I never gave it him.

Laf. This woman's an easy glove, my lord; she goes off and on at pleasure.

King. This ring was mine, I gave it his first wife. [I know.

Dia. It might be yours, or hers, for aught

King. Take her away, I do not like her now; To prison with her: and away with him.—

Unless thou tell'st me where thou hadst this Thou diest within this hour. [Exit

He knows himself, my bed he hat
And at that time he got his wife v
Dead, though she be, she feels her
kick;

So there's my riddle, One, that's de
And now behold the meaning.

Re-enter Widow, with He
King. Is there

Beguiles the truer office of mine
Is't real, that I see?

Hel. No, my good
Tis but the shadow of a wife you

The name, and not the thing.
Ber. Both, both;

Hel. O, my good lord, when
this maid,

I found you wondrous kind. There
And, look you, here's your letter;

When from my finger you can ge
And are by me with child, &c.—I

Will you be mine, now you are de
Ber. If she, my liege, can mak

this clearly,
I'll love her dearly, ever, ever de

Hel. If it appear not plain, and p
Deadly divorce step between me:

O, my dear mother, do I see you.
Laf. Mine eyes smell onions, I

anon:—Good Tom Drum, [To I
lend me a handkerchief: So, I

wait on me home, I'll make sport
Let thy courtesies alone, they are

King. Let us from point to poi
know

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Persons represented.

PIETRO SLY, a drunken tinker.

Page, Players, Huntsmen, and other Servants attending on the Lord. } *Persons in the Induction*

ANTONIO, a rich gentleman of Padua.

GRUMIO, an old gentleman of Pisa.

CURTIS, son to Vincentio, in love with Bianca.

GRUMIO, a gentleman of Verona, a suit-Katherine.

GRUMIO, } suitors to Bianca.

GRUMIO, } servants to Lucentia.

GRUMIO,

CURTIS,

GRUMIO, an old fellow set up to personate Vincentio.

KATHARINA, the Shrew, } daughters to

BIANCA, her sister, } Baptista.

Widow.

GRUMIO, Haberdasher, and Servants attending on Baptista and Petruchio.

—sometimes in Padua; and sometimes in Petruchio's House in the Country.

INDUCTION

SCENE I. Before an Alehouse on a Heath.

Enter Hostess and SLY.

SLY. Phoebe * you, in faith.
A pair of stocks, you rogue!
Pare a baggage; the Slies are no
Look in the chronicles, we came in
hard Conqueror. Therefore, *poncas*
s*; let the world slide: *Ses'a*?

You will not pay for the glasses you
st

to, not a denier: Go by, says Jero-
Go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.
I know my remedy, I must go fetch
borough.

[Exit.
Hrd, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll
him by law: I'll not budge an inch,
him come, and kindly.

on the ground, and falls asleep.
owns. Enter a Lord from hunting,
Huntsman and Servants.

Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well
y bounds: *[boas'd tr.*

* Merriman,—the poor cur is em-
ple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd
ach. *[good*

how not, boy, how Silver made it
edge corner, in the coldest fault?

not lose the dog for twenty pound.

n. Why, Belman is as good as he, my
rd;

I upon it at the merest loss,

And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent:
Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

Lord. Thou art a fool; if Echo were as
fleet,

I would esteem him worth a dozen such.
But sup them well, and look unto them all;
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

1 *Hun.* I will, my lord.

Lord. What's here! one dead, or drunk?
See, doth he breathe?

2 *Hun.* He breathes, my lord: Were he
not warmed with ale,

This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

Lord. O monstrous beast! how like a
swine he lies! *[thine Image!*

Grim death, how foul and loathsome is
Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.—

What think you, if he were conveyed to bed,
Wrapp'd in sweet clothes, rings put upon his
fingers,

A most delicious banquet by his bed,
And brave attendants near him when he
wakes,

Would not the beggar then forget himself?

1 *Hun.* Believe me, lord, I think he can
not choose. *[when he wakes.*

2 *Hun.* It would seem strange unto him.
Lord. Even as a flattering dream, or worth-
less fancy.

Then take him up, and manage well the jest:—
Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,

And hang it round with all my wanton pi-
tures:

t or knock.

† Few words.

‡ Be quiet.

§ Broke.

|| Thus

the scrap of Spanish is used in burlesque from an old play called Hieronymo, or the
Tragedy. ¶ An officer whose authority equals a constable.

†† Strained.

•• Bitch

Balm his foul head with warm distilled waters,
And burn sweet wood to make the lodging
sweet:

Procure me music ready when he wakes,
To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound;
And if he chance to speak, be ready straight,
And, with a low submissive reverence,
Say,—What is it your honour will command?
Let one attend him with a silver bason, [ers;
Full of rose-water, and bestrew'd with flow-
Another bear the ewer*, the third a diaper†,
And say,—Will't please your lordship cool
your hands?

Some one be ready with a costly suit,
And ask him what apparel he will wear;
Another tell him of his hounds and horse,
And that his lady mourns at his disease:
Persuade him, that he hath been lunatic;
And, when he says he is—, say, that he
dreams.

For he is nothing but a mighty lord.
This do, and do it kindly†, gentle sirs;
It will be pastime passing excellent,
If it be husbanded with modesty‡.

1 *Hun.* My lord, I warrant you, we'll play
our part,
As he shall think, by our true diligence,
He is no less than what we say he is.

Lord. Take him up gently, and to bed with
him;

And each one to his office, when he wakes.—
[Some bear out Sir Y. A trumpet sounds.

And so offend him; for I tell you,
If you should smite, he grows impa-
1 *Play.* Fear not, my lord; we
tain ourselves,

Were he the veriest antic in the wo-
Lord. Go, sirrah, take them to th-
And give them friendly welcome ev-
Let them want nothing that my hon-

[*Exeunt Servant and*
Sirrah, go you to Bartholomew m-
[*To*

And see him dress'd in all suits like
That done, conduct him to the
chamber,

And call him—madam, do him obe-
Tell him from me, (as he will win-
He bear himself with honourable
Such as he hath observed in noble
Unto their Lords, by them accomp-
Such duty to the drunkard let him
With soft low tongue, and lowly c-
And say,—What is't your honou-

mind,
Wherein your lady, and your hum-
May show her duty, and make l-
love?

And then—with kind embracement
And with declining head into his
Bid him shed tears, as being over-
To see her noble lord restored to h-
Who, for twice seven years, had
him

Christopher Sly; call not me—
lordship: I never drank sack in
I if you give me any conserves,
serves of beef: Ne'er ask me
it I'll wear; for I have no more
a backs, no more stockings than
more shoes than feet; nay, some-
feet than shoes, or such shoes as
through the over-leather.

even cease this idle humour in
honour!
ghty man, of such descent,
exalons, and so high esteem,
fused with so foul a spirit!
t, would you make me mad? Am
pther Sly, old Sly's son of Ber-
y birth a pedlar, by education a
by transmutation a bear-herd, and
ent profession a tinker? Ask Ma-
the fat ale-wife of Wincot, if she
t: if she say I am not fourteen
score for sheer ale, score me up
st knave in Christendom. What,
traught?: Here's—

this it is that makes your lady
[droop.
this it is that makes your servants
see comes it that your kindred
our house,
nce by your strange lunacy.
bethink thee of thy birth; [ment,
y ancient thoughts from banish-
ence these abject lowly dreams:
y servants do attend on thee,
dnce ready at thy beck.
ve music? hark! Apollo plays,

[Music.
aged nightingales do sing:
leep? we'll have thee to a couch,
reeter than the lustful bed
trimm'd up for Semiramis.
lkt walk; we will bestrew the
:
ride? thy horses shall be trapp'd,
studded all with gold and pearl.
ve hawking? thou hast hawks
or
orning lark: Or wilt thou hunt?
all make the welkin answer them,
ill echoes from the hollow earth.
y, thou wilt course; thy grey-
are as swift
tags, ay, faster than the roe.
at thou love pictures? we will
see straight
ed by a running brook:
a all in seditious hid; [breath,
to move and wanton with her
raving sedges play with wind.
I show thee Io, as she was a maid;
was beguiled and surprised,
sted as the deed was done.
Japhet, roaming through a thorny
[bleeds:
er legs that one shall swear she
light shall sad Apollo weep,

So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.
Lord. Thou art a lord, and nothing but a
Thou hast a lady far more beautiful [lord:
Than any woman in this waning age.

1 Serv. And, till the tears that she hath
shed for thee,

Like envious floods, o'er-ran her lovely face,
She was the fairest creature in the world;
And yet she is inferior to none.

Sly. Am I a lord? and have I such a lady?
Or do I dream? or have I dream'd till now?
I do not sleep: I see, I hear, I speak;
I smell sweet savours, and I feel soft things:—
Upon my life, I am a lord, indeed;
And not a tinker, nor Christopher Sly.—
Well, bring our lady hither to our sight;
And once again, a pot o' the smallest ale.

2 Serv. Will't please your mightiness to
wash your hands?

[Servants present an ewer, basin, & napkin.
O, how we joy to see your wit restor'd! [are!
O, that once more you knew but what you
These fifteen years you have been in a dream;
Or, when you waked, so waked as if you slept.

Sly. These fifteen years! by my fay, t, a
goodly nap.

But did I never speak of all that time?

1 Serv. O, yes, my lord; but very idle
words:— [ber,
For though you lay here in this goodly cham-
Yet would you say, ye were beaten out of door;
And rail upon the hostess of the house;
And say, you would present her at the lecty,
Because she brought stone jugs and no seal'd
quarts: [Hackett.

Sometimes you would call out for Cicely
Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the house.

3 Serv. Why, sir, you know no house, nor
no such maid;

Nor no such men, as you have reckon'd up,—
As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece,
And Peter Tarf, and Henry Pimpernell;
And twenty more such names and men as these,
Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

Sly. Now, Lord be thanked, for my good
All. Amen. [amends!

Sly. I thank thee; thou shalt not lose by it.
Enter the Page, as a lady, with Attendants.

Page. How fares my noble lord?

Sly. Marry, I fare well; for here is cheer
Where is my wife? [enough.

Page. Here, noble lord; What is thy will
with her? [me—husband?

Sly. Are you my wife, and wilt not call
My men should call me—lord; I am your
goodman. [and husband;

Page. My husband and my lord, my lord
I am your wife in all obedience.

Sly. I know it well:—What must I call her?
Lord. Madam.

Sly. Al'ce madam, or Joan madam?

Lord. Madam, and nothing else; so lords
call ladies. [dream'd, and slept

Sly. Madam wife, they say that I have
Above some fifteen year and more. [me!

Page. Ay, and the time seems thirty unto

Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Sly. 'Tis much;—Servants, leave me and her alone.—

Madam, undress you, and come now to bed.

Page. Thrice noble lord, let me entreat of To pardon me yet for a night or two; [you, Or, if not so, until the sun be set:

For your physicians have expressly charged, In peril to incur your former malady, That I should yet absent me from your bed: I hope, this reason stands for my excuse.

Sly. Ay, it stands so, that I may hardly tarry so long. But I would be loth to fall into my dreams again; I will therefore tarry, in despite of the flesh and the blood.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Your honour's players, hearing your amendment,

Are come to play a pleasant comedy, For so your doctors hold it very meet: Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd you, And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy, [them Therefore, they thought it good you hear a play, And frame your mind to mirth and merriment, Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life.

Sly. Marry, I will; let them play it: not a commonly* a Christmas gambol, or tumbling-trick?

Page. No, my good lord; it is more pleasing stuff.

Sly. What, household stuff?

Page. It is a kind of history.

Sly. Well, we'll see't: Come, madam, sit by my side, and let the world slip; I shall ne'er be younger. [They sit down

ACT I.

SCENE I. Padua. A public Place.

Enter LUCENTIO and TRANIO.

Luc. Tranio, since—for the great desire I To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,— [had I am arrived for fruitful Lombardy, The pleasant garden of great Italy; And, by my father's love and leave, am arm'd With his good will, and the good company

Fall to them, as you find your stomach set on you:

No profit grows, where is no pleasure taken. In brief, sir, study what you most affect.

Luc. Grainercies, Tranio, well dost thou say. If, Biondello, thou wert come ashore, [said] We could at once put us in readiness, And take a lodging, fit to entertain Such friends as thou art.

is stark mad, or wonderful froward.
 But in the other's silence I do see
 his behaviour and sobriety.
 smile.

[your ill.
 'ell said, master: mum! and gaze
 gentlemen, that I may soon make good
 ave said,—Bianca, get you in :
 not displease thee, good Bianca;
 I love thee ne'er the less, my girl.
 A pretty point! I 'th best
 r in the eye,—an she knew why.
 Sister, content you in my discon-
 t.—

or pleasure humbly I subscribe :
 and instruments, shall be my com-
 pty :

to look, and practise by myself.
 [ark, Tranio! thou may'st hear Mi-
 va, speak. [Aside.

gnior Baptista, will you be so strange?
 I, that our good will effects
 grief.

Why, will you mew† her up,
 laptista, for this fiend of hell,
 : her bear the penance of her tongue?
 Gentlemen, content ye; I am re-
 ved :—

anca. [Exit BIANCA.
 know, she taketh most delight
 instruments, and poetry,
 sters will I keep within my house,
 tract her youth.—If you, Hortensio,
 r Gremio, you,—know any such,
 sem hither; for to cunning§ men
 very kind, and liberal
 own children in good bringing up;
 sewell. Katharina, you may stay;
 re more to commune with Bianca.

[Exit.
 Why, and I trust, I may go too;
 y I not; [belike,
 all I be appointed hours; as though,
 tell what to take, and what to leave?
 y? [Exit.

For may go to the devil's dam; your
 is so good, here is none will hold you.
 is not so great, Hortensio, but we
 our nails together, and fast it fairly
 cake's dough on both sides. Fare-
 'et, for the love I bear my sweet
 if I can by any means light on a fit
 each her that wherein she delights, I
 him to her father.

No will I, signior Gremio: But a
 pray. Though the nature of our quar-
 ever brook'd parle, know now, upon
 it toucheth us both,—that we may
 have access to our fair mistress, and
 rivals in Bianca's love,—to labour
 at one thing specially.

What's that, I pray?

Marry, sir, to get a husband for her

A husband! a devil.

Her. I say, a husband.

Gre. I say, a devil: Think'st thou, Horten-
 sio, though her father be very rich, any man
 is so very a fool to be married to hell?

Hur. Tush, Gremio, though it pass your
 patience, and mine, to endure her load alar-
 ums, why, man, there be good fellows in
 the world, an a man could light on them,
 would take her with all faults, and money
 enough.

Gre. I cannot tell; but I had as lief take
 her dowry with this condition,—to be whipped
 at the high cross every morning.

Her. Faith, as you say, there's small choice
 in rotten apples. But, come; since this bar
 in law makes us friends, it shall be so far
 forth friendly maintained,—till by helping
 Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband, we
 set his youngest free for a husband, and then
 have to't afresh.—Sweet Bianca!—Happy
 man be his dole!! He that runs fastest, gets
 the ring. How say you, signior Gremio!

Gre. I am agreed: and 'would I had given
 him the best horse in Padua to begin his
 wooing, that would thoroughly woo her, wed
 her, and bed her, and rid the house of her.
 Come on. [Exeunt GRE. and HOR.

Tra. [Advancing.] I pray, sir, tell me,—Is
 it possible

That love should of a sudden take such hold?

Luc. O Tranio, till I found it to be true,
 I never thought it possible, or likely;
 But see! while idly I stood looking on,
 I found the effect of love in idleness:
 And now in plainness do confess to thee,—
 That art to me as secret, and as dear,
 As Anna to the queen of Carthage was,—
 Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,
 If I achieve not this young modest girl:
 Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst;
 Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

Tra. Master, it is no time to chide you now;
 Affection is not rated†† from the heart:
 It love have touch'd you, nought remains but
 so,—

Redime te captum quam queas minimo.

Luc. Gramercies, lad; go forward: this
 contents;

The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.

Tra. Master, you look'd so longly;; on the
 maid,

Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

Luc. O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,
 Such as the daughter§§ of Agenor had,
 That made great Jove to humble him to her
 hand, [strand.

When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan

Tra. Saw you no more; mark'd you not,
 how her sister

Began to scold; and raise up such a storm,
 That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?

Luc. Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move,
 And with her breath she did perfume the air;
 Sacred, and sweet, was all I saw in her.

† Shut.
 iberation.

† Recommend.
 ** Gain or loss.

§ Knowing, learned.
 †† Driven out by chiding.
 §§ Europa.

¶ Endowments.
 ;; Longingly.

Tra. Nay, then, 'tis time to stir him from his trance.

I pray, awake, sir; If you love the maid,
Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus
it stands:

Her elder sister is so curst and shrewd,
That, till the father rid his hands of her,
Master, your love must live a maid at home:
And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,
Because she shall not be annoy'd with suitors.

Luc. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he!
But art thou not advised, he took some care
To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct
her? [plotted.]

Tra. Ay, marry, am I, sir; and now 'tis
Luc. I have it, Tranio.

Tra. Master, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.

Luc. Tell me thine first.

Tra. You will be schoolmaster,
And undertake the teaching of the maid:
That's your device.

Luc. It is: May it be done?

Tra. Not possible: For who shall bear your
And be in Padua here Vincentio's son? [part,
Keep house, and ply his book; welcome his
friends;

Visit his countrymen, and banquet them?

Luc. Basta*; content thee; for I have it full.
We have not yet been seen in any house;
Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces,
For man, or master: then it follows thus:—
Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,
Keep house, and port; and servants as I should.

I kill'd a man, and fear I wa
Wait you on him, I charge y
While I make way from hence
You understand me?

Bion. I, sir,

Luc. And not a jot of Tran
Tranio is changed into Luce

Bion. The better for him:
too!

Tra. So would I, faith, boy
That Lucentio indeed had B
daughter.

But, sirrah,—not for my sake,
You use your manners disc
of companies:

When I am alone, why then
But in all places else, your

Luc. Tranio, let's go:—
One thing more rests, that th

To make one among these
ask me why,—

Sufficieth, my reasons are
weighty.

1. Serv. My lord, you n
mind the play,

Sly. Yes, by Saint Anne
matter, surely: Comes ther

Page. My lord, 'tis but b

Sly. 'Tis a very excellen
madam lady: 'Would 'tw

SCENE II. The same. B
House.

Enter PETRUCHIO an

mo, rise; we will compound this real.

ay, 'tis no matter, what he leges *
-If this be not a lawful cause for me
in service.—Look you, sir,—he bid
him, and raphim soundly, sir: Well,
for a servant to use his master so;
haps, (for aught I see,) two-and-
pup out?

ould to God, I had well knock'd at

not Grumio come by the worst.
senseless villain—Good Hortensio,
rascal knock upon your gate,
not get him for my heart to do it.
nock at the gate?—O heavens!

not these words plain,—*Sirrah,*
ck me here, [soundly?]

ere, knock me well, and knock me

you now with—knocking at the gate?

rrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise

truchio, patience; I am Grumio's

a heavy chance 'twixt him and you;

st, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio.

a now, sweet friend,—what happy

to Padua here, from old Verona?

sch wind as scatters young men

ugh the world,

dr fortunes further than at home,

llexperience grows. But, in a few t,

rtensio, thus it stands with me:—

sy father, is deceased;

thrust myself into this maze,

five, and thrive, as best I may:

my purse I have, and goods at home,

come abroad to see the world.

truchio, shall I then come roundly

me,

due to a shrewd ill-favour'd wife?

ask me but a little for my counsel;

I promise thee she shall be rich,

rich:—But thou'lt too much my

d,

it wish thee to her.

prior Hortensio; 'twixt such friends

e

ifty horses: why, nothing comes amiss, so
money comes withal.

Hor. Petruchio, since we have stepp'd thus

I will continue that I broach'd in jest. [far in,

I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife

With wealth enough, and young, and beautiful;

Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman:

Her only fault (and that is faults enough,)

Is,—that she is intolerably curst, [sure,

And shrewd, and froward; so beyond all mea-

That, were my state far worse than it is,

I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

Pet. Hortensio, peace; thou know'st not

gold's effect:

Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough;

For I will board her, though she chide as loud

As thunder, when the clouds in autumn crack.

Hor. Her father is Baptista Minola,

An affable and courteous gentleman:

Her name is Katharina Minola,

Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.

Pet. I know her father, though I know not

And he knew my deceased father well: [her;

I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her;

And therefore let me be thus bold with you,

To give you over at this first encounter,

Unless you will accompany me thither.

Gru. I pray you, sir, let him go while the

humour lasts. O' my word, as she knew him

as well as I do, she would think scolding

would do little good upon him: She may,

perhaps, call him half a score of knaves, or

so: why, that's nothing: as he begin once,

he'll rail in his rope-tricks. I'll tell you

what, sir,—as she standeth him, but a little, he

will throw a figure in her face, and so dis-

gare her with it, that she shall have no more

eyes to see withal than a cat: You know him

not, sir.

Hor. Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee;

For in Baptista's keep * * my treasure is:

He hath the jewel of my life in hold,

His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca;

And her withholds from me, and other more

Suitors to her, and rivals in my love:

Supposing it a thing impossible,

(For those defects I have before rehearsed,)

That ever Katharina will be woo'd;

Therefore this order†† hath Baptista ta'en;—

That none shall have access unto Bianca,

Till Katharine the curst have got a husband.

Gru. Katharine the curst!

A title for a maid, of all titles the worst.

Hor. Now shall my friend Petruchio do

me grace;

And offer me, disguised in sober robes,

To old Baptista as a schoolmaster

Well seen;‡‡ in music, to instruct Bianca:

That so I may by this device, at least,

Have leave and leisure to make love to her,

And, unsuspected, court her by herself.

Enter GRUMIO; with him LUENTIO dis-

guised, with books under his arm.

Gru. Here's knavery! See, to beguile the

* Few words. † See the story, No. 39, of "A Thousand Notable Things,"
beg. at the tag of a lace. ‡ Abusive language. § Withstand. ** Custody.

†† These measures.

‡‡ Versed.

old folks, how the young folks lay their heads together! Master, master, look about you: Who goes there? ha!

Hor. Peace, Grumio: 'tis the rival of my Petruchio, stand by a while. [love:]

Gr. A proper stripling, and an amorous! [They retire.]

Gre. O, very well; I have perused the note. Hark you, sir; I'll have them very fairly bound: All books of love, see that at any hand*; And see you read no other lectures to her: You understand me;—Over and beside

Signior Baptista's liberality, [pers too,] I'll mend it with a largess!—Take your part, And let me have them very well perfumed; For she is sweeter than perfume itself, [her?] To whom they go. What will you read to

Luc. What'er I read to her, I'll plead for you,

As for my patron, (stand you so assured,) As firmly as yourself were still in place: Yea, and (perhaps) with more successful words Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.

Gre. O this learning; what a thing it is!

Gr. O this woodcock! what an ass it is!

Pet. Peace, sirrah. [Grumio!]

Hor. Grumio, man!—God save you, signior

Gre. And you're well met, signior Hortensio. Trow you,

Whither I am going?—To Baptista Minola. I promised to inquire carefully

About a schoolmaster for fair Bianca:

And, her good fortune, I have lighted with

Pet.

Will.

Gr. Will he woo her? ay, or

her.

Pet. Why came I hither, but to think you, a little din can daunt me? Have I not in my time heard lions? Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with rage like an angry boar, chafed with waves? Have I not heard great ordnance? And heaven's artillery thunder in? Have I not in a pitched battle heard loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and And do you tell me of a woman's? That gives not half so great a blow As will a chestnut in a farmer's flail? Tush! tush! I fear boys with bugs!

Gr. For he fears none

Gre. Hortensio, hark!

This gentleman is happily arrived, My mind presumes, for his own good

Hor. I promised we would be careful And bear his charge of wooing, w

Gre. And so we will; provided

her.

Gr. I would I were as sure

dinner.

Enter TRANIO, bravely apparelled.
BONDELLO.

Tr. Gentlemen, God save you

be bold,

Tell me, I beseech you, which is the house of signior Baptista Minola?

Gre. He that has the two fair daughters

dr, give him head; I know he'll
 va a jada. (words)
 ortensio, to what end are all these
 fr, let me be so bold as to ask you,
 'st ever see Baptista's daughter?
 n, sir; but hear I do, that he hath
 famous for a scolding tongue, [two;
 other for beauteous modesty. [by.
 r, sir, the first's for me; let her go
 ee, leave that labour to great Her-
 more than Alcides' twelve. [cules;
 r, understand you this of me, in-
 th;—
 my daughter, whom you hearken for,
 r keeps from all access of suitors;
 not promise her to any man,
 rlier sister first be wed:
 er then is free, and not before.
 it be so, sir, that you are the man

Must stand us all, and me among the rest;
 An if you break the ice, and do this feat,—
 Achieve the elder, set the younger free [her,
 For our access,—whose hap shall be to have
 Will not so graceless be, to be ingrate. [olive;
 Hor. Sir, you say well, and well you do com-
 And since you do profess to be a suitor,
 You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,
 To whom we all rest generally beholden.
 Tra. Sir, I shall not be slack: in sign
 whereof,
 Please ye we may contrive this afternoon,
 And quaff carouses to our mistress' health;
 And do as adversaries do in law,—
 Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.
 Gru. Blon. O excellent motion! Fellowst,
 let's begone. [so:—
 Hor. The motion's good indeed, and be it
 Petruchio, I shall be your *ben venuto*. [Exeunt.

ACT II.

L. The same. A Room in Bap-
 tista's House.

Enter KATHARINA and BIANCA.

Good sister, wrong me not, nor
 ng yourself,
 bondmaid and a slave of me;
 lain: but for these other gawds;
 y hands, I'll pull them off myself,
 y raiment, to my petticoat;
 you will command me, will I do,
 know my duty to my elders.
 Of all thy suitors, here I charge
 e, tell [not.
 on lovest best: see thou dissemble
 believe me, sister, of all the men
 t beheld that special face [alive,
 could fancy more than any other.
 filion, thou liest; is't not Hortensio?
 f you affect's him, sister, here I
 m, [him.
 for you myself, but you shall have
 D then, belike, you fauzy riches
 ave Gremio to keep you fair. [more;
 s it for him you do envy me so?
 you jest; and now I well perceive,
 but jested with me all this while:
 sister Kate, untie my hands.
 f that be jest, then all the rest was

[Strikes her.

Enter BAPTISTA.

'ry, how now, dame! whence grows
 insolence?—
 and aside;—poor girl! she weeps:—
 y needle; meddle not with her.—
 t, thou hiding! of a devilish spirit,
 thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong
 r?
 she crosses thee with a bitter word!
 Her silence flouts me, and I'll be re-
 paid. [Flies after BIANCA.
 hat, in my sight?—Bianca, get thee
 [Exit BIANCA.

Kath. Will you not suffer me? Nay, now
 I see, [band;
 She is your treasure, she must have a hus-
 I must dance bare-foot on her wedding-day,
 And, for your love to her, lead apes in hall.
 Talk not to me; I will go sit and weep,
 Till I can find occasion of revenge.

[Exit KATHARINA.

Bap. Was ever gentleman thus grieved as I?
 But who comes here?

Enter GRAMIO, with LUCENTIO in the habit
 of a man man; PETRUCHIO, with HON-
 TENSIO as a Musician; and TRANIO, with
 BIONDELLO bearing a lute and books.

Gru. Good-morrow, neighbour Baptista.
 Bap. Good-morrow, neighbour Gremio:
 God save you, gentlemen!

Pet. And you, good sir! Pray, have you
 not a daughter

Call'd Katharina, fair, and virtuous?

Bap. I have a daughter, sir, call'd Katharina.

Gru. You are too blunt, go to it orderly.

Pet. You wrong me, signior Gremio; give
 I am a gentleman of Verona, sir, [me leave.—
 That,—hearing of her beauty, and her wit,
 Her affability, and bashful modesty,
 Her wondrous qualities, and mild behaviour,—
 Am bold to show myself a forward guest
 Within your house, to make mine eye the wit
 Of that report which I so oft have heard. [ness
 And, for an entrance to my entertainment,
 I do present you with a man of mine,

[Presenting HORTENSIO.

Cunning in music, and the mathematics,
 To instruct her fully in those sciences,
 Whereof, I know, she is not ignorant:
 Accept of him, or else you do me wrong;
 His name is Licio, born in Mantua.

Bap. You're welcome, sir; and he, for
 your good sake:

But for my daughter Katharine,—this I know,
 She is not for your turn, the more my grief.

Pet. I see you do not mean to part with her;

not. † Companions. ‡ Trifling ornaments. § Love. ¶ A worthless woman.

Or else you like not of my company.

Bap. Mistake me not, I speak but as I find.
Whence are you, sir? what may I call your name?

Pet. Petruchio is my name; Antonio's son,
A man well known throughout all Italy.

Bap. I know him well: you are welcome
for his sake.

Gre. Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,
Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too:
Baccare*! you are marvellous forward.

Pet. O, pardon me, signior Gremio; I
would fain be doing. (your wooing.—

Gre. I doubt it not, sir; but you will curse
Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am
sure of it. To express the like kindness my-
self, that have been more kindly beholden to
you than any, I freely give unto you this
young scholar, [*Presenting* LUCEANTIO.] that
hath been long studying at Rheims; as cunning
in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as
the other in music and mathematics: his name
is Cambio; pray, accept his service.

Bap. A thousand thanks, signior Gremio:
welcome, good Cambio.—But, gentle sir, [*To*
TRANIO.] methinks, you walk like a stranger;
May I be so bold to know the cause of your
coming?

Tra. Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine
That, being a stranger in this city here, [own;
Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,
Unto Bianca, fair, and virtuous.
Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,
In the preferment of the eldest sister:

Which I have better'd rather than des-
Then tell me, if I get your daughter's
What dowry shall I have with her to

Bap. After my death, the one half
lands:

And, in possession, twenty thousand to

Pet. And, for that dowry, I'll assure
Her widowhood,—be it that she serviv

In all my lands and leases whatsoever
Let specialties be therefore drawn betw

That covenants may be kept on either
Bap. Ay, when the special thing

obtain'd,

This is,—her love; for that is all in all.

Pet. Why, that is nothing; for I t
I am as peremptory as she proud-mine

And where two raging fires meet to
They do consume the thing that feeds the

Though little fire grows great with little
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire a

So I to her, and so she yields to me;
For I am rough, and woo not like a

Bap. Well may'st thou woo, and h
thy speed!

But be thou arm'd for some unhappy
Pet. Ay, to the proof; as mountains

for winds,
That shake not, though they blow perp

Re-enter HORTENSIO, with his head
Bap. How now, my friend! why do

look so pale?
Hor. For fear, I promise you, if I lo

Bap. What, will my daughter prove
mad as a March hare?

as sweetly as a nightingale: [clear
at she frown; I'll say, she looks as
ring roses newly wash'd with dew:
be mute, and will not speak a word;
I commend her volubility,
—she uttereth piercing eloquence:
she bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
th she bid me stay by her a week;
say to wed, I'll crave the day [ried:—
shall ask the banns, and when he mar-
e she comes; and now, Petrachio,
seek.

Enter KATHARINA.

orrow, Kate; for that's your name, I
sur. [hard of hearing;
Well have you heard, but something
B me—Katharine, that do talk of me.
You be, in faith; for you are call'd
Katharine Kate,
By Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst;
n, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,
Kate-Hall, my super-dainty Kate,
stiles are all cates: and therefore, Kate,
is of me, Kate of my consolation:—
thy mildness praised in every town,
as spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,
so deeply as to thee belongs,)
am moved to woo thee for my wife.
Moved I in good time: let him that
loved you hither,
you hence: I knew you at the first,
re a moveable.

Why, what's a moveable?

A joint-stool.

Thou hast hit it: come, sit on me.

Asses are made to bear, and so are
you. [you.

Women are made to bear, and so are
No such jade, sir, as you, if me you
mean. [thee:

Alas, good Kate! I will not burden
you to be but young and light,—

Too light for such a swain as you
entch:

As heavy as my weight should be.

Should be! should buzz.

Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.
O, slow-wing'd turtle! shall a buzzard
she thee? [yard.

Ay, for a turtle; as he takes a buz-
Come, come, you wasp; I'faith, you
re too angry.

If I be waspish, best beware my sting.
My remedy is then, to pluck it out.

Ay, if the fool could find it where
it lies. [wear his sting?

Who knows not where a wasp doth
laid.

In his tongue.

Whose tongue?

Yours, if you talk of tails; and so
arewell. [nay, come again,

What, with my tongue in your tail?
I am a gentleman.

That I'll try.

[Striking him.

Pet. I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again.

Kath. So may you lose your arms:

If you strike me, you are no gentleman;

And if no gentleman, why, then no arms.

Pet. A herald, Kate! O, put me in thy books.

Kath. What is your crest? a cornucomb?

Pet. A cornucob cock, so Kate will be my
hen. [a craven?.

Kath. No cock of mine, you crow too like

Pet. Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not
look so sour.

Kath. It is my fashion, when I see a crab.

Pet. Why, here's no crab; and therefore

Kath. There is, there is. [look not sour.

Pet. Then show it me.

Kath. Had I a glass, I would.

Pet. What, you mean my face?

Kath. Well stir'd off such a young one.

Pet. Now, by Saint George, I am too young

Kath. Yet you are wither'd. [for you.

Pet. 'Tis with care.

Kath. I care not.

Pet. Nay, hear you, Kate: in sooth, you
scape not so.

Kath. I chafe you, if I tarry; let me go.

Pet. No, not a whit; I find you passing
gentle. [sullen,

'Twas told me, you were rough, and coy, and

And now I find report a very liar;

For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing
courteous; [flowers:

But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time

Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look
askance,

Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will;

Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk;

But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,

With gentle conference, soft and affable. [limp?

Why does the world report, that Kate doth

O slanderous world! Kate, like the hazel-twigg,

Is straight, and slender; and as brown in hue

As hazel nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.

O, let me see thee walk: thou dost not halt.

Kath. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st
command.

Pet. Did ever Dian so become a grove,

As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?

O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate; [fall

And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sport.

Kath. Where did you study all this goodly
speech?

Pet. It is extempore, from my mother-wit.

Kath. A witty mother! witless else her son.

Pet. Am I not wise?

Kath. Yes; keep you warm.

Pet. Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharine
in thy bed:

And therefore, setting all this chat aside,
Thus in plain terms:—Your father hath com-
mended [son;

That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed

And, will you, will you, I will marry you.

Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn;

For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,

(Thy beauty, that doth make me like thee
well.)

Thou must be married to no man but me;
For I am he, am born to tame you, Kate;
And bring you from a wild cat to a Kate
Conformable, as other household Kates.
Here comes your father; never make denial,
I must and will have Katharine to my wife.

Re-enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, & TRANIO.

Bap. Now,
Signior Petruchio: How speed you with
My daughter?

Pet. How but well, sir! how but well!
It were impossible, I should speed amiss.

Bap. Why, how now, daughter Katharine!
in your dumps! [*mise you,*

Kath. Call you me, daughter! now I pro-
You have show'd a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one half lunatic;
A mad-cap ruffian, and a swearing Jack,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

Pet. Father, 'tis thus,—yourself and all the
world,

That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her;
If she be curst it is for policy;
For she's not froward, but modest as the dove;
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;
For patience she will prove a second Grissel;
And Roman Lucrece for her chastity: [*ther,*
And to conclude,—we have'greed so well toge-
That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.

Kath. I'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.

Gre. Hark, Petruchio! she says, she'll see
thee hang'd first.

Tran. Is this your speeding? nay, then, good

Bap. Faith, gentlemen, now
chant's part.

And venture madly on a desper
Tra. 'Twas a commodity lay fr

'Twill bring you gain, or perish

Bap. The gain I seek is—quiet

Gre. No doubt, but he hath got
But now, Baptista, to your young

Now is the day we long have to
I am your neighbour, and was s

Tra. And I am one, that love
Than words can witness, or you
guess.

Gre. Youngling! thou canst

Tra. Grey-beard! thy love d

Gre. But th

Skipper, stand back; 'tis age, th

Tra. But youth, in ladies' e
risheth. [*pon*

Bap. Content you, gentlemen!
'Tis deeds, must win the prize; an

That can assure my daughter gr
Shall have Bianca's love.—

Say, signior Gremio, what can y

Gre. First, as you know, my
the city

Is richly furnished with plate an
Basons, and ewers, to lave her c

My hangings all of Tyrian tape
In ivory coffers I have stuff'd u

In cypress chests my arras, cou
Costly apparel, tents, and canop

Five times Ten thousand soldiers

I have no more than all I have;—
 me, she shall have me and mine.
 ay, then the maid is mine from all
 world,
 no promise; Gremio is out-vied.
 must confess, your offer is the best;
 our father make her the assurance,
 own; else, you must pardon me:
 old die before him, where's her
 er?
 it's but a cavil; he is old, I young.
 I may not young men die, as well
 ell, gentlemen, [as old]
 solved:—On Sunday next you know,
 er Katharine is to be married:
 e Sunday following, shall Bianca
 you, if you make this assurance;
 gnior Gremio:

And so I take my leave, and thank you both.

Gre. Adieu, good neighbour.—Now I fear
 thee not; [Exit.]

Sirrah, young gamester, your father were a
 To give thee all, and, in his waning age,
 Set foot under thy table: Tut! a toy!

An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy. [Exit.]

Tra. A vengeance on your crafty wither'd
 Yet I have faced it with a card of ten*. [hide]

'Tis in my head to do my master good:—

I see no reason, but supposed Lucentio

Must get a father, called—supposed Vincentio;

And that's a wonder: fathers, commonly,

Do get their children; but, in this case of

wooing,

A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my

cunning. [Exit.]

ACT III.

A Room in Baptista's House.

Horatio, Hortensio, and Bianca.

Hor. forbear; you grow too for-
 ar;

o soon forgot the entertainment
 Katherine welcomed you withal?
 , wrangling pedant, this is
 of heavenly harmony:
 no leave to have prerogative;
 a music we have spent an hour,
 o shall have leisure for as much.
 gaudious and that never read so

e cause why music was ordain'd
 to refresh the mind of man,
 sion, or his usual pain?
 no leave to read philosophy,
 I please, serve in your harmony.
 ah, I will not bear these braves

na. [wrong,
 he, gentlemen, you do me double
 r that which resteth in my choice:
 icking scholar in the schools;
 ad to hours, nor 'pointed times,
 y lessons as I please myself.

off all strife, here sit we down:—
 instrument, play you the whistles;
 will be done, ere you have tuned.
 r'll leave his lecture when I am in

[To *Bianca*.—*Hor.* retire.
 e will be never—tune your in-
 have left we last? [instrument.

re, madam:—
 lops; *hic est Sigis tellus*;
 rat *Priami regis celsa semis*.

estras them.
 : that, as I told you before,—*St.*
Lucentio,—*hic est*, son unto *Vin-*
lio,—*Sigis tellus*, disguised thus

love,—*hic steterat*, and that
 at comes a-wooing,—*Priami*, is
 who,—*regis*, bearing my part,—

celsa semis, that we might beguile the old
 pantaloon].

Hor. Madam, my instrument's in tune.

[Returning.]

Bian. Let's hear;— [Hortensio plays.

O so! the treble jars.

Luc. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

Bian. Now let me see if I can construe it:

Hic ibat Simois, I know you not; *hic est*

Sigis tellus, I trust you not;—*Hic steterat*

Priami, take heed he hear us not;—*regis*,

presume not;—*celsa semis*, despair not.

Hor. Madam, 'tis in tune.

Luc. but the base.

Hor. The base is right; 'tis the base knave

that jars.

How fiery and forward our pedant is!

Now, for my life, the knave doth court my

Pedascule! I'll watch you better yet. [Love:]

Bian. In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

Luc. Mistrust it not; for, sure, *Æacides*

Was Ajax,—call'd so from his grandfather.

Bian. I must believe my master; else I

promise you,

I should be arguing still upon that doubt:

But let it rest.—Now, *Lido*, to you:—

Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray,

That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

Hor. You may go walk, [To *Lucentio*.]

and give me leave awhile;

My lessons make no music in three parts.

Luc. Are you so formal, sir? well, I must wait,

And watch withal; for, but I be deceived,

Our fine musician groweth amorous. [Aside.]

Hor. Madam, before you touch the instru-

To learn the order of my fingering, [ment,

I must begin with rudiments of art;

To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,

More pleasant, plithy, and effectual,

Than hath been taught by any of my trade:

And there it is in writing, early drawn.

Bian. Why, I have put my gamut long ago.

Hor. Yet read the gamut of *Hortensio*.

Hor. The *Lucentio* says.

The old cally in *Hortensio* threes.

Lucentio says, *Lucentio* says, *Lucentio* says.

Lucentio says, *Lucentio* says, *Lucentio* says.

Bian. [*Reads.*] Gamut I am, the ground
of all accord.

A re, to plead Hortensio's passion;

B mi, Bianca, take him for thy lord,

C faut, that loves with all affection;

D sol re, one cliff, two notes have I;

E la mi, show pity, or I die.

Call you this—gamut? tut! I like it not:

Old fashions please me best; I am not so nice.

To change true rules for odd inventions.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mistress, your father prays you leave
your books,

And help to dress your sister's chamber up;

You know, to-morrow is the wedding-day.

Bian. Farewell, sweet masters, both; I must

be gone. [*Exit BIANCA & Servant.*]

Luc. 'Faith, mistress, then I have no cause
to stay. [*Exit.*]

Hor. But I have cause to pry into this pedant;

Methinks, he looks as though he were in love:—

Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble,

To cast thy wand'ring eyes on every stale,

Seize thee, that list: If once I find thee ranging,

Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *The same. Before Baptista's
House.*

Enter BAPTISTA, GLEMIO, TRANIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA, LUCENTIO, & Attendants.

Bap. Signior Lucentio, [*To TRANIO.*] this
is the appointed day.

For such an injury would vex a saint,
Much more a shrew of thy impatient humors.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. Master, master! news, old news,
such news as you never heard of!

Bap. Is it new and old too! how
that be?

Bion. Why, is it not news, to hear of
truchio's coming?

Bap. Is he come?

Bion. Why, no, sir.

Bap. What then?

Bion. He is coming.

Bap. When will he be here?

Bion. When he stands where I am,
sees you there.

Tra. But, say, what?—To thine old use?

Bion. Why, Petruchio is coming, in a
hat and an old jerkin; a pair of old breech
thrice turned; a pair of boots that have
candle-cases, one buckled, another laced;
old rusty sword ta'en out of the town arms
with a broken hilt, and chapeless; with
broken points: His horse hipped with an
mothy saddle, the stirrups of no kindred;
sides, possessed with the glanders, and like
mose in the chine; troubled with the lamp
infected with the fashionist, full of w
galls, sped with spavins, raled with the
lows, past cure of the fives, stark spot
with the staggers, begnawn with the be
swayed in the back, and shoulder-shou
before, and with a half-chest



TAMING OF THE SHREW.

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GRUMIO and **GRANIO**.
Come, where be these gallants? who
are these? (on the welcome, &c.)
And yet I seem not well.
And yet you look not.

GRANIO. Not so well apparel'd
as you were.
Is it better I should rush in thus?
O Kate! where is my lovely bride?
My father!—Gentles, methinks you
wait.

GRANIO. I am gone this goodly company;
I shew some wonderful monument,
Not of unusual prodigy?

GRANIO. Yes, Mr. you-know, this is your wed-
ding-day. (come.)

GRANIO. Fearing you would not
see that yet, come so unprovided.
O Kate! shame to your estate,
In to our solemn festival.
And tell us, what occasion offimport
Puts you from your father's house?
You better so unlike yourself!
O Kate! were to tell, and harsh to
hear.

GRANIO. I am come to keep my word,
Some part enforced to digress;
I have leisure, I will so excuse
Myself well be satisfied withal.

GRANIO. Is Kate? I stay too long from
church.
Long years, 'tis time we were at
home; not your bride in these narrow-
robes;

GRANIO. chamber, put on clothes of mize.
O Kate! believe me; thus I'll visit her.
O Kate! I trust, you will not marry
done with words;

GRANIO. And meth, even thus; therefore have
be married, not unto my clothes;
I fear what she will wear in me,
O Kate! these poor accoutrements,
O Kate! and better for myself.

GRANIO. A fool am I, to chat with you,
Should bid good-morrow to my
bride.

GRANIO. With a lovely kiss?
GRANIO. **PETRUCCIO**, **GRANIO**, and
GRANIO.

GRANIO. A hath some meaning in his mad
words him, be it possible, [attire:
better ere he go to church.

GRANIO. After him, and see the event of
[Exit.
O Kate! to her love concerneth us to add
O Kate! Which to bring to pass,
be imparted to your worship,

GRANIO. O Kate!—what'er he be,
O Kate! we'll fit him to our turn,
O Kate! by Vincentio of Pisa;

GRANIO. O Kate! here in Padua,
O Kate! than I have promised.
O Kate! enjoy your hope,
O Kate! Bianca with consent.

GRANIO. Were it not that my father's
master

Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,
Twere good, methinks, to shut her up;
Which once perform'd, let all the world say
no,

I'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.

GRANIO. That by degrees we mean to look
into,

And watch our vantage in this business;
We'll over-reach the greybeard, **GRANIO**,
The narrow-prying father, **GRANIO**;
The quaint, malicious, amorous **GRANIO**;
All for my master's sake, **GRANIO**.

GRANIO. Re-enter **GRANIO**.

GRANIO. Signior **GRANIO**! came you from the church?
GRANIO. As willingly as ever I came from
school.

GRANIO. And is the bride and bridegroom
coming home?

GRANIO. A bridegroom, say you? 'tis a groom,
A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall
find.

GRANIO. Greater than she? why, 'tis impossi-
ble.

GRANIO. Why, he's a devil, a devil, a devil.
GRANIO. Why, she's a devil, a devil, a devil.

GRANIO. Tut! she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to
I'll tell you, sir **GRANIO**; When the priest
Should ask—if Katharine should be his wife,
Ay, by *gods'-awakes*, quoth he; and swore so
loud,

That, all amazed, the priest let fall the book;
And, as he stoop'd again to take it up,
The mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a
cuff,

That down fell priest and book, and book and
Now take them up, quoth he, if any list.

GRANIO. What said the wench, when he arose
again? [stamp'd, and swore,

GRANIO. Trembled and shook; for why, he
As if the vicar meant to cosen him.

But after many ceremonies done,
He calls for wine:—*A health*, quoth he; as if
He had been aboard carousing to his mates
After a storm:—Quaff'd off the muscadell;
And threw the sops all in the sexton's face;
Having no other reason,—
But that his beard grew thin and hungerly.
And seem'd to ask him sops as he was drinking.
This done, he took the bride about the neck;
And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous
smack,

That, at the parting, all the church did echo.
I, seeing this, came thence for very shame;
And after me, I know, the rout is coming:
Such a mad marriage never was before;
Hark, hark! I hear the minstrele play.

GRANIO. **GRANIO**.

GRANIO. Enter **PETRUCCIO**, **KATHARINA**, **GRANIO**,
BAPTISTA, **HOMTENSIO**, **GRANIO**, and
GRANIO.

GRANIO. Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you
for your pains:

To devise from my promise. † Matters. ‡ Strange. § It was the custom
to company present to drink wine immediately after the marriage-ceremony.

I know, you think to dine with me to-day,
And have prepared great store of wedding
cheer;

But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

Bap. Is't possible, you will away to-night?

Pet. I must away to-day, before night
come:—

Make it no wonder; if you knew my busi-
ness, You would entreat me rather than stay.

And, honest company, I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away myself

To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous
wife:

Dine with my father, drink a health to me;

For I must hence, and farewell to you all.

Tra. Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.

Pet. It may not be.

Gre. Let me entreat you.

Pet. It cannot be.

Kath. Let me entreat you.

Pet. I am content.

Kath. Are you content to stay?

Pet. I am content you shall entreat me
stay;

But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.

Kath. Now, if you love me, stay.

Pet. Grumio, my horses.

Gre. Ay, sir, they be ready; the oats have
eaten the horses.

Kath. Nay, then,

Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day;

No, nor to-morrow, nor till I please myself.

I see, a woman may be made a fool,
If she had not a spirit to resist.

Pet. They shall go forward, Kate
command:—

Obeys the bride, you that attend on her

Go to the feast, revel and domineer,

Carouse full measure to her maidenhood

Be mad and merry,—or go hang you

But for my bonny Kate, she must wait

Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor st-
ret;

I will be master of what is mine own

She is my goods, my chattels; she
house,

My household-stuff, my field, my barn,

My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing

And here she stands, touch her whoever

I'll bring my action on the proudest

That stops my way in Padua—*Gre.*

Draw forth thy weapon, we're beset

thieves;

Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man

Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not

thee, Kate;

I'll buckler thee against a million.

[*Exeunt PETRUCHIO, KATHARINE*
GRUMIO.

Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple
ones.

[*with*

Gre. Went they not quickly, I should

Tra. Of all mad matches, never

like!

[*you*
Luc. Mistress, what's your opinion?

Curt. Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported?

Gru. She was, good Curtis, before this frost; but, thou know'st, winter tames man, woman, and beast; for it hath tamed my old master, and my new mistress, and myself, fellow Curtis.

Curt. Away, you three-inch fool! I am no beast.

Gru. Am I but three inches? why, thy horn is a foot; and so long am I, at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand (she being now at hand) thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office.

Curt. I prythee, good Grumio, tell me, how goes the world?

Gru. A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine; and, therefore, fire: Do thy duty, and have thy duty; for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

Curt. There's fire ready; And therefore, good Grumio, the news?

Gru. Why, Jack boy! ho boy! and as much news as thou wilt.

Curt. Come, you are so full of coney-catching.

Gru. Why therefore, fire; for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? is supper ready, the house trimmed, rushes strewed, tobacco swept; the serving-men in their new livery, their white stockings, and every edging his wedding-garment on? Be the Jacks out within, the Jills fair without, the carpets laid, and every thing in order?

Curt. All ready; And, therefore, I pray thee, news!

Gru. First, know, my horse is tired; my master and mistress fallen out.

Curt. How?

Gru. Out of their saddles into the dirt; and thereby hangs a tale.

Curt. Let's ha't, good Grumio.

Gru. Lend thine ear.

Curt. Here.

Gru. There.

[Striking him.

Curt. This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Gru. And therefore 'tis called, a sensible tale; and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listening. Now I begin: In private, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress:—

Curt. Both on one horse?

Gru. What's that to thee?

Curt. Why, a horse.

Gru. Tell thou the tale:—But hadst thou not crossed me, thou shouldst have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse; thou shouldst have heard, in how merry a voice, how she was bemoiled*; how he left her with the horse upon her; how he beat her because her horse stumbled; how she rode through the dirt to pluck him off me; how he swore; how she prayed—that never prayed before; how I cried; how the horses ran away; how her bridle was burst; how

I lost my cropper;—with many things, worthy memory; which now shall die oblivion, and thou return unexperienced thy grave.

Curt. By this reckoning, he is more shrew than she.

Gru. Ay; and that, thou and the proudest of you all shall find, when he comes home. But what talk I of this?—call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarco, and the rest; let their heads be sleekly combed their blue coats brushed, and their garters an indifferent; knit: let them curtsy with their left legs; and not presume to touch hair of my master's horse-tail, till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready?

Curt. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Curt. Do you hear, ho? you must meet my master, to countenance my mistress.

Gru. Why, she hath a face of her own.

Curt. Who knows not that?

Gru. Thou, it seems; that callest for company to countenance her.

Curt. I call them forth to credit her.

Gru. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Enter several Servants.

Nath. Welcome home, Grumio.

Phil. How now, Grumio?

Jos. What, Grumio?

Nich. Fellow Grumio!

Nath. How now, old lad?

Gru. Welcome, you;—how now, you what, you;—fellow, you;—and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, I all ready, and all things neat!

Nath. All things is ready: How near is our master?

Gru. E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not,—Cock's passion, silence—I bear my master.

Enter PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA.

Pet. Where be these knaves? What, a man at door,

To hold my stirrup, nor to take my horse? Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip!

All Serv. Here, here, sir; here, sir. [sir]

Pet. Here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! here,

You logger-headed and unpolish'd grooms!

What, no attendance? no regard? no duty?

Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

Gru. Here, sir; as foolish as I was before.

Pet. You peasant swain! you whoreson

malt-horse drudge!

Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,

And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?

Gru. Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not full

made, [heel

And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd with

There was no link to colour Peter's hat,

And Walter's dagger was not come from sheath

ing:

There were none fine, but Adam, Ralph, and

Gregory;

The rest were ragged, old, and beggary;

* Bemoiled. † Broken. ‡ Not different one from the other. § A touch of pity

Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.

Pet. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper.
[Exit some of the Servants.]

Where is the life that late I led— [Sings.
Where are those—Sit down, Kate, and wel-
soud, soud, soud, soud*! [come.]

Re-enter Servants, with supper.

Why, when, I say!—Nay, good sweet Kate,
be merry.

Off with my boots, you rogues, you villains;
When?

It was the friar of orders gray, [Sings.]

As he forth walked on his way:—

Out, out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry:
Take that, and mend the plucking on the
other.— [Strikes him.]

Be merry, Kate:—Some water, here; what,
ho!— [hence]

Where's my spaniel Troilus?—Sirrah, get you
And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither:—

[Exit Servant.]

One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be ac-
quainted with.—

Where are my slippers?—Shall I have some
water?— [A basin is presented to him.]

Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily:—

[Servant lets the ewer fall.]

You whorson villain! will you let it fall?

[Strikes him.]

Kath. Patience, I pray you; 'twas a fault
unwilling. [knave!]

Pet. A whorson, beetle-headed, flap-eard

Nath. [Advancing.] Peter, didst ever see
the like?

Peter. He kills her in her own humour.
Re-enter CURTIS.

Grn. Where is he?

Curt. In her chamber,

Making a sermon of continency to her:

And rails, and swears, and rates, that she
poor soul, [speaks]

Knows not which way to stand, to look,

And sits as one new-risen from a dream.

Away, away! for he is coming hither. [Exit Grn.]

Re-enter PARTRIDGE.

Pet. Thus have I politely begun my reign
And 'tis my hope to end successfully:

My falcon now is sharp, and passing empty;

And, till she stoop, she must not be full-gorged

For then she never looks upon her lure.

Another way I have to man my haggard,

To make her come, and know her keeper's call

That is,—to watch her, as we watch these kites

That bafe, and beat, and will not be obedient;

She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat;

Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall

As with the meat, some undeserved fault

I'll find about the making of the bed;

And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster

This way the coverlet, another way the

Ay, and amid this hurly, I intend, [sheets:—]

That all is done in reverence care of her;

And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night

And, if she chance to nod, I'll rail, and quarrel

And with the clamour keep her still awake.

Beggars, that come unto my father's door,
Upon entreaty, have a present alms;
Is not, elsewhere they meet with charity:
But I,—who never knew how to entreat,—
Am starved for meat, giddy for lack of sleep:
With oaths kept waking, and with brawling
fed:

And that which spites me more than all these
He does it under name of perfect love;
As who should say,—if I should sleep, or eat,
'Twere deadly sickness, or else present death.—
I pr'ythee go, and get me some repast;
I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

Gru. What say you to a neat's foot?

Kath. 'Tis passing good; I pr'ythee let me have it.

Gru. I fear, it is too choleric a meat:—

How say you to a fat tripe, finely broil'd?

Kath. I like it well; good Grumio, fetch it me.

Gru. I cannot tell; I fear, 'tis choleric.

What say you to a piece of beef, and mustard?

Kath. A dish that I do love to feed upon.

Gru. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.

Kath. Why, then the beef, and let the mustard rest.

Gru. Nay, then I will not; you shall have

Or else you get no beef of Grumio.

Kath. Then both, or one, or any thing thou

Gru. Why, then the mustard without the beef.

Kath. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave,

[Beats him.

With ruffs, and cuffs, and
things;

With scarfs, and fans, and
With amber bracelets, be
knavery.

What, hast thou dined?
To deck thy body with his

Enter Tailor
Come, tailor, let us see the

Enter Haberdashery
Lay forth the gown.—Wh
sir?

Hab. Here is the cap ye

Pet. Why, this was moun

A velvet dish;—fie, fie! 'tis

Why, 'tis a cockle, or a wa

A knock, a toy, a trick, a l

Away with it, come, let me

Kath. I'll have no bigge

time,

And gentlewomen wear su

Pet. When you are gen

And not till then.

Hor. That will not be

Kath. Why, sir, I trust,

to speak;

And speak I will; I am n

Your betters have endured

And, if you cannot, best ye

My tongue will tell the an

Or else my heart, conceals

And, rather than it shall, I

Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter,
 nail,
 Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter-cricket thou—
 Braved in mine own house with a skein of
 thread!

Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant;
 Or I shall so be meted* thee with thy yard,
 As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou livest!
 I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.

Tal. Your worship is deceived; the gown
 Just as my master had direction: [is made
 Gramio gave order how it should be done.

Grw. I gave him no order, I gave him the
 stuff.

Tal. But how did you desire it should be
 Grw. Marry, sir, with needle and thread.

Tal. But did you not request to have it cut?
 Grw. Thou hast faced many things t.

Tal. I have.

Grw. Face not me: thou hast braved many
 men; brave not me; I will neither be faced
 nor braved. I say unto thee,—I bid thy mas-
 ter cut out the gown; but I did not bid him
 cut it to pieces; ergo, thou liest.

Tal. Why, here is the note of the fashion
 to testify.

Pet. Read it.

Grw. The note lies in his throat, if he say
 I said so.

Tal. *Imprints, a loose-bodied gown:*

Grw. Master, if ever I said loose-bodied
 gown, sew me in the skirts of it, and beat me
 to death with a bottom of brown thread: I
 said, a gown.

Pet. Proceed.

Tal. *With a small compassed cape;*

Grw. I confess the cape.

Tal. *With a trunk sleeve:—*

Grw. I confess two sleeves.

Tal. *The sleeves curiously cut.*

Pet. Ay, there's the villany.

Grw. Error i'the bill, sir; error i'the bill. I
 commanded the sleeves should be cut out, and
 sewed up again; and that I'll prove upon thee,
 though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

Tal. This is true, that I say; an I had thee
 in place where, thou shouldst know it.

Grw. I am for thee straight: take thou the
 bill, give me thy mete-yard, and spare not me.

Hor. God-a-mercy, Gramio! then he shall
 have no odds.

Pet. Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for
 me.

Grw. You are i'the right, sir; 'tis for my
 mistress.

Pet. Go, take it up unto thy master's use.

Grw. Villain, not for thy life: Take up my
 mistress' gown for thy master's use!

Pet. Why, sir, what's your conceit in that?

Grw. O, sir, the conceit is deeper than you
 think for:

Take up my mistress' gown to his master's use!

O, he, he, he!

Pet. Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor
 paid:—

Go take it hence; begone, and say no more.

Hor. Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown
 to-morrow.

Take no unkindness of his hasty words:

Away, I say; commend me to thy master.

[Exit Tailor.]

Pet. Well, come, my Kate; we will use
 your father's,

Even in these honest mean habiliments;

Our persons shall be proud, our garments poor.

For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich

And as the sun breaks through the dark

clouds,

So honour peereth in the meanest habit.

What is the jay more precious than the lark

Because his feathers are more beautiful?

Or is the adder better than the eel,

Because his painted skin contents the eye?

O, no, good Kate; neither art thou the woe

For this poor furniture, and mean array.

If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me:

And therefore, frolic; we will hence forthwith

To feast and sport us at thy father's house—

Go, call my men, and let us straight to him

And bring our horses unto Long-lane end,

There will we mount, and thither walk on foot

Let's see; I think, 'tis now some seven o'clock

And well we may come there by dinner time.

Kath. I dare assure you, sir, 'tis almost two

And 'twill be supper time, ere you come there.

Pet. It shall be seven; ere I go to horse

Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,

You are still crossing it.—Sir, let's alone

I will not go to-day; and ere I do,

It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

Hor. Why, so! this gallant will comma-
 the sun.

[Exit.]

SCENE IV. Padua. Before Baptista's
 House.

Enter TRANIO, and the Pedant dressed in
 VINCENTIO.

Tra. Sir, this is the house; Please it y
 that I call?

Pet. Ay, what else? and, but I be deceiv
 Signior Baptista may remember me,

Near twenty years ago, in Genoa, where

We were lodgers at the Pegasus.

Tra. 'Tis well;

And hold your own, in any case, with sue

Ansterity as 'longeth to a father.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Pet. I warrant you: But, sir, here com
 'Twere good, he were school'd.

Tra. Fear you not him. Sirrah, Bloude

Now do your duty thoroughly, I advise you

Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio.

Blon. Tut! fear not me.

Tra. But hast thou done thine errand

Baptista?

Blon. I told him, that your father was

And that you look'd for him this day in Pad

Tra. Thou'rt a tall fellow; hold thee t
 to drink.

[Exit Blon.]

Here comes Baptista;—set your countenances

* Be-measure.

† Turned up many garments with facings.

‡ A round cap.

§ Measuring-yard.

|| Appareth.

¶ Brave.

Enter BAPTISTA and LUCENTIO.
 Signior Baptista, you are happily met:—
 Sir, [To the Pedant.]

This is the gentleman I told you of;
 I pray you, stand good father to me now,
 Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

Ped. Soft, son!—

Sir, by your leave; having come to Padua
 To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio
 Made me acquainted with a weighty cause
 Of love between your daughter and himself:
 And,—for the good report I hear of you;
 And for the love he beareth to your daughter,
 And she to him,—to stay him not too long,
 I am content, in a good father's care, [like
 To have him matched; and,—if you please to
 No worse than I, sir,—upon some agreement,
 We shall you find most ready and most willing
 With one consent to have her so bestow'd;
 For curious * I cannot be with you,
 Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say:—
 Your plainness, and your shortness, please me
 Right true it is, your son Lucentio here [well.
 Doth love my daughter, and she loveth him,
 Or both dissemble deeply their affections:
 And, therefore, if you say no more than this,
 That like a father you will deal with him,
 And pass† my daughter a sufficient dower,
 The match is fully made, and all is done:
 Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

Tra. I thank you, sir. Where then do you
 know best, —

We be afflic't, and such assurance to us

Luc. Biondsello, what of that?

Bion. Faith nothing; but he has left
 here behind, to expound the meaning
 moral of his signs and tokens.

Luc. I pray thee, moralize them.

Bion. Then thus. Baptista is safe, talk
 with the deceiving father of a deceitful son.

Luc. And what of him?

Bion. His daughter is to be brought
 you to the supper.

Luc. And then?—

Bion. The old priest at Saint Luke's church
 is at your command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this?

Bion. I cannot tell; except they are hind
 about a counterfeit assurance: Take you ass
 ance of her, *cum privilegio ad imprimendum
 solum*; to the church;—take the priest, clerk
 and some sufficient honest witnesses:

If this be not that you look for, I have
 more to say,

But, bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day
 [Goes]

Luc. Hear'st thou, Biondsello?

Bion. I cannot tarry: I knew a wench
 married in an afternoon as she went to the
 garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit; and
 may you, sir; and so adieu, sir. My master
 hath appointed me to go to Saint Luke's,
 bid the priest be ready to come against ye
 come with your appendix.

Luc. I may, and will, if she be so con
 tented: —

She will be content, then, where'er she should

son, God be bless'd, it is the blessed
not, when you say it is not; [saw :
men changes, even as your mind.
will have it named, even that it is ;
hall be so, for Katharina.
which, go thy ways; the field is won.
I, forward, forward : thus the bowl
d run,
luckily against the bias.—
what company is coming here?
VINCENTIO, in a travelling dress.
Ow, gentle mistress : Where away?
[To VINCENTIO.
Meet Kate, and tell me truly too,
wield a fresher gentlewoman?
white and red within her cheeks!
lo spangle heaven with such beauty,
eyes become that heavenly face!—
maid, once more good day to thee :—
embrace her for her beauty's sake.
will make the man mad, to make
' him.
young budding virgin, fair, and
and sweet,
ray ; or where is thy abode?
parents of so fair a child ;
a man, whom favourable stars
in his lovely bed-fellow I
y, how now, Kate! I hope thou
of mad :
n, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd ;
maiden, as thou say'st he is.
don, old father, my mistaking eyes,
when so bedazzled with the sun,
thing I look on seemeth green :
alive, thou art a reverend father ;
ray thee, for my mad mistaking.

Pet. Do, good old grandsire ; and, withal,
make known
Which way thou travellest : if along with us,
We shall be joyful of thy company.
Fin. Fair sir,—and you my merry mistress,—
That with your strange encounter much
amazed me ; [Pisa ;
My name is call'd—Vincentio ; my dwelling—
And bound I am to Padua ; there to visit
A son of mine, which long I have not seen.
Pet. What is his name?
Fin. Vincentio, gentle sir.
Pct. Happily met ; the happier for thy son.
And now by law, as well as reverend age,
I may entitle thee—my loving father ;
The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,
Thy son by this hath married : Wonder not,
Nor be not grieved ; she is of good esteem,
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth ;
Beside, so qualified as may becom
The spouse of any noble gentleman.
Let me embrace with old Vincentio :
And wander we to see thy honest son,
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous. [saw,
Fin. But is this true? or is it else your plea-
Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest
Upon the company you overtake?
Hor. I do assure thee, father, so it is.
Pct. Come, go along, and see the truth hereof ;
For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.
[Exit PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, and
VINCENTIO.
Hor. Well, Petruchio, this hath put me in
heart.
Have to my widow ; and if she be froward,
Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be unto-
ward. [Exit.

ACT V.

I. Padua. Before Lucentio's
House.
we side BIONDELLO, LUCENTIO,
NCA ; GREMIO walking on the
t.
tly and swiftly, sir ; for the priest
r, Biondello : but they may chance
e at home, therefore leave us.
y, faith, I'll see the church o' your
then come back to my master as
on.
[Exit LUCENTIO, BIANCA, and
BIONDELLO.
marvel Cambio comes not all this
:
RUCHIO, KATHARINA, VINCE-
TIO, and Attendants.
, here's the door, this is Lucentio's
, [place ;
bears more toward the market-
t I, and here I leave you, sir.
I shall not choose but drink before
go ;
will command your welcome here,
likelihood, some cheer is toward.
[Knocks:

Gre. They're busy within, you were best
knock louder.

Enter Pedant above, at a window.

Ped. What's he, that knocks as he would
beat down the gate?

Fin. Is signior Lucentio within, sir?

Ped. He's within, sir, but not to be spoken
withal.

Fin. What if a man bring him a hundred
pound or two, to make merry withal?

Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to your-
self ; he shall need none, so long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you, your son was beloved
in Padua.—Do you hear, sir?—to leave tri-
volumous circumstances,—I pray you, tell sig-
nior Lucentio, that his father is come from
Pisa, and is here at the door to speak with
him.

Ped. Thou liest ; his father is come from
Pisa, and here looking out at the window.

Fin. Art thou his father?

Ped. Ay, sir ; so his mother says, if I may
believe her.

Pet. Why, how now, gentleman? [To
VINCENTIO.] why, this is flat knavery, to take
upon you another man's name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villain ; I believe
2 D

'a means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Blon. I have seen them in the church together; God send 'em good shipping!—But who is here? mine old master, Vincentio? now we are undone, and brought to nothing.

Vin. Come hither, crack-heinp.

[Seeing BIONDELLO.]

Blon. I hope, I may choose, sir.

Vin. Come hither, you rogue; What, have you forgot me?

Blon. Forgot you? no, sir: I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

Vin. What, you notorious villain, didst thou never see thy master's father, Vincentio?

Blon. What, my old, worshipful old master? yes, marry, sir; see where he looks out of the window.

Vin. Is't so, indeed? *[Beats BIONDELLO.]*

Blon. Help, help, help! here's a madman will murder me. *[Exit.]*

Ped. Help, son! help, signior Baptista!

[Exit, from the window.]

Pet. Pr'ythee, Kate, let's stand aside, and see the end of this controversy. *[They retire.]*

Re-enter Pedant below; BAPTISTA, TRANIO, and Servants.

Tra. Sir, what are you, that offer to beat my servant?

Vin. What am I, sir? nay, what are you, sir!—O immortal gods! O fine villain! A

Bap. Talk not, signior Gremio; I say, he shall go to prison.

Gre. Take heed, signior Baptista, lest you be coney-catched in this business; I dare swear, this is the right Vincentio.

Ped. Swear, if thou darest.

Gre. Nay, I dare not swear it.

Tra. Then thou wert best say, that I am not Lucentio.

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be signior Lucentio.

Bap. Away with the dotard; to the prison with him.

Vin. Thus strangers may be hated and shamed—O monstrous villain!

Re-enter BIONDELLO, with LUCENTIO, and BIANCA.

Blon. O, we are spoiled, and—Yonder is he; deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

Luc. Pardon, sweet father. *[Kneels.]*

Vin. Lives my sweetest son?

[BIONDELLO, TRANIO, and Pedant rise.]

Blon. Pardon, dear father. *[Kneels.]*

Bap. How hast thou offended? Where is Lucentio?

Luc. Here's Lucentio,

Right son unto the right Vincentio;

That have by marriage made thy daughter

While counterfeit supposes bear'd thine eyes

Gre. Here's packing, with a wife to deceive us all!

Vin. Where is that damned villain, Tra-

That faced and braved me in this matter

o, sir; God forbid!—but ashamed
[sirrah, let's away.
y, then let's home again:—Come,
ay, I will give thee a kiss: now
thee, love, stay. [Kate;
not this well?—Come, my sweet
than never, for never too late.

[Exeunt.

[I. A Room in Lucentio's House.

set out. Enter BAPTISTA, VIN-
GUENIO, the Pedant, LUCENTIO,
PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, HOR-
TENSIO, and Others, attending.
last, though long, our jarring notes

is, when raging war is done,
'scapes and perils overblown.—
sca, bid my father welcome,
half-same kindness welcome thine:
truchio,—sister Katharina,—
ortensio, with thy loving widow,—
he best, and welcome to my house;
is to close our stomachs up,
eat good cheer: Pray you sit down;
sit to chat, as well as eat.

[They sit at table.

thing but sit and sit, and eat and eat!
hus affords this kindness, son Pe-
io.

hus affords nothing but what is kind.
both our sakes, I would that word
true.

[widow.

w, for my life, Hortensio fears † his
en never trust me if I be afraid.
are sensible, and yet you miss my

rtensio is afraid of you.

that is giddy, thinks the world
round.

andly replied.

Mistress, how mean you that?
as I conceive by him. [tensio that?
ceives by me!—How likes Hor-
widow says, thus she conceives
ale.

y well minded: Kiss him for that,
widow.

[turns round:—

e that is giddy, thinks the world
tell me what you meant by that.

ar husband, being troubled with a
w,

ly husband's sorrow by his woe:
oa know my meaning.

very mean meaning.

Right, I mean you.

and I am mean, indeed, respecting
ber, Kate!

[you.

her, widow! [her down.
undred marks, my Kate does put
at's my office.

[lad.

oke like an officer:—Ha' to thee,
[Drinks to HORTENSIO.

ow likes Gremio these quick-witted
is?

Gre. Believe me, sir, they butt together well.
Blan. Head, and butt fan hasty-witted body
Would say, your head and butt were head and
horn.

[you?

Vin. Ay, mistress bride, hath that awaken'd
Blan. Ay, but not frighted me; therefore
I'll sleep again.

[have begun.

Pet. Nay, that you shall not; since you
Have at you for a bitter jest or two.

[bush.

Blan. Am I your bird? I mean to shift my
And then pursue me as you draw your bow:—
You are welcome all.

[Exeunt BIANCA, KATHARINA, and Widow.

Pet. She hath prevented me.—Here, sir, your
Tranio,

This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not;
Therefore a health to all that shot and miss'd.

Tra. O, sir, Lucentio slipp'd me like his
greyhound,

[master.

Which runs himself, and catches for his
Pet. A good swift; simile, but something
currish.

[self;

Tra. 'Tis well, sir, that you hunted for your-
'Tis thought, your deer does hold you at a bay.

Bap. O ho, Petruchio, Tranio hits you now.

Luc. I thank thee for that bird, good Tranio.

Hur. Confess, confess, hath he not bit you
here?

Pet. 'A has a little gall'd me, I confess;
And, as the jest did glance away from me,

'Tis ten to one it main'd you two outright.

Bap. Now, in good earnest, son Petruchio,
I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.

Pet. Well, I say—no; and therefore, for
Let's each one send unto his wife; [assurance,
And he, whose wife is most obedient

To come at first when he doth send for her,
Shall win the wager which we will propose.

Hor. Content:—What is the wager?

Luc. Twenty crowns.

Twenty crowns.

Pet. Twenty crowns!

I'll venture so much on my hawk, or hound,
But twenty times so much upon my wife.

Luc. A hundred then.

Hor. Content.

Pet. A match; 'tis done.

Hor. Who shall begin?

Luc. That will I. Go,

Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.

Blan. I go.

[Exit.

Bap. Son, I will be your half, Bianca
comes.

[self.

Luc. I'll have no halves; I'll bear it all my-
Re-enter BIONDELLO.

How now! what news?

Blan. Sir, my mistress sends you word
That she is busy, and she cannot come.

Pet. How! she is busy, and she cannot come!
Is that an answer?

Gre. Ay, and a kind one too:
Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.

Pet. I hope, better.

[wife.

Hor. Sirrah, Biondello, go, and entreat my
To come to me forthwith.

[Exit BIONDELLO.]

Pet. O, ho! entreat her!

Nay, then she must needs come.

was a reflection consisting of fruit, cakes, &c. † Dreads. ‡ Witty. § Sarcastic

Hor. I am afraid, sir,
Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Now where's my wife? [in hand;

Blon. She says, you have some goodly jest
She will not come; she bids you come to her.

Pet. Worse and worse; she will not come!
Intolerable, not to be endured! [O vile,

*Sirrah, Grumio, go to your mistress;
Say, I command her come to me.*

[*Exit GRUMIO.*

Hor. I know her answer.

Pet. What?

Hor. She will not come.

Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there
an end.

Enter KATHARINA.

Bap. Now, by my holidame, here comes
Katharina. [for me?

Kath. What is your will, sir, that you send

Pet. Where is your sister, and Hortensio's
wife?

Kath. They sit conferring by the parlour fire.

Pet. Go fetch them hither; if they deny to
come, [bands:

Swinge me them soundly forth unto their hus-
band, I say, and bring them thither straight.

[*Exit KATHARINA.*

Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a
wonder.

Hor. And so it is; I wonder what it bodes.

Pet. Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and
quiet life.

Blon. She shall not.

Pet. I say, she shall:—and first begin at
her. [kind brot

Kath. Fie, fie! unknit that threatening

And dart not scornful glances from those eyes

To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor;

It blots thy beauty, as frosts bite the meads;

Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake the

And in no sense is meet, or audible. [And

A woman moved, is like a fountain troubled;

Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;

And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty

Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it.

Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper;

Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee

And for thy maintenance; commits his body

To painful labour, both by sea and land;

To watch the night in storms, the day in sun;

While thou liest warm at home, secure and safe.

And craves no other tribute at thy hands,

But love, fair looks, and true obedience;—

Too little payment for so great a debt.

Such duty as the subject owes the prince,

Even such, a woman oweth to her husband.

And, when she's froward, peevish, sultry, cross

And not obedient to his honest will,

What is she, but a foul contending rebel,

And graceless traitor to her loving lord?—

I am ashamed, that women are so simple;

To offer war, where they should kneel for peace;

Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,

When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.

Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and reason



WINTER'S TALE.

Persons represented.

King of Sicilia.
his son.

Sicilian Lords.

Illian Lord.

Sicilian gentleman.
on the young prince Mamillius.
court of judicature.
King of Bohemia.
his son.
s, a Bohemian lord.

An old Shepherd, reputed father of Perdita.
Clown, his son.
Servant to the old shepherd.
AUTOLYCUS, a rogue.
Time, as Chorus.

HERMIONE, Queen to Leontes.
PERDITA, daughter to Leontes and Her-
mione.
PAULINA, wife to Antigonus.
EMILIA, a lady, } attending the Queen.
Two other Ladies, }
MOPSA, } shepherdesses.
DORCAS, }

cs, and Attendants; Satyrs for a dance; Shepherds, Shepherdesses, Guards, &c.
Scene,—sometimes in Sicilia, sometimes in Bohemia.

ACT I.

Sicilia. An Antechamber in
Leontes' Palace.

MAMILLO and ARCHIDAMUS.

you shall chance, Camillo, to visit
the like occasion whereon my
now on foot, you shall see, as I
reat difference betwixt our Bohem-
in Sicilia.

think, this coming summer, the king
and to pay Bohemia the visitation
tho' owes him.

herein our entertainment shall
e will be justified in our loves:

—
teach you,—

rtly, I speak it in the freedom of
ge: we cannot with such magnifi-
rare—I know not what to say.—

ve you sleepy drinks; that your
bellicent of our insufficiency, may,
cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

a pay a great deal too dear, for
a freely.

sieve me, I speak as my under-
tracts me, and as mine honesty
terance.

thus cannot shew himself over-kind
t. They were trained together in
broods, and there rooted betwixt
such an affection, which cannot
branch now. Since their more
shies, and royal necessities, made
of their society, their encounters,

though not personal, have been royally at-
tended^a, with interchange of gifts, letters, loving
embassies; that they have seemed to be to-
gether, though absent; shook hands as over a
vast^b; and embraced, as it were, from the ends
of opposed winds. The heavens continue their
loves!

Arch. I think, there is not in the world
either malice, or matter, to alter it. You have
an unspeakable comfort of your young prince
Mamillius; it is a gentleman of the greatest
promise, that ever came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the
hopes of him: it is a gallant child; one that,
indeed, physica the subject, makes old hearts
fresh: they, that went on crutches ere he was
born, desire yet their life, to see him a man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die!

Cam. Yes; if there were no other excuse
why they should desire to live.

Arch. If the king had no son, they would
desire to live on crutches till he had one.

[Exit.

SCENE II. The same. A Room of State
in the Palace.

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, HERMIONE,
MAMILLIUS, CAMILLO, and Attendants.

Pol. Nine changes of the watery star have
been [throug

The shepherd's note, since we have left our
Without a burden: time as long again

Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our
And yet we should, for perpetuity, [thanks;

^a fully supplied by substitution of embassies.

^b Affords a cordial to the state.

^c While waste of country.

Go hence in debt: And therefore, like a cipher,
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply,
With one we-thank-you, many thousands more
That go before it.

Leon. Stay your thanks awhile;
And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to-morrow. [chance,
I am question'd by my fears, of what may
Or breed upon our absence: That may blow
No aneaping* winds at home, to make us say,
This is put forth too truly! Besides, I have
To tire your royalty. [stay'd

Leon. We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to't.

Pol. No longer stay.

Leon. One seven-night longer.

Pol. Very sooth, to-morrow.

Leon. We'll part the time between's then:
I'll no gain-saying. [and in that

Pol. Press me not, 'beseech you, so;
There is no tongue that moves, none, none
I' the world, [now,

So soon as yours, could win me: so it should
Were there necessity in your request, although
Twere needful I denied it. My affairs

Do even drag me homeward: which to hinder,
Were in your love, a whip to me; my stay,
To you a charge, and trouble: to save both,
Farewell, our brother.

Leon. Tongue-tied, our queen? speak you.

Her. I had thought, sir, to have held my
peace, until [You, sir,
You had drawn oaths from him: not to stay.

Not like a guest; so you shall pay your
When you depart, and save your
How say you?

My prisoner? or my guest? by your
One of them you shall be.

Pol. Your guest then, as
To be your prisoner, should import *offe*
Which is for me less easy to commit,
Than you to punish.

Her. Not your gaoler! I
But your kind hostess. Come, I'll quest
Of my Lord's tricks, and yours, who
You were pretty lordlings? then. [we

Pol. We were, fair queen,

Two lads, that thought there was in
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.

Her. Was not my lord the savier *na*

Pol. We were as twin'd lambs, *na*
frisk i' the sun, [c]

And blest the one at the other: we
Was innocence for innocence; we knew
The doctrine of ill-doing, no, nor dream'd
That any did: Had we pursued that ill
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher
With stronger blood, we should have *na*
heaven

Boldly, *Not guilty*: the imposition of
Hereditary ours**.

Her. By this we *ga*
You have tripp'd since.

Pol. O my most sacred lady,
Thou hast been here since thou wast born.

fore I spoke to the purpose:
ave't; I long. [When]

Why, that was when
I months had sour'd themselves
by, take thee open thy white hand,
self my love; then didst thou
of ever. [utter]

It is Grace, indeed.—
now, I have spoke to the purpose

er earn'd a royal husband;
some while a friend.

Using her hand to POLIXENES.

Too hot, too hot: [Aside.
ndship far, is mingling bloods.
or cordis* on me:—my heart

—not joy.—This entertainment
e put on; derive a liberty
as, from bounty, fertile bosom,
me the agent: it may, I grant:
ling palms, and pinching fingers,
re; and making practised smiles,
ag-glass;—and then to sigh, as

[ment
e deert; O, that is entertain-
es not, nor my brows.—Mamil-
oy? [lins,

Ay, my good lord.

I'fecks?
hawcock. What, hast smutch'd
e?— [captain,

a copy out of mine. Come,
eat; not neat, but cleanly, cap-

eer, the heifer, and the calf,
neat.—Still virginalling;

POLIXENES and HERMIONE.

—How now, you wanton calf?
alf?

Yes, if you will, my lord.
I want't a rough pash, and the
bat I have],

me:—yet, they say, we are
as eggs; women say so,
my thing: But were they false
lacks, as wind, as waters; false
be wish'd, by one that fixes
vixt his and mine; yet were it

[page.
oy were like me.—Come, sir
with your welkin** eye: Sweet

[may't be?
my collop!—Can thy damf—
Intention stabs the centre:

ke possible, things not so held
it with dreams;—(How can this
ureal thou coactive art, [be?—

nothing: Then, 'tis very cre-
[thou dost;
co-join with something; and

(And that beyond commission; and I find it),
And that to the infection of my brains,
And hardening of my brows.

Pol. What means Sicilia?

Her. He something seems unsettled.

Pol. How, my lord?

What cheer? how is't with you, best brother?

Her. You look,

As if you held a brow of much distraction:

Are you moved, my lord?

Leon. No, in good earnest.—

How sometimes nature will betray its folly,

its tenderness, and make itself a pastime

To harder bosoms! Looking on the lines

Of my boy's face, methoughts, I did recoil

Twenty-three years; and saw myself un-

breech'd,

In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzled,

Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,

As ornaments oft do, too dangerous.

How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,

This squash! this gentleman:—Mine honest

Will you take eggs for money? [friend,

Mam. No, my lord, I'll fight.

Leon. You will? why, happy man be his

dole!—My brother,

Are you so fond of your young prince, as we

Do seem to be of ours?

Pol. If at home, sir,

He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter:

Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy;

My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all:

He makes a July's day short as December;

And, with his varying childness, cures in me

Thoughts that would thicken my blood.

Leon. So stands this squire

Officed with me: We two will walk, my lord,

And leave you to your graver steps.—Her-

monie, [welcome;

How thou lovest us, show in our brother's

Let what is dear in Sicily, be cheap:

Next to thyself, and my young rover, he's

Apparent to my heart.

Her. If you would seek us,

We are yours i'the garden: Shall't attend you

there? [you'll be found,

Leon. To your own beants dispose you:

Be you beneath the sky:—I am angling now,

Though you perceive me not how I give line.

Go to, go to!

[Aside. Observing POL. and HER.

How she holds up the neb***, the bill to him!

And arms her with the boldness of a wife

To her allowing††† husband! Gone already;

Inch-thick, knee-deep; o'er head and ears a

fork'd one†††.—

[Exit POL. HER. and Attendants.

Go, play, boy, play;—thy mother plays, and I

Play too; but so disgraced a part, whose issue

Will hiss me to my grave; contempt and

clamour [There have been,

Will be my knell.—Go, play, boy, play;—

of the heart. † The tune played at the death of the dead. ‡ Henry fellow.
g with her fingers as if on a spinnet. § Thou wast a rough beast, and thou
that I have. ¶ Boundary. ** Eke. †† Credible. ††† Pen-ent.
a selfish? †† May his share of his own happiness come to him. †††† Not apparent
ent. ††† Mouth. †††† Approving. †††† A harden-one, a cuckold.

Or I am much deceived, cuckolds ere now;
And many a man there is, even at this present,
Now, while I speak this, holds his wife by
the arm,

That little thinks she has been stolced in his
And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by
Sir Smile, his neighbour: nay, there's com-
fort in't,

Whiles other men have gates; and those gates
As mine, against their will: Should all despair,
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themselves. Physic for't there is
none;

It is a bawdy planet, that will strike [think it,
Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powerful,
From east, west, north, and south: Be it con-
cluded,

No barricado for a belly; know it;
It will let in and out the enemy,
With bag and baggage; many a thousand of us
Have the disease, and feel't not.—How now,
boy!

Mam. I am like you, they say.

Leon. Why that's some comfort.—
What! Camillo there!

Cam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. Go play, Mamillius; thou'rt an honest
man.—

Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor

When you cast out, it still came home. [hold:
Leon. Didst note it?

Cam. He would not stay at your petitions;
[Exit CAMILLO.]

In that which seems so.

Cam. Be it forbid
Leon. To hide upon't;—Thou
nest: or,

If thou inclinest that way, thou art
Which boxes; honesty behind, res
From course required: Or else the
counted

A servant, grafted in my serious trust
And therein negligent; or else a fool
That seest a game play'd home, thou
And takest it all for jest.

Cam. My grace!

I may be negligent, foolish, and so
In every one of these no man is free
But that his negligence, his folly, &
Amongst the infinite doings of the
Sometime puts forth: In your affairs

If ever I were wilful-negligent,
It was my folly; if industriously
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence

Not weighing well the end: If ever
To do a thing, where I the issue do

Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non-performance, 'twas
Which oft affects the wisest: these

Are such allow'd infirmities, that he
Is never free of. But, beseech you

Be plainer with me; let me know

By its own visage: if I then deny
'Tis none of mine.

Leon. Have not you seen
(But that's past doubt: you have; & so

ing.

Good my lord, be cured
I opinion, and betimes;
dangerous.

Say, it be; 'tis true.
my lord.

It is: you lie, you lie:
Camillo, and I hate thee;
a gross fount, a mindless slave;
ing temporizer, that
eyes at once see good and evil,
both: were my wife's liver
life, she would not live
one glass.

Who does infect her?
he, that wears her like her
ing.

Bohemia: who—if I
die about me; that bare eyes
in honour as their profits, [that
lecular thrifts,—they would do
do more doing: Ay, and thou,
—whom I from meaner form
and rear'd to worship; who
[heaven,
en sees earth, and earth sees
d,—might'st bespice a cup,
nemy a lasting wink;
to me were cordial.

Sir, my lord,
and that with no rash potion,
ing dram, that should not work
e poison: but I cannot
sk to be in my dread mistress,
being honourable.

—
faketh thy question, and go rot!
so maddy, so unsettled,
elf in this vexation? sully
whiteness of my sheets, spotted,
erve is sleep; which being
netties, tails of wasps?
the blood o' the prince my son;
is mine, and love as mine;
ving to 't! Would I do this?
ench)?

I must believe you, sir;
etch off Bohemia for't: [ness
then he's removed your high-
your queen, as yours at first;
son's sake; and, thereby, for

ngnes, in courts and kingdoms
ed to yours.

Thou dost advise me,
ne own course have set down:
ish to her honour, none.

I,
th a countenance as clear [mia,
ears at feasts, keep with Bohe-
queen: I am his cupbearer;
ave wholesome beverage,
your servant.

This is all:
et the one half of my heart;

Do't not, thou split'st thine own.

Cam.

I'll do't, my lord.

Leon. I will seem friendly as thou hast ad-
vised me. [Exit.

Cam. O miserable lady!—But, for me,
What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner
Of good Polixenes: and my ground to do't
Is the obedience to a master; one,
Who, in rebellion with himself, will have
All that are his, so too.—To do this deed,
Promotion follows: If I could find example
Of thousands, that had struck anointed kings,
And flourish'd after, I'd not do't; but since [one,
Nor brass nor stone, nor parchment, bears not
Let vijany itself forswear't. I must
Forsake the court: to do't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck. Happy star, reign how!
Here comes Bohemia.

Enter POLIXENES.

Pol. This is strange! methinks,
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak!
Good-day, Camillo.

Cam. Hail, most royal sir!

Pol. What is the news? the court?

Cam. None rare, my lord.

Pol. The king hath on him such a counte-
nance,
As he had lost some province, and a region,
Loved as he loves himself: even now I met him
With customary compliment; when he,
Wasting his eyes to the contrary, and fawning
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me; and
So leaves me, to consider what is breeding,
That changes thus his manners.

Cam. I dare not know, my lord.

Pol. How! dare not? do not. Do you
know, and dare not
Be intelligent to me? 'Tis thereabouts;
For, to yourself, what you do know, you must;
And cannot say, you dare not. Good Camillo,
Your changed complexions are to me a mirror,
Which shows me mine changed too: for I
must be

A party in this alteration, finding
Myself thus alter'd with it

Cam. There is a sickness

Which puts some of us in distemper; but
I cannot name the disease; and it is caught
Of you that yet are well.

Pol. How! caught of me?

Make me not sighted like the basilisk: [better
I have look'd on thousands, who have sped the
By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo,—
As you are certainly a gentleman; thereto
Clerk-like, experienced, which no less adorns
Our gentry, than our parents' noble names,
In whose success we are gentle,—I beseech
you, [knowledge

If you know aught which does behove my
Thereof to be inform'd, imprison it not
In ignorant concealment.

Cam.

I may not answer.

Pol. A sickness caught of me, and yet I well
I must be answer'd.—Dost thou hear, Camillo,
I conjure thee, by all the parts of man,

r Hasty. Maliciously, with effects openly harmful. & i.e., Could any man
reply? / For accusation. & Camillo was opposed to sleep; well born.

Which honour does acknowledge,—whereof
the least

Is not this suit of mine,—that thou declare
What incidencey thou dost guess of harm
Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near;
Which way to be prevented, if to be;
If not, how best to bear it.

Cam. Sir, I'll tell you;
Since I am charged in honour, and by him
That I think honourable: Therefore, mark my
counsel;

Which must be even as swiftly follow'd, as
I mean to utter it; or both yourself and me
Cry, *lost*, and so good-night.

Pol. On, good Camillo.

Cam. I am appointed Him to murder you*.

Pol. By whom, Camillo?

Cam. By the king.

Pol. For what?

Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence
he swears,

As he had seen't, or been an instrument
To vice† you to't,—that you have touch'd his
Forbiddenly. [queen

Pol. O, then my best blood turn
To an infected jelly; and my name
Be yoked with his, that did betray the best!
Turn then my freshest reputation to
A savour, that may strike the dustiest nostril
Where I arrive; and my approach be shunn'd,
Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infec-
That e'er was heard, or read! [tion

Pol.

How should this grow

Cam. I know not: but, I am sure, 'tis to
to

Avoid what's grown, than question how;
If therefore you dare trust my honesty,—
That lies enclosed in this trunk, which you
Shall bear along unpawn'd,—away to sleep:
Your followers I will whisper to the business
And will, by twos and threes, at several points
Clear them o' the city: For myself, I'd put
My fortunes to your service, which are lost
By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain:
For, by the honour of my parents, I
Have utter'd truth: which if you seek to prove,
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be more
Than one condemn'd by the king's own word
His execution sworn. [time

Pol.

I do believe this:

I saw his heart in his face. Give me thy hand
Be pilot to me, and thy places shall
Still neighbour mine; My ships are ready, as
My people did expect my hence departing
Two days ago.—This jealousy
Is for a precious creature: as she's rare,
Must it be great; and, as his person's matchless,
Must it be violent; and as he does continue
He is dishonour'd by a man which ever
Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must
In that be made more bitter. Fear o'erwhelm
Good expedition be my friend, and combat
The gracious queen, part of his theme, &c.
nothing

not opines and goblins.

Left have that, sir.
 With down—Come on, and do your
 [ful at it.
 With your spirit: you're power-
 There was a man, —

May, come, sit down; then on
 Would by a church-yard—I will tell
 Shall not hear it. [Heavily;

Come on then,
 [Heavily;
 Others.

How he met their! his train? Ca-
 [them; never
 [Heavily;
 [Heavily;
 [Heavily;

How blest! am I
 [Heavily;
 [Heavily;
 [Heavily;
 [Heavily;
 [Heavily;

Heavily;
 [Heavily;
 [Heavily;
 [Heavily;
 [Heavily;

By his great authority;
 [Heavily;
 [Heavily;
 [Heavily;

I know't too well.—
 [Heavily;
 [Heavily;
 [Heavily;

By his great authority;
 [Heavily;
 [Heavily;
 [Heavily;

I know't too well.—
 [Heavily;
 [Heavily;
 [Heavily;

By his great authority;
 [Heavily;
 [Heavily;
 [Heavily;

I know't too well.—
 [Heavily;
 [Heavily;
 [Heavily;

By his great authority;
 [Heavily;
 [Heavily;
 [Heavily;

I know't too well.—
 [Heavily;
 [Heavily;
 [Heavily;

By his great authority;
 [Heavily;
 [Heavily;
 [Heavily;

I know't too well.—
 [Heavily;
 [Heavily;
 [Heavily;

By his great authority;
 [Heavily;
 [Heavily;
 [Heavily;

That melody doth use:—O, I am out,
 That melody does; for melody will bear-
 Virtue itself:—these shrugs, these hums, and
 he's, [tween,

When you have said, she's goodly, come be-
 Ere you can say she's honest: But he's known
 From him that has most cause to grieve it
 She's an adriestress. [should be,

Her. Should a villain say so,
 The most replenish'd villain in the world,
 He were as much more villain: you, my lord,
 Do but mistake.

Leon. You have mistake, my lady,
 Polixenes for Leontes: O then thing,
 Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,
 Lost barbarism, making me the precedent,

Should a like language unto all degrees,
 And mannerly distinction leave out
 Betwixt the prince and beggar had have said,
 She's an adriestress; I have said with whom:

More, she's a traitor; and Camille is
 A federary¹⁰ with her; and one that knows
 What she should shame to know herself,
 But it with her most vile principal, that she's

A bed-overver, even as bad as those
 That vulgar give bold titles; ay, and privy
 To this their late escape.

Her. No, by my life,
 Privy to none of this: How will this grieve
 you, [that

When you shall come to clearer knowledge,
 You thus have publish'd me? Gentle my lord,
 You scarce can sight me thoroughly then, to say
 You did mistake.

Leon. No, no; if I mistake
 In those foundations which I build upon,
 The centre is not big enough to bear
 A school-boy's top.—Away with her to prison;

He, who shall speak for her, is afar off guilty of,
 But that he speaks of.

Her. There's some ill planet reigns:
 I must be patient, till the heavens look
 With an aspect more favourable.—Good my

I am not prone to weeping, as our sex [lords,
 Commonly are; the want of which vain dew,
 Perchance, shall dry your pities: but I have
 That honourable grief lodged here, which

burns [lords,
 Worse than tears down: Beseech you all, my
 With thoughts so qualified as your charities
 Shall best instruct you, measure me;—and so

The king's will be perform'd!

Leon. Shall I be heard?
 [To the Guards.

Her. Who is't, that goes with me?—Be-
 seech your highness,

My women may be with me; for, you see,
 My plight requires it. Do not weep, good
 fools; [mistress

There is no cause: when you shall know, your
 Has deserved prison, then abound in tears,
 As I come out: this action, I now go on.
 Is for my better grace.—Adieu, my lord:

† O that my knowledge were less. † Spiders were esteemed poisonous

to them. † A thing pinched out of doubt, a puppet.

‡ Only. ‡ Remotely guilty.

§ He merely speaking.

I never wish'd to see you sorry; now, [leave.
I trust, I shall.—My women, come; you have

Leon. Go, do his bidding; hence.

[*Exit Queen and Ladies.*]

Lord. Beseech your highness, call the
queen again. [Justice]

Ant. Be certain what you do, sir; lest your
Pride violence; in the which three great ones
suffer,

Yourself, your queen, your son.

Lord. For her, my lord,—

I dare my life lay down, and will do't, sir,
Please you to accept it, that the queen is spotless
P' the eyes of heaven, and to you; I mean,
In this which you accuse her.

Ant. If it prove

She's otherwise, I'll keep my stables where
I lodge my wife; I'll go in couples with her;
Than when I feel, and see her, no further trust
her;

For every inch of woman in the world,
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh, is false,
If she be.

Leon. Hold your peace.

Lord. Good my lord—

Ant. It is for you we speak, not for ourselves:
You are abused, and by some pattern'd,
That will be damn'd for't; 'would I knew the
villain, [flaw'd,

I would land-damn him: Be she honour-
I have three daughters; the eldest is eleven;
The second, and the third, nine, and some five;
To this house, these three shall come forth to raise

Leon.

How could that be

Either thou art most ignorant by age,

Or thou wert born a fool;—Camilla's

Added to their familiarity,

(Which was as gross as ever touch'd escape

That lack'd sight only, nought for apparel

But only seeing, all other circumstances

Made up to the deed,) doth push on this

Yet, for a greater confirmation, [here

(For, in an act of this importance, twice

Most piteous to be wild,) I have despatch'd

To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,

Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know

Of stuff'd sufficiency: Now, from the

They will bring all; whose spiritual crimes

Shall stop, or spur me. Have I done well?

Lord. Well done, my lord.

Leon. Though I am satisfied, and more

Than what I know, yet shall the oracle

Give rest to the minds of others; such is

Whose ignorant credulity will not

Come up to the truth: So have we thrust

From our free person she should be chosen

Lest that the treachery of the two, fled

Be left her to perform. Come, follow us:

We are to speak in public; for this business

Will raise us all.

Ant. [Aside.] To laughter, as I take it,

If the good truth were known. [Exit

SCENE II. *The same. The center of a Prison.*

Enter PAULINA and Attendants.



under lady hath borne witness,
my before her time, deliver'd.
[Exit]

daughter; and a goodly babe,
in-blow: the queen receives
him: says, *My poor prisoner,*
as you.

I dare be sworn:—
no unseemly lines o' the king!
I won't, and he shall: the office
can best; I'll take't upon me:
my mouth'd, let my tongue
my red-hot anger be [blister;
y more:—Pray you, Emilia,
best obedience to the queen;
set me with her little babe,
ding, and undertake to be
o th' lound: We do not know
often at the sight o' the child;
m of pure innocence
m speaking fails.

Most worthy madam,
nd your goodness, is so evident,
undertaking cannot miss
; there is no lady living,
; great errand: Please your la-
-2 room, I'll presently [diship
seen of your most noble offer;
y, hammer'd of this design;
empt a minister of honour,
be denied.

Tell her, Emilia,
gue I have: if wit flow from it,
ous my bosom, let it not be
[doubted]

Now be you blest for it!
: Please you, come something
[the babe,
m, if't please the queen to send
at I shall incur, to pass it,
rant.

You need not fear it, sir:
demon to the womb; and is
cess of great nature, thence
muchid: not a party to
king; nor guilty of,
vessage of the queen.
elieve it.

Do not you fear: upon
I will stand 'twixt you and
[Exit]

*The same. A Room in the
Palace.*

is, ANTIGONUS, Lords, and
ther Attendants.

sight, nor day, no rest: It is
ness
iter thus; mere weakness, if
not in being:—part o' the cause,
ma:—for the harlot king
y mine arm, out of the blank
ry brain, plot-proof: but she
is: Say, that she were gone,
a, a moiety of my rest

Might come to me again.—Who's there?
[Enter] My lord?
[Advancing.]

Leon. How does the boy?
[Enter] He took good rest to-night;
'Tis hoped, his sickness is discharged.

Leon. To see,
His nobleness!
Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,
He straight declined, droop'd, took it deeply;
Faster'd and frid the charn on't in himself;
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
And downright languish'd.—Leave me solely:
—go, [no thought of him;—

See how his fares. [Exit Attend.]—Fie, fie!
The very thought of my revenges that way
Recoil upon me: in himself too mighty;
And in his parties, his alliance,—Let him be,
Until a time may serve: for present vengeance,
Take it on her. Osmiff and Pollieness
Laugh at me; make their pastime at my sorrow:
They should not laugh, if I could reach them.
Shall she, within my power, [nor

Enter PAULINA, with a Child.

[Enter] Lord. You must not enter.
Paul. Nay, rather, good my lords, be se-
cond to me:

Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,
Than the queen's life? a gracious innocent soul;
More free, than he is jealous.

Ant. That's enough.
[Enter] I Attend. Madam, he hath not slept to-night:
None should come at him. [commanded]

Paul. Not so hot, good sir;
I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you,—
That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh
At each his needless heavings,—such as you
Nonrish the cause of his awaking: I
Do come with words as medicinal as true;
Honest, as either; to purge him of that humour,
That presses him from sleep.

Leon. What noise there, ho?
Paul. No noise, my lord; but needful confer.
About some gossipals for your highness. [ence.]

Leon. How?—
Away with that audacious lady: Antigonus,
I charged thee, that she should not come about
I knew, she would. [me:]

Ant. I told her so, my lord,
On your displeasure's peril, and on mine,
She should not visit you.

Leon. What, canst not rule her?
Paul. From all dishonesty, he can: in this,
(Unless he take the course that you have done,
Commit me, for committing honour,) trust it,
He shall not rule me.

Ant. Lo you now; you hear!
When she will take the rein, I let her run;
But she'll not stumble.

Paul. Good my liege, I come,—
And, I beseech you, hear me, who profess
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
Your most obedient counsellor; yet that dare
Less appear so; in comforting your evils,
Than such as most seem yours:—I say, I come
From your good queen.

Leon. Good queen!
Paul. Good queen, my lord, good queen: I say, good queen;
 And would by combat make her good, so were I
 A man, the worst* about you.

Leon. Force her hence.
Paul. Let him, that makes but trifles of his eyes,

First hand me: on mine own accord, I'll off;
 But, first, I'll do my errand.—The good queen,
 For she is good, hath brought you forth a daugh-
 Here 'tis; commends it to your blessing. [ter;
 [Laying down the Child.

Leon. Out!
 A mankind† witch! Hence with her, out o'
 A most intelligencing bawd! [door:

Paul. Not so:
 I am as ignorant in that, as you
 In so entitling me: and no less honest [rant,
 Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll war-
 As this world goes, to pass for honest.

Leon. Traitors!
 Will you not push her out! Give her the bas-
 tard:— [man-tired‡, unbrosted
 Thou, dotard, [To ANTIGONUS.] thou art wo-
 By thy dame Partlet here,—take up the
 bastard;

Take't up, I say; give't to thy crone§.

Paul. For ever
 Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou [neat
 Takest up the princess, by that forced|| base-
 Which he has put upon't!

Leon. He dreads his wife.

Paul. So, I would, you did; then, 'twere

And, thou, good goddess nature, v
 made it

So like to him that got it, if thou ha
 The ordering of the mind too, 's
 No yellow** in't; lest she suspect a
 Her children not her husband's!

Leon. A ge
 And, Lozel††, thou art worthy to be
 That wilt not stay her tongue.

Ant. Hang all the
 That cannot do that feat, you'll leavi
 Hardly one subject.

Leon. Once more, take

Paul. A most unworthy and unu
 Can do no more.

Leon. I'll have thee born

Paul.

It is an heretic, that makes the fire,
 Not she which burns in't. I'll no
 But this most cruel usage of your ge
 (Not able to produce more accusatio
 Than your own weak-hinged fancy,)
 Of tyranny, and will ignoble make
 Yes, scandalous to the world.

Leon. On your
 Out of the chamber with her. Were
 Where were her life? she durst not:
 If she did know me one. Away with!

Paul. I pray you do not push u
 Look to your babe, my lord; 'tis yo
 send her

A better guiding spirit!—What u
 You, that are thus so tender o'er his
 Will never do him good, not one of:



o see this bastard kneel
er? Better burn it now,
n. But, be it; let it live:
ther.—You, sir, come you
[To ANTIGONUS.
een so tenderly officious
ry, your midwife, there,
rd's life:—for 'tis a bastard,
ard's gray,—what will you
s life? [adventure

Any thing, my lord,
nay undergo,
pose: at least, thus inch;
blood which I have left,
cent: any thing possible.
be possible: Swear by this
a my bidding. [sword*,

I will, my lord.
and perform it; (seest thou?)
hall not only be [for the fall
but to thy lewd-tongued wife;
me, we pardon. We enjoin

nan to us, that thou carry [it
d hence; and that thou bear
nd desert place, quite out
; and that there thou leave it,
sry, to its own protection,
be climate. As by strange

io in justice charge thee,—
il, and thy body's torture,—
id it strangely to some place†,

Where chance may nurse, or end it: Take it up.

Ant. I swear to do this, though a present death [have:

Had been more merciful—Come on, poor
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and
ravens,

To be thy nurses! Wolves and bears, they say,
Casting their savageness aside, have done
Like offices of pity.—Sir, be prosperous
In more than this deed doth require! and
blessing.

Against this cruelty, fight on thy side,

Poor thing, condemn'd to loss!

[Exit, with the Child.

No, I'll not rear

Leon.

Another's issue.

I Attend.

From those you sent to the oracle, are come
An hour since: Cleomenes and Dion, [landed,
Being well arrived from Delphos, are both
Hasting to the court.

I Lord. So please you, sir, their speed
Hath been beyond account.

Leon.

They have been absent; 'Tis good speed; fore-
The great Apollo suddenly will have [tell,

The truth of this appear. Prepare you lords;
Summon a session, that we may arraign
Our most disloyal lady: for, as she hath
Been publicly accused, so shall she have
A just and open trial. While she lives,
My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me,
And think upon my bidding. [Exit.

ACT III.

same. A street in some
town.

HERMIONE and DION.

Her's delicate; the air most
he temple much surpassing
as it bears.

I shall report,
t me, the celestial habits,
should term them), and the

pers. O, the sacrifice!
s, solemn, and unearthly
ing!

But, of all, the burst
ming voice o' the oracle,
nder, so surprised my sense,
ng.

If the event o' the journey
hal to the queen,—O, be't

us, rare, pleasant, speedy,
the use on't.

Great Apollo,
at! These proclamations,
upon Hermione,

Dion. The violent carriage of it
Will clear, or end, the business: When the
oracle,

(Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up)
Shall the contents discover, something rare,
Even § then will rush to knowledge.—Go,—
fresh horses;—

And gracious be the issue! [Exit.

SCENE II.—The same. A Court of Justice.

LEONTES, Lords, and Officers, appear pro-
perly seated.

Leon. This sessions (to our great grief, we
pronounce),

Even pushes 'gainst our heart: The party tried,
The daughter of a king; our wife; and one
Of us too much beloved.—Let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in justice; which shall have due course,
Even § to the guilt, or the purgation.—
Produce the prisoner.

Off. It is his highness' pleasure, that the queen
Appear in person here in court.—Silence!

HERMIONE is brought in, guarded; PAUL-
INA and Ladies, attending.

Leon. Read the indictment.

Off. Hermione, queen to the worthy Leon-
tes, King of Sicilia, thou art here accused

† a practice to swear by the cross at the hilt of a sword. ‡ & c., Commit it to
anger. § &c., Our journey has recompensed us the time we spent in it. § Equal.

and arraigned of high treason, in committing adultery with Polixenes, king of Bohemia; and conspiring with Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign lord the king, thy royal husband; the pretence whereof being by circumstances partly laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and aid them, for their better safety, to fly away by night.*

Her. Since what I am to say, must be but that Which contradicts my accusation; and The testimony on my part, no other boot me But what comes from myself; it shall scarce To say, *Not guilty*: mine integrity, Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it, Be so received. But thus,—If powers divine Behold our human actions, (as they do,) I doubt not, then, but innocence shall make False accusation blush, and tyranny know, Tremble at patience.—You, my lord, best (Who least will seem to do so,) my past life Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true, As I am now unhappy; which is more Than history can pattern, though devised, And play'd, to take spectators: For behold me, A fellow of the royal bed, which owe? A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter, The mother to a hopeful prince,—here standing To prate and talk for life, and honour, fore Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it As I weigh grief, which I would spare: for 'Tis a derivative from me to mine, [honour,

I know not how it tastes; thou For me to try how: all I know is, that Camillo was an honest And, why he left your court, I Wotting no more than I, am ignorant.
Leon. You knew of his departure

What you have undertaken to

Her. Sir, You speak a language that I know My life stands in the level of Which I'll lay down.

Leon. Your actions are You had a bastard by Polixenes And I but dream'd it:—As you (Those of your fact) are so,) so Which to deny, concerns more

For as Thy brat hath been cast out, like No father owning it, (which is More criminal in thee, than it, Shalt feel our justice; in whose Look for no less than death.

Her. Sir, spare you The bug, which you would fasten To me can life be no commodity The crown and comfort of my I do give lost; for I do feel it But know not how it wears: My And first-fruits of my body, from I am barred, like one infection comfort, Starr'd most unlook'dly, is from



: Delphos; and from thence have it
p oracle, by the hand deliver'd
ollo's priest; and that, since then,
it dared to break the holy seal,
: secrets in't.

v. All this we swear.
rask up the seals, and read.
ids.] *Hermione is chaste. Po-*
cessless, Camillo a true subject,
always tyrant, his innocent babe
ten; and the king shall live
hairs, if that, which is lost, be

How blessed be the great Apollo!
Praised!

Must thou read truth?
Ay, my lord; even so
set down.

There is no truth at all in the oracle:
shall proceed; this is mere falset-
ter a servant, hastily. [Hood.
lord the king, the king!

What is the business?
Sir, I shall be hated to report it:
our son, with mere conceit and
's speed*, is gone. [Fear

How! gone?
Is dead. [themselves
ollo's angry; and the heavens
ny injustice [HERMIONE faints]
ere! [—Look down,
is news is mortal to the queen:
t death is doing.

Take her hence:
not o'ercharged; shew'll recover.—
much believed mine own anspi-
er, tenderly apply to her [cious:—
less for life.—Apollo, pardon
CLINA and Ladies, with HERM.
stanceness 'gainst thine oracle!—
me to Polixenes;

y queen: recall the good Camillo;
claim a man of truth, of mercy;
ransported by my jealousies
oughts and to revenge, I chose
the minister, to poison
olixenes: which had been done,
good mind of Camillo tarried
mand, though I with death, and with
threaten and encourage him,
and being done: be, most humane,
th honour, to my kingly great
ay practice; quit his fortunes
[hazard

knew great; and to the certain
ainties himself commended†,
an his honour:—How he glisters
y rust! and how his piety
els make the blacker!
Re-enter PAULINA.

Woe the while!
ce; lest my heart, cracking it,

What fit is this, good lady?

Paul. What studied torments, tyrant, hast
for me! [boiling

What wheels! racks! fires! What faying
In leads, or oils? what old, or newer torture
Must I receive; whose every word deserves
To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny
Together working with thy jealousies,—
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
For girls of nine! O, think, what they have done,
And then run mad, indeed; stark mad! for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.
That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 'twas nothing;
That did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant,
And damnable ungrateful: nor was't much,
Thou would'st have poison'd good Camillo's
honour,

To have him kill a king; poor trespasses,
More monstrous standing by: whereof I reckon
The casting forth to crows thy baby daughter,
To be or none, or little; though a devil
Would have shed water out of fire; ere done't:
Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death
Of the young prince; whose honourable
thoughts [Heart

[Thoughts high for one so tender,] cleft the
That could conceive, a gross and foolish sire
Blemish'd his gracious dam: this is not, no,
Laid to thy answer: But the last,—O, lords,
When I have said, cry, woe!—the queen, the
queen, [vengeance for't
The sweetest, dearest, creature's dead; and
Not dropp'd down yet.

1 Lord. The higher powers forbid!
Paul. I say, she's dead; I'll swear't: if
word, nor oath,

Prevail not, go and see: if you can bring
Picture, or lustre, in her lip, her eye,
Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll serve you
As I would do the gods.—But, O thou tyrant!
Do not repent these things; for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can stir: therefore betake
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees [Three
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter
In storm perpetual, could not move the gods
To look that way thou wilt.

Leon. Go on, go on:
Thou canst not speak too much: I have de-
All tongues to talk their bitterest. [serve I

1 Lord. Say no more;
Howe'er the business goes, you have made
The boldness of your speech. [faint

Paul. I am sorry for't; [then,
All faults I make, when I shall come to know
I do repent: Alas, I have show'd too much
The rashness of a woman: he is touch'd
To the noble heart.—What's gone, and what's
past help,

Should be past grief: Do not receive affliction
At my petition, I beseech you; rather
Let me be punish'd, that have minded you
Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,
Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman:
The love I bore your queen,—lo, fool again!—
I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children;

vent of the queen's trial. † Committed. ‡ I. e., A Devil would have shed
tears of pity, ere he would have perpetrated such an action.

I'll not remember you of my own lord,
Who is lost too : Take your patience to you,
And I'll say nothing.

Leon. Thou didst speak but well, [better
When most the truth ; which I receive much
Than to be pitted of thee. Pr'ythee, bring me
To the dead bodies of my queen, and son :
One grave shall be for both ; upon them shall
The causes of their death appear, unto
Our shame perpetual : Once a day I'll visit
The chapel where they lie ; and tears, shed
Shall be my recreation : So long as [there,
Nature will bear up with this exercise,
So long I daily vow to use it. Come,
And lead me to these sorrows. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. Bohemia. A desert Country
near the Sea.

*Enter ANTIGONUS, with the Child ; and a
Mariner.*

Ant. Thou art perfect* then, our ship hath
The deserts of Bohemia? [touch'd upon

Mar. Ay, my lord ; and fear
We have landed in ill time : the skies look
grimly, [science,

And threaten present blusters. In my con-
The heavens with that we have in hand are
And frown upon us. [angry,

Ant. Their sacred wills be done!—Go, get
abroad ;

Look to thy bark ; I'll not be long, before
I call upon thee.

Mar. Make your best haste ; and go not

Yet, for this once, yea, superstitiously,
I will be squared by this. I do believe,
Hermione hath suffer'd death ; and that
Apollo would, this being indeed the hour
Of king Polixenes, it should here be lost.
Either for life, or death, upon the earth
Of its right father.—Blossom, speed thee!

[*Laying down the Child*
There lie ; and there thy character : but
these ; [Laying down a Bundle

Which may, if fortune please, both keep
thee, pretty, [Poor wretch

And still rest thine.—The storm begins
That, for thy mother's fault, art that expect
To loss, and what may follow!—Weep!—

But my heart bleeds : and most accursed
To be by oath enjoin'd to this.—Farewell!

The day frowns more and more ; and the
A lullaby too rough : I never saw [like this

The heavens so dim by day. A savage
mour!—

Well may I get aboard!—This is the chance
I am gone for ever. [Exit, pursued by a Bear

Enter an old Shepherd.

Shep. I would, there were no age between
ten and three-and-twenty ; or that you
would sleep out the rest : for there is nothing
in the between but getting wenches with child,
wronging the ancientry, stealing, fighting.

Hark you now!—Would any but these
old brains of nineteen, and two-and-twenty
hunt this weather! They have scared away

two of my best sheep ; which, I fear, the

the



alder-bone; how he cried to me
and said, his name was Antigonus,
s:—But to make an end of the
see how the sea flap-dragoned it:
, how the poor souls roared, and
acked them;—and how the poor
roared, and the bear mocked him,
g louder than the sea, or weather.
(name of mercy, when was this, boy?
w, now; I have not winked since
sights: the men are not yet cold
r, nor the bear half dined on the
; he's at it now.

ould I had been by, to have helped
on!

ould you had been by the ship side,
ped her; there your charity would
f footing.

ray matters! heavy matters! but
here, boy. Now bless thyself;
with things dying, I with things
Here's a sight for thee; look thee,
loht for a squire's child! Look
take up, take up, boy; open't.

So, let's see; It was told me, I should be rich
by the fairies: this is some changeling;—
open't: What's within, boy?

Cl. You're a made old man; if the sins of
your youth are forgiven you, you're well to
live. Gold! all gold!

Sh. This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill
prove so: up with it, keep it close; home,
home, the next way. We are lucky, boy;
and to be so still, requires nothing but se-
crecy.—Let my sheep go:—Come, good boy,
the next way home.

Cl. Go you the next way with your find-
ings; I'll go see if the bear be gone from the
gentleman, and how much he hath eaten:
they are never curst I, but when they are hun-
gry: if there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

Sh. That's a good deed: If thou may'st
discern by that which is left of him, what he
is, fetch me to the sight of him.

Cl. Maury, will I; and you shall help to
put him i'the ground.

Sh. 'Tis a lucky day, boy; and we'll do
good deeds on't. [Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

Enter Time, as Chorus.

—that please some, try all; both
y, and terror, [error,—
and bad; that make, and unfold
upon me, in the name of Time,
wings. Impute it not a crime,

is swift passage, that I slide (tried
n years, and leave the growth un-
le gaps; since it is in my power
ow law, and in one self-born hour
ad o'erwhelm custom: Let me pass
I am, ere ancient'st order was,

now received: I witness to
that brought them in; so shall I do
best things now relinquo; and make
ing of this present, as my tale [stale
s to it. Your patience this allowing,
glass; and give my scene such
ing,

I slept between. Leontes leaving
of his fond jealousies; so grieving,
sts up himself; imagine me^{oo},
ctators, that I now may be
temia; and remember well,
ed a son o'the king's, which Florizel
se to you; and with speed so pace
of Perdita, now grown in grace
i wond'ring: What of her ensues,
wophsy; but let Time's news
when 'tis brought forth:—a shop-
l's daughter,

to her adheres, which follows after,
ment t of time: Of this allow
u have spent time worse ere now:

If never yet, that Time himself doth say,
He wishes earnestly, you never may. [Exit.]

SCENE I. *The same. A Room in the Pa-
lacc of Polixenes.*

Enter POLIXENES and CAMILLO.

Pol. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no
more importunate: 'tis a sickness, denying
thee any thing; a death, to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years, since I saw my
country: though I have, for the most part,
been aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones
there. Besides, the penitent king, my mas-
ter, hath sent for me: to whose feeling sor-
rows I might be some allay, or I o'erween't
to think so; which is another spur to my de-
parture.

Pol. As thou lov'st me, Camillo, wipe not
out the rest of thy services, by leaving me
now: the need I have of thee, thine own good-
ness hath made; better not to have had thee,
than thus to want thee: thou, having made
me businesses, which none, without thee can
sufficiently manage, must either stay to ex-
ecute them thyself, or take away with thee the
very services thou hast done: which if I have
not enough considered, (as too much I cannot)
to be more thankful to thee, shall be my
study; and my profit therein, the heaping
friendships. Of that fatal country Sicilia,
pr'ythee speak no more: whose very naming
punishes me with the remembrance of that
penitent, as thou call'st him, and reconciled
king, my brother; whose loss of his most

red. † The mantle in which a child was carried to be baptized.
l by the fairies, in the room of one which they had stolen.

§ Nearest
room.

¶ I. e., Leave unexamined the progress of the intermediate time which
is gap in Perdita's story.

oo Imagine for me.

†† Subject.

‡ Approve

§§ Think too highly.

¶¶ Friendly offices.

precious queen, and children, are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when saw'st thou the prince Florizel my son? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them, when they have approved their virtues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days, since I saw the prince: What his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown; but I have, missingly, noted*, he is of late much retired from court: and is less frequent to his princely exercises, than formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I have considered so much, Camillo; and with some care; so far, that I have eyes under my service, which look upon his removedness: from whom I have this intelligence: That he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

Cam. I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note: the report of her is extended more, than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

Pol. That's likewise part of my intelligence. But, I fear the angle that plucks our son thither, Thou shalt accompany us to the place; where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question: with the shepherd; from whose simplicity, I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. *Re-enter the messenger with news of the*

*If tinkers may have leave to live,
And hear the low-skin budget;
Then my account I well may give,
And in the stocks avouch it.*

My traffick is sheets; when the kite but look to lesser linen. My father named Autolycus; who, being, as I am, still under Mercury, was likewise a supple unconsidered trifle: With die, and dra purchased this caparison; and my reward the silly chest*: Gallows, and knock, so powerful on the highway; beating, and hanging, are terrors to me; for the life to me sleep out the thought of it.—A prize! *Enter Clown.*

Clow. Let me see:—Every 'leven with todatt; every tod yields—pound and oddling: fifteen hundred shorn,—What of the wool to? [43]

Aut. If the springs hold, the cock's a

Clow. I cannot do't without comber. Let me see; what I am to buy for our shearing feast? *Three pound of sugar; pound of currants; rice*—What will sister of mine do with rice? But my husband hath made her mistress of the feast, and lays it on. She hath made me four twenty nosegays for the shearers; three song-men; all, and very good ones; but are most of them meansil and bawls: be Puritan amongst them, and he stags past hornpipes. I must have saffron, to a the warden like *CC: more*



WINTER'S TALE.

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our soul.
d sir, softly, good sir: I fear, sir,
made is out.
ow I cannot stand?
, dear sir: *(Picks his pocket.)*
: you ha' done me a charitable

ck my money? I have a little
od sweet sir; no, I beseech you,
man not past three quarters
e, unto whom I was going; I
e money, or any thing I want;
may, I pray you; that kills my

anner of fellow was he that

w, sir, that I have known to go
-y-dames: I knew him once
prince: I cannot tell, good sir,
his virtues it was, but he was
ped out of the court.

as, you would say; there's no
out of the court: they cherish
ay there; and yet it will no

I would say, sir. I know this
hath been since an ape-bearer;
server, a ballif; then he com-
m; of the prodigal son, and
er's wife within a mile where
ving lies; and, having flown
viah professions, he settled only
call him Autolyas.

om him! Prig, for my life,
wakes, fair, and bear-baiting.
me, sir; he, sir, he; that's the
me into this apparel.

ore cowardly rogue in all Bo-
and but looked big, and spit at
run.

confess to you, sir, I am so
de of heart that way; and that
rant him.

you now?

sir, much better than I was; I
walk: I will even take my leave
e softly towards my kinsman's.
bring thee on the way!

od-faced sir; no, sweet sir.
re thee well; I must go buy
sheep-shearing.

ryou, sweet sir!—*(Exit Clown.)*
ot hot enough to purchase your
rks you at your sheep-shearing
e not this cheat bring out an-
shearers prove sheep, let me be
y name put in the book of virtue!
as, the foot-path way,
rally hant! the stile-a:
wart goes all the day,
at thres in a mile-a.

[Exit.

hine used in the game of pigeon-holes.

Take hold of.

used with ostentation.

Edgewood.

Of station.

SCENE III.—*The same. A Shepherd's Cot- tage.*

Enter FLORIZEL and PERDITA.

Flo. These your unusual weeds to each part
of you.

Do give a life; no shepherdess; but Flora, *(ing*
P. ering in April's front. This your sheep-shear-
is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen on't.

Per. Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extremest, it not becomes
me; *(self,*

O, pardon, that I name them; your high
The gracious mark o' the land, you have ob-
scur'd *(maid,*

With a swain's wearing; and me, poor lowly
Most goddess-like prank'd up: But that our
In every mess have folly, and the feeders *(feasts*
Digest it with a custom, I should blush
To see you so attired; sworn, I think,
To show myself a glass.

Flo. I bless the time,
When my good falcon made her flight across
Thy father's ground.

Per. Now Jove afford you cause!
To me, the difference; forges dread; your great-
ness *(ble*

Hath not been used to fear. Even now I trem-
To think, your father, by some accident,
Should pass this way, as you did: O, the fates!
How would he look, to see his work, so noble,
Vilely bound up! What would he say! Or how
Should I, in these my borrow'd haunts, behold
The sternness of his presence?

Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them: Jupiter *(tune*
Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green Nep-
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-rob'd god,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,
As I seem now: Their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer;
Nor in a way so chaste: since my desires
Run not before mine honour; nor my lusts
Burn hotter than my faith.

Per. O but, dear sir,
Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Oppos'd, as it must be, by the power o' the king
One of these two must be necessities,
Which then will speak; that you must change
Or I my life. *(this purpose,*

Flo. Thou dearest Perdita, *(not*
With these fore'd thoughts, I pry thee, darken
The mirth o' the feast: Or I'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's: for I cannot be
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if
I be not thine: to this I am most constant,
Though destiny say, no. Be merry, gentle;
Strangle such thoughts as these, with any thing
That you behold the while. Your guests are
coming;

Salerno.

Rugget-shov.

Object of all men's notice.

Far fetched.

Lift up your countenance! as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptial, which
We two have sworn shall come.

Per. O lady fortune.

Stand you auspicious!

Enter Shepherd, with POLIXENES and CAMILLO, disguised; Clown, Morsa, Doncas, and Others.

Flo. See, your guests approach:
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.

Shep. Pie, daughter! when my old wife
lived, upon

This day, she was both pantler, butler, cook;
Both dame and servant: welcomed all;
served all;

Would sing her song, and dance her turn;
At upper end o'the table, now i'the middle;

On his shoulder, and his: her face o' fire [it,
With labour; and the thing, she took to quench

She would to each one sip: You are retired,
As if you were a feasted one, and not

The hostess of the meeting: Pray you bid
These unknown friends to us welcome; for
it is

A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your blushes; and present
yourself [Come on,

That which you are mistress o'the feast:
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.

Per. Welcome, sir! 17th Div.

Which does mend nature,—cham
The art itself is nature.

Per. So it is.

Pol. Then make your garden
And do not call them bastards.

Per.

The dibble! in earth to set one at
No more than, were I painted, I
This youth should say, 'twere we
therefore

Desire to breed by me.—Here's
Hot lavender, mints, savory, mar,
The marigold, that goes to bed w
And with him rises weeping; these
Of middle summer, and, I think, th
To men of middle age You are ver

Cam. I should leave grazing, we
And only live by gazing.

Per. Oat, al
You'd be so lean, that blasts of J
Would blow you through and thro
my fairest friend,

I would, I had some flowers o
Become your time of day; and
yours;

That wear upon your virgin brow
Your maidenheads growing:—O
For the flowers now, that, frighted
From Dir's waggon! daffodils,
That come before the swallow dar
The winds of March with beauty;
But sweeter than the lids of Juno!



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load, which fairly trod through it,
reyn out an unsunderd shepherd;
I might fear, my Doricles,
is the false way.

I think, you have
to fear, as I have purpose.
—But, come; our dance, I pray:
my Perdita: so turtles pair,
can to part.

I'll swear for 'em.
Is the prettiest low-born lass, that
[seems,
un-sward*: nothing she does, or
something greater than herself;
this place.

Is her something, [she is
er blood leak out: Good sooth,
cards and cream.

Come on, strike up.
a must be your mistress: marry,
kissing with.— [garlic,

'Now, in good time!
word, a word; we stand upon
morn.—

up.— [Music.
of *Shepherds and Shepherd-*
esses.

Good shepherd, what [daughter?
this, which dances with your
call him Doricles, and he boasts

thy feeding†: but I have it
report, and I believe it;
sooth‡: He says, he loves my
r;
, for never gazed the moon
er, as he'll stand, and read,
daughter's eyes: and, to be plain,
is not half a kiss to choose,
other best.

She dances feath'ly§.
does any thing; though I report
s silent: if young Doricles [it,
her, she shall bring him that
dreams of.

Enter a Servant.
aster, if you did but hear the
door, you would never dance
abor and pipe; no, the bagpipe
re you: he sings several tunes
u'll tell money; he utters them
en ballads, and all men's ears
see.

Id never come better: he shall
ve a ballad but even too well;
it matter, merrily set down, or
at thing indeed, and sung la-

th songs, for man, or woman,
no milliner can so fit his cus-
lover: he has the prettiest love-
ls; so without bawdry, which is

strange; with such delicate burdens of *didies*
and *fadings*; jump her and thump her;
and where some stretch-mouth'd rascal would,
as it were, mean mischief, and break a foul
gap into the matter, he makes the maid to
answer, *Whoop, do me no harm, good men*;
puts him off, slights him, with *Whoop, do me*
no harm, good man.

Pol. This is a brave fellow.
Clo. Believe me, thou talkest of an admir-
able conceited fellow. Has he any unbrided
wares||?

Serv. He hath ribands of all the colours
P the rainbow; points, more than all the law-
yers in Bohemia can learnedly handle, though
they come to him by the gross; lankens, cad-
disses**, cambries, lawns: why, he stags them
over, as they were gods or goddesses; you
would think, a smock were a she-angel; he
so chants to the sleeve-hand††, and the work
about the square on't‡‡.

Clo. Prythee, bring him in; and let him
approach singing.

Per. Forewarn him, that he use no scar-
rilous words in his tunes.

Clo. You have of these pedlars, that have
more in 'em than you'd think, sister.

Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, singing.

*Lawn, as white as driven snow;
Cyprus, black as e'er was crow;
Gloves, as sweet as damask roses;
Masks for faces, and for noses;
Bugle bracelet, necklace-amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber§§:
Golden quoifs, and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears;
Pins and poking-sticks of steel,
What maids lack from head to heel:
Come, buy of me, come; come buy, come
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry; [buy;
Come, buy, &c.*

Clo. If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou
should'st take no money of me; but being in-
thrall'd as I am, it will also be the bondage
of certain ribands and gloves.

Mop. I was promised them against the
feast; but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promised you more than that,
or there be liars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promised
you: may be, he has paid you more; which
will shame you to give him again.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids?
will they wear their plaquets, where they
should bear their faces? Is there not milk-
ing-time, when you are going to bed, or kiln
hole¶¶, to whistle off these secrets; but you
must be tittle-tattling before all our guests?
'Tis well they are whispering: Clamour your
tongues***, and not a word more.

† A valuable tract of pasture. ‡ Truth. § Neatly. || Plain goods-
galloon. ** A kind of tape. †† The cuff. ‡‡ The work about the bosom.
§§ Necklaces were made so to perfume a lady's chamber. ¶¶ Fire-place.
bying mark; still a noted gossiping-place. *** Ring a dumb pall.

Mop. I have done. Come, you promised me a few dry lace*, and a pair of sweet gloves.

Clo. Have I not told thee, how I was cozened by the way, and lost all my money?

Aut. And, indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad; therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clo. Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

Aut. I hope so, sir; for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Clo. What hast here? ballads?

Mop. Pray now, buy some: I love a ballad in print, a'life; for then we are sure they are true.

Aut. Here's one to a very doleful tune. How a usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money-bags at a burden; and how she longed to eat adders' heads, and toads carbadoed.

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true; and but a month old.

Dor. Bless me from marrying a usurer!

Aut. Here's the midwife's name to't, one mistress Taleporter; and five or six honest wives that were present: Why should I carry lies abroad?

Mop. Pray you now, buy it.

Clo. Come on, lay it by: And let's first see more ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad, of a fish, that appeared upon the coast, on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the

M. Thou hast sworn it more to me:

Then, whither go'st? say, whither?

Clo. We'll have this song out soon by ourselves; My father and the gentleman are sad + talk, and we'll not trouble them: I am bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, buy for you both:—Pedlar, let's have the best choice.—Follow me, girls.

Aut. And you shall pay well for 'em. [Aside]

Will you buy any tape,

Or lace for your cape,

My dainty duck, my dear-a?

Any silk, any thread,

Any toys for your head,

Of the new'st; and fin'st, fin'st wear-a!

Come to the pedlar:

Money's a meddler,

That doth utter all men's ware-a.

[*Exeunt Clown, AUTOLYCUS, DORCAS, and MOPSA.*]

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Master, there is three carters, three shepherds, three neat-herds, three two herds, that have made themselves all new hairs; they call themselves galliers; and they have a dance which the wenches say a gallimaufry of gambols, because they are not in't; but they themselves are o'the way (if it be not too rough for some, that know the but bowling,) it will please plentifully.

Shep. Away! we'll none out; here has been too much humble foolery already; we know sir, we wear you.



Old sir, I know
 t such trifles as these are :
 looks from me, are pack'd and

rt ; which I have given already,
 r'd.—O, hear me breathe my life
 cient sir, who, it should seem,
 ie loved : I take thy haud ; this

e's down, and as white as it ;
 's tooth, or the sun'd snow,
 * by the northern blasts twice
 follows this !— [o'er.
 the young swain seems to wash
 s fair before !—I have put you
 restation ; let me hear [out.—
 fess.

Do, and be witness to't.
 his my neighbour too !

And he, and more
 men ; the earth, the heavens, and

[narch,
 crown'd the most imperial mo-
 worthy ; were I the fairest youth
 de eye swerve ; had force, and
 dge, [them,
 s ever man's,—I would not prize
 ove : for her, employ them all ;
 in, and condemn them, to her
 in perdition. [service,

Fairly offer'd.
 shows a sound affection.

But, my daughter,
 like to him ?

I cannot speak
 ng so well ; no, nor mean better :
 n of mine own thoughts I cut out
 his.

Take hands, a bargain ;—
 unknown you shall bear witness
 pter to him, and will make [to't :
 qual his.

O, that must be
 your daughter : one being dead,
 ore than you can dream of yet ;
 'or your wonder : But, come on,
 ore these witnesses.

Come, your hand :—
 , yours.
 ft, swain, awhile, 'beseech you ;
 ther ?

I have : But what of him ?
 s he of this ?

He neither does, nor shall.
 nks, a father
 ial of his son, a guest
 mes the table. Pray you, once
 ther grown incapable [more ;
 affairs ? is he not stupid
 altering rheums ? Can he speak ?

[estate+?
 from man ! dispute his own
 d-rid ? and again does nothing,
 lld being childish ?

No, good sir ;

He has his health, and ampler strength, indeed,
 Than most have of his age.

Pol. By my white beard,
 You offer him, if this be so, a wrong
 Something unfilial : Reason, my son, [son,
 Should choose himself a wife ; but as good rea-
 The father, (all whose joy is nothing else
 But fair posterity,) should hold some counsel
 In such a business.

Flo. I yield all this ;
 But, for some other reasons, my grave sir,
 Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
 My father of this business.

Pol. Let him know't.

Flo. He shall not.

Pol. Pr'ythee, let him.

Flo. No, he must not.

Shep. Let him, my son ; he shall not need
 At knowing of thy choice. [to grieve

Flo. Come, come he must not :—
 Mark our contract.

Pol. Mark your divorce, young sir.
 [Discovering himself.

Whom son I dare not call ; thou art too base
 To be acknowledged : Thou a sceptre's heir,
 That thus affect'st a sheep-hook !—Thou old
 traitor,

I am sorry, that, by hanging thee, I can but
 Shorten thy life one week.—And thou, fresh
 piece [know

Of excellent witchcraft ; who, of force, must
 The royal fool thou copest with ;—

Shep. O, my heart !

Pol. I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with
 briars, and made [boy,—
 More homely than thy state.—For thee, fond
 It I may ever know, thou dost but sigh,
 That thou no more shalt see this knack, (as never
 I mean thou shalt,) we'll bar thee from success—
 Not hold thee of our blood, no not our kin. [ston
 Far † than Deucalion off :—Mark thou my
 words ; [time,

Follow us to the court.—Thou churl, for this
 Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee
 From the dead blow of it.—And you, enchant-
 ment,—

Worthy enough a herdsman ; yea, him too,
 That makes himself, but for our honour therein,
 Unworthy thee,—if ever, henceforth, thou
 These rural latches ‡ to his entrance open,
 Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,
 I will devise a death as cruel for thee,
 As thou art tender to't. [Exit.

Per. Even here undone !
 I was not much afraid : for once, or twice,
 I was about to speak ; and tell him plainly,
 The selfsame sun, that shines upon his court,
 Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
 Looks on alike.—Will't please you, sir, be gone ?
 [To FLORIZEL.

I told you, what would come of this : 'Be-
 seech you, [mine,—
 Of your own state take care : this dream of
 Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch further.

But milk my ewes, and weep.

ed to separate flour from bran is called a bolting cloth.
 † Farther.

‡ Talk over him

§ Doors.

Cam. Why, how now, father? Speak, ere thou diest.

Shep. I cannot speak, nor think, Nor dare to know that which I know.—O, sir,

[*To FLORIZEL.*
You have undone a man of fourscore three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,
To die upon the bed my father died,
To lie close by his honest bones: but now [me
Some hangman must put on my shroud, and lay
Where no priest shovels-in dust.—O cursed
wretch! [*To PERDITA.*

That knew'st this was the prince, and would'st adventure

To mingle faith with him.—Urdone! undone!
If I might die within this hour, I have lived
To die when I desire. [*Exit.*

Flo. Why look you so upon me? I am but sorry, not afraid; delay'd,
But nothing alter'd: What I was, I am:
More straining on, for plucking back; not
My leash * unwillingly. [*following*

Cam. Gracious my lord,
You know your father's temper: at this time
He will allow no speech,—which, I do guess,
You do not purpose to him;—and as hardly
Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear:
Then till the fury of his highness settle,
Come not before him.

Flo. I not purpose it.

I think, Camillo,

Cam. Even he, my lord.

Shall nothing benefit your knowledge,
Concern me the reporting.

Cam. O, my lord,
I would your spirit were easier for ads
Or stronger for your need.

Flo. Hark, Perdita.—[*Takes her*
I'll hear you by and by. [*To Cam.*

Cam. He's irremovable,
Resolved for flight: Now were I happy
His going I could frame to serve my to
Save him from danger, do him love and
Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia,
And that unhappy king, my master, wh
I so much thirst to see.

Flo. Now, good Camillo,
I am so fraught with curious business,
I leave out ceremony.

Cam. Sir, I think,
You have heard of my poor services, th
That I have borne your father?

Flo. Very much.
Have you deserved: it is my father's m
To speak your deeds; not little of his c
To have them recompensed as thought:

Cam. Well, my lord,
If you may please to think I love the k
And, through him, what is nearest u
which is

Your gracious self; embrace but my dir
(If your more ponderous and settled pe
May suffer alteration,) on mine honour
I'll point you where you shall have such)



hall, and bids the other grow, thought, or time.

Worthy Camillo,
For my visitation shall I
love him?

Sent by the king your father
and to give him comfort. Sir,
of your bearing towards him; with
a from your father, shall deliver
us betwixt us three, I'll write you
:

(ting e,
hall point you forth at every sit-
ing say; that he shall not perceive,
have your father's bosom there,
in very heart.

I am bound to you :
as up in this.

A course more promising
dedication of yourselves (certain,
waters, undream'd shores; most
enough: no hope to help you;
shake off one, to take another:
certain as your anchors: who
office, if they can but stay you
to be loath to be: Besides you know
the very bond of love; [gather
complexion and whose heart to-
turn.

One of these is true:
ction may subdue the cheek,
: in t the mind.

Yes, say you so?
set, at your father's house, these
cher such. (seven years,

My good Camillo,
ward of her breeding, as
birth.

I cannot say, 'tis pity
frustration; for she seems a mistress
to teach.

Your pardon, sir, for this;
a thanks.

prettiest Perdita.— [to,—
[herms we stand upon!—Camil-
[my father, now of me;
of our house!—how shall we do?
fornish'd like Bohemia's son;
pear in Sicily—

My lord,
[this: I think, you know, my for-
re: it shall be so my care [tunes
royally appointed, as if [sir,
in play, were mine. For instance,
y know you shall not want,—one
[They talk aside.

Enter AUTOLYCUS.

What a fool honesty is! and
own brother, a very simple gentle-
re sold all my trumpery: not a
stone, not a riband, glass, pomau-
bly, table-book, ballad, knife, tape,
the, bracelet, horn-ring, to keep
them fasting: they throng who
but; as if my trinkets had been

hallowed, and brought a benediction to the
buyer: by which means, I saw whose purse
was best in picture; and, what I saw, to my
good use, I remembered. My clown (who
wants but something to be a reasonable man,)
grew so in love with the wench's song, that
he would not stir his petitions, till he had both
tune and words; which so drew the rest of
the herd to me, that all their other senses stuck
in ours: you might have plucked a pluck, it
was senseless; 'twas nothing, to gild a son-
net of a piece; I would have filed hairs off,
that hang in chains: no hearings, no feelings,
but my sir's song, and admiring the nothing
of it. So that, in this time of lethargy, I
picked and cut most of their festival purses:
and had not the old man come in with a
whoobub against his daughter and the king's
son, and scared my thoughts from the chaff,
I had not left a purse alive in the whole army.

[CAMILLO, FLORIZEL, and PERDITA,
come forward.]

Cam. Nay, but my letters by this means being
seen soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

Flo. And those that you'll procure from
king Leontes,—

Cam. Shall satisfy your father.

Per. Happy be you!

All, that you speak, shows fair.

Cam. Who have we here?

[Seeing AUTOLYCUS.

We'll make an instrument of this; omit

Nothing, may give us aid.

Aut. If they have overheard me now,—
why hanging. [Aside.

Cam. How now, good fellow? Why shak-
est thou so? Fear not man; here's no harm
intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir.

Cam. Why, be so still; here's nobody will
steal that from thee: Yet, for the outside of
thy poverty, we must make an exchange:
therefore, disrobe thee instantly, (thou must
think, there's necessity in't,) and change gar-
ments with this gentleman: Though the pen-
nyworth, on his side, be the worst, yet hold
thee, there's some boot].

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir:—I know ye
well enough. [Aside.

Cam. Nay, pr'ythee, despatch: the gentle-
man is half slay'd already.

Aut. Are you in earnest, sir?—I smell the
trick of it.— [Aside.

Flo. Despatch, I pr'ythee.

Aut. Indeed, I have been earnest; but I
cannot with conscience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.—

[FLO. and AUTOL. exchange garments.

Fortunate mistress,—let my prophecy
Come home to you!—you must retire yourself
into some covert: take your sweetheart's hat,
And pluck it o'er your brows; muffle your face;
Dismantle you: and as you can, disfigure
The truth of your own seeming; that you may,

11 days were called the sittings.
was to prevent infection in those of plague.
over and above.

† Conquer.

† Stripped.

† A little ball made of per-
Birds. † Something

(For I do fear eyes over you,) to shipboard
Get undescended.

Per. I see, the play so lies,
That I must bear a part.

Cam. No remedy.—
Have you done there?

Flo. Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me son.

Cam. Nay, you shall have
No hat:—Come, lady, come.—Farewell, my

Aut. Adieu, sir. [friend.]

Flo. O Perdita, what have we twain forgot?

Pray you, a word. [They converse apart.]

Cam. What I do next, shall be, to tell the
king [Aside.]

Of this escape, and whither they are bound;

Wherein, my hope is, I shall so prevail,

To force him after: in whose company

I shall review Sicilia; for whose sight

I have a woman's longing.

Flo. Fortune speed us!—

Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.

Cam. The swifter speed, the better.

Exeunt FLORIZEL, PERDITA, and

CAMILLO.

Aut. I understand the business, I hear it:
To have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble
hand, is necessary for a cat-purse; a good nose
is requisite also, to smell out work for the
other senses. I see, this is the time that the
unjust man doth thrive. What an exchange
had this been, without boot? what a boot is

blood had been the dearer, by I know but
much an ounce.

Aut. Very wisely; puppies! [And]

Shep. Well; let us to the king; then
that in this fardel*, will make him scratch
his beard.

Aut. I know not what impediment it
complaint may be to the sight of my master.

Clo. 'Pray heartily he be at palace.

Aut. Though I am not naturally honest,
am so sometimes by chance:—Let me pick
up my pedlar's excrement?—[Takes off a

false beard.] How now, rustics? which
are you bound?

Shep. To the palace, an it like your worship.

Aut. Your affairs there? what? with what
the condition of that fardel, the place of your

dwelling, your names, your ages, of what lin-

ing, breeding, and any thing that is fitting

be known, discover.

Clo. We are but plain fellows, sir.

Aut. A lie; you are rough and hairy: lets
have no lying; it becomes none but tradesmen

and they often give us soldiers the lie: lets
pay them for it with stamped coin, not struts

steel; therefore they do not give us the lie.

Clo. Your worship had like to have given
us one, if you had not taken yourself with the

manner.

Shep. Are you a courtier, an't like you, sir?

Aut. Whether it like me, or no, I am
courtier. See'st thou not the air of the court?

no, will break the neck of man, master.

on on, sir!

alone shall suffer what wit can do vengeance bitter; but those me^o to him, though removed I all come under the hangman: the great pity, yet it is necessary—sheep-whistling rogue, a rascal to have his daughter come into y, he shall be stoned; but that t for him, say I: Draw our sheep-cote! all deaths are too at too easy.

old man e'er a son, sir, do you on, sir!

a son, who shall be flayedsted over with honey, set on rasp's nest; then stand, till he rs and a dram dead: then re-rith aqua-vitæ, or some other em, raw as he is, and in the gnostication proclaims t, shall t a brick wall, the sun looking rri eye upon him; where he is with flies blown to death. But t these traitorly rascals, whose

be smiled at, their offences? Tell me, (for you seem to men,) what you have to the ething gently considered t, I'll e he is aboard, tender your presence, whisper him in your it be in man, besides the king, sits, here is man, shall do it.

as to be of great authority:

shep. Ay, sir.

Aut. Well, give me the moiety:—Are you a party in this business?

Clo. In some sort, sir: but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flayed out of it.

Aut. O, that's the case of the shepherd's son:—Hang him, he'll be made an example.

Clo. Comfort, good comfort: we must to the king, and show our strange sights; he must know, 'tis none of your daughter nor my sister; we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does, when the business is performed; and remain, as he says, your pawn, till it be brought you.

Aut. I will trust you. Walk before toward the sea-side; go on the right hand; I will but look upon the hedge, and follow you.

Clo. We are blessed in this man, as I may say, even blessed.

Shep. Let's before, as he bids us: he was provided to do us good. [Ex. Shep. and Clo.]

Aut. If I had a mind to be honest, I see, fortune would not suffer me; she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion; gold, and a means to do the prince my master good; which, who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him: If he think it fit to shore them again, and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me, rogue, for being so far officious; for I am proof against that title, and what shame else belongs to't: To him will I present them, there may be matter in it.

[Exit.]

ACT V.

Have done the time more benefit, and graced
Your kindness better.

Paul. You are one of those,
Would have him wed again.

Dion. If you would not so,
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance
Of his most sovereign dame; consider little,
What dangers, by his Highness' fall of issue,
May drop upon his kingdom, and devour
Uncertain lookers-on. What were more holy,
Than to rejoice, the former queen is well * f
What holier, than,—for royalty's repair,
For present comfort and for future good,—
To bless the bed of majesty again
With a sweet fellow to't?

Paul. There is none worthy,
Respecting her that's gone. Besides, the gods
Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes:
For has not the divine Apollo said,
Is't not the tenour of his oracle,
That king Leontes shall not have an heir,
Till his lost child be found? which, that it shall,
Is all as monstrous to our human reason,
As my Antigonus to break his grave,
And come again to me; who, on my life,
Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel,
My lord should to the heavens be contrary,
Oppose against their wills.—Care not for
issue;

[To LEONTES.
The crown will find an heir: Great Alexander
Left his to the worthiest; so his successor
Was like to be the best.

Leon. Good Paulina,—

Paul. Then, good my lords, bear witness
Cleo. You tempt him over much; [his

Paul. Unless
As like Hermione as is her picture,
Affront his eye.

Cleo. Good madam,—

Paul. I have de
Yet, if my lord will marry,—if you will,
No remedy, but you will; give me the ad
To choose you a queen: she shall not be
young

As was your former; but she shall be
As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, & sh
To see her in your arms. [take

Leon. My true Paul

We shall not marry, till thou bid'st us.
Paul.
Shall be, when your first queen's sp
Never till then. [break

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. One that gives wat himself
Florizel,

Son of Polixenes, with his princess, (the
The fairest I have yet beheld,) desires adm
To your high presence.

Leon. What with him? he comes
Like to his father's greatness: his appear
So out of circumstance, and sudden, tri
'Tis not a visitation framed, but forced
By need, and accident. What trials?

Gent. [Exit

And those but mean.

Leon. His princess, say you, with



lead; there was not full a
berlin.

[month
yikes, no more; thou know'st
gain, when talk'd of: sure,
e this gentleman, thy speeches
o consider that, which may
reason.—They are come.—
names, with FLORENCE, PER-
1, and Attendants.

smest true to wedlock, prince;
at your royal father off,
: Were I but twenty-one,
page is so hit in you,
at I should call you brother,
and speak of something, wildly
before. Most dearly welcome!
rincess, goddess!—O, alas!
that 'twixt heaven and earth
a stood, begetting wonder, as
ouple, do! and then I lost
folly,) the society,
our brave father; whom,
; misery, I desire my life
ook upon.

By his command
ach'd Sicilia: and from him
reetings, that a king, at friend,
rother: and, but infirmity
on worn times,) hath something
ly, he had himself [seized
aters 'twixt your throne and his
rk upon you; whom he loves
(y so,) more than all the scap-
bear them, living. [tres,
O, my brother,
m!) the wrongs I have done

me; and these thy offices,
, are as interpreters [ther,
band slackness!—Welcome hi-
g to the earth. And hath he too
ragon to the fearful Neptu-
tle,) of the dreadful Neptune,
, not worth her pains; much less
of her person?

Good my lord,

Libya.

Where the warlike Smalus,
our'd lord, is fear'd and loved?
yal sir, from thence; from him,
aughter [thence
claim'd his, parting with her:
south-wind friendly,) we have

charge my father gave me,
er highness: My best train
er Sicilian shores dismiss'd;
mia bend, to signify
necess in Libya, sir,
l, and my wife's, in safety
re are.

The blessed gods
stem from our air, whilst you
re! You have a holy father,
ntleman; against whose person,

So sacred as it is, I have done sin:

For which the heavens taking angry note,
Have left me homeless; and your father's bless'd
(As he from heaven merits it,) with you, I beseech,
Worthy his goodness. What might I have
Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you?

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most noble sir,
That, which I shall report, will bear no credit,
Were not the proof so high, Please you great sir,
Bohemia greets you from himself, by me;
Desires you to attach his son; who has
(His dignity and duty both cast off.)
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A shepherd's daughter.

Leon. Where's Bohemia? speak.

Lord. Here in the city; I now came from
him.

I speak amazedly; and it becomes
My marvel, and my message. To your court
Whiles he was hastening, (in the chase, it seems,
Of this fair couple,) meets he on the way
The father of this seeming lady, and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young prince.

Flo. Camillo has betray'd me;

Whose honour, and whose honesty, till now,
Endured all weathers.

Lord. Lay't so, to his charge;

He's with the king your father.

Leon. Who? Camillo?

Lord. Camillo, sir; I spake with him; who
now

Has these poor men in question? Never saw I
Wretches so quake: they kneel, they kiss the
earth;

Forswear themselves as often as they speak:
Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths in death.

Pcr. O, my poor father!—

The heaven sets spies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.

Leon. You are married?

Flo. We are not, sir, nor are we like to be;
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first:—
The odds for high and low's alike.

Leon. My lord,

Is this the daughter of a king?

Flo. She is,

When once she is my wife. [speed,

Leon. That once, I see, by your good father's
Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,
Most sorry, you have broken from his liking,
Where you were tied in duty: and as sorry,
Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.

Flo. Dear, look up:

Though fortune, visible an enemy,
Should chase us, with my father; power no jot
Hath she, to change our loves.—Beseech you,
Remember since you owed no more to time [sir,
Than I do now: with thought of such affections,
Step forth mine advocate; at your request,
My father will grant precious things as trifles.

all of grace and virtue.

A quibble on the false dice so cast.

† Seiz'd, arrest.

† Conversation.

† Descent or wealth.

Leon. Would he do so, I'd beg your precious mistress,
Which he counts but a trifle.

Paul. Sir, my liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in't: not a month
Fore your queen died, she was more worth
Than what you look on now. [such gazes]

Leon. I thought of her,
Even in these looks I made.—But your petition
[To FLORENZA]

Is yet unanswered: I will to your father;
Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires,
I am a friend to them, and you: upon which
errand

I now go toward him; therefore, follow me
And mark what way I make: Come, good my
lord. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *The same. Before the Palace.*

Enter AUTOLYCUS and a Gentleman.

Aut. 'Beseech you, sir, were you present at
this relation?

1 Gent. I was by at the opening of the fardel,
heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how
he found it: whereupon, after a little amazed-
ness, we were all commanded out of the cham-
ber; only this, methought I heard the shepherd
say, he found the child. [It]

Aut. I would most gladly know the issue of

1 Gent. I make a broken delivery of the
business.—But the changes I perceived in the
king, and Camillo, were very notes of admi-
ration: they seemed almost, with staring on

with all certainty, to be the king's
Did you see the meeting of the two
2 Gent. No.

3 Gent. Then have you lost a sight
to be seen, cannot be spoken of. I
you have beheld one joy cross a
and in such manner, that, it seem-
wept to take leave of them; for their
in tears. There was casting up of ey-
up of hands; with countenance of
fraction, that they were to be kno-
ment, not by favour. One king, be-
leap out of himself for joy of his found
as if that joy were now become a
O, thy mother, thy mother! then as
forgiveness; then embraces his son
again worries he his daughter, wit-
her; now he thanks the old sheph-
stands by, like a weather-bitten com-
king's reigns. I never heard of an
encounter, which lames report to fo-
and does description to do it.

2 Gent. What, pray you, became
nuz, that carried hence the child?

3 Gent. Like an old tale still;
have matter to rehearse, though err'd
and not an ear open: He was too
with a bear; this avouches the shep-
who has not only his innocence, (as
much,) to justify him, but a hand-
rings, of his, that Paulina knows.

1 Gent. What became of his fol-
lowers?

saw newly performed by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano; who, had he himself eternity, and could put breath into his work, would beguile nature of her custom, so perfectly he is like ap: he so near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that, they say, one would speak to her, and stand in hope of answer: thither, with all greediness of affection, are they gone; and there they intend to sup.

Gen. I thought, she had some great matter were in hand; for she hath privately, twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing?

Gen. Who would be thence, that has the benefit of access? every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born: our absence makes us tardy to our knowledge. Let's along.

[*Exeunt Gentlemen.*]

Aut. Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the shore; told him, I heard him talk of a fardel, and I know not what: but he, at that time, overheard of the shepherd's daughter, (so he then took her to be,) who began to be much suspected, and himself little better, extremity of weather confounding, this mystery remained undiscovered. But 'tis all one to me: for had I been the finder-out of this secret, it would not have relished among any other discredits.

[*Enter Shepherd and Clown.*]

Here come those I have done good to, against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

Shep. Come, boy; I am past more children; but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Cl. You are well met, sir: You denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born: See you these clothes? say, you were not, and think me still no gentleman now: you were best say, these robes are not gentlemen born. Give me the lie; do; and by whether I am not now a gentleman born.

Aut. I know, you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

Cl. Ay, and have been so any time these ten hours.

Shep. And so have I, boy.

Cl. So you have:—but I was a gentleman born before my father: for the king's son took me by the hand, and called me, brother; and then the two kings called my father, brother; and then the prince, my brother, and the princess, my sister, called my father, father; and so we wept: and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

Shep. We may live, son, to shed many more.

Cl. Ay; or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon all the faults I have committed to your worship, and to give me your good report to the prince my master.

Shep. 'Pr'ythee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Cl. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good worship.

Cl. Give me thy hand: I will swear to th prince, thou art as honest a true fellow as an is in Bohemia.

Shep. You may say it, but not swear it.

Cl. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman. Let boors and franklins say it, I'll swear it.

Shep. How if it be false, son?

Cl. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it, in the behalf of his friend:—An I'll swear to the prince, thou art a tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk but I know, thou art no tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunk; but I'll swear it: and I would, thou would'st be a tall fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will prove so, sir, to my power.

Cl. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow. If I do not wonder, how thou darest venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not.—Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture. Come follow us: we'll be thy good masters. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE III. *The same. A Room in Paulina's House.*

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CAMILLO, PAULINA, Lords, and Attendants.

Leon. O grave and good Paulina, the great That I have had of thee! [*Comfor*]

Paul. What, sovereign sir,

I did not well, I meant well: All my services You have paid home: but that you have vouchsafed [*contracts*]

With your crown'd brother, and these you Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor household visit It is a surplus of your grace, which never My life may last to answer.

Leon. O Paulina,

We honour you with trouble: But we came To see the statue of our queen: your gallery Have we pass'd through, not without much In many singularities; but we saw not [*content*] That which my daughter came to look upon, The statue of her mother.

Paul. As she lived peerless,

So her dead likeness, I do well believe, Excels whatever yet you look'd upon, Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it Lonely, apart: But here it is: prepare To see the life as lively mock'd, as ever [*well*]

Still sleep mock'd death: behold; and say, 'tis [*Paulina undraws a Curtain, and discovers a statue.*]

I like your silence, it the more shows off Your wonder: But yet speak:—first, you, my Comes it not something near? [*liege*]

Leon. Her natural posture!

Chide me, dear stone; that I may say, indeed Thou art Hermione: or, rather, thou art she, In thy not chiding; for she was as tender, As infancy, and grace.—But yet, Paulina,

Hermione was not so much wrinkled; nothing
So aged, as this seems.

Pol. O, not by much. [Hence;

Paul. So much the more our carver's excel-
Which lets go by some sixteen years, and
As she lived now. [makes her

Leon. As now she might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my soul. O, thus she stood,
Even with such life of majesty, (warm life,
As now it coldly stands,) when first I woo'd her!
I am ashamed: Does not the stone rebuke me,
For being more stone than it!—O, royal piece,
There's magic in thy majesty; which has
My evils conjured to remembrance; and
From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,
Standing like stone with thee!

Per. And give me leave;
And do not say, 'tis superstition, that
I kneel, and then implore her blessing.—Lady,
Dear queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours, to kiss.

Paul. O, patience;
The statue is but newly fix'd, the colour's
Not dry. [laid on;

Com. My lord, your sorrow was too sore
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,
So many summers, dry; scarce any joy
Did ever so long live; no sorrow,
But kill'd itself much sooner.

Pol. Dear my brother,
Let him, that was the cause of this, have power
To take off so much grief from you, as he
Will piece up in himself.

Paul. Indeed, my lord,

Paul. Good my lord, forbear:
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;
You'll mar it, if you kiss it; stain your own
With oily painting: Shall I draw the curtain?

Leon. No, not these twenty years.

Per. No long coil
Stand by, a looker-on.

Paul. Either forbear,
Quit presently the chapel; or resolve you
For more amazement: If you can behold,
I'll make the statue move indeed; descend
And take you by the hand: but then go
(Which I protest against,) I am assisted [By
By wicked powers.

Leon. What you can make her
I am content to look on: what to speak,
I am content to hear; for 'tis as easy
To make her speak, as move.

Paul. It is required, [Is
You do awake your faith: Then, all sit
Or those, that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.

Leon. Proceed;

No foot shall stir.

Paul. Music; awake her: strike
[Music

'Tis time; descend; be stone no more:
proach;

Strike all that look upon with marvel. Go
I'll fill your grave up: stir; nay, come as
Bequeath to death your numbness, for from
Dear life redeems you.—You perceive she stirs

[HERMIONE comes down from the Pedestal
Start not: her actions shall be holy, as,
You hear, my spell is lawful: do not shun



WINTER'S TALE.

nire, upon this path to trouble
rich like relation.—Go together,
a winnow^g all; your exhibition
every one. I, an old turtle,
me to come wither'd bough; and
it's never to be found again, (there
I am lost.

O peace, Paulina;
'st a husband take by my consent,
, a wife: this is a match, (mine;
sweeten's my vow. Thou hast found
to be question'd: for I saw her,
, dead; and have, in vain, said

in her grave: I'll not seek for
anly know his mind,) to find thee

An honourable husband:—Come, Camilla,
And take her by the hand: whose worth, and
is richly noted; and here justified (honesty,
By us, a pair of kings.—Let's from this place.—
What?—Look upon my brother:—both your
pardon,

That'er I put between your holy looks
My ill suspicion.—This your son-in-law,
And son unto the king, (whom heavens dis-
recting.)

Is troth-plight to your daughter.—Good Pau-
Lead us from hence; where we may leisurely
Each one demand, and answer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of time, since first
We were discover'd; Hastily lead away.

(Exeunt.)

who by this discovery have gained what you desired.

† Participate.

as Dr. Warburton justly observes, is, with all its absurdities, very entertaining.
of Antiochus is naturally conceived, and strongly represented.—JONSON.

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

Persons represented.

SOLINUS, duke of Ephesus.
ÆGEON, a merchant of Syracuse.

ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, } twin brothers, and sons to
ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, } Ægeon and Emilia, but un-
known to each other.

DROMIO of Ephesus, } twin brothers, and Attendants
DROMIO of Syracuse, } on the two Antipholus.
laves.

BALTHAZAR, a merchant.

ANGELO, a goldsmith.

A Merchant, friend to Antipholus of

Syracuse.

PINCH, a schoolmaster, and a confu

ÆMILIA, wife to Ægeon, an abbess at

Syracuse.

ADRIANA, wife to Antipholus of Eph

Luciana, her sister.

LUCK, her servant.

A Courtesan.

Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.

Scene, — Ephesus.

ACT I.

SCENE I. A Hall in the Duke's Palace.

Enter Duke, ÆGEON, Gaoler, Officer, and other Attendants,

Æg. Proceed, Solinus, to procure my fall,
And, by the doom of death, end woes and all.

Duke. Merchant of Syracuse, plead no more;
I am not partial, to infringe our laws:

The enmity and discord, which of late [duke
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your

Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable
Yet, that the world may witness, that
Was wrought by nature's, not by vile
I'll utter what my sorrow gives me less
In Syracuse was I born; and wed
Unto a woman, happy but for me,
And by me too, had not our hap been
With her I lived in joy; our wealth in
By prosperous voyages I often made
To Epidamnus, till my factor's death



more for what she saw must come,
 plainings of the pretty babes,
 'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,
 to seek delays for them and me.
 was,—for other means was none—
 sought for safety by our boat,
 ship, then blinking-ripe, to us:
 ore careful for the latter-born,
 d him into a small spare mast,
 sailing men provide for storms;
 of the other twins was bound,
 d been like headful of the other.
 s thus disposed, my wife and I,
 eyes on whom our care was fix'd,
 selves at either end the mast;
 y straight, obedient to the stream.
 ed towards Corinth, as we thought
 we saw, gazing upon the earth,
 those vapours that offended us;
 benefit of his wish'd light,
 m'd calm, and we discovered
 from far making amain to us,
 that, of Epidaurus this:
 y came,—O, let me say no more!
 sequel by that went before. [off so;
 say, forward, old man, do not break
 y pity, though not pardon thee.
 had the gods done so, I had not now
 trun'd them merciless to us!
 s ships could meet by twice five
 ars,
 encounter'd by a mighty rock;
 ag violently borne upon,
 ship was splitted in the midst,
 this unjust divorce of us,
 d left to both of us alike
 light in, what to sorrow for.
 oor soul! seeming as burdened
 weight, but not with lesser woe,
 d with more speed before the wind;
 sight they three were taken up
 an of Corinth, as we thought.
 another ship had seized on us!
 sing whom it was their hap to save,
 his welcome to their shipwreck'd
 us;
 have reft* the fishers of their prey,
 our bark been very slow of sail,
 here homeward did they bend their
 re.—
 you heard me sever'd from my bliss;
 fortunes was my life prolong'd,
 stories of my own mishaps.
 And, for the sake of them thou sor-
 favour to dilate at full [rowest for,
 behalf'n of them, and thee, till now.
 ly youngest boy, and yet my eldest
 s years became inquisitive [care,
 brother; and importuned me,
 tendant, (for his case was like,
 s brother, but retain'd his name,)
 r him company in the quest of him:
 what I labour'd of a love to see,
 s the loss of whom I loved.
 ners have I spent in furthest Greece,

Roaming clean† through the bounds of Asia,
 And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus;
 Hopeless to find, yet loth to leave unsought,
 Or that, or any place that harbours men.
 But here must end the story of my life;
 And happy were I in my timely death,
 Could all my travels warrant me they live.

Distr. Hopeless Ægeon, whom the fates have
 To bear the extremity of dire mishap! [mark'd
 Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,
 Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,
 Which princes, would they, may not disdain,
 My soul should sue as advocate for thee.
 But, though thou art adjudged to the death,
 And passed sentence may not be recall'd,
 But to our honour's great disparagement,
 Yet will I favour thee in what I can:
 Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day,
 To seek thy help by beneficial help:
 Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus;
 Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,
 And live; if not, then thou art doom'd to die:—
 Gaoler, take him to thy custody.

Gaol. I will, my lord.

Æge. Hopeless, and helpless, doth Ægeon
 wend!:

But to procrastinate his lifeless end. [Exit.

SCENE II. A public Place.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO of Syracuse and a Merchant.

Mer. Therefore, give out, you are of Epidam-
 num,
 Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.
 This very day, a Syracusan merchant
 Is apprehended for arrival here;
 And, not being able to buy out his life,
 According to the statute of the town,
 Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.
 There is your money that I had to keep. [hest,
Ant. S. Go bear it to the Centaur's, where we
 And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.
 Within this hour it will be dinner-time:
 Till that, I'll view the manners of the town,
 Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
 And then return, and sleep within mine inn;
 For with long travel I am stiff and weary.
 Get thee away. [your word,
Dro. S. Many a man would take you at
 And go indeed, having so good a mean.

[*Exit DRO. S.*
Ant. S. A trusty villain], sir; that very oit,
 When I am dull with care and melancholy,
 Lightens my humour with his merry jests.
 What, will you walk with me about the town,
 And then go to my inn, and dine with me?

Mer. I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,
 Of whom I hope to make much benefit;
 I crave your pardon. Soon, at five o'clock,
 Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart*,
 And afterwards consort you till bed-time;
 My present business calls me from you now.

Ant. S. Farewell till then: I will go lose
 myself,
 And wander up and down, to view the city.

* Clear, completely. † Ob. ‡ The sign of their hotel. § i. e. Servant.
 * Exchange, market-place.

Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own content. *[Exit Merchant.]*

Ant. S. He that commends me to mine own content,

Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the ocean seeks another drop;
Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself:
So I, to find a mother, and a brother,
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.

Enter Duomo of Ephesus.

Here comes the almanack of my true date,—
What now! How chance, thou art returned so soon?

Dro. E. Return'd so soon! rather approach'd
The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit;
The clock has stricken twelve upon the bell,
My mistress made it one upon my cheek:
She is so hot, because the meat is cold;
The meat is cold, because you come not home;
You come not home because you have no stomach;

You have no stomach, having broke your fast;
But we, that know what 'tis to fast and pray,
Are penitent for your default to-day. *[I pray:]*

Ant. S. Stop in your wind, sir; tell me this,
Where have you left the money that I gave you?

Dro. E. O,—six-pence, that I had o' Wednesday last,

To pay the saddler for my mistress' crupper;—
The saddler had it, sir, I kept it not.

Ant. S. I am not in a sportive humour now:

Reserve them till a merrier hour!
Where is the gold I gave in charge?

Dro. E. To me, sir? why you gave it to me.

Ant. S. Come on, sir, leave
And tell me, how thou hast disposed

Dro. E. My charge was but
from the mart

Home to your house, the Phoenix;
My mistress, and her sister, stay'd

Ant. S. Now, as I am a christian
me,

In what safe place you have hid
Or I shall break that merry season
That stands on tricks when I am hid

Where is the thousand marks thou
Dro. E. I have some marks of

my pate,
Some of my mistress' marks upon

But not a thousand marks between
If I should pay your worship the

Perchance, you will not bear the
Ant. S. Thy mistress' marks? w

slave, hast thou? *[Exit]*
Dro. E. Your worship's wife,

She that doth fast, till you come hot
And prays, that you will hie you

ner.
Ant. S. What, wilt thou flout?

Being forbid? There, take you this
Dro. E. What mean you, sir,

Take, hold your hands;
Nay, an you will not, sir, I'll take

to their children, and their lords :
I will attend on their accords.

A servitude makes you to keep
[bed.
this, but troubles of the marriage
were you wedded, you would
some way.

I learn love, I'll practise to obey.
If your husband start some other
[forbear.

He come home again, I would
once, unmoved, no marvel though
me ;

we, that have no other cause,
soul, bruise'd with adversity,
piet, when we hear it cry ;
burden'd with like weight of

[plain :
more, we should ourselves com-
at least no unkind mate to grieve

[lieve me :
g helpless patience wouldst re-
live to see like right bereft,

ged patience in thee will be left.
I, I will marry one day, but to

[ugh.
your man, now is your husband
ter DROMIO of Ephesus.

Is your tardy master now at hand ?
Nay, he is at two hands with me,
two ears can witness.

A, didst thou speak with him ?
'st thou his mind ?

Ay, ay, he told his mind upon
ear :

hand, I scarce could understand it.
like he so doubtfully, thou couldst
meaning ?

Nay, he struck so plainly I could
his blows ; and withal so doubt-
could scarce understand them.

ay, I pry thee, is he coming home ?
hath great care to please his wife.
Why, mistress, sure my master is

mad, thou villain !
[mean not cuckold-mad ; but, sure,
bark mad :

red him to come home to dinner,
for a thousand marks in gold :

time, quoth I ; My gold, quoth he,
doth burn, quoth I ; My gold,
he :

[quoth he :
ame home ? quoth I ; My gold,
a thousand marks I gave thee,
is ?

[quoth he :
noth I, is burn'd ; My gold,
as, sir, quoth I ; Hang up thy
us :

[dress.
thy mistress ; out on thy mis-
th who ?

[quoth my master : [mistress ;--
oth he, so house, no wife, no
around, one unto my tongue, . . .
I bear home upon my shoulders ;

For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.

Adr. Go back again, thou slave, and fetch
him home. [home :

Dro. E. Go back again, and be new beaten
For God's sake, send some other messenger.

Adr. Back, slave, or I will break thy pate
across. [other beating :

Dro. E. And he will bless that cross with
Between you I shall have a holy head.

Adr. Hence, prating peasant ; fetch thy
master home. [with me,

Dro. E. Am I so round with you, as you
That like a football you do spurn me thus ?
You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me
hither :

If I last in this service, you must case me in
leather. [Exit.

Luc. Fie, how impatience low'reth in your
face. [grace,

Adr. His company must do his misfoun-
Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.
Hath homely age the alluring beauty took
From my poor cheek ? then he hath wasted it :

Are my discourses dull ? barren my wit ?
If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,
Unkindness blunts it, more than marble hard.

Do their gay vestments his affections bait ?
That's not my fault, he's master of my state :

What ruins are in me, that can be found
By him not ruined ? then is he the ground
Of my defeatures : My decayed fair ?

A sunny look of his would soon repair :
But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale,
And feeds from home ; poor I am but his
stale. [heuce.

Luc. Self-arming jealousy !—See, beat it
[dispense.

Adr. Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs
I know his eye doth homage elsewhere ;
Or else, what lets it, it but he would be here ?

Sister, you know, he promised me a chain ;—
Would that alone alone he would detain,
So he would keep fair quarter with his bed !

I see, the jewel, best enamelled,
Will lose his beauty ; and though gold 'bides
still,

That others touch, yet often touching will
Wear gold : and so no man, that hath a name,
But falsehood and corruption doth it shame.

Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,
I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.

Luc. How many fond fools serve mad
jealousy ! [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. The same.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.

Ant. S. The gold, I gave to Dromio, is laid up
Safe at the Centaur ; and the heedful slave
Is wander'd forth, in care to seek me out.

By computation, and mine host's report,
I could not speak with Dromio, since at first
I sent him from the mart : See, there he comes.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

How now, dost thou not march toward cheer'd ?
As you love strokes, so jest with me again.

Source shall under the . . . All . . . for falsehood . . .
Stalling horse . . .

Y^e know no Centaur? you received no gold?
Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner?
My house was at the Phoenix? Wast thou mad,
That thus so madly thou didst answer me?

Dro. S. What answer, sir? when spake I
such a word? [hour since.]

Ant. S. Even now, even here, not half an

Dro. S. I did not see you since you sent
me hence, [gave me.

Home to the Centaur, with the gold you

Ant. S. Villain, thou didst deny the gold's
receipt;

And told'st me of a mistress, and a dinner;

For which, I hope, thou feel'st I was displeased.

Dro. S. I am glad to see you in this merry
ven; [tell me.

What means this jest? I pray you, master,

Ant. S. Yea, dost thou jest, and dost me
in the teeth?

Thank'st thou, I jest? Hold, take thou that,
and that. [Bouting him.

Dro. S. Hold, sir, for God's sake; now
your jest is earnest;

Upon what bargain do you give it me?

Ant. S. Because that I tanimely sometimes

Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,

Your sauciness will jest up on my love,

And make a communion of my serious hours.

When the sun shines, let foolish gnats make

sport, [beams.

But creep in crannies, when he hides his

If you will jest with me, know my aspect,

And fashion your demeanour to my looks.

Ant. S. Your reason?

Dro. S. Lest it make you choleric,
purchase me another dry basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, learn to jest in good
There's a time for all things.

Dro. S. I durst have denied that, before
were so choleric.

Ant. S. By what rule, sir?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, by a rule as plain
plain bald pate of father Time himself.

Ant. S. Let's hear it.

Dro. S. There's no time for a man to
ever his hair, that grows bald by nature.

Ant. S. May he not do it by fine and
very?

Dro. S. Yes, to pay a fine for a p
and recover the lost hair of another man.

Ant. S. Why is time such a niggard o
being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?

Dro. S. Because it is a blessing that
stows on beasts; and what he hath a
men in hair, he hath given them in wit.

Ant. S. Why, but there's many a man
more hair than wit.

Dro. S. Not a man of those, but he
wit to lose his hair.

Ant. S. Why, thou didst conclude
men plain dealers without wit.

Dro. S. The plainer dealer, the sooner
Yet he loath it in a kind of jollity.

Ant. S. For what reason?

Dro. S. For two; and sound ones to
[Ant. S. Now, I am glad I have found you.]

self I call it, being strange to me,
 a, undividable, incorporate,
 better than thy dear self's better part.
 do not tear away thyself from me;
 know, my love, as easy may'st thou fall
 rop of water in the breaking gulf,
 I take mingled thence that drop again,
 about addition, or diminishing,
 take from me thyself, and not me too.
 we dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
 seldst thou but hear I were licentious?
 I that this body, consecrate to thee,
 ruffian lust should be contaminate? [me,
 seldst thou not spit at me, and spurn at
 I had the name of husband in my face,
 I fear the stain'd skin off my harlot brow,
 I from my false hand cut the wedding ring,
 I break it with a deep-divorcing vow?
 how thou canst; and therefore, see, thou
 a possess'd with an adulterate blot; [do it.
 blood is mingled with the crime of lust:
 if we two be one, and thou play false,
 I digest the poison of thy flesh,
 I am strumpeted by thy contagion. [bed;
 I then fair league and truce with thy true
 I disdain'd, thou, and dishonour'd.
 Ant. S. Plead you to me, fair dame! I know
 I am but two hours old, [you not:
 strange unto your town, as to your talk;
 every word by all my wit being scann'd,
 I sit in all one word to understand.
 Ant. S. Plead, brother! how the world is changed
 with you:
 were you wont to use my sister thus?
 but for you by Dromio home to dinner.
 Ant. S. By Dromio?
 Ant. S. By me? [from him,—
 Ant. S. By thee: and this thou didst return
 he did buffet thee, and, in his blows
 my house for his, me for his wife.
 Ant. S. Did you converse, sir, with this
 gentlewoman?
 Ant. S. Is the course and drift of your compact?
 Ant. S. I, sir? I never saw her till this time.
 Ant. S. Villain, thou liest; for even her very
 thou deliver to me on the mart. [words
 Ant. S. I never spake with her in all my life.
 Ant. S. How can she thus then call us by our
 it be by inspiration? [names,
 Ant. S. How ill agrees it with your gravity,
 comfortest thus grossly with your slave,
 him to thwart me in my mood?
 why wrong, you are from me exempt,
 wrong not that wrong with a more con-
 tempt.

Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine:
 Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine;
 Whose weakness, married to thy stronger state,
 Makes me with thy strength to communicate:
 If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,
 Usurping ivy, brier, or idle moss;
 Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion
 Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.
 Ant. S. To me she speaks; she moves me
 for her theme:
 What, was I married to her in my dream?
 Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this?
 What error drives our eyes and ears amiss?
 Until I know this sure uncertainty,
 I'll entertain the offer'd fallacy.
 Luc. Dromio, go bid the servants spread
 for dinner. [siner.
 Dro. S. O, for my beads! I cross me for—
 This is the fairy land;—O, spite of spites!—
 We talk with goblins, owls, and elvish sprites;
 If we obey them not, this will ensue, [blue.
 They'll suck our breath, or pinch us black and
 Luc. Why pratest thou to thyself, and an-
 swer'st not? [sot!
 Dromio, thou drone, thou snail, thou slug, thou
 Dro. S. I am transformed, master, am not I?
 Ant. S. I think, thou art, in mind, and so am I.
 Dro. S. Nay, master, both in mind, and in my
 Ant. S. Thou hast thine own form. [shape.
 Dro. S. No, I am an ape. [ape.
 Luc. If thou art changed to aught, 'tis to an
 Dro. S. 'Tis true; she rides me, and I long
 for grass.
 'Tis so, I am an ass; else it could never be,
 But I should know her as well as she knows me.
 Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
 To put the finger in the eye and weep, [scorn.—
 Whilst man, and master, laugh my woes to
 Come, sir, to dinner; Dromio, keep the gate:—
 Husband, I'll dine above with you to-day,
 And shrieve you of a thousand idle pranks:
 Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,
 Say, he dines forth, and let no creature enter.—
 Come, sister:—Dromio, play the porter well.
 Ant. S. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell
 Sleeping or waking? mad, or well-advis'd?
 Known unto these, and to myself disguis'd!
 I'll say as they say, and persevere so,
 And in this mist at all adventures go.
 Dro. S. Master, shall I be porter at the gate
 Adr. Ay; and let none enter, lest I break
 your pate.
 Luc. Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too
 late. [Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I. The same.

ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, DROMIO of
 EPHESUS, ANGELO, and BALTHAZAR.

Good signior Angelo, you must
 excuse us all;

My wife is shrewish, when I keep not hours:
 Say, that I linger'd with you at your shop,
 To see the making of her carkanet;
 And that to-morrow you will bring it home.
 But here's a villain, that would fawn me down
 He met me on the mart; and that I beat him,

1 Unfettered.

2 Absolve.

3 A necklace strung with pearls.

And charged him with a thousand marks in gold;

And that I did deny my wife and house:—
Thou drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean by this?

Dro. E. Say what you will, sir, but I know
That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to show:

If the skin were parchment, and the blows you gave were ink,

Your own handwriting would tell you what I

Ant. E. I think, thou art an ass.
Dro. E. Marry, so it doth appear

By the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I bear.
I should kick, being kick'd; and, being at that

pass,

You would keep from my heels, and beware
Ant. E. You are sad, signior Balthazar:

'Pray God our cheer

May answer my good will, and your good wel-

Bal. I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and
your welcome dear.

Ant. E. O, signior Balthazar, either at flesh
A table full of welcome makes scarce one

dainty dish.

Bal. Good meat, sir, is common; that every
Ant. E. And welcome more common; for

that's nothing but words. [a merry feast.
Bal. Small cheer, and great welcome, makes
Ant. E. Ay, to a niggardly host, and more

sparing guest:
But though my cates* be mean, take them in

Luce. Faith no; he cost
And so tell your master.

Dro. E. O Lord, I'm
Have at you with a proverb.—S

my staff? [When I
Luce. Have at you with another
Dro. S. If thy name be call'd

thou hast answer'd him we

Ant. E. Do you hear, you and
let us in, I hope?

Luce. I thought to have ask'd
Dro. S. And

Dro. E. So, come, help; well;
was blow for blow.

Ant. E. Thou baggage, let me
Luce. Can you tell for

Dro. E. Master, knock the door
Luce. Let him know

Ant. E. You'll cry for this, mis
the door down. [stocks]

Luce. What needs all that, a
Adr. [within.] Who is that at t

keeps all this noise? [with
Dro. S. By my troth, your tow

Ant. E. Are you there, wife?
have come before.

Adr. Your wife, sir knave! go,
Dro. E. If you were in pain,

knave would go sore.
Ang. Here is neither cheer, s

come; we would fain have
Bal. In debating which was b



COMEDY OF ERRORS.

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rise, years, and modesty,
part came came to you unknown;
it, sir, but she will well excuse
how the doors are made against

me; depart in patience,
the Tiger all to dinner:
rising, come yourself alone,
reason of this strange restraint,
and you offer to break in,
firing passage of the day;
meat will be made on it;
pass by the common roost
yet ungalley estimation,
a foul intrusion enter in, (dead:
pen your grave when you are
ven upon succession;
ed, where it once gets possession.
sa have prevail'd; I will depart

to
ish of mirth, mean to be merry.
ish of excellent discourse,—
lity; wild, and, yet too, gentle;—
ine: this woman that I mean,
, I protest, without desert,)
ies upbraided me withal:
e to dinner.—Get you home,
e chain; by this, I know, 'tis
ry you, to the Porcupine; [made:
e house; that chain will I bestow
hing but to spite my wife,)
stem there: good sir, make haste:
wn doors refuse to entertain me,
ewhere, to see if they'll disdain
[hence.
set you at that place, some hour
so; This jest shall cost me some
a. [Exeunt.

ENE II. The same.

DIANA, and ANTIPHOLUS of
Eryacus.

y it be that you have quite forgot
s office? shall, Antipholus, hate,
pring of love, thy love-springs?
in building, grow so ruinate? (rot?
d my sister for her wealth,
er wealth's sake, use her with
kindness:
e elsewhere, do it by stealth;
r false love with some show of
ness:
ster read it in your eye;
tongue thy own shame's orator;
speak fair, become disloyalty;
e like virtue's harbinger:
presence, though your heart be
ed;
be carriage of a holy saint;
e: What need she be acquainted?
le thief brags of his own attain't
rong, to truant with your bed,
read it in thy looks at board:
bastard fame, well managed;

Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.
Alas, poor women! make us but believe,
Being compact of credulity, that you love us;
Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve;
We in your motion turn, and you may move
Then, gentle brother, get you in again; [us.
Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife:
Tis holy sport, to be a little vain. [strife.
When the sweet breath of flattery conquers
Ant. S. Sweet mistress, (what your name is
else, I know not,

Nor by what wonder you do hit on mine),
Less, in your knowledge, and your grace, you
show me, [divine.
Than our earth's wonder; more than earth
Teach me, dear creature, how to think and
speak;

Lay open to my earthy gross conceit,
Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,
The folded meaning of your words' deceit.
Against my soul's pure truth why labour you,
To make it wander in an unknown field?
Are you a god? would you create me new?
Transform me then, and to your power I'll
But if that I am I, then well I know, [yield.
Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,
Nor to her bed no homage do I owe;
Far more, far more, to you do I decline.
O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy
note,

To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears;
Sing, siren, for thyself, and I will dote: [hairs,
Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden
And as a bed I'll take thee, and there lie;
And, in that glorious supposition, think
He gains by death, that bath such means to
die:— [sink!

Let love, being light, be drowned if she
Luc. What are you mad, that you do reason
so? [not know.
Ant. S. Not mad, but mated; how, I do
Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your
eye. [being hy.
Ant. S. For gazing on your beams, fair sun,
Luc. Gaze where you should, and that will
clear your sight. [ou night.
Ant. S. As good to wink, sweet love, as look
Luc. Why call you me love? call my sister
Ant. S. Thy sister's sister. [so.
Luc. That's my sister.

Ant. S. No;
It is thyself, mine own self's better part;
Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer
heart;
My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,
My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.
Luc. All this my sister is, or else should be.
Ant. S. Call thyself sister, sweet, for I aim
thee:

Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life;
Thou hast no husband yet nor I no wife:
Give me thy hand.
Luc. O, soft, sir, hold you still;
I'll fetch my sister, to get her good will.
[Exit Luc.

Ant. † By this time. ‡ Love-springs are young plants or shoots of love.
made altogether of credulity. § Vain, is light of tongue. ¶ Mermaid for
dream. ** I. e. Confounded.

I enter from the house of ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.

Ant. S. Ay ay, how now, Dromio? where runn'st thou so fast?

Dro. S. Do you know me, sir? am I Dromio? am I your man? am I myself?

Ant. S. Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art thyself.

Dro. S. I am an ass, I am a woman's man, and besides myself.

Ant. S. What woman's man? and how besides thyself?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, besides myself, I am due to a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.

Ant. S. What claim lays she to thee?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, such claim as you would lay to your horse; and she would have me as a beast; not that, I being a beast, she would have me; but that she, being a very beastly creature, lays claim to me.

Ant. S. What is she?

Dro. S. A very reverent body; ay, such a one as a man may not speak of without he say, reverence: I have but lean luck in the witch, and yet is she a wondrous fat marriage?

Ant. S. How dost thou mean, a fat marriage?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, she's the kitchen-wench, and all grease; and I know not what use to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rage, and the tallow in them, will burn a Poland winter: if she lives till doomsday, she'll burn as long as that.

Ant. S. Where America, the Indies?

Dro. S. O, sir, upon her nose, all o'er her bellish'd with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain; who sent whole armadas of carracks to be ballast at her nose.

Ant. S. Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?

Dro. S. O, sir, I did not look so low. I conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid due to me; call'd me Dromio; swore, I was sur'd to her; told me what privy magic had about me, as the mark of my shoulder the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amazed, ran from her as a witch: and, I think, if my breast had been made of faith, and my heart of steel, she had transform'd me to a curtail-dog, and made me turn i'the wheel.

Ant. S. Go, hie thee presently, post with me. And if the wind blow any way from shore, I will not harbour in this town to-night. If any bark put forth, come to the mart. Where I will walk, till thou return to me. If every one know us, and we know none, 'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone.

Dro. S. As from a bear a man would fly. So fly I from her that would be my wife.

Ant. S. There's none but witches do haunt here.

And therefore 'tis high time that I were gone. She, that doth call me husband, even my wife, doth for a wife abhor: but her fair sister, that doth call me brother, even my brother, doth for a brother abhor.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The same.*Master, ANGELO, and an Officer.
Now, since Pentecost the sumI have not much importun'd you;
I do not, but that I am bound
I want gliders for my voyage:
I present satisfaction,
you by this officer.I will the sum that I do owe to you,
I give me by Antipholus:I stand that I met with you,
I a chain; at five o'clock,

I the money for the same:

I walk with me down to his house,

I my bond, and thank you too.

I RIPOHUS of Ephesus, and

I DOMIO of Ephesus.

I I should may you save; see where

I I go thence.

I I go to the goldsmith's house,

I I pe's end; that will I bestow

I I life and her confederates,

I I e out of my doors by day.—

I I the goldsmith:—get thee gone;

I I pe, and bring it home to me.

I I say a thousand pound a year!

I I rope! [Exit DOMIO.

I I man is well help up, that trusts to

I I ur presence, and the chain; [you:

I I ain, nor goldsmith, came to me:

I I ought our love would last too

I I [came not.

I I ain'd together; and therefore

I I g your merry humour, here's

I I [carat;

I I our chain weighs to the utmost

I I the gold, and chargeful fashion;

I I mount to three odd ducats more

I I ed to this gentleman;

I I se him presently discharged,

I I ed to sea, and stays but for it.

I I n not furnish'd with the present

I I re some business in the town:

I I take the stranger to my house,

I I am the chain, and bid my wife

I I am on the receipt thereof;

I I will be there as soon as you.

I I you will bring the chain to her

I I [not time enough.

I I I bear it with you, lest I come

I I sir, I will: Have you the chain

I I on? [have;

I I If I have not, sir, I hope you

I I ay return without your money.

I I come, I pray you, sir, give me

I I in;

I I ed tide stays for this gentleman,

I I ne, have held him here too long.

I I ed lord, you use this dalliance,

I I ne

Your breach of promise to the Porcupine:

I should have chid you for not bringing it.

But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.

Mer. The hour steals on; I pray you, sir, de-
spatch. [chain—

Ang. You hear, how he importunes me: the

Ant. E. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch

your money. [even now;

Ang. Come, come, you know, I gave it you

Either send the chain, or send me by some

taken. [of breath:

Ant. E. Fie! now you run this humour out

Come, where's the chain? I pray you let me

see it. [hiance;

Mer. My business cannot brook this dal-

Good sir, say, wher you'll answer me, or no:

If not, I'll leave him to the officer.

Ant. E. I answer you! What should I an-

swer you? [chain.

Ang. The money, that you owe me for the

Ant. E. I owe you none, till I receive the

chain. [since.

Ang. You know, I gave it you half an hour

Ant. E. You gave me none; you wrong me

much to say so.

Ang. You wrong me more, sir, in denying it:

Consider, how it stands upon my credit.

Mer. Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.

Off. I do; and charge you in the duke's

name, to obey me.

Ang. This touches me in reputation:—

Either consent to pay this sum for me,

Or I attach you by this officer. [had!

Ant. E. Consent to pay thee that I never

Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou darest.

Ang. Here is thy fee; arrest him officer;

I would not spare my brother in this case,

If he should scorn me so apparently.

Off. I do arrest you, sir; you hear the suit.

Ant. E. I do obey thee, till I give thee bail:—

But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear

As all the metal in your shop will answer.

Ang. Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,

To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

Enter DOMIO of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Master, there is a bark off Epidam-

num,

That stays but till her owner comes aboard,

And then, sir, bears away: our freightage \$, sir,

I have conveyed aboard; and I have bought

The oil, the balsamm, and aqua-vite.

The ship is in her trim; the merry wind

Blows fair from land: they stay for nought at

But for their owner, master, and yourself. [all,

Ant. E. How now! a madman! Why thou

peevish sheep,

What ship of Epidamnnum stays for me?

Dro. S. A ship you sent me to, to hire waf-

taget. [a rope;

Ant. E. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for

And told thee to what purpose and what end.

Dro. S. You sent me, sir, for a rope's end as

You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark. [about]

: Accrual.

I shall

I Freight, cargo.

I Billy.

I Carriage

Ant. E. I will debate this matter at more leisure,

And teach your ears to listen with more heed.
To Adriana, villain, lie thee straight:

Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk
That's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry,
There is a purse of ducats: let her send it;

Tell her, I am arrested in the street,
And that shall bait me: bid thee, slave; begone.
On, officers, to prison till it come.

[*Mount Merchant, ANO. Officer, and ANT. E.*]

Dro. S. To Adriana! that is where he dined,
Where Dowsabel did claim me for her husband;
She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.
Thither I must, although against my will,
For servants must their masters' minds fulfil.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *The same.*

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

Adr. Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee so?
Might'st thou perceive austere in his eye
That he did plead in earnest, yea or no? [i]sily?

Look'd he ar red, or pale; or sad, or merr?
What observation mad'st thou in this case,
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?

Luc. First, he denied you had in him no right.
[i]my spite.

Adr. He meant, he did me none; the more
Luc. Then swore he, that he was a stranger
here. [i]sworn he were.

Adr. And true he swore, though yet for-
[i]e. Then stand I for you.

Dro. S. No, he's in tartar
than hell;

A devil in an everlasting garment
One, whose hard heart is tougher
A mend, a fairy, pitiless and rough
A wolf, nay, worse, a fellow still
A backfriend, a shoulder-clapp
countermands

The passages of alleys, creeks,
A bound that runs counter, and y
foot well;

One that before the judgment

Adr. Why, man, what is the a

Dro. S. I do not know the
'rested on the case.

Adr. What, is he arrested?

Dro. S. I know not at whose
rested, well;

But he's in a suit of buff, which
Will you send him, mistress, red
money in the desk?

Adr. Go fetch it, sister.—This
[i]e.

That he, unknown to me, should
Tell me, was he arrested on a bail

Dro. S. Not on a band, but
A chain, a chain; do you not he

Adr. What, the chain?

Dro. S. No, no, the bell: 't
were gone.

It was two ere I left him, and a

Adr. The hours come back! th

*And, therefore, took measure of my body.
No, these are but imaginary wiles,
And Lacedæmon sorcerers inhabit here.*

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

*Mas. S. Master, here's the gold you sent me
What, have you got the picture of old
in new apparel?*

*Mas. S. What gold is this? what Adam dost
mean?*

*Mas. S. Not that Adam, that kept the pe-
son, but that Adam, that keeps the prison:
that was in the calf-skin that was kill'd for
original; he that came behind you, sir, like
an angel, and bid you forsake your liberty.
And I understand thee not.*

*Mas. S. No? why, 'tis a plain case: he that
is like a bass-viol, in a case of leather; the
sir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives
a stab, and 'rests them; he, sir, that takes
you decayed men, and gives them suits of
case; he that sets up his rest to do more
with his mace, than a morris-pike.*

Mas. S. What! thou mean'st an officer?

*Mas. S. Ay, sir, the sergeant of the band;
that brings any man to answer it, that breaks
band: one that thinks a man always going
red, and says, *God give you good rest.**

*Mas. S. Well, sir, there rest in your foolery.
here any ship puts forth to-night? may we
goe?*

*Mas. S. Why, sir, I brought you word an
r since, that the bark Expedition put forth
night; and then were you hindered by the
pant, to tarry for the hoy, Delay: Here are
angels that you sent for, to deliver you.*

*Mas. S. The fellow is distract, and so am I;
I have we wander in illusions;
no blessed power deliver us from hence!*

Enter a Courtizan.

*Mas. Well met, well met, master Antipholus.
In, sir, you have found the goldsmith now;
but the chain, you promised me to-day?
Mas. S. Satan, avoid! I charge thee tempt
not!*

Mas. S. Master, is this mistress Satan?
Mas. S. It is the devil.

*Mas. S. Nay, she is worse, she is the devil's
fig and here she comes in the habit of a
wench; and thereof comes, that the
sages say, *God damn me*, that's as much
to say, *God make me a light wench*. It is
them, they appear to men like angels of
light; light is an effect of fire, and fire will
burn; ergo, light wenches will burn; Come
I near her.*

*Mas. Your man and you are marvellous
merry, sir.*

*Mas. S. If you go with me? We'll mend our dinner
Mas. S. Master, if you do, expect spoon
me, or bespeak a long spoon.*

Mas. S. Why, Dromio?

*Mas. S. Marry, he must have a long spoon,
I must eat with the devil.*

*Mas. S. Avoid then, fiend! what tell'st thou
me of supping?*

Mas. art, as you are all, a sorceress:

I adjure thee to leave me, and be gone.

*Mas. S. Give me the ring of mine you had at
dinner,*

*Or, for my diamond, the chain you promis'd;
And I'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you.*

*Mas. S. Some devils ask but the paring of
one's nail,*

*A rash, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin,
A nut, a cherry-stone: but she, more covetous,
Would have a chain.*

*Master, be wise; and if you give it her, [It.
The devil will shake her chain, and fright us with*

*Mas. S. I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the
I hope you do not mean to cheat me so. [chain;*

*Mas. S. Avaunt, thou witch! Come Dromi-
let us go. [tress that you know*

*Mas. S. Fly pride, says the peacock: M
[Exeunt ANT. and DR.*

*Mas. S. Now, out of doubt, Antipholus is mad
Else would he never so demean himself:*

*A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,
And for the same he promis'd me a chain!
Both one, and other, he denies me now.*

*The reason that I gather he is mad,
(Besides this present instance of his rage.)*

*Is a mad tale, he told to-day at dinner, [franc.
Of his own doors being shut against his ex*

*Belike, his wife, acquainted with his fits,
On purpose shut the doors against his way.*

*My way is now, to his home to his house,
And tell his wife, that, being lunatic,*

*He rush'd into my house, and took perforce
My ring away: This course I fittest choose:*

For forty ducats is too much to lose. [Exit.

SCENE IV. The same.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, and an
Officer.*

*Ant. E. Fear me not, man, I will not break
away;*

*I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money
To warrant thee, as I am 'rested for.*

*My wife is in a wayward mood to-day:
And will not lightly trust the messenger,*

*That I should be attach'd in Ephesus:
I tell you, 'twill sound harshly in her ears.—*

*Enter DROMIO of Ephesus with a rope's end.
Here comes my man; I think, he brings the
money.*

How now, sir? have you that I sent you for?

*Dro. E. Here's that, I warrant you, will pay
Ant. E. But where's the money? [them all ".*

*Dro. E. Why, sir, I gave the money for the
rope.*

*Ant. E. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a
rope? [the rate.*

*Dro. E. I'll serve you, sir, five hundred at
Ant. E. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home? [end am I return'd.*

*Dro. E. To a rope's end, sir; and to that
Ant. E. And to that end, sir, I will welcome
you. [Beating him.*

*Off. Good sir, be patient. [In adversity.
Dro. E. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient; I am*

*Off. Good now, hold thy tongue. [his hands.
Dro. E. Nay, rather persuade him to would*

Ant. E. Thou whoreson, senseless villain!

Dro. E. I would I were senseless, sir, that I might not feel your blows.

Ant. E. Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.

Dro. E. I am an ass, indeed; you may prove it by my long ears. I have served him from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service, but blows; when I am cold, he heats me with beating; when I am warm, he cools me with beating; I am waked with it, when I sleep; raised with it, when I sit; driven out of doors with it, when I go from home; welcomed home with it, when I return: nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar wont her brat; and, I think, when he hath lamed me, I shall go with it from door to door.

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, and the Courtiers, with PINCH, and Others.

Ant. E. Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

Dro. E. Mistress, *respice finem*, respect your end; or rather the prophecy, like the prophet, *Beware the rope's end*.

Ant. E. Wilt thou still talk? [*Beats him.*]

Cour. How say you now? is not your husband mad?

Adr. His locivility confirms no less.—

Good doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer;

Establish him in his true sense again.

And I will please you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks!

Cour. Mark how he trembles in his gesture!

Ant. E. Did not her kitchen maid rail, taunt, and scorn me?

Dro. E. Certes, she did; the kitchen-verbal scorn'd you. [*thence!*]

Ant. E. And did not I in rage depart from

Dro. E. In verity you did;—my bones bear witness,

That since have felt the vigour of his rage.

Adr. Is't good to soothe him in these contraries? [*vein.*]

Pinch. It is no shame; the fellow finds his And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.

Ant. E. Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest me.

Adr. Alas, I sent you money to redeem By Dromio here, who came in haste for it. [*you*]

Dro. E. Money by me? heart and good-will you might,

But, surely master, not a rag of money. [*doest!*]

Ant. E. Went'st not thou to her for a purse of

Adr. He came to me, and I deliver'd it. [*did.*]

Luc. And I am witness with her, that she

Dro. E. God and the rope-maker, bear me

That I was sent for nothing but a rope! [*witness.*]

Pinch. Mistress, both man and master possess'd;

I know it by their pale and deadly looks:

They must be bound and laid in some dark room. [*forth to-day.*]

Ant. E. Say, wherefore didst thou lock me

And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?

Adr. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee

forth. [*gold;*]

Dro. E. And, gentle master, I receiv'd no

knowing how the debt grows, I will pay
master doctor, with his safe convey'd (to
to my house.—O most unhappy day!
E. O most unhappy *strumpet!
A. E. Master, I'm here enter'd in bond
for you. (thou mad me?
E. Out on thee, villain! wherefore dost
A. E. Will you be bound for nothing? the
mad,
master: cry, the devil.— [talk
God help, poor soul, how silly do they
Go bear him hence.—Sister, go you
with me.—
[*Enter* PINCH and Assistants, with
ANT. and DRO.
sir, whose suit is he arrested at? (him?
One Angelo, a goldsmith: Do you know
I know the man: What is the sum he
Two hundred ducats. (owes?
Say, how grows it due? (him.
Due for a chain, your husband had of
He did bespeak a chain for me, but
had it not. (to-day
r. When as your husband, all in rage,
to my house, and took away my ring,
(ing I saw upon his finger now,)
it after, did I meet him with a chain.

Adv. It may be so, but I did never see it:—
Come, gaoler, bring me where the goldsmith
I long to know the truth hereof at large. (is,
[*Enter* ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, with his
rapier drawn, and DROMIO of Syracuse.
Lao. God, for thy mercy! they are loose
again. (call more help,
Adv. And come with naked swords: let's
To have them bound again.
Off. Away, they'll kill us.
[*Exeunt* Officer, Adv. and LUC.
Ant. S. I see, these witches are afraid of
swords. (ran from you.
Dro. S. She, that would be your wife, now
Ant. S. Come to the Centaur: fetch our
stuff from thence:
I long, that we were safe and sound aboard.
Dro. S. Faith, stay here this night, they will
surely do us no harm; you saw, they speak us
fair, give us gold: methinks, they are such a
gentle nation, that but for the mountain of mad
flesh that claims marriage of me, I could find in
my heart to stay here still, and turn witch.
Ant. S. I will not stay to-night for all the
Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard. (down;
[*Exeunt*.

ACT V.

SCENE I. The same.

[*Enter* Merchant and ANGELO.

I am sorry, sir, that I have hinder'd
protest, he had the chain of me, (you;
most dishonestly he doth deny it.
How is the man esteem'd here in the
Of very reverend reputation, sir, (city?
dit infinite, highly beloved,
I to none that lives here in the city;
and might bear my wealth at any time.
Speak softly: yonder, as I think, he
walks.
[*Enter* ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO of Syra-
cuse.
Th so; and that self chain about his
neck, (have.
he forswore, most monstrously, to
draw near to me, I'll speak to him.
Antipholas, I wonder much (trouble;
you would put me to this shame and
st without some scandal to yourself,
circumstance, and oaths, so to deny
mine, which now you wear so openly:
a the charge, the shame, imprisonment,
we done wrong to this my honest friend;
but for staying on our controversy,
stated still, and put to sea to-day:
who you had of me, can you deny it?
S. I think, I had; I never did deny it.
Yes, that you did, sir; and forswore
it too. (swear it?
S. Who heard me to deny it, or for-

Mer. These ears of mine, thou knowest, did
hear thee:
Fie on thee, wretch! 'tis pity that thou livest
To walk where any honest men resort.
Ant. S. Thou art a villain, to impeach me
thus:
I'll prove mine honour and mine honesty
Against thee presently, if thou darest stand.
Mer. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.
[*They draw*.
[*Enter* ADRIANA, LUCIANA, Courtesan, and
others. (is mad;—
Adv. Hold, hurt him not, for God's sake: he
Some get within him, take his sword away:
Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.
Dro. S. Run, master, run; for God's sake,
take a house.
This is some priory;—In, or we are spoil'd.
[*Exeunt* ANT. and DROM. to the Priory.
[*Enter* the Abbess.
Abb. Be quiet, people; Wherefore throng
you hither? (hence:
Adv. To fetch my poor distracted husband
Let us come in, that we may bind him fast,
And bear him home for his recovery.
Ang. I knew, he was not in his perfect wits.
Mer. I am sorry now, that I did draw on him.
Abb. How long hath this possession held the
man? (sad,
Adv. This week he hath been heavy, sour,
And much, much different from the man he
But, till this afternoon, his passion (was;
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.

Unhappy for unlucky, i. e., mischievous,
grippe with him.

† Baggage.
§ 4. Go into a house.

‡ i. e., Close.

Abb. Hath he not lost much wealth by
wreck at sea? [eye]

Bery'd some dear friend? Hath not else his
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?

A sin prevailing much in youthful men,

Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.

Which of these sorrows is he subject to?

Adr. To none of these, except it be the last;

Namely, some love, that drew him oft from
home. [him.]

Abb. You should for that have reprehended

Adr. Why, so I did.

Abb. Ay, but not rough enough.

Adr. As roughly as my modesty would let

Abb. Haply, in private. [me.]

Adr. And in assemblies too.

Abb. Ay, but not enough.

Adr. It was the copy * of our conference:

In bed, he slept not for my urging it;

At board, he fed not for my urging it;

Alone, it was the subject of my theme;

In company, I often glanced it;

Still did I tell him it was vile and bad. [mad:]

Abb. And thereof came it, that the man was

The venom clamours of a jealous woman

Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.

It seems his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing:

And thereof comes it that his head is light.

Thou say'st, his meat was sauced with thy up-

Unquiet meals make ill digestions, [braiddings:]

Thereof the raging fire of fever bred;

And what's a fever but a fit of madness?

Thou say'st, his sports were hinder'd by thy

It is a branch and parcel of mine

A charitable duty of my order;

Therefore depart, and leave him here

Adr. I will not hence, and leave him

And ill it doth become your holiness

To separate the husband and the wife

Abb. Be quiet, and depart, thou

him. [him.]

Luc. Complain unto the duke

dignity.

Adr. Come, go: I will fall pro-

And never rise until my tears and

Have won his grace to come in person

And take perform my husband from

Mer. By this, I think, the dial

Anon, I am sure, the duke himself

Comes this way to the melancholy

The place of death and sorry eyes

Behind the ditches of the abbey

Ang. Upon what cause?

Mer. To see a reverend Sir

Who put unluckily into this bay

Against the laws and statutes of the

Beheaded publicly for his offence.

Ang. See, where they come; with

his death.

Luc. Kneel to the duke, before

Enter Duke attended; Angelo

with the Headman and others

Duke. Yet once again proclaim

If any friend will pay the sum for

He shall not die, so much we tend

Adr. Justice, most sacred duke



ingest a prince's word,
 & make him master of thy bed,
 he grace and good I could.—
 I, knock at the abbey-gate,
 y abbess come to me;
 & this, before I stir.
Enter a Servant.
 tress, mistress, shift and save

his men are both broke loose,
 s-a-row *, and bound the doctor,
 ey have singed off with brands
 and they threw on him (of fire;
 died mire to quench the hair:
 ess patience to him, while
 deors nicks him † like a fool:
 s you send some present help,
 they will kill the conjurer.
 fool, thy master and his man

; then dost report to us.
 n, upon my life, I tell you true;
 bed almost, since I did see it.
 i, and vows, if he can take you,
 face and to disgrace you:

(Cry within.)
 ear him, mistress; fly, be gone.
 , stand by me, fear nothing:
 th halberds.
 It is my husband! Witness you,
 about invisible:
 owed him in the abbey here;
 there, past thought of human

IPHOLUS and DROMIO of
Ephesus.

Ice, most gracious duke, oh,
 justice!
 vice that long since I did thee,
 thee in the wars, and took
 ve thy life; even for the blood
 for thee, now grant me justice.
 the fear of death doth make me
 stipholus and Dromio. *[dote,*
 ice, sweet prince, against that
 here.

I gavest to me to be my wife;
 d and dishonor'd me,
 ngth and height of injury!
 tion is the wrong,

y hath shameless thrown on me.
 ver how, and thou shalt find me
(doors upon me,
 day, great duke, she shut the
 harlots; feasted in my house.

evous fault: Say, woman, didst
[my sister,

/ good lord;—myself, he, and
 together: So befal my soul,
 he burdens me withal! *[night,*
 nay I look on day, nor sleep on
 your highness simple truth!
 red woman! They are both for-

men justly chargeth them.

Ant. E. My liege, I am advised what I say;
 Neither disturb'd with the effect of wise,
 Nor heady-rash, provoked with raging ire,
 Albelt, my wrongs might make one wiser mad.
 This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner;
 That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with
 Could witness it, for he was with me then; *[her*
 Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
 Promising to bring it to the Porcupine,
 Where Balthazar and I did dine together.
 Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
 I went to seek him: in the street I met him;
 And in his company, that gentleman, *[downs,*
 There did this perjured goldsmith swear me
 That I this day of him received the chain,
 Which, God he knows, I saw not: for the which,
 He did arrest me with an officer.

I did obey; and sent my peasant home
 For certain ducats: he with none return'd.
 Then fairly I bespoke the officer,
 To go in person with me to my house.

By the way we met
 My wife, her sister, and a rabble more
 Of vile confederates; along with them
 They brought one Pluch; a hungry lean-shoed
 A mere anatomy, a mountebank, *[villains,*
 A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller;
 A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch,
 A living dead man: this pernicious slave,
 Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer;
 And gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
 And with no face, as 'twere, outfacing me,
 Cries out, I was possess'd: then altogether
 They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence,
 And in a dark and dankish vault at home
 There left me and my man, both bound together;
 Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,
 I gain'd my freedom, and immediately
 Ran hither to your grace; whom I beseech
 To give me ample satisfaction
 For these deep shames and great indignities.

Ang. My lord, in truth, thus far I witness
 with him;

That he dined not at home but was lock'd out.
Duke. But had he such a chain of thee, or no?

Ang. He had, my lord: and when he ran in
 here,

These people saw the chain about his neck.

Mer. Besides, I will be sworn, these ears of
 mine

Heard you confess you had the chain of him,
 After you first forswore it on the mart,
 And, thereupon, I drew my sword on you;
 And then you fled into this abbey here,
 From whence, I think, you are come by miracle.

Ant. E. I never came within these abbey
 walls,

Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me:
 I never saw the chain, so help me heaven!
 And this is false, you burden me withal. *[this!]*

Duke. Why, what an intricate impeach is
 I think, you all have drank of Circe's cup.
 If here you housed him, here he would have
 been; *[coldly:—*
 If he were mad, he would not plead so

solvely, one after another.

reproach applied to abbeys among men, as well as to wantons among women.

You say, he dined at home; the goldsmith here
Denies that saying:—Sirrah, what say you?

Dro. E. Sir, he dined with her there, at the
Porcupine. [that ring.]

Cour. He did; and from my finger snatch'd

Ant. E. 'Tis true, my liege, this ring I had
of her. [here?]

Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey

Cour. As sure, my liege, as I do see your
grace. [abbess hither;]

Duke. Why, this is strange:—Go call the
I think you are all mated*, or stark mad.

[*Exit an Attendant.*]
Ege. Most mighty duke, vouchsafe me speak
a word;

Haply I see a friend will save my life,
And pay the sum that may deliver me.

Duke. Speak freely, Syracusan, what thou
wilt. [pholus?]

Ege. Is not your name, sir, call'd Anti-
And is not that your bondman Dromio?

Dro. E. Within this hour I was his bond-
man, sir,

But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords;
Now am I Dromio, and his man, unbound.

Ege. I am sure, you both of you remember
me. [by you;]

Dro. E. Ourselves we do remember, sir,
For lately we were bound as you are now.

You are not Pinch's patient, are you, sir?

Ege. Why look you strange on me? you
know me well. [now.]

Ant. E. I never saw you in my life, till

Can witness with me that it is not
I ne'er saw Syracusa in my life.

Duke. I tell thee, Syracusan, I
Have I been patron to Antipholus

During which time he ne'er saw I
I see, thy age and dangers make

*Enter the Abbess, with ANTIP-
cusan, and DROMIO SYRAC-*

Abb. Most mighty duke, behold
wrong'd. [All gather]

Adr. I see two husbands, or I
ceive me.

Duke. One of these men is C
And so of these: Which is the pa
And which the spirit? Who decy

Dro. S. I, sir, am Dromio; c
away.

Dro. E. I, sir, am Dromio; t
Ant. N. Egeon, art thou not

ghost?

Dro. S. O, my old master!—wh
Abb. Whoever bound him, I

bonds,
And gain a husband by his liberty

Speak, old Egeon, if thou be'st th
That hadst a wife once call'd *Em*

That bore thee at a burden two fa
O, if thou be'st the same Egeon,

And speak unto the same *Emilia*!

Ege. If I dream not, thou art I
If thou art she, tell me, where is t
That floated with thee on the fatal

Abb. By men of Epidaurum, I

you, sir, for this chain arrested
[did, sir; I deny it not. (me.
a money, sir, to be your bail,
I think he brought it not.
one by me.

three of ducats I received from
man did bring them me: [you,
I meet each other's man,
for him, and he for me,
these errors are arose.

ducats pawn I for my father
[life.

not need, thy father hath his
must have that diamond from
[my good cheer.

, take it; and much thanks for
ed duke, vouchsafe to take the
o the abbey here, [pains
discoursed all our fortunes:—

assembled in this place,
pathized one day's error

ong, go, keep us company,
like full satisfaction.—

s have I but gone in travail
; nor, till this present hour,

ms are delivered:—
asband, and my children both,

endars of their nativity,
feast, and go with me;

ief, such nativity!

Duke. With all my heart, I'll gossip at this
feast.

[*Exeunt Duke, Abbess, AEGEON, Cour-
tezan, Merchant, ANGELO, and At-
tendants.* [shipboard f

Dro. S. Master, shall I fetch your stuff from
Ant. E. Dromio, what stuff of mine hast

thou embark'd? [the Centaur.

Dro. S. Your goods, that lay at host, sir, in
Ant. S. He speaks to me; I am your master,

Dromio:

Come, go with us; we'll look to that anon:
Embrace thy brother, there, rejoice with him.

[*Exeunt ANTIPHOLUS S. and E.*

ADR. and LUC. [house,

Dro. S. There is a fat friend at your master's
That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner;
She now shall be my sister, not my wife.

Dro. E. Methinks, you are my glass, and not
my brother:

I see by you, I am a sweet-faced youth.
Will you walk in to see their gossiping?

Dro. S. Not I, sir; you are my elder. [It?

Dro. E. That's a question: how shall we try

Dro. S. We will draw cuts for the senior:
till then, lead thou first.

Dro. E. Nay, then thus: [brother:

We came into the world, like brother and
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before
another. [*Exeunt.*

revision of the foregoing scenes, I do not hesitate to pronounce them the compo-
ry unequal writers. Shakespeare had undoubtedly a share in them; but that
was no work of his, is an opinion which (as Benedick says) "fire cannot melt
it die in it at the stake." Thus, as we are informed by Aulus Gellius, Lib. III.
ays were absolutely ascribed to Plautus, which in truth had only been (*retrac-*
e) retouched and polished by him.

by we find more intricacy of plot than distinction of character; and our atten-
tively engaged, because we can guess in great measure how the denouement
about. Yet the subject appears to have been reluctantly dismissed, even in
necessary scene, where the same mistakes are continued, till the power of
sinment is entirely lost.—STEVENS.

MACBETH.

Persons represented.

MACBETH, <i>King of Scotland.</i>	SIWARD, <i>Earl of Northumberland, General of the English forces.</i>
MACDUFF, <i>his son.</i>	Young SIWARD, <i>his son.</i>
MACBETH, <i>Generals of the King's army.</i>	SEYTON, <i>an officer attending on Macbeth.</i>
MACDUFF, <i>Son to Macduff.</i>	An English Doctor. A Scotch Doctor.
MACBETH, <i>A Soldier. A Porter. An old Man.</i>	
MACBETH, <i>rebellion of Scotland.</i>	Lady MACBETH.
MACBETH, <i>Lady MACDUFF.</i>	
MACBETH, <i>Gentlewoman, attending on Lady Macbeth.</i>	
MACBETH, <i>Hecate, and three Witches.</i>	

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, and Messengers; the Ghost of Banquo, and several other Apparitions.

Scene,—in the end of the fourth act, lies in England; through the rest of the play, Scotland; and, chiefly, at Macbeth's castle.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *An open Place. Thunder and Lightning.* Do swarm upon him,) from the western side
Enter three Witches. Or Kernes and Gallowglasses is supplied;
And fortune, on his damned quarrell smiling



MACBETH.

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rubbed strokes upon the face:
wound to bath in reeking wounds,
another Golgotha*,

Int, my gashes cry for help.
well thy words become thee, as
oaks;

of honour both:—Go, get him
me. [Exit Soldier attended.

Enter ROSS.
here!

The worthy thane of Rosse.
at a haste looks through his eyes!
said he look,
o speak things strange.

God save the king!
once camest thou, worthy thane?

From Fife, great king,
Norwegian banners scout the sky,
people cold.

self, with terrible numbers,
hat most disloyal traitor
Cawdor, 'gan a dismal conflict:
ma's bridegroom; lapp'd in proofs,
dim with self-comparisons,
point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,
lavish spirit: And, to conclude,
fell on us:—

Great happiness!

at now
Norway's king, craves composition;
ve deign him burial of his men,
red, at Saint Colme's Inch,
i dollars to our general use.
more that thane of Cawdor shall
e [death,

Interest:—Go, pronounce his
s former title greet Macbeth.
I see it done.

at he hath lost, noble Macbeth
ron. [Exit.

YENE III. A Heath.

Enter the three Witches.

Where hast thou been, sister?

Killing swine.

Sister, where thou? [her lap,
A sailor's wife had chestnuts in
'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd:—
e me, quoth I: [cries,

Witch! the ramp-fed ronyon
P's to Aleppo gone, master o' the
e I'll thither sail, [Tiger:
rat without a tail,
so, and I'll do.

I'll give thee a wind.

Thou art kind.

And I another.

I myself have all the other;

y ports they blow,

ters that they know

an's card*.

him dry as hay:

Sleep shall, neither night nor day,
Hang upon his pant-house lid;
He shall live a man forbid;
Weary sev'n nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine:
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-toss'd.
Look what I have.

3 Witch. Show me, show me.

1 Witch. Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wreck'd as he did homeward come.

[Drum within.

3 Witch. A drum, a drum:

Macbeth doth come.

All. The weird sisters! hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,

Thus do ye about, about;

Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,

And thrice again, to make up nine:

Peace!—the charm's wound up.

Enter MACBETH and BANQUO.

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not
seen. [are these,

Ban. How far is't call'd to Fores?—What
So wither'd and so wild in their attire;

That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth.

And yet are on't? Live you! or are you aught

That man may question? You seem to

understand me,

By each at once her choppy finger laying

Upon her skinny lips:—You should be women,

And yet your beards forbid me to interpret

That you are so.

Macb. Speak, if you can;—What are you?

1 Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee,

thane of Glamis! [thane of Cawdor!

2 Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee,

3 Witch. All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be

king hereafter. [to fear

Ban. Good sir, why do you start; and seem

Things that do sound so fair?—I'the name of

Are ye fantastical, or that indeed [truth,

Which outwardly ye show! My noble partner

You greet with present grace, and great pre-

Of noble having, and of royal hope, [diction

That he seems rapt withal; to me you speak

not:

If you can look into the seeds of time, [not;

And say, which grain will grow, and which will

Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear,

Your favours, nor your hate.

1 Witch. Hail!

2 Witch. Hail!

3 Witch. Hail!

1 Witch. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

2 Witch. Not so happy, yet much happier.

3 Witch. Thou shalt get kings, though thou be

So, all hail, Macbeth, and Banquo! [none:

1 Witch. Banquo, and Macbeth, all hail!

Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me

more: [Glamis;

By Sinel's death, I know, I am thane of

But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,

ther Golgotha as memorable as the fir t. † Mock. † Shakspeare means Mars.

by armour of proof. † Avast, begone. † A scurvy woman fed on offals.

hart. † Accursed. † Prophetic sisters. † Supernatural, spiritual.

‡ Estate. † Rapturously affected.

A prosperous gentleman; and, to be king,
 Stands not within the prospect of belief.
 No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence
 You owe this strange intelligence? or why
 Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
 With such prophetic greeting?—Speak, I
 charge you. *[Witches vanish.]*

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water
 has, and they are called spirits. *[vanish'd!]*
 And these are of them;—Whither are they
Macb. Into the air; and what seem'd corpor-
 al, melted. *[stead!]*
 As breath into the wind.—'Woud' they had
Ban. Were such things left as we do speak
 Or have we eaten of the insane root*, *[about?]*
 That takes the reason prisoner?

Mac. Your children shall be kings.

Ban. You shall be king.

Macb. And thane of Cawdor too; went it
 not so? *[Who's here?]*

Ban. To the self-same tune, and words.

Enter Rosse and Angus.

Rosse. The king hath happily received, Mac-
 beth,

The news of thy success; and when he reads
 Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
 His wonders and his praises do contend, [that,
 Which should be thine, or his;] Silenced with
 In viewing o'er the rest o' the self-same day,
 He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
 Nothing afraid of what thyself didst make,
 Strange images of death. As thick as tale,
 Came post with post; and every one did bear

Pesides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis stran-
 And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
 The instruments of darkness tell us truths;
 Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
 In deepest consequence.—
 Cousins, a word, I pray you.

Macb. Two truths are t-
 As happy prologues to the swelling act
 Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, god-
 This supernatural soliciting || *[murmur]*
 Cannot be ill; cannot be good:—If ill,
 Why hath it given me earnest of success,
 Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Caw-
 If good, why do I yield to that suggestion?

Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
 And make my seated ** heart knock at my r-
 Against the use of nature? Present fears
 Are less than horrible imaginings: *[th]*
 My thought, whose murder yet is but this
 Shakes so my single state of man, that fancy
 Is smother'd in remorse; and nothing is,
 But what is not.

Ban. Look, how our partner's t-

Macb. If chance will have me king, w-
 Without my stir. *[chance may crown]*

Ban. New honours come upon t-
 Like our strange garments; cleave not to t-
 But with the aid of use. *[murmur]*

Macb. Come what come m-
 Time and the hour || runs through the rough
 day. *[tick]*

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon t-

Macb. Give me your favour ||:—my d-



men on whom I built
trust.—O worthiest cousin!
BANQUO, ROSS, and
ANGUS.

My ingratitude even now
on tip: Thou art so far before,
I wing of recompense is slow
to thee. 'Would thou hadst leas-

ed; [ment
portion both of thanks and pay-
ment mine! only I have left to say,
due than more than all can pay.
a service and the loyalty I owe,
myself. Your highness' part
our duties: and our duties
throne and state, children and ser-

vice; [everything
but what they should, by doing
your love and honour.

Welcome hither:
to plant thee, and will labour
full of growing.—Noble Banquo,
less deserved, nor must be known
we done so, let me unfold thee,
as to my heart.

There if I grow,
as your own.

My plenteous joys,
illness, seek to hide themselves
in sorrow.—Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
the places are the nearest, know,
blish our estate upon [after,
Malcolm; whom we name here
'Cumberland: which honour must
unpaled, invest him only,
nobleness, like stars, shall shine
here.—From hence to Inverness,
further to you. [for you:
a rest is labour, which is not used
of the harbingers, and make joyful
of my wife with your approach;
take my leave.

My worthy Cawdor!
a prince of Cumberland!—That is
[Aside.
must fall down, or else o'er-leap,
say it lies. Stars, hide your fires!
see my black and deep desires:
k at the hand! yet let that be,
ye fears, when it is done, to see.

[Exit.
e, worthy Banquo; he is full of
commendations I am fed; [valiant;
et to me. Let us after him,
is gone before to bid us welcome:
kinsman. [Flourish. Exit.
Inverness. A Room in Macbeth's
Castle.

MACBETH, reading a letter.
They met me in the day of suc-
cess have learned by the perfectest
y have more in them than mor-
tals. When I burned in desire

to question them further, they made them-
selves—air, into which they vanished.
While I stood rapt in the wonder of it,
came misadventure from the king, who all-but-
ed me, Thane of Cawdor; by which title,
before, these weird sisters saluted me, and
referred me to the coming on of time, with
Hall, king that shall be! This have I thought
good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of
greatness; that thou mightest not lose the
dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what
greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy
heart, and farewell.

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
What thou art promised:—Yet do I fear thy na-
ture;

It is too full o' the milk of human kindness,
To catch the nearest way: Thou wouldst be
Art not without ambition; but without great;
The illness should attend it. What thou
wouldst highly, [false,

That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play
And yet wouldst wrongly win: thou'dst have
great Glamis, [have it;

That which cries, Thus thou must do, if thou
And that which rather thou dost fear to do,
Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee
hither,

That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,
And chastise with the valour of my tongue,
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal.—What is your
tidings?

Enter an Attendant.

Attend. The King comes here to-night.

Lady M. Thou'rt mad to say it:

Is not thy master with him? who were't so,
Would have inform'd for preparation.

Attend. So please you, it is true; our thane
is coming:

One of my fellows had the speed of him;
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely
Than would make up his message. [more

Lady M. Give him tending.
He brings great news. The raven himself is
hoarse, [Exit Attendant.

That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here;
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood, [fall
Stop up the access and passage to remorse it;
That no compunctions visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect, and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall; you murdering mi-
Wherever in your sightless substances [listers,
Yop wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick
night,

And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell!
That my keen knife see not the wound it
makes; [dark,

Not heaven peep through the blanket of the

† Full as valiant as described. § The best intelligence. § Messengers.
¶ Supernatural. ** Murderers. †† Play. ‡ Wags as in a mantle.
§ Kins anciently meant a sword or dagger.

To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind; a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.

Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other
senses,

Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;
And on thy blade, and dudgeon, gouts of
blood,

Which was not so before.—There's no such
It is the bloody business, which informs
Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half
world

Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep; now witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf, [pace,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his
design [earth,

Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for
fear

Thy very stones prate of my where-about,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it.—Whiles I threat,
be lives;

Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath
[A bell rings.

Macb.

Lady M. Ay.

Macb. Hark!—

Who lies i' the second chamber?

Lady M.

Macb. This is a sorry s

[*Lady M.*

Lady M. A foolish tho

sight. [and

Macb. There's one did

That they did wake each

heard them:

But they did say their pri

Again to sleep.

Lady M. There are t

Macb. One cried, God b

the other;

As they had seen me wi

Listening their fear, I con

When they did say, God l

Lady M. Consid

Macb. But wherefore co

amen!

I had most need of bless

Stuck in my throat.

Lady Macb. Then

After these ways; so, it w

Macb. Methought I b

Sleep no more!

Macbeth does murder a

Sleep, that knits up the

care,



MACBETH.

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hand? No; this my hand will

one seas incarnadine
—one red.

for Lady MACBETH.

My hands are of your colour;

me [a knocking]

too white. [Knock.] I hear

try:—retire we to our cham-

bers us of this deed: [Ber:

them? Your constancy

is unattended.—[Knocking.]

more knocking:

My gown last occasion call us,

be watchers:—He not lost

our thoughts.

Now my deed,—'twere best not

self. [Knock.]

With thy knocking! Ay,

on couldst! [Exeunt.]

[E III. The same.]

[Knocking within.]

'sa knocking, indeed! If a man

hell-gate, he should have oldt

[Knocking.] Knock, knock,

there, it's the name of Helzebub!

r, that hanged himself on the

plenty: come in time; have

's about you; here you'll sweat

[Knock, knock: Who's there,

will's name? Faith, here's an

at could swear in both the

either scale; who committed

for God's sake, yet could not

aven: O, come in, equivocator.

Knock, knock, knock: Who's

here's an English tailor come

ing out of a French hose: Come

you may roast your goose.

Knock, knock: Never at quiet!

—But this place is too cold for

porter it no further: I had

let in some of all professions,

impose way to the everlasting

eking.] Anon, anon; I pray

the porter. [Opens the gate.]

MACDUFF and LENOX.

It so late, friend, ere you went

so late! [to bed,

o, sir, we were carousing till

o'clock; and drink, sir, is a great

ree things.

Three things does drink espe-

o, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and

y, sir, it provokes, and unpro-

okes the desire, but it takes

formance: Therefore, much

said to be an equivocator with

akes him, and it mars him; it

id it takes him off; it persuades

artens him; makes him stand

to, and not stand to; in conclusion, equiv-
ocates him in a sleep, and, giving him the lie,
leaves him. [Night.]

Macd. I believe, drink gave thee the lie last

Port. That it did, sir, I the very throat

o'me: But I requited him for his lie; and, I

think, being too strong for him, though he

took up my legs sometime, yet I made a shift

to cast him.

Macd. Is thy master stirring?—

Our knocking has awaked him; here he comes.

Enter MACBETH.

Len. Good-morrow, noble sir!

Macd. Good-morrow, both!

Macd. Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

Macd. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely

I have almost slipp'd the hour. [on him;

Macd. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know, this is a joyful trouble to

But yet, 'tis one. [you;

Macd. The labour we delight in, physics!

This is the door. [pain.]

Macd. I'll make so bold to call,

For 'tis my limited service. [Exit MACDUFF.]

Len. Goes the king

From hence to-day?

Macd. He does:—he did appoint it so.

Len. The night has been unruly: Where

we lay, [say,

Our chimneys were blown down: and, as they

Lamentings heard i'the air; strange screams

of death;

And prophesying, with accents terrible,

Of dire combustion, and confused events,

New hatch'd to the woeful time. The ob-

scure bird

Clamour'd the livelong night: some say, the

earth

Was feverous, and did shake.

Macd. 'Twas a rough night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot pa-

A fellow to it. [relief]

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. O horror! horror! horror! Tongue,

Cannot conceive, nor name thee! [nor heart,

Macd. Len. What's the matter?

Macd. Confusion now hath made his mas-

ter-piece!

Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope

The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence

The life o'the building.

Macd. What is't you say? the life!

Len. Mean you his majesty? [your sight

Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy

With a new Gorgon:—Do not bid me speak:

See, and then speak yourselves.—Awake,

awake!

[Exeunt MACBETH and LENOX.]

Ring the alarm-bell:—Murder! and treason!

Banquo, and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!

Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,

And look on death itself!—up, up, and see

incarnadine is to stain of a flesh colour, † Frequent. ‡ Handkerchiefs.

showing. § i. e., Affords a cordial to it. ¶ Appointed service.

of two negatives, not to make an affirmative, but to deny more strongly,

is common in our author.

The great doom's image!—Malcolm! Banquo!
[sprights,
As from your graves rise up, and walk like
To countenance this horror! [Bell rings.

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. What's the business,
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house? speak, speak,—
Macd. O, gentle lady,

'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak:
The repetition, in a woman's ear,
Would murder as it fell.—O Banquo!

Enter BANQUO.

Our royal master's murder'd!

Lady M. Wee, alas!
What, in our house?

Ban. Too cruel, any where.—
Dear Duff, I prythee, contradict thyself,
And say, it is not so.

Re-enter MACBETH and LENOX.

Macb. Had I but died an hour before this
chance, [Instant,
I had lived a blessed time; for, from this
There's nothing serious in mortality:
All is but toys; renown, and grace, is dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter MALCOLM and DONALBAIN.

Don. What is amiss?

Macb. You are, and do not know it:
The spring, the head, the fountain of your
blood
Is stopp'd; the very source of it is stopp'd.

Are not yet brew'd.

Mal. Nor our
The foot of motion.

Ban. Look to
[Lady MACBETH]

And when we have our naked
That suffer in exposure, let us
And question this most bloody
To know it further. Fears us

us:
In the great hand of God
Against the undivulged preter
Of treasonous malice.

Macb.

All.

Macb. Let's briefly put on
And meet i' the hall together.

All. Well

[Exeunt all but M]

Mal. What will you do? I
with them:

To show an unfeild sorrow, is a
Which the false man does care

Don. To Ireland, I; our se
Shall keep us both the safer:
There's daggers in men's smiles
The nearer bloody.

Mal. This murderous
Hath not yet lighted; and our
Is, to avoid the aim. Theref
And let us not be dainty of lea
But shift away! There's war
Which steals itself, when there



MACBETH.

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MACDUFF.
 sir, now?
 Why, see you not?
 who did this more than
 Macbeth hath slain.
 Alas, the day!
 y pretend*?
 They were suborn'd:
 main, the king's two sons,
 fled; which puts upon
 l. [them
 'Gainst nature still:
 bat wilt ravin up
 as!—Then 'tis most like,
 fall upon Macbeth.

Macd. He is already named; and gone to
 To be invested. [Seene,
Rosse. Where is Duncan's body?
Macd. Carried to Colmeskill;
 The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,
 And guardian of their bones.
Rosse. Will you to Seene?
Macd. No, cousin, I'll to Fife.
Rosse. Well, I will thither.
Macd. Well, may you see things well done
 there;—adieu!—
 Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!
Rosse. Father, farewell. [with those
Old M. God's benison go with you; and
 That would make good of bad, and friends of
 foes! [Exeunt.

ACT III.

A Room in the Palace.
BANQUO.
 now, King, Cawdor,
 promised; and, I fear,
 foully for't: yet it was
 thy posterity; [said,
 d be the root, and father
 re come truth from them,
 th, their speeches shine,)
 on thee made good,
 oracles as well, [more.
 hope? But, hush; no
 ter **MACBETH, as King;**
Queen; LENOX, ROSSE,
Attendants.
 chief guest.
 f he had been forgotten,
 in our great feast,
 oming.
 : hold a solemn snpper,
 presence. [sir,
 Let your highness
 to the which, my duties
 soluble tie

Is afternoon?
 Ay, my good lord.
 have else desired your
 [sperous,
 en both grave and prob-
 but we'll take to-morrow.
 ord, as will fill up the
 [better,
 sr: go not my horse the
 ower of the night,
 wain.
 Fail not our feast.
 ill not. [stow'd
 ir bloody cousins are be-
 Ireland; not confessing
 , killing their hearers
 stion: But of that to-
 shall have cause of state,

Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse, Adieu,
 Till you return at night. . Goes Fleance with
 you? [upon us.
Ham. Ay, my good lord: our time does call
Macb. I wish your horses swift, and sure
 of foot;
 And so I do commend† you to their backs.
 Farewell.— [Exit BANQUO.
 Let every man be master of his time
 Till sever. at night; to make society
 The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
 Till supper-time alone; while then, God be
 with you.
 [Exeunt Lady MACBETH, Lords, Ladies, &c.
 Sirrah, a word: Attend those men our plea-
 sure?
Atten. They are, my Lord, without the
 palace gate.
Macb. Bring them before us.—[Exit Atten.
 To be thus, is nothing;
 But to be safely thus:—Our fears in Banquo
 Stick deep; and in his royalty‡ of nature
 Reigns that which would be fear'd: 'Tis much
 he dares;
 And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
 He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
 To act in safety. There is none, but he,
 Whose being, I do fear; and, under him,
 My genius is rebuked; as, it is said,
 Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the
 sisters, [me,
 When first they put the name of King upon
 And bade them speak to him; then, prophet-like
 They hat'd him father to a line of kings;
 Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown
 And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
 Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand
 No son of mine succeeding. If it be so,
 For Banquo's issue have I filed§ my mind;
 For them the gracious Duncan have I mur-
 der'd;
 Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
 Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
 Given to the common enemy of man,
 To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings
 Rather than so, come, Fate, into the list,

And champion me to the utterance *!—
Who's there?—

Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers.
Now to the door, and stay there till we call.

[*Exit Attendant.*]

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

1 *Mur.* It was, so please your highness.

Macb. Well then, now
Have you considered of my speeches? Know,
That it was he, in the times past, which held you
So under fortune; which, you thought, had been
Our innocent self: this I made good to you
In our last conference; pass'd in probation
with you, [the instruments;]

How you were borne in hand; how cross'd;
Who wrought with them; and all things else,
To half a soul, and a notion crazed, [that might
Say, Thus did Banquo.

1 *Mur.* You made it known to us.

Macb. I did so; and went further, which is
now

Our point of second meeting. Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature,
That you can let this go? Are you so gossell'd,
To pray for that good man, and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,
And beggar'd yours for ever?

1 *Mur.* We are men, my liege,

Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;
As hounds, and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels,
curs, [clept]

Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are
All by the name of dogs: the valued file
Distinguisheth the swift the slow—the subtle—

For certain friends that are
Whose loves I may not drop
Whom I myself struck down
That I to your assistance do
Masking the business from
For sundry weighty reasons

2 *Mur.*

Perform what you command
1 *Mur.* Th

Macb. Your spirits shall

Within this hour at
I will advise you where to
Acquaint you with the per
The moment on't: for't mu
And something from the
thought,

That I require a clearness;
[To leave no rubs, nor bote
Fleance his son, that keeps
Whose absence is no less n
Than is his father's, must en
Of that dark hour. Resolve
I'll come to you anon.

2 *Mur.* We are

Macb. I'll call upon yo
within.

It is concluded:—Banquo
If it find heaven, must find

SCENE II. *The same.*

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. Is Banquo gone

Serv. Ay, madam, he is



MACBETH.

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on;
 o'er your rugged looks;
 'mong your guests to-night.
 I, love; and so, I pray, be
 ice apply to Banquo: (you:
 ace*, both with eye and
 at we (tongue:
 moans in these flattering

vizards to our hearts,
 y are.

You must leave this.
 scorpions is my mind, dear

(lives.
 Banquo, and his Fleance,
 them nature's copy's not

(able;
 mfort yet; they are assail-
 d: Ere the bat hath flown
 ; ere, to black Hecate's

le; with his drowsy hums,
 whing peal, there shall be
 note. (done

What's to be done?
 nt of the knowledge, dear-

(night,
 re deed. Come, sealing
 eye of pitiful day;

y and invisible hand,
 deces, that great bond
 del—Light thickens; and

oaky wood: (the crow
 gin to droop and drowse;
 k agents to their prey do

(still;
 ny words; but hold thee
 ake strong themselves by

me. (Exeunt.

same. A Park or Lawn,
 iding to the Palace.

ree Murderers.

did bid thee join with us?

Macbeth.
 not our mistrust; since he
 t we have to do, [delivers

Then stand with na.
 ers with some streaks of
 traveller apace. (day:
 on; and near approaches
 atch.

Hark! I hear horses.
 ive us a light there, ho!

Then it is he; the rest
 note of expectation &
 urt.

His horses go about.
 mile: but he does usually,
 hence to the palace gate

Enter BANQUO and FLEANCE, a Servant
 with a torch preceding them.

2 Mur. A light, a light!

3 Mur. 'Tis he.

1 Mur. Stand to't.

Ban. It will be rain to-night.

1 Mur. Let it come down

(Assaults BANQUO.

Ban. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly,
 Thou may'st revenge. O slave! (fly, fly;

(Dies. FLEANCE and Servant escape.

3 Mur. Who did strike out the light?

1 Mur. Was't not the way?

3 Mur. There's but one down: the son is
 fled.

2 Mur. We have lost best half of our affair.

1 Mur. Well, let's away, and say how much
 is done. (Exeunt.

SCENE IV. A Room of State in the Palace.
 A Banquet prepared.

Enter MACBETH, Lady MACBETH, ROSS,
 LENOX, Lords, and Attendants.

Macb. You know your own degrees, sit
 down: at first

And last, the hearty welcome.

Lords. Thanks to your majesty.

Macb. Ourselves will mingle with society,

And play the humble host.

Our hostess keeps her state*; but, in best time,

We will require her welcome. (friends;

Lady M. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our
 For my heart speaks they are welcome.

Enter first Murderer, to the door.

Macb. See, they encounter thee with their
 hearts' thanks:—

Both sides are even: Here I'll sit i' the midst:
 Be large in mirth; anon we'll drink a measure

The table round.—There's blood upon thy face.

Mur. 'Tis Banquo's then. (within.

Macb. 'Tis better thee without, than he
 Is he despatch'd? (for him.

Mur. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did

Macb. Thou art the best o' the cut throats:

Yet he's good,

That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it,
 Thou art the nonpareil.

Mur. Most royal sir,
 Fleance is 'scaped. (been perfect;

Macb. Then comes my fit again: I had else
 Whole as the marble, founded as the rock;

As broad, and general, as the casing air: (in
 But now, I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confined, bound

To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe?

Mur. Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he
 bides,

With twenty trenched gashes on his head;
 The least a death to nature.

Macb. Thanks for that:—

There the grown serpent lies; the worm, that's
 Hath nature that in time will venom breed (fled,

No teeth for the present.—Get thee gone; to-
 morrow

rest honours. † i. e., The copy, the lease, by which they hold their
 its time of termination. ‡ The beetle borne in the air by its shards
 † A term of endearment. § Blinding. ¶ i. e., They who are
 guests, and expected to supper. ** Continues in her chair of state.
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We'll hear ourselves again. [*Exit Murderer.*]

Lady M. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold,
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a making,
'Tis given with welcome; To feed were best
at home;

From thence, the rauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.

Macb. Sweet remembrancer!—
Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!

Len. May it please your highness sit!
[*The Ghost of Banquo rises, and
sits in Macbeth's place.*]

Macb. Here had we now our country's hon-
our roof'd,
Were the graced person of our Banquo present;
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness,
Than pity for mischance!

Rosse. His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please it your
To grace us with your royal company! [*highness*]

Macb. The table's full.

Len. Here's a place reserved, sir.

Macb. Where? [*moves your highness*]

Len. Here, my lord. What is't that

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good lord!

Macb. Thou canst not say I did it: never

shake thy gory locks at me. [*well.*]

Rosse. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not

Lady M. Sit, worthy friends:—my lord is

often thus, [*seats*]

That, when the brains were out the
And there an end; but now, they rise
With twenty mortal murders on the
And push us from our stools: This
Than such a murder is.

Lady M. My worthy
Your noble friends do lack you.

Macb. I d
Do not mustér at me, my most wort
I have a strange infirmity, which is
To those that know me. Come, love
to all;

Then I'll sit down:—Give mason
I drink to the general joy of the w

Ghost rises.

And to our dear friend Banquo, whom
Would he were here! to all, and him
And all to all!

Lords. Our duties, and t

Macb. Away! and quit my sight
earth hide thee!

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blo
Thou hast no speculation in those e
Which thou dost glare with!

Lady M. Think of this,

But as a thing of custom: 'tis no a

Only it spoils the pleasure of the fu

Macb. What man dare, I dare:

Approach thou like the rugged Bu

The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hysc

Take any shape but that, and my fi

Shall never tremble: Or, be alive

And dare me to the desert with thy



Almost odds with morning, which
sich. [his person
low say't thou, that Macduff denies
it bidding?

Did you send to him, sir? [speak:
hear it by the way; but I will
: a one * of them, but in his house
rvant for'd. I will to-morrow,
will,) unto the weird sisters:
they speak; for now I am bent to
w, [good,
it means, the worst; for mine own
shall give way: I am in blood
far, that, should I wade no more,
were as tedious as go o'er:
ings I have in head, that will to
it; [scann'd it.
let be acted, ere they may be
. You lack the season of all natures,
h, [self-abase
ome, we'll to sleep: My strange and
the fear, that wants hard use:—
: but young in deed. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. The Heath.

Enter HECATE, meeting the
Three Witches.

. Why, how now, Hecate, you look
rily? [are,
ive I not reason, beldams, as you
overbold? How did you dare
id traffic with Macbeth,
and affairs of death;
mistress of your charms,
ontriver of all harms,
call'd to bear my part,
e glory of our art?
: is worse, all you have done
but for a wayward son,
d wrathful; who, as others do,
is own ends, not for you.
mends now: Get you gone,
pit of Acheron,
the morning; thither he
to know his destiny.
is, and your spells, provide,
e, and every thing beside:
e air; this night I'll spend
nal-fatal end.
ess must be wrought ere noon:
orner of the moon
s a vaporous drop profound; ;
ere it come to ground:
distill'd by magic slights,
such artificial sprights,
strength of their illusion,
him on to his confusion:
urn fate, scorn death, and bear
bove wisdom, grace, and fear:
I know, security
chiefest enemy.
Within.] Come away, come away,
call'd; my little spirit, see, [sc.
gy cloud, and stays for me. [Exit.

vidual. + Examined nicely.
; Honours freely bestowed.

Witch. Come, let's make haste; she'll
soon be back again. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.

Fore. A Room in the Palace.

Enter LENOX and another Lord.

Len. My former speeches have but hit
your thoughts,

Which can interpret further: only, I say,
Things have been strangely borne: The gra-
cious Duncan [dead,—
Was pittied of Macbeth;—marry, he was
And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late;
Whom, you may say, if it please you, Fleance
kill'd, [late.

For Fleance fled. Men must not walk too
Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous
It was for Malcolm, and for Donalbain,
To kill their gracious father? damned fact!
How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not straight,
In pious rage, the two delinquents tear [sleep? That
were the slaves of drink, and thralls of
Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely
For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive, [too;
To hear the men deny it. So that, I say,
He has borne all things well, and I do think,
That, had he Duncan's sons under his key,
(As, an't please heaven, he shall not,) they
should find

What 'twere to kill a father; so should Fleance
But, peace!—for, from broad words, and
cause he fall'd

His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear,
Macduff lives in disgrace: Sir, can you tell
Where he bestows himself?

Lord. The son of Duncan,
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
Lives in the English court; and is received
Of the most pious Edward with such grace,
That the malevolence of fortune nothing [duff
Takes from his high respect: Thither Mac-
Is gone to pray the holy king, on his aid
To wake Northumberland, and warlike Siward:
That, by the help of these, (with Him above
To ratify the work,) we may again
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights;
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody
knives;

Do faithful homage, and receive free honours;
All which we pine for now: And this report
Hath so exasperate'd the king, that he
Prepares for some attempt of war.

Len. Sent he to Macduff?

Lord. He did; and with an absolute, Sir,
The cloudy messenger turns me his back, [not I,
And hums; as who should say, You'll rue the
That clogs me with this answer. [time

Len. And that well might
Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
Fly to the court of England, and unfold [ing
His message ere he come; that a swift bless-
May soon return to this our suffering country
Under a hand accurs'd!

Lord. My prayers with him! [Exeunt.

Lord. A drop that has deep or hidden qualities.
For exasperated.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A dark Cave. In the middle a Caldron boiling.*

Thunder. Enter the Three Witches.

1 *Witch.* Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.

2 *Witch.* Thrice and once the hedge-pig whined.

3 *Witch.* Harper cries:—'Tis time, 'tis time.

1 *Witch.* Round about the caldron go;

In the poison'd entrails throw.—

Toad, that under coldest stone,

Days and nights hast thirty-one

Sweeter'd * venom, sleeping got,

Boil thou first i' the charmed pot!

All. Double, double toil and trouble;

Fire, burn; and, caldron, bubble.

2 *Witch.* Fillet of a fenny snake,

In the caldron boil and bake:

Eye of newt, and toe of frog,

Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,

Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,

Lizard's leg, and owl's wing,

For a charm of powerful trouble,

Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble;

Fire, burn; and, caldron, bubble.

3 *Witch.* Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf;

Witch's mummy; maw and gulf

Of the ravin'd; salt-sea shark;

Root of hemlock, digg'd i' the dark;

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. How now, you secret, midnight hags!

What is't you do?

All. A deed without

Macb. I conjure you, by that

profess,

(Howe'er you come to know it.)

Though you entie the winds, and a

Against the churches; though the y

Confound and swallow navigation

Though bladed corn be lodged

blown down;

Though castles topple**on their wa

Though palaces, and pyramids, do

Their heads to their foundations

treasure

Of nature's germinet tumble all t

Even still destruction sicken, answe

To what I ask you.

1 *Witch.* Speak.

2 *Witch.* Demand

3 *Witch.* W

1 *Witch.* Say, if thou'dst rather

our mouths,

Or from our masters'?

Macb. Call them, let t

1 *Witch.* Fear in sow's blo

eaten

Her nine farrow; grease, thi



MACBETH.

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re, Macdaff; What need I
assurance double sure,
if fate: thou shalt not live;
le-hearted fear it lies,
of thunder.—What is this
artition of a Child crowned;
in his Hand, rises.]
tinue of a king;
is baby brow the round
lenty?

Listen, but speak not
tied, proud; and take no care
us, or where conspirers are;
er vanquish'd be, until
d to high Dunslane hill
him. [Descends.]

That will never be;
he forest; bid the tree
and root! sweet bodements!

ise never, till the wood
d our high-placed Macbeth
of nature, pay his breath
al custom.—Yet my heart
e thing: Tell me, (if your art
shall Banquo's issue ever
dom?

Seek to know no more.
satisfied: deny me this,
se fall on you! Let me know:
aldron? and what noise? is
[Hautboys.]
! 2 Witch. Show! 2 Witch.

yes, and grieve his heart;
s, so depart.
er, and pass over the stage
last with a glass in his
following.
too like the spirit of Ban-
[thy hair,
near mine eye-balls:—And
and brow, is like the first:—
former:—Filthy hags!
me this?—A fourth?—Start
[doom?]
e stretch out to the crack of
seventh?—I'll see no more:
appears, who bears a glass,
nany more; and some I see,
and treble sceptres carry:
y, now, I see, 'tis true; [me,
ler'd Banquo smiles upon
for his.—What, is this so?
r, all this is so:—But why
as amazedly?
r we up his sprights?
of our delights;
to give a sound,
your antique round:
may kindly say,

Our duties did his welcome pay.
[Music. The Witches dance, and vanish.
Macb. Where are they? Gone?—Let this
pernicious hour
Stand aye accursed in the calendar!—
Come in, without there!

Enter LENOX.
Len. What's your grace's will?
Macb. Saw you the weird sisters?
Len. No, my lord.
Macb. Came they not by you?
Len. No, indeed, my lord.
Macb. Infected be the air wheron they
ride;
And damn'd all those that trust them!—I did
The galloping of horse: Who was't came by?
Len. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring
Macdaff is fled to England. [you word,
Macb. Fled to England?

Len. Ay, my good lord. [exploits:
Macb. Time, thou anticipatest my dread
The slighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it: From this mo-
The very firstlings of my heart shall be [ment,
The firstlings of my hand. And even now
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought
and done:

The castle of Macdaff I will surprise:
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o'the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace tt his line. No boasting like a fool:
This deed I'll do, before this purpose cool:
But no more sights;—Where are these gentle-
Come, bring me where they are. [men?
[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Fife. A Room in Macdaff's Castle.

Enter Lady MACDUFF, her Son, and ROSSE.
L. Macd. What had he done, to make him
fly the land?

Rosse. You must have patience, madam.
L. Macd. He had none;
His flight was madness: When our actions do
Our fears do make us traitors? [not,
Rosse. You know not,
Whether it was his wisdom, or his fear.

L. Macd. Wisdom! to leave his wife, to
leave his babes,
His mansion, and his titles, in a place
From whence himself does fly? He loves us
not;
He wants the natural touch: for the poor
The most diminutive of birds, will fight [wren,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
All is the fear, and nothing is the love;
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.

Rosse. My dearest cos', [husband,
I pray you, school yourself: But, for your
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o'the season. I dare not speak much
further:

t part of a crown which encircles the head: the top is the ornament which
Who can command the forest to serve him like a soldier impressed.
e dissolution of nature. 3 Banqueted with blood. 4 i. e., Sp. h.
taking away the opportunity. 5 Follow. 6 On High is con-
of our treason. 7 Natural affection. 8 Fight etc.

But cruel are the times, when we arrastrators,
And do not know ourselves; when we hold
rumour [fear;

From what we fear, yet know not what we
But float upon a wild and violent sea, [you:
Each way, and move.—I take my leave of
Shall not be long but I'll be here again:

Things at the worst will cease, or else climb
upward

To what they were before.—My pretty cousin
Blessing upon you! [fatherless.

L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he's
Rosse. I am so much a fool, should I stay
longer, [fort;

It would be my disgrace, and your discom-
I take my leave at once. [Exit Rosse.

L. Macd. Sirrah*, your father's dead;
And what will you do now? How will you
Son. As birds do, mother. [live!

L. Macd. What, with worms and flies?
Son. With what I get, I mean; and so do
they. [the net, nor lime,

L. Macd. Poor bird! thou'dst never fear
The pit-fall, nor the gin.

Son. Why should I, mother? Poor birds
they are not set for.

My father is not dead, for all your saying.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead; how wilt thou
do for a father?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at
any market.

Son. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

I dare abide no longer. [Exit]

L. Macd. Whither should
I have done no harm. But I renege
I am in this earthly world; where, to
is often laudable; to do good, some
Accounted dangerous folly: Why then
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To say I have done no harm?—What

Enter Murderers.

Mur. Where is your husband?

L. Macd. I hope, in no place
Where such as thou may'st find him

Mur. He

Son. Thou liest, thou shag-eared!

Mur. What, you egg? [Stab]

Young fry of treachery!

Son. He has killed me

Run away, I pray you.

[Exit Lady Macduff, crying
and pursued by the Murd.

SCENE III. England. A Room

King's Palace.

Enter MALCOLM and MACBETH

Mal. Let us seek out some place
Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macd. I

Hold fast the mortal sword; and

men,

Bestride our downfall'n birthdo-

New widows howl; new orphans

sorrow;

Strike heaven on the face, that it

9 Over-hasty credulity.

It may have cured: then kindly convinces •
The great assay of art; but at his touch,
Sovereignty hath heaven given his hand,
And presently amend.

Mal. I think you, doctor.

Exit Doctor.

Mal. What's the disease he means?

Mal. 'Tis evil'd the evil:

A most marvellous work in this good king;
Which he is, since my here to main in England,
Have seen him do. How he sojourns heaven,
Himself best knows. But strangely visited
people,

A levin and ulcerous, painful to the eye,
The mere despoil of surgery, he cures;
Flouring golden stamps about their necks,
Pardon with holy prayers: and 'tis spoken,
To the succeeding royalty he gives
The healing benediction. With this strange
virtue,

He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy;
And sundry blessings hang about his throne,
That speak him full of grace.

Enter Rosse.

Mal. See, who comes here?

Mal. My countryman: but yet I know
him not.

Mal. My ever gentle cousin, welcome

Mal. I know him now: Good God, sometimes

'Tis names that make us strangers!—remove

Rosse. Sir, Amen.

Mal. Stands Scotland where it did?

Rosse. Alas, poor country!

We are coming thither: gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward, and ten thousand men;
An older, and a better soldier, none
That Christendom gives out.

Rosse. 'Would I could answer
This comfort with the like! But I have work,
That would be how'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch them.

Mal. What concern they?
The general cause? or is it a fee-grief,
Due to some single breast?

Rosse. No mind, that's honest,
But in it shares some woe; though the main
Pertains to you alone.

Mal. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

Rosse. Let not your ears despise my tongue
for ever,

Which shall possess them with the heaviness
That ever yet they heard.

Mal. Humph! I guess at it.

Rosse. Your castle is surprised; your wife
and babes,

Savagely slaughter'd: to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry^{of} these murder'd dogs

To add the death of you.

Mal. Merciful heaven!

What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your
brows;

Give sorrow words: the grief, that does
Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it

Mal. My children too?

Rosse. Wife, children, servants, all

Ed. This tune goes manly.
Go we to the king: our power is ready;
Back is nothing but our leave: Macbeth
Is for shaking, and the powers above

Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer
you may;
The night is long that never finds the day.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

NE I. Dunsinane. A Room in the Castle.
Enter a Doctor of Physic, and a waiting
Gentlewoman.

Ed. I have two nights watched with you,
Can perceive no truth in your report.
Was it she last walked?

Ed. Since his majesty went into the field,
I seen her rise from her bed, throw her
gown upon her, unlock her closet, take
paper, fold it, write upon it, read it,
wards seal it, and again return to bed;
In this while in a most fast sleep.

Ed. A great perturbation in nature! to
see at once the benefit of sleep, and do
acts of watching.—In this slumbry agi-
tation, besides her walking, and other actual
frances, what, at any time, have you
I her say?

Ed. That, sir, which I will not report
after her.

Ed. You may, to me; and 'tis most meet
should.

Ed. Neither to you, nor any one; having
tiness to confirm my speech.

Enter Lady MACBETH, with a Taper.

Ed. You, here she comes! This is her very
; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Ob-
her; stand close.

Ed. How came she by that light?

Ed. Why, it stood by her: she has light
or continually; 'tis her command.

Ed. You see her eyes are open.

Ed. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Ed. What is it she does now? Look, how
she her hands.

Ed. It is an accustomed action with her,
then thus washing her hands; I have known
continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Ed. Yet here's a spot.

Ed. Hark, she speaks: I will set down
it comes from her, to satisfy my remem-
ber the more strongly.

Ed. O, out, damned spot! out, I say!—
Two: Why, then, 'tis time to do't:—
I am murky!—Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier,
afraid? What need we fear who knows
then none can call our power to account?
or who would have thought the old man to
had so much blood in him?

Ed. Do you mark that?

Ed. The thane of Fife had a wife:
was it she now?—What, will these hands
be clean?—No more o'that, my lord, no
re o'that: you mar all with this starting.

Ed. Go to, go to; you have known what
I should not.

Ed. She has spoke what she should not,

I am sure of that: Heaven knows what she
has known.

Lady M. Here's the smell of the blood still:
all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten
this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

Doct. What a sigh is there! The heart is
sorely charged.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my
bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well,—

Gent. 'Pray God, it be, sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice:
yet I have known those which have walked in
their sleep, who have died holily in their beds.

Lady M. Wash your hands, put on your
night-gown; look not so pale:—I tell you yet
again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out
of his grave.

Doct. Even so?

Lady M. To bed, to bed; there's knockin'
at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give
me your hand: What's done cannot be un-
done: To bed, to bed, to bed. [*Exit Lady*

Doct. Will she go now to bed? [*MACBETH.*

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad: Unna-
tural deeds

Do breed unnatural troubles: Infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their
secrets. [*Cian.*—

More needs she the divine, than the phys-
God, God, forgive us all! Look after her;

Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her:—So, good night:

My mind she has mated, and amazed my
I think, but dare not speak. [*Sight:*

Gent. Good night, good doctor.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. The Country near Dunsinane.

Enter, with Drums and Colours, MENTETH,
CATHNERS, ANGUS LENOX, and Soldiers.

Ment. The English power is near led on by
Malcolm,

His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff.

Reverges burn in them: for their dear causes

Would, to the bleeding and the grim alarm,

Excite the mortified man?—

Ang. Near Birnam wood

Shall we well meet them; that way are they
coming. [*brother?*

Cath. Who knows, if Donalbain be with his
Len. For certain, sir, he is not: I have a file

Of all the gentry; there is Siward's son,

And many unrough youths, that even now

Protest their first of manhood.

Ment. What does the tyrant?

Cath. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies:

• Dark.

+ Confounded.

‡ A religious; an ascetic.

§ Unbearded.

Shall say he's not; others, that lesser truth
Do call it a misdeed; but, not certain, [him,
He cannot take out its distemper'd cause
Within the left of rule.

Ang. Now does he feel
His secret murder stirring on his hands;
Now minutely rev-its up his ruth-
less cheek;
Those he that only move only in command,
Nothing in love; now does he feel his tute
Hung loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.

Mont. Who then shall blame
His poster'd senses to recoil, and start,
With a guilt that is within him does condemn
Him for being there?

Cath. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly owed;
Meet we the medicin* of the sickly weal;
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,
Each drop of us.

Len. Or so much as it needs,
To dew the sovereign flower, and drown the weeds.
Make we our march towards Birnam. [weeds,
[*Exeunt marching.*

SCENE III. Dunsinane. A Room in the
Castle.

Enter MACBETH, Doctor and Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more reports; let them
Fly all;
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy
Malcolm? [know

Enter SEYTON.

Sey. What is your gracious pleasure?
Macb. What news me

Sey. All is confirm'd, my lord, which
reported. [he had

Macb. I'll fight, till from my bones my
Give me my armour.

Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.

Macb. I'll put it on. [con
Send out more horses, skirr & the com
Hang those that talk of fear.—Give men
How does your patient, doctor? [arm

Doct. Not so sick, my l
As she is troubled with thick-coming f
That keep her from her rest.

Macb. Cure her of d
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous
Which weighs upon the heart?

Doct. Therein the pati
Must minister to himself. [of

Macb. Throw physic to the dogs, I'll
Come, put mine armour on; give me
staff:—

Seyton, send out.—Doctor, the thanes fly
Come, sir, despatch:—If thou couldst, do
The water of my land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine heal
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again.—Pull off



MACBETH.

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there is advantage to be given,
unless^o have given him the revolt;
serve with him but constrained
ris are absent too. [things.]

Let our just censures
true event, and put we on
soldiership.

The time approaches,
ith due decision make us know
all say we have, and what we owe.
sculative their ansear hopes relate;
same strokes must arbitrate;
ich, advance the war.

[*Exeunt, marching.*]

Dunsinane. Within the Castle.
Drums and Colours, MACBETH,
INTON, and Soldiers.

ing out our banners on the out-
walls; [strength]

still, *They come:* Our castle's
stage to scorn: here let them lie,
and the ague, eat them up:
not forced with those that should

re, [beard],
have met them daren't, beard to
em backward home. What is that
! [A cry within, of Women.

the cry of women, my good lord.
ave alms: st forgot the taste of fears:
as been, my senses would have

ght shriek: and my fell: of hair
dismal treatise rouse, and stir
in't: I have supp'd full with hor-

niliar to my slaughterous thoughts,
start.—Wherefore was that cry?
queen, my lord, is dead.

se should have died hereafter;
I have been a time for such a word,
and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
is petty pace from day to day,
yllable of recorded time;

yesterdays have lighted fools
lusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
walking shadow; a poor player,
ed frets his hour upon the stage,
beard no more: it is a tale
flot, full of sound and fury,
othing.—

Enter a Messenger.
to us thy tongue; thy story quick-
sions my lord, [ly.
t that which I say I saw,
t how to do it.

Well, say, sir.
I did stand my watch upon the hill,
ard Birnam, and anon, methought,
gan to move.

Liar and slave! [*Striking him.*]
ime endure your wrath, it's be not

three mile may you see it coming;
ring grove.

Macb. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling; thee: if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much.

I pull in resolution; and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth: *Fear not, till Birnam*
wood

Do come to Dunsinane—and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane.—Arm, arm, and
out!

If this, which he avouches, does appear,
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.
I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun,
And wish the estate of the world were now un-
done.—

Ring the alarm-bell:—Blow, wind! come,
wrack!

At least we'll die with harness on our back.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *The same. A plain before the*
Castle.

Enter, with Drums and Colours, MALCOLM,
old SIWARD, MACDUFF, &c., and their
Army, with Boughs.

Mal. Now near enough; your leafy screens
throw down, [uncle,

And show like those you are:—You, worthy
Shall, with my cousin, your right-noble son,
Lead our first battle: worthy Macduff, and we,
Shall take upon us what else remains to do,
According to our order.

Mal. Fare you well.—
Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macd. Make all our trumpets speak; give
them all breath,
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.

[*Exeunt. Alarums continued.*]

SCENE VII. *The same. Another Part of*
the Plain.

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. They have tied me to a stake; I can-
not fly,

But, bear-like, I must fight the course.—What's
That was not born of woman? Such a one [he,
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter young SIWARD.

Yo. Srw. What is thy name?

Macb. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

Yo. Srw. No; though thou call'st thyself a
Than any is in hell. [hotter name

Macb. My name's Macbeth.

Yo. Srw. The devil himself could not pro-
More hateful to mine ear. [nounce a title

Macb. No, nor more fearful.

Yo. Srw. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant; with
I'll prove the lie thou speak'st. [my sword

[*They fight, and young Siward is slain.*]

Macb. Thou wast born of woman.—

But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born.

[*Exit.*]

Alarums. Enter MACDUFF.

Macd. That way the noise is!—Tyrant, show thy face:

If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghost will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched kernes*, whose

arms

[*Macbeth,*

Are hired to bear their staves; either thou,
Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd edge,
I sheathe again undecided. There thou shouldst
By this great clatter, one of greatest note [be;
Seems brinded†: Let me find him, fortune!
And more I beg not. [*Exit, Alarums.*

Enter MALCOLM and old SIWARD.

Siw. This way, my lord;—the castle's gently
render'd:

The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;
The noble thanes do bravely in the war;
The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.

Mal. We have met with foes

That strike beside us.

Siw. Enter, sir, the castle.

[*Exeunt, Alarums.*

Re-enter MACBETH.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman fool,
and die gashes
On mine own sword? whilst I see lives, the
Do better upon them.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. Turn, hell-bound, turn.

Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee:
But not thee back: my sword is true; my throat

I throw my warlike shield: lay on, Macduff,
And damn'd be him that first cries, *Dis-*
enough. [*Exeunt, fighting.*

Retreat. Flourish. Re-enter, with Drums and Colours, MALCOLM, old SIWARD, ROSSE, LENOX, ANGUS, CATHNESS, MENTITH, and Soldiers.

Mal. I would, the friends we miss were
safe arrived. [*Drum.*

Siw. Some must go off; and yet, by these
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble son
Rosse. Your son, my lord, has paid a
dier's debt:

He only lived but till he was a man;
The which no sooner had his prowess known
In the unshrinking station where he fought
But like a man he died.

Siw. Then he is dead!
Rosse. Ay, and brought off the field: y'
cause of sorrow

Must not be measured by his worth, for
It hath no end.

Siw. Had he his hurts before?

Rosse. Ay, on the front.

Siw. Why then, God's soldier he!
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so his knell is knell'd.

Mal. He's worth more sorrow
And that I'll spend for him.

Siw. He's worth no more
Than you: he's dead, and so is his son.



KING JOHN.

Persons represented.

JOHN, his son, afterwards King
ry III.
Duke of Bretagne, son of Geoffrey,
Duke of Bretagne, the elder
ier of King John.
WARREHAM, Earl of Pembroke.
FITZ-PETER, Earl of Essex, chief
clary of England.
LONGWORTH, Earl of Salisbury.
DE BOY, Earl of Norfolk.
DE BURGH, chamberlain to the
.
DE WILCONBRIDGE, son of Sir Robert
conbridge.
DE WILCONBRIDGE, his half-brother,
rd son to King Richard the

JAMES GURNEY, servant to Lady Faulcon-
bridge.
PETER of Pomfret, a prophet.
PHILIP, King of France.
LEWIS, the Dauphin.
Archduke of Austria.
Cardinal Pandolph, the Pope's legate.
MELUN, a French lord.
CHATILLON, ambassador from France to
King John.

ELINOR, the widow of King Henry II. and
mother of King John.
CONSTANCE, mother to Arthur.
BLANCH, daughter to Alphonso, King of
Castile, and niece to King John.
Lady FAULCONBRIDGE, mother to the bas-
tard, and Robert Faulconbridge.

**Knights, Citizens of Angiers, Sheriff, Herald, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and
other Attendants.**

Scene:—Sometimes in England, and sometimes in France.

ACT I.

Northampton. *A Room of State
in the Palace.*

JOHN, Queen **ELINOR**, **PEM-**
BRIDGE, **SALISBURY**, and others,
CHATILLON.

Now, say, Chatillon, what would
be with us? [of France,

is, after greeting, speaks the king
vour*, to the majesty,

'd majesty of England here.

range beginning;—borrow'd ma-

! [embassy.

Silence, good mother; hear the

of France, in right and true behalf

ased brother Geoffrey's son,

tagnet, lays most lawful claim

island, and the territories;

Poitiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine:

re to lay aside the sword,

a usurpingly those several titles;

same into young Arthur's hand,

r, and right royal sovereign.

What follows, if we disallow of this?

re proud control of fierce and

ly war,

these rights so forcibly withheld.

Here have we war for war, and

l for blood, [France.

t for comrolment: so answer

en take my king's defiance from

south,

t limit of my embassy. [in peace:

Bear mine to him, and so depart

Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;

For ere thou canst report I will be there;

The thunder of my cannon shall be heard:

So, hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath,

And sullen presage of your own decay.—

An honourable conduct let him have:—

Pembroke, look to't: Farewell, Chatillon.

[**Exit** CHATILLON and **PEMBROKE**.

El. What now, my son? have I not ever said,

How that ambitious Constance would not cease,

Till she had kindled France and all the world,

Upon the right and party of her son?

This might have been prevented and made

With very easy arguments of love! [whole.

Which now the manage† of two kingdoms must

With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.

K. John. Our strong possession, and our

right for us.

El. Your strong possession, much more than

your right;

Or else it must go wrong with you, and me:

So much my conscience whispers in your ear;

Which none but heaven, and you, and I, shall

hear.

Enter the Sheriff of Northamptonshire, who

whispers Essex.

Essex. My liege, here is the strangest con-

troversy,

Come from the country to be judged by you,

That e'er I heard: Shall I produce the men?

K. John. Let them approach.— [Exit Sheriff.

Our abbeyes, and our priories, shall pay

* In the manner I now do.

† Conduct, administration.

Re-enter Sheriff, with ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, and PHILIP, his bastard brother.
This expedition's charge.—What men are you?

Bast. Your faithful subject I, a gentleman,
Born in Northamptonshire; and eldest son,
As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge;
A soldier, by the honour-giving hand
Of Cœur-de-lion knighted in the field.

K. John. What art thou?

Rob. The son and heir to that same Faulconbridge.

K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the
You came not of one mother then? *It seems.*

Bast. Most certain of one mother, mighty
king,

That is well known; and, as I think, one father:
But, for the certain knowledge of that truth,
I put you o'er to heaven, as to my mother;
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.

Eliz. Out on thee, rude man! thou dost shame
thy mother,

And wound her honour with this diffidence.

Bast. I, madam! no, I have no reason for it;
That is my brother's plea, and none of mine;
The which if he can prove, 'a pops me out
At least from fair five hundred pounds a-year:
Heaven guard my mother's honour, and my
land!

K. John. A good blunt fellow:—Why, being
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?

Bast. I know not why, except to get the land:
But once he slander'd me with bastardy:
But whe'r* I be as true-begot, or no,
That still I lay upon my mother's head:

Between my father and my mother lay,
(As I have heard my father speak himself)
When this same lusty gentleman was put
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd
His lands to me; and took it, on his death
That this, my mother's son, was none of his
And, if he were, he came into the world
Full fourteen weeks before the course of it
Then, good my liege, let me have what is
My father's land; as was my father's will.

K. John. Sirrah, your brother is leguall
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear
And, if she did play false, the fault was hers
Which fault lies on the hazards of all ladies
That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother
Who, as you say, took pains to get this son
Had of your father claim'd this son for his
In sooth, good friend, your father might have
kept

This calf bred from his ewe, from all the world
In sooth, he might: then, if he were my brother's,

My brother might not claim him; nor my
father,
Being none of his, refuse him: This conclusion
My mother's son did get your father's land:
Your father's heir must have your father's land.

Rob. Shall then my father's will be of no use
To dispossess that child which is not his?

Bast. Of no more force to dispossess me
Than was his will to get me, as I think.

Eliz. Whether hadst thou rather, —Is it
Faulconbridge,
And like thy brother, to enjoy thy land?



other, by the mother's side; give
our hand;
ive me honour, your's gave land:—
d be the hour, by night or day,
got, sir Robert was away.
very spirit of Montaignet!
andame, Richard; call me so-
dame, by chance, but not by truth:
though?

about, a little from the right,
window, or else o'er the hatch:
not stir by day, must walk by night;
is have, however men do catch:
off, well won is still well shot;
howe'er I was begot. [thy desire,
Go, Falconbridge; now hast thou
night makes thee a landed squire.—
um, and come, Richard; we must

for France; for it is more than need.
other, adieu; Good fortune come to
not got it the way of honesty. [these]

[*Exeunt all but the Bastard.*]
mour better than I was;
foot of land the worse.
can make any Joan a lady:—
sir Richard,—God-a-mercy, fel-

me be George, I'll call him Peter:
dehonour doth forget men's names;
ective, and too sociable,
aversion. Now your traveller,—
tooth-pick at my worship's mess;
sy knightly stomach is sufficed,
suck my teeth, and catechize
man of countries:—*My dear sir,*
ag on mine elbow, I begin.)
ask you—That is question now;
mes answer like an ABC-book:—
answer, at your best command;
ployment; at your service, sir—
question, *I, sweet sir, at yours:*
re answer knows what question
dialogue of compliment; [would,
of the Alps and Apennines,
um, and the river Po,]

rards supper in conclusion so.
relationship society,
mounting spirit, like myself:
t a bastard to the time,
at smack of observation:

I, whether I smack, or no;)
or in habit and device,
m, outward accoutrement;
s inward motion to deliver
t, sweet poison for the age's tooth:
gh I will not practise to deceive,
I deceit, I mean to learn;
drew the footsteps of my rising.—
mes in such haste, in riding robes?
a poet is this? hath she no husband,
s pains to blow a horn before her?
by *FALCONBRIDGE* and *JAMES*
GURNEY.

sy mother:—How now, good lady!

What brings you here to court so hastily?

Lady F. Where is that slave, thy brother?
where is he?

That holds in chase mine honour up and down?

Bas. My brother Robert! old sir Robert's son!
Colbrand the giant, that same mighty man!
Is it sir Robert's son, that you seek so?

Lady F. Sir Robert's son! Ay, thou unre-
verend boy,

Sir Robert's son! Why scorn'st thou at sir
He is sir Robert's son; and so art thou.

Bas. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave

Gur. Good leave, good Philip. [awhile]

Bas. Philip!—sparrow!—James,
There's toys abroad; anon I'll tell thee more.

[*Exit GURNEY.*]

Madam, I was not old sir Robert's son;
Sir Robert might have eat his part in me
Upon Good-Friday, and ne'er broke his fast:
Sir Robert could do well; marry, (to confess!)
Could he get me? Sir Robert could not do it;
We know his handy-work:—Therefore, good mo-
To whom am I beholden for these limbs! [ther,
Sir Robert never help to make this leg.

Lady F. Hast thou conspired with thy brother
too,

That for thine own gain shouldst defend mine
What means this scorn, thou most unsworn
knave?

[*Basco-like* :]
Bas. Knight, knight, good mother,—Bas!

What! I am dubb'd; I have it on my shoulder.
But, mother, I am not sir Robert's son;

I have disclaim'd sir Robert, and my land;

Legitimation, name, and all is gone:

Then, good my mother, let me know my father:

Some proper man, I hope; Who was it, mother?

Lady F. Hast thou denied thyself a Falcon-
bridge?

Bas. As faithfully as I deny the devil.

Lady F. King Richard Cœur-de-lion was
thy father;

By long and vehement suit I was seduced
To make room for him in my husband's bed:—

Heaven lay not my transgression to my charge!
Thou art the issue of my dear offence,

Which was so strongly urged, past my defence.

Bas. Now, by this light, were I to get again,
Madam, I would not wish a better father.

Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,
And so doth yours; your fault was not your folly:

Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,—
Subjected tribute to commanding love,—

Against whose fury and unmatched force,
The aweless lion could not wage the fight, and

Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's;
He, that perforce robs lions of their hearts,

May easily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,
With all my heart I thank thee for my father!

Who lives and dares but say, thou didst not well
When I was got, I'll send his soul to hell.

Come, lady, I will show thee to my kin;
And they shall say, when Richard me begot,

If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sin:
Who says it was, he lies; I say, 'twas not.

[*Exit.*]

ung. † Respectable. ‡ Change of condition. § My travelled top. } Catechism.
ngorn. ** A character in an old Drama called *Soliman and Perseda*.

K. Phil. You wrong men of Angiers, Arthur's subjects,
Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle.

K. John. For our advantage;—Therefore,
hear us first.

These flags of France that are advanced here
Before the eye and prospect of your town,
Have hither march'd to your endamagement;
The cannons have their bowels full of wrath;
And ready mounted are they, to spit forth
Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls:
All preparation for a bloody siege,
And merciless proceeding by these French,
Confront your city's eyes, your winking gates;
And, but for our approach, those sleeping stones,
That as a waist do girdle you about,
By the compulsion of their ordnance
By this time from their fixed beds of lime
Had been dishabited, and wide havoc made
For bloody power to rush upon your peace.
But, on the sight of us, your lawful king,—
Who painfully, with much expedient march,
Have brought a countercheck before your gates,
To save unscratch'd your city's threatened
cheeks,—

Behold, the French, amazed, vouchsafe a parle:
And now, instead of bullets wrapp'd in fire,
To make a shaking fever in your walls,
They shoot but calm words, folded up in smoke,
To make a faithless error in your ears;
Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,
And let us in, your king; whose labour'd spirits,
Forewearied in this action of swift speed,
Crave harbourage within your city walls.

In that behalf which we have challenged it
Or shall we give the signal to our rage,
And stalk in blood to our possession?

I Cit. In brief, we are the king of England
subjects;

For him, and in his right, we hold this town
K. John. Acknowledge then the king, as
let me in. [the king]

I Cit. That can we not; but he that prove
To him will we prove loyal; till that time,
Have we ram'd up our gates against the
world. [prove the king]

K. John. Doth not the crown of England
And, if not that, I bring you witnesses,

Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England
Bast. Bastards, and else. [broad—]

K. John. To verify our title with their lives

K. Phil. As many, and as well-born blood
Bast. Some bastards too. [as those—]

K. Phil. Stand in his face, to contradict his
claim. [worthless]

I Cit. Till you compound whose right
We, for the worthiest, hold the right from both

K. John. Then God forgive the sin of
those souls,

That to their everlasting residence,
Before the dew of evening fall, shall fast.

In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king!

K. Phil. Amen, Amen!—Mount, chivalry,
to arms! [and e'er they]

Bast. St. George,—that swung the dragon
Sits on his horseback at mine hostess' door.

Teach us some fence!—Sirrah, were I at home
At your den, sirrah, [To AUSTRIA] with you



English Herald, with trumpet.
 Voice, ye men of Angiers, ring
 Ho; [proach,
 our King and England's, doth up-
 of this hot malicious day!
 , that march'd hence so silver-

all gilt with Frenchmen's blood;
 & plume in any English crest,
 ed by a staff of France;
 & returns in those same hands
 by them, when we first march'd

By troop of hantmen, come
 hah, all with purple hands,
 ying slaughter of their foes:
 es, and give the victors way.
 , from off our towers we might
 ut, the onset and retire [behold,
 uncles; whose equality,
 res cannot be censured:
 ight blood, and blows have an-
 blows; [confronted power:
 d'd with strength, and power;
 ; and both alike we like. [even,
 re greatest: while they weigh so
 own for neither; yet for both.
Aside, King JOHN, with his
NOR, BLANCH, and the Bas-
other, King PHILIP, LEWIS,
and Forces.

ance, hast thou yet more blood
 away?
 current of our right run on?
 , ver'd with thy impediment,
 native channel, and o'er-swell
 turb'd even thy confining shores;
 t his silver water keep
 gress to the ocean.
 gland, thou hast not sved one
 blood,
 d, more than we of France;
 ore: And by this hand I swear,
 earth this climate overlooks,—
 I lay down our just-borne arms,
 down, 'gainst whom these arms
 I number to the dead; [we bear,
 roll, that tells of this war's loss,
 r coupled to the name of kings.
 jesty! how high thy glory towers,
 blood of kings is set on fire!
 death line his dead chaps with

soldiers are his teeth, his fangs;
 asts, mouting the flesh of men,
 ed differences of kings.—
 the royal fronts amazed thus?
 ings! back to the stained field,
 ents! fiery-kindled spirits!
 mon of one part confirm [death!
 ace; till then, blows, blood, and
 hose party do the townsmen yet
 [your king?
 ak, citizens, for England; who's
 ak of England, when we know
 g-

K. PH. Know him in us, that here hold up
 his right.

K. John. In us, that are our own great deputy,
 And bear possession of our person here;
 Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.
10th. A greater power than we, denies all this;
 And, till it be undoubted, we do lock
 Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates:
 King'd of our fears; until our fears, resolved,
 Be by some certain king purged and deposed.

Basf. By heaven, these scroyles of Angiers
 stout you, kings;
 And stand securely on their battlements,
 As in a theatre, whence they gape and point
 At your industrious scenes and acts of death.
 Your royal presences be ruled by me;
 Do like the mutines of Jerusalem,
 Be friends a while, and both conjointly bend
 Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town:
 By east and west let France and England mount
 Their battering cannon, charged to the mouths;
 Till their soul-fearing clamours have braw'd
 down

The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city:
 I'd play incessantly upon these jades,
 Even till unfenced desolation
 Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.
 That done, discover your united strengths,
 And part your mingled colours once again;
 Turn face to face, and bloody point to point:
 Then, in a moment, fortune shall call forth
 Out of one side her happy minion;
 To whom in favour she shall give the day,
 And kiss him with a glorious victory.
 How like you this wild counsel, mighty states?
 Smacks it not something of the policy?

K. John. Now, by the sky that hangs above
 our heads, [powers,
 I like it well;—France, shall we knit our
 And lay this Angiers even with the ground;
 Then, after, fight who shall be king of it?

Basf. An if thou hast the mettle of a king,—
 Being wrong'd, as we are, by this peevish
 Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery, [town,—
 As we will our's, against these saucy walls:
 And when that we have dash'd them to the
 ground,

Why, then defy each other; and, pell-mell,
 Make work upon ourselves, for heaven, or hell.

K. PH. Let it be so:—Say, where will you
 assault?

K. John. We from the west will send
 Into this city's bosom. [destruction

Aust. I, from the north.

K. PH. Our thunder from the south,
 Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.

Basf. O prudent discipline! From north to
 south,

Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth:
 [Aside.

I'll stir them to't: Come, away, away!

1 Cit. Hear us, great kings! vouchsafe a
 while to stay, [league;
 And I shall shew you peace, and fair-faced
 Win you this city without stroke or wound;
 Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,

ed, determined.

† Potentates.

‡ Scabby fellows.

§ Mutineers.

That here come sacrificers for the field:
 Perséver not, but hear me, mighty kings.

K. John. Speak on, with favour; we are
 bent to hear.

[Blanch.]
1 Cit. That daughter there of Spain, the lady
 Is near to England: Look upon the years
 Of Lewis the dauphin, and that lovely maid:
 If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
 Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?
 If zealous * love should go in search of virtue,
 Where should he find it purer than in Blanch?
 If love ambitious sought a match of birth,
 Whose veins bound richer blood than lady
 Blanch?

Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,
 Is the young dauphin every way complete:
 If not complete, O say, he is not she;
 And she again wants nothing, to name want,
 If want it be not, that she is not he:
 He is the half part of a blessed man,
 Left to be finished by such a she;
 And she a fair divided excellence,
 Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.
 O, two such silver currents, when they join,
 Do glorify the banks that bound them in:
 And two such shores to two such streams
 made one.

Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,
 To these two princes, if you marry them.
 This union shall do more than battery can,
 To our fast-closed gates; for, at this match,
 With swifter spleen† than powder can enforce,
 The mouth of passage shall we fling wide open,
 And give you entrance; but, without this match,
 The sea enraged is not half so deaf,

Cool and congeal again to what it was.

1 Cit. Why answer not the double maid
 This friendly treaty of our threaten'd foes?

K. Phil. Speak England first, that bid
 forward first

To speak unto this city: What say you?

K. John. If that the dauphin then
 princely son,

Can in this book of beauty read, I know,
 Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen
 For Anjou, and fair Touraine, Maine, Flanders,
 And all that we upon this side the sea
 (Except this city now by us besieged)
 Find liable to our crown and dignity,
 Shall gild her bridal bed; and make her
 in titles, honours, and promotions,
 As she in beauty, education, blood,
 Holds hand with any princess of the sea.

K. Phil. What sayst thou, boy? look
 lady's face.

Lew. I do, my lord, and in her eye I
 A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
 The shadow of myself form'd in her eye
 Which, being but the shadow of yourself
 Becomes a son and makes your son's son
 I do protest, I never loved myself,
 Till now infixed I beheld myself,
 Drawn in the flattering table of her eye

*[Whispers with his
 eye!—]*
Hast; Drawn in the flattering table of
 eye!—

*[He
 Hang'd in the frowning wrinkles
 And quarter'd in her heart!—be deceiv'd
 Himself love's traitor: This is pay
 That hang'd, and drawn, and quarter'd,*



pe too; for, I am well
[was first assured *.
me of Anglers, ope your

ch you have made;
apel, presently,
shall be solemnized.—
ince in this troop?
r this match, made up,
ave interrupted much:—
er son! tell me, who
[ness' tent.
passionate! at your high-
y faith, this league, that

very little cure.—
ow may we content
her right we came;
we, have turn'd another
[way,
will heal up all; [ague,
ng Arthur duke of Bre-
d; and this rich fair town
of.—Call the lady Con-
er bid her repair [stance;
trust we shall,
sure of her will,
satisfy her so,
r exclamation.
ste will suffer us,
unprepared pomp.
e Bastard.—The Citizens
e tralls.

I mad kings! mad com-
s title in the whole,
ted with a part:

And France, (whose armour conscience buckled
Whom seal and charity brought to the field, (on;
As God's own soldier,) roended § in the ear:
With that same purpose-changer, that airy devil;
That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith;
That daily break-vow; be that wins of all,
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men,
maids:—

Who having no external thing to lose
Bet the word maid,—cheats the poor maid of
that; [modity;—

That smooth-faced gentleman, tickling com-
Commodity, the bias of the world;
The world, who of itself is peised ¶ well,
Made to run even, upon even ground;
Till this advantage, this vile drawing bias,
This away of motion, this commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpose, course, intent:
And this same bias, this commodity,
This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,
Clapp'd on the outward-eye of sickle France,
Hath drawn him from his own determined side,
From a resolved and honourable war,
To a most base and vile-concluded peace.—

And why rail I on this commodity?
But for because he hath not woo'd me yet:
Not that I have the power to clutch ** my hand,
When his fair angels ¶ would salute my palm:
But for my hand, as unattempted yet,
Like a poor beggar, ralleth on the rich.
Well, whilst I am a beggar, I will rail,
And say—there is no sin, but to be rich;
And being rich, my virtue then shall be,
To say,—there is no vice, but beggary:
Since kings break faith upon commodity,
Gain, be my lord! for I will worship thee!

[Exit.

ACT III.

ve. The French King's
ent.

ARTHUR, & SALISBURY.
married! gone to swear
[friends!
lood join'd! Gone to be
anch? and Blanch those

t misspoke, misheard;
o'er thy tale again:
et but say, 'tis so:
st thee; for thy word
of a common man:
believe thee, man;
o the contrary.
d for this frightening me,
ipable ¶ of fears; [fears;
gs, and therefore fall of
s, subject to fears; [Jest,
born to fears; [Jest,
v confess, thou didst but
s I cannot take a truce,

But they will quake and tremble all this day.
What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?
Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?
What means that hand upon that breast of thine?
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
Like a proud river peering § o'er his bounds?
Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words?
Then speak again; not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

Sal. As true, as, I believe, you think them
false,

That give you cause to prove my saying true,
Const. O, if thou teach me to believe this

sorrow,
Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die;
And let belief and life encounter so,
As doth the fury of two desperate men,
Which, in the very meeting, fall, and die.—
Lewis marry Blanch! O, boy, then where art
thou! [of me!—

France friend with England! what becomes
Fellow, be gone; I cannot brook thy sight;
This news hath made thee a most ugly man.

† Mournful.

oo Clasp.

‡ Advantage

¶ Coin.

§ Conspired.

¶ Susceptible.

|| Interest.

%% Appearing

Ant. What other harm have I, good lady,
done,

But spoke the harm that is by others done?

Const. Which harm within us it solemously,
As it makes harm full ad that speak of it.

Ant. I do beseech you, madam, be content.

Const. If thou, that bro'tst me be content,
wert gain,

Ugly, and shend'rous to thy mother's womb,
Full of unpleasing facts, and sightless stains,

Faint, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,
Patch'd with rous moles, and eye-odending

marks,

I would not cure, I then would be content;

For then I should not love thee; no, nor thou

become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown.

But thou art fair; and at thy birth, dear boy!

Nature and fortune join'd to make thee great:

Of nature's gifts thou may'st with lilies boast,

And with the harts blown rose: but to come, O!

She is corrupted, changed, and won from thee;

She adulterates honesty with thine uncle John;

And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on

France

'To tread down our respect of sovereignty,

And made his majesty the bawd to theirs.

France is a bawd to fore me, and king John;

That trumpet to come, that us up'ring John:—

Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn?

Envy com him with words; or get thee gone,

And leave these woes alone, which I alone

Am bound to under-bear.

Ant. Pardon me, madam,

But on this day, let seamen fear no wrec

No bargains break, that are not this day in

This day, all things begun come to ill ea

Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood char

A. Phil. By heaven, lady, you shall ha

cause

To curse the fair proceedings of this day:

Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty?

Const. You have beguiled me with a

terfeit,

Resembling majesty; which, being too

Proves valueless: You are forsworn, ^{now}

You came in arms to spill mine enemies'

But now in arms you strengthen it with y

The grappling vigour and rough frown of

Is cold in amity and painted peace,

And our oppression hath made up this keep

Arm, arm, you heavens, against these per

king's!

A widow cries; be husband to me, ^{now}

Let not the hours of this ungodly day

Wear out the day in peace; but, ere ^{now}

Set armed discord 'twixt these perjured b

Hear me, O, hear me!

Ant. Lady Constance, p

Const. War! war! no peace! peace! ^{now}

a war,

O Lymoges! O Austria! thou dost show

that bloody spoil: Thou slave, thou w

thou coward;

Thou little valiant, great in villany!

Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!

Thou fortune's champion, that dost never



That earthly name to interrogate—

ree breath of a sacred king?
 t, cardinal, devise a name
 orthy, and ridiculous,
 to an answer, as the pope. [land,
 ale; and from the mouth of Eng-
 h more.—That no Italian priest
 all in our dominions;
 or heaven as supreme head,
 that great supremacy,
 reign, we will alone uphold,
 nstance of a mortal hand:
 re: all reverence set apart,
 s usurp'd authority.

ther of England, you blaspheme
 [Christendom,
 ough you, and all the kings of
 nky by this meddling priest,
 ness that money may buy out;
 erit of vile gold, dross, dast,
 igned pardon of a man,
 ale, sells pardon from himself:
 nd all the rest, so grossly led,
 witchcraft with revenue cherish;
 lone do me oppose
 pe, and count his friends my foes.
 y the lawful power that I have,
 id cursed, and excommunicate:
 ill be he, that doth revolt
 lance to an heretic;
 as shall that hand be call'd,
 I worshipp'd as a saint,
 y by any secret course
 is.

O, lawful let it be,
 nra with Rome to curse a while!
 rditional, cry thou, amen,
 wness; for, without my wrong,
 nra hath power to curse him

w's law and warrant, lady, for
 e. [no right,
 for mine too; when law can do
 t, that law bar no wrong:
 ve my child his kingdom here;
 k's his kingdom, holds the law:
 as law itself is perfect wrong,
 aw forbid my tongue to curse t
 p of France, on peril of a curse,
 d of that arch-heretic;
 power of France upon his head,
 submit himself to Rome.

thou pale, France? do not let
 and. [repent,
 : so that, devil lest that France
 uring hands, hell lose a soul.
 Philip, listen to the cardinal.
 hang a calf's-skin on his re-
 imbs. [wrongs,
 ruffian, I must pocket up these

r breeches best may carry them.
 illip, what sayst thou to the
 s

Const. What should he say, but with the cir-
 cles?

Lew. Bethink you, father; for the difference
 Is, purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,
 Or the light loss of England for a friend:
 Forgo the easier.

Blanch. That's the curse of Rome.

Const. O, Lewis, stand fast: the devil tempts
 thee here,

In likeness of a new untrammell'd bride.

Blanch. The lady Constance speaks not from
 But from her need. [her faith,

Const. O, if thou grant my need;
 Which only lives but by the death of faith,
 That need must needs infer this principle,—
 That faith would live again by death of need;
 O, then, tread down my need, and faith
 mounts up;

Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down.

K. John. The king is moved, and answers
 not to this. [well.

Const. O, be removed from him, and answer
 Aust. Do so, king Philip; hang no more in
 doubt. [sweet loud.

Bast. Hang nothing but a calf's-skin, most
 K. Phil. I am perplex'd, and know not what
 to say. [thee more,

Pand. What canst thou say, but wilt perplex
 If thou stand excommunicate and cursed?

K. Phil. Good reverend father, make my
 person yours,

And tell me, how you would bestow yourself.
 This royal hand and mine are newly knit;
 And the conjunction of our inward souls
 Married in league, coupled and link'd together
 With all religious strength of sacred vows;
 The latest breath that gave the sound of words,
 Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love,
 Between our kingdoms and our royal selves;
 And even before this truth, but now before,—
 No longer than we well could wash our hands,
 To clasp this royal bargain up of peace,—
 Heaven knows, they were besmear'd and over-
 stain'd [put it

With slaughter's pencil; where revenge did
 The fearful difference of innumerable kings:—
 And shall these hands, so lately purged of blood,
 So newly join'd in love, so strong in both,
 Unyoke this seizure, and this kind regret?
 Play fast and loose with faith? so jest with
 heaven,

Make such unconstant children of ourselves,
 As now again to snatch our palm from palm;
 Unswear faith sworn; and on the marriage bed
 Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,
 And make a riot on the gentle brow
 Of true sincerity? O, holy sir,
 My reverend father, let it not be so:
 Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose
 Some gentle order; and then we shall be bless'd
 To do your pleasure, and continue friends.

Pand. All form is formless, order orderless,
 Save what is opposite to England's love.

Therefore, to arms! be champion of our church!
 Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curse,

Which she will surely breathe on thee.

Const. What should he say, but with the cir-
 cles?

Lew. Bethink you, father; for the difference
 Is, purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,
 Or the light loss of England for a friend:
 Forgo the easier.

Blanch. That's the curse of Rome.

Const. O, Lewis, stand fast: the devil tempts
 thee here,

In likeness of a new untrammell'd bride.

Blanch. The lady Constance speaks not from
 But from her need. [her faith,

Const. O, if thou grant my need;
 Which only lives but by the death of faith,
 That need must needs infer this principle,—
 That faith would live again by death of need;
 O, then, tread down my need, and faith
 mounts up;

Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down.

K. John. The king is moved, and answers
 not to this. [well.

Const. O, be removed from him, and answer
 Aust. Do so, king Philip; hang no more in
 doubt. [sweet loud.

Bast. Hang nothing but a calf's-skin, most
 K. Phil. I am perplex'd, and know not what
 to say. [thee more,

Pand. What canst thou say, but wilt perplex
 If thou stand excommunicate and cursed?

K. Phil. Good reverend father, make my
 person yours,

And tell me, how you would bestow yourself.
 This royal hand and mine are newly knit;
 And the conjunction of our inward souls
 Married in league, coupled and link'd together
 With all religious strength of sacred vows;
 The latest breath that gave the sound of words,
 Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love,
 Between our kingdoms and our royal selves;
 And even before this truth, but now before,—
 No longer than we well could wash our hands,
 To clasp this royal bargain up of peace,—
 Heaven knows, they were besmear'd and over-
 stain'd [put it

With slaughter's pencil; where revenge did
 The fearful difference of innumerable kings:—
 And shall these hands, so lately purged of blood,
 So newly join'd in love, so strong in both,
 Unyoke this seizure, and this kind regret?
 Play fast and loose with faith? so jest with
 heaven,

Make such unconstant children of ourselves,
 As now again to snatch our palm from palm;
 Unswear faith sworn; and on the marriage bed
 Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,
 And make a riot on the gentle brow
 Of true sincerity? O, holy sir,
 My reverend father, let it not be so:
 Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose
 Some gentle order; and then we shall be bless'd
 To do your pleasure, and continue friends.

Pand. All form is formless, order orderless,
 Save what is opposite to England's love.

Therefore, to arms! be champion of our church!
 Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curse,

* When unadorn'd adorn'd the most.—Thomson's Autumn, 200.

† Exchange of salutation.

A mother's curse, on her revolting son,
 France, thou mayst hold a serpent by the tongue,
 A eased lion by the mortal paw,
 A fasting tiger safer by the tooth, [hold.
 Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost

A. Phil. I may disjoin my hand, but not my
 faith. [faith.]

Pand. So makest thou faith an enemy to
 And, like a civil war, set'st oath to oath,
 Thy tongue against thy tongue. O, let thy vow
 First made to heaven, first be to heaven per-
 form'd;

That is, to be the champion of our church!
 What since thou swore'st, is sworn against thy-
 And may not be performed by thyself: [self,
 For that, which thou hast sworn to do amiss,
 Is not amiss when it is truly done;
 And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
 The truth is then most done not doing it:
 The better act of purposes mistook

Is, to mistake again; though indirect,
 Yet indirection thereby grows direct, [fire,
 And falsehood falsehood cures; as fire cools
 Within the scorched veins of one new burn'd.
 It is religion, that doth make vows kept;
 But thou hast sworn against religion;
 By what thou swear'st, against the thing thou
 swear'st;

And makest an oath the surety for thy truth
 Against an oath: The truth thou art unsure
 To swear, swear only not to be forsworn;
 Else, what a mockery should it be to swear!
 But thou dost swear only to be forsworn:

Const. That which upholds
 upholds,

His honour: O, thine honour
Len. Ironset your majesty.

When such profound respect
Pand. I will denounce a curse

A. Phil. Thou shalt not need
 fall from thee.

Const. O fair return of his

Ell. O fool revolt of France

K. John. France, thou shalt
 within this hour.

Bast. Old time the clock
 Is it as he will? well then, I

Blanch. The son's o'ercrest
 day, adieu!

Which is the side that I must
 I am with both: each army

And, in their rage, I having
 They whirl aunder, and din

Husband, I cannot pray that
 Uncle, I needs must pray that

Father, I may not wish the
 Grandam, I will not wish the

Whoever wins, on that side
 Assured loss, before the mat

Len. Lady, with me; will
 lies. [il]

Blanch. There where
K. John. Cousin, go draw

together.

France, I am burn'd up with
 A rage, whose heat hath this



KING JOHN.

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ried.—Come, look not sad :

[To ARTHUR.]
Overs thee, and thy uncles will
see as thy father was. [grief.]

will make my mother die with
me, [To the Bastard.] away for
; haste before:

ming, see thou shake the bags
shots: angels imprisoned
ry: the fat ribs of peace
sry now be fed upon:
lesion in his utmost force.
look, and candle shall not drive

; silver becks me to come on.
phases:—Grandam, I will pray
umber to be holy.)
safety; so I kiss your hand.
th, my gentle cousin.

Coz, farewell. [Exit Bastard.
lther, little kinsman: hark, a

[She takes ARTHUR aside.
ome hither, Hubert. O, my
lbert,

uch; within this wall of flesh
counts thee her creditor,
stage means to pay thy love:
friend, thy voluntary oath
oom, dearly cherished.

nd. I had a thing to say,—
with some better time.

bert, I am almost ashamed
not respect I have of thee.

uch bounden to your majesty.
od friend, thou hast no cause

yet; [slow,
have; and creep time ne'er so

ne, for me to do thee good.
say,—But let it go:

heaven, and the proud day,
the pleasures of the world,

on, and too full of gaw-lust,
hence:—If the midnight bell

on tongue and brazen mouth,
the drowy race of night;

ere a church-yard where we

need with a thousand wrongs;
spirit, melancholy,

y blood, and made it heavy,
[veins,

runs tickling up and down the
let, laughter, keep men's eyes,

ir cheeks to idle merriment,
ful to my purposes:)

couldst see me without eyes,
not thine ears, and make reply

me, using conceit alone,
urs, and harmful sound of words;

te of brooded watchful day,
y bosom pour my thoughts:

not:—Yet I love thee well;
sth, I think, thou lovest me well.

th, that what you bid me under-

Though that my death were adjunct to my
By heaven, I'd do't. [exit,

K. John. Do not I know, thou wouldst
Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eyes

On yon young boy: I'll tell thee what, my
He is a very serpent in my way; [friend,

And, wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me: Dost thou understand me?

Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And I will keep him so,
That he shall not offend your majesty.

K. John. Death.

Hub. My lord?

K. John. A grave.

Hub. He shall not live.

K. John. Enough.

I could be merry now: Hubert, I love thee;
Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee:

Remember.—Madam, fare you well:
I'll send those powers o'er to your majesty.

Eliz. My blessing go with thee!

K. John. For England, cousin:
Hubert shall be your man, attend on you

With all true duty.—On toward Calais, ho!
[Exit.

SCENE IV. The same. The French King's
Tent.

Enter KING PHILIP, LEWIS, PANDULPH, and
Attendants.

K. Phil. So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,
A whole armada of convicted traitors

Is scatter'd and disjointed from fellowship.
Pand. Courage and comfort! all shall yet

go well. [ran so ill?
K. Phil. What can go well, when we have

Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?
Arthur taken prisoner? divers dear friends

slain?
And bloody England into England gone,
O'erbearing interruption, spite of France?

Lew. What he hath won, that hath he for-
tified:

So hot a speed with such advice disposed,
Such temperate order in so fierce a cause,

Doth want example: Who hath read, or heard,
Of any kindred action like to this?

A. Phil. Well could I bear that England had
this praise,

So we could find some pattern of our shame,
Enter CONSTANCE.

Look, who comes here! a grave unto a soul;
Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,

In the vile prison of afflicted breath:—
I prithee, lady, go away with me.

Const. Lo, now! now see the issue of your
peace! [Constance!

K. Phil. Patience, good lady! comfort, gentle
Const. No, I defy all counsel, all redress,

But that which ends all counsel, true redress,
Death, death:—O amiable lovely death!

Thou odoriferous stench! sound rottenness!
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,

Thou hate and terror to prosperity,
And I will kiss thy detestable bones!

in. † Showy ornaments.
‡ Fleet of war.

‡ Conception.

§ Joined.

¶ Overcome.

** Refuse.

And put my eye-balls in thy vaulty brows;
And ring these fingers with thy household
worms; [dust,
And stop this gap of breath with falsome
and be a carrion monster like thyself: [est,
Come, gain on me; and I will think thou smile.
And thus thou art thy wife! Misery's love,
O, come to me!

K. Phil. O, fair affliction, peace.

Const. No, no, I will not, having breath to
cry:— [mouth!

O, that my tongue were in the thunder's
bow with a passion would I shake the world;
And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy,
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
Which seems a modern invocation. [sorrow.

Pand. Lady, you utter madness, and not

Const. Then art not holy to belie me so;
I am not mad: this hair I tear is mine;
My name is Constance; I was Geoffrey's wife;
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost:
I am not mad;—I would to heaven, I were!
For then, 'tis like I should forget myself:
O, if I could, what grief should I forget!—
Preach some philosophy to make me mad,
And thou shalt be canonized, cardinal;
For, being not mad, but sensible of grief,
My reasonable part produces reason
How I may be deliver'd of these woes,
And teaches me to kill or hang myself:
If I were mad, I should forget my son;
Or madly think, a babe of clouts were he:
I am not mad: too well, too well I feel
The different plague of each calamity.

K. Phil. Bind up those tresses; O, what love

Const. He talks to me, that never had any.

K. Phil. You are as fond of grief, as I
your child. [chance]

Const. Grief fills the room up of my absent
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form.
Then, have I reason to be fond of grief.

Fare you well: had you such a loss as I,
I could give better comfort than you do.—
I will not keep this form upon my head,

[Tearing off her head-dress]

When there is such disorder in my wit.
O lord, my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!
My widow-comfort, and my sorrow's cure!

K. Phil. I fear some outrage, and I'll follow
her. [Exit]

Lew. There's nothing in this world can make
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale, [me]
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man;
And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet work
taste,

That it yields nought, but shame, and loss.
Pand. Before the curing of a strong disease
Even in the instant of repair and health,
The fit is strongest; evils, that take leave,
On their departure most of all show evil:
What have you lost by losing of this day?

Lew. All days of glory, joy, and happiness

Pand. If you had won it, certainly,
have.

No, no; when fortune means to men



How green are you, and fresh in
 old world!
 on plots; the times conspire with
 steep his safety in true blood,
 it bloody safety, and untrue.
 evilly born, shall cool the hearts
 ople, and freeze up their soul;
 a small advantage shall step forth,
 reign, but they will cherish it:
 shalation in the sky,
 nature, no distemper'd day,
 wind, no custom'd event,
 I pluck away his natural cause,
 in meteors, prodigies, and signs,
 rérages, and tongues of heaven,
 racing vengeance upon John.
 be, he will not touch young Ar-
 life,
 self safe in his prisonment.
 sir, when he shall hear of your
 ach,
 ; Arthur be not gone already,

Even at that news he dies; and then the heights
 Of all his people shall revolt from him,
 And kiss the lips of unacquainted change;
 And pick strong matter of revolt, and wrath,
 Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.
 Methinks, I see this hurly all on foot;
 And, O, what better matter breeds for you,
 Than I have named!—The bastard Faulcon-
 bridge
 Is now in England, ransacking the church,
 Offending charity: If but a dozen French
 Were there in arms, they would be as a call
 To train ten thousand English to their side;
 Or, as a little snow, tumbled about,
 Anon becomes a mountain. O, noble dauphin,
 Go with me to the king: 'Tis wonderful,
 What may be wrought out of their discontent:
 Now that their souls are topfull of offence,
 For England go; I will what on the king.
Leu. Strong reasons make strong actions:
 Let us go;
 If you say, ay, the king will not say, no. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

Northampton. A Room in the
 Castle.

URRY and two Attendants.

t me these irons hot; and, look
 tand
 rras*: when I strike my foot
 som of the ground, rush forth:
 boy, which you shall find with me,
 air: be heedful; hence, and watch.
 I hope your warrant will bear out
 ed.
 deanly scruples! Fear not you:
 s't.— [*Exeunt Attendants.*]
 ome forth; I have to say with you.

Enter ARTHUR.
 d morrow, Hubert.

Good morrow, little prince.
 little prince (having so great a title
 prince) as may be.—You are sad.
 ed, I have been merrier.

Mercy on me!
 body should be sad but I:
 nber, when I was in France,
 amen would be as sad as night,
 ntonness. By my christendom,
 it of prison, and kept sheep,
 is merry as the day is long;
 old be here, but that I doubt
 actises more harm to me:
 of me, and I of him:
 t that I was Geoffrey's son?
 is't not: And I would to heaven,
 on, so you would love me, Hubert.
 alk to him, with his innocent prate
 ke my mercy, which lies dead:
 ill be adden, and despatch. [*Aside.*]
 : you sick, Hubert? you look pale
 :
 would you were a little sick;

That I might sit all night, and watch with you:
 I warrant, I love you more than you do me.

Hub. His words do take possession of my
 bosom.—

Read here, young Arthur. [*Showing a paper.*]
 How now, foolish rheum! [*Aside.*]

Turning displeas'd torture out of door!
 I must be brief, lest resolution drop
 Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish tears.—
 Can you not read it? Is it not fair writ?

Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect:
 Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

Hub. Young boy, I must.
Arth. And will you?

Hub. And I will.

Arth. Have you the heart? When your head

did but ache,
 I knit my handkerchief about your brows,
 (The best I had, a princess wrought it me,)
 And I did never ask it you again:
 And with my hand at midnight held your head;
 And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
 Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time;
 Saying, What lack you? and, Where lies your
 grief?

Or, What good love may I perform for you?
 Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
 And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
 But you at your sick service had a prince.
 Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,
 And call it cunning; do, as if you will:
 If heaven be pleased that you must see me ill,
 Why, then you must.—Will you put out mine
 eyes?

These eyes, that never did, nor never shall,
 So much as frown on you?

Hub. I have sworn to do it;
 And with hot irons must I burn them out.

Arth. Ah, none, but in this iron age, would
 The iron of itself, though heat red-hot, [do it]

Apprehending in these eyes, would I drink my
And crush his tears in liquor?
Even in the matter of mine mine eyes;
Not for continuing due to harm mine eyes.
You have a stubborn head than hammer'd
Not many, as thou I have come to me, thou?
You told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would I had have been so, but
Hubert!

Hub. Good night, *Is my s.*

Is my s. Attendants, *with Child, I say, ye,*
Do as I bid you do, *eyes are out,*

Arth. O, save me, Hubert, save me! my
I've with the best looks of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the men, I say, and bind him
here, *tough!*

Arth. Alas, what need you be so bold? rous-
I will not struggle, I will stand stone still.

For heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be
bound;

Now, hear me, Hubert, drive these men away!
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;

I will not stir, nor voice, nor speak a word,
Nor look up, nor stir my finger;

Hubert, I will let you go, and I'll forgive
What ever you do to me to-day, *him.*

Hub. Go, and I will let you go, and I'll forgive
What ever you do to me to-day, *him.*

Arth. Alas! I then have chid away my
friend;

He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart;—
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.

And glow with shame of your proceeding
Hubert:

Say, it, perchance, will sparkle in your eye
And, like a dog that is compell'd to fight,

Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on
All things, that you should use to do me wrong.

Deny their office: only you do lack
That mercy, which fierce fire, and iron, extend

Creatures of note, for mercy-lacking use.
Hub. Well, see to live; I will not let
thine eyes

For all the treasure that thine uncle owns
Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,

With this same very iron to burn them out
Arth. O, now, you look like Hubert! all

You were disguised.
Hub. Peace: no more.

Your uncle must not know but you are dead
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports

And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and me
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world

Will not offend thee.
Arth. O heaven!—I thank you, Hubert.

Hub. Silence; no more: Go quickly
with me;

Much danger do I undergo for thee. *[Exit]*

SCENE II. *The same. A Room of State*
in the Palace.

Enter King JOHN, crowned; PLANTAGENET
SALISBURY, and other Lords. The King
takes his State.

K. John. Here once again we sit, once again
crown'd,

And look'd upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes



is fault the worse by the excuse;
it upon a little breach,
in hiding of the fault,
fault before it was so patch'd.
is effect, before you were new-
n'd, [highness
our counsel; but it pleased your
t, and we are all well pleased;
every part of what we would,
stand at what your highness will.
some reasons of this double cry-
a [strong;
n'd you with, and think them
more strong, (when lesser is my
you with: Mean time, but ask
ld have reform'd, that is not well;
I you perceive, how willingly
ar and grant you your requests.
I, (as one that am the tongue of

purposes of all their hearts),
if and them, (but, chief of all,
or the which myself and them
istudies), heartily request (strait
isement) of Arthur: whose re-
e murmuring lips of discontent
this dangerous argument,—
t you have, in right you hold,
ur fears, (which, as they say,
[np
rong,) should move you to mew
insan, and to choke his days
as ignorance, and deny his youth
stage of good exercise;
enemies may not have this
sions, let it be our suit,
bid us ask his liberty;
goods we do no further ask,
on our weal, on you depending,
weal, he have his liberty.
et it be so; I do commit his youth
Enter HUBERT.

tion.—Hubert, what news with
[deed;
is the man should do the bloody
warrant to a friend of mine:
a wicked heinous fault
e; that close aspect of his
mood of a much-troubled breast;
fully believe, 'tis done,
ard he had a charge to do. [go,
slow of the king doth come and
arpose and his conscience,
twist two dreadful battles set:
so ripe, it needs must break.
when it breaks, I fear, will issue

option of a sweet child's death.
Ve cannot hold mortality's strong
though my will to give is living,
y you demand is gone and dead:
Arthur is deceased to night.
I, we fear'd, his sickness was past

Pem. Indeed we heard how near his death
he was,
Before the child himself felt he was sick:
This must be answer'd, either here, or hence.

K. John. Why do you bend such solemn
brows on me?

Think you, I bear the shears of destiny?

Have I commandment on the pulse of life?

Sad. It is apparent foul-play; and 'tis shame,

That greatness should so grossly offer it:

So thrive it in your game! and so farwell.

Pem. Stay yet, lord Salisbury; I'll go with
thee,

And find the inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdom of a forced grave. [sole,

That blood, which ow'd; the breath of all this

Three foot of it doth hold; Bad world the while!

This must not be thus borne: this will break out

To all our sorrows, and ere long, I doubt.

Exeunt Lords

K. John. They burn in indignation; I re-
There is no sure foundation set on blood; [pent;
No certain life achieved by others' death.—

Enter a Messenger.

A fearful eye thou hast; Where is that blood

That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?

So foul a sky clears not without a storm:

Pour down thy weather:—How goes all in

France? [a power;

Mess. From France to England never such

For any foreign preparation,

Was levied in the body of a land!

The copy of your speed is learn'd by them;

For, when you should be told they do prepare

The tidings come, that they are all arrived.

K. John. O, where hath our intelligence

been drunk? [care?

Where hath it slept? Where is my mother's

That such an army could be drawn in France,

And she not hear of it?

Mess. My legs, her ear

Is stopp'd with dust; the first of April, died

Your noble mother: And, as I hear, my lord

The lady Constance in a frenzy died [tongue

Three days before: but this from rumour's

I idly learn; if true or false I know not. [sion!

K. John. Withhold thy speed, dreadful occa-

O, make a league with me, till I have pleased

My discontented peers!—What! mother dead?

How wildly then walks my estate in France!—

Under whose conduct came those powers of

France,

That thou for truth givest out, are landed here?

Mess. Under the Dauphin.

Enter the Bastard and PETER of POMFREY

K. John. Thou hast made me giddy

With these ill tidings.—Now, what says the

To your proceedings? do not seek to stuff [world

My head with more ill news, for it is full.

Bast. But, if you be afraid to hear the worst,

Then let the worst, unheard, fall on your head.

K. John. Bear with me, cousin; for I was

amazed

Under the tide; but now I breathe again

Aloft the flood; and can give audience

To any tongue, speak it of what it will.



KING JOHN.

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body of this fleshy hand*,
 n, this confine of blood and breath,
 A civil tumult reigns [death.
 y conscience, and my cousin's
 : you against your other enemies,
 mates between your soul and you,
 r is alive: This hand of mine
 ten and an innocent hand,
 with the crimson spots of blood.
 basom never enter'd yet
 l motion of a murder's thought,
 e slander'd nature in my form;
 never rude exteriorly,
 ver of a fairer mind
 utcher of an innocent child.
 Doth Arthur live? O, haste thee
 pears,
 sport on their incensed rage,
 same tame to their obedience!
 comment that my passion made
 sure; for my rage was blind,
 gluary eyes of blood
 ee more hideous than thou art,
 at; but to my closet bring
 eds with all-expedient haste:
 e but slowly; run more fast.

[*Exeunt.*]

III. The same. Before the Castle.

ARTHUR, on the Walls.

: wall is high; and yet will I leap
 :—
 i, be pitiful, and hurt me not!—
 or none, do know me: if they
 (quite.
 's semblance hath disguised me
 and yet I'll venture it.
 n, and do not break my limbs,
 and shifts to get away:
 lie, and go, as die, and stay.

[*Leaps down.*]

uncle's spirit is in these stones—
 my soul, and England keep my

[*Dies.*]

BROKE, SALISBURY, and BIGOT.
 s, I will meet him at saint Ed-
 s-Bury;

ty, and we must embrace
 fier of the perilous time.
 o brought that letter from the car-
 ? [France;

count Meln, a noble lord of
 de with me; of the dauphin's love
 re general than these lines import.
 sorrow morning let us meet him

rather than set forward: for 'twill
 ya' journey, lords, or e'er we meet.
Enter the Bastard.

ce more to-day well met, distem-
 y lords! [straight.

by me, requests your presence
 ding hath dispossest himself of us;
 line his thin bestained cloak

With our pure honours, nor attend the foot
 That leaves the print of blood where'er it
 walks:

Return, and tell him so; we know the worst.

Bast. Whate'er you think, good words, I
 think, were best. [now.

Sat. Our griefs, and not our manners, reason

Bast. But there is little reason in your grief;
 Therefore, 'twere reason you had manners now.

Pem. Sir, sir, impatience hath his privilege.

Bast. 'Tis true; to hurt his master, no man
 else.

Sat. This is the prison: What is he lies
 here? [*Seeing ARTHUR.*

Pem. O death, made proud with pure and
 princely beauty!

The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.

Sat. Murder, as hating what himself hath
 Doth lay it open, to urge on revenge. [doce,

Big. Or, when he doom'd this beauty to a
 grave,

Found it too precious-princely for a grave.

Sat. Sir Richard, what think you? Have
 you beheld, [think!

Or have you read, or heard? or could you
 Or do you almost think, although you see,
 That you do see? could thought, without this
 object,

Form such another? This is the very top,
 The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,
 Of murder's arms: this is the bloodiest shame,
 The wildest savag'ry, the vilest stroke,
 That ever wall-eyed wrath, or staring rage,
 Presented to the tears of soft remorse!]

Pem. All murders past do stand excused in
 And this, so sole, and so unmatched, [this;
 Shall give a holiness, a purity, |
 To the yet-unbegotten sin of time;
 And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,
 Exemplified by this heinous spectacle.

Bast. It is a damned and a bloody work;
 The graceless action of a heavy hand,
 If that it be the work of any hand.

Sat. If that it be the work of any hand?—
 We had a kind of light what would ensue:
 It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand;
 The practice, and the purpose, of the king:—
 From whose obedience I forbid my soul,
 Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,
 And breathing to his breathers excellence
 The incense of a vow, a holy vow;
 Never to taste the pleasures of the world,
 Never to be infected with delight,
 Nor conversant with ease and idleness,
 Till I have set a glory to this hand*,
 By giving it the worship of revenge. [words.

Pem. *Big.* Our souls religiously confirm thy
Enter HUBERT. [you:

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking
 Arthur doth live; the king hath sent for you.

Sat. O, he's bold, and blushes not at death;
 Avaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone!

Hub. I am no villain.

Sat. Must I rob the law?
 [Drawing his sword.

wn body. † Expeditions. § Private account. § Out of humour.

* Hand should be head; a glory is the circle of rays which surrounds the head
 of saints in pictures.

Prin. Your sword is bright, sir; put it up again.

A. Z. Not till I sheath it in a murderer's skin.

Rich. Stand back, lord Salisbury, stand back, I say; yours;

Prin. I even, I thank, my sword's as sharp as

I should have you, lord, forget yourself,

Not tempt the danger of my free defence;

For I, by marking of your rage, forget

Yet worth, your greatness, and nobility.

Rich. Out, dog! shall I not have a no-

ble now?

Prin. Not for my life; but yet I dare de-

fy my heart life at that man's peril. — *Tend*

A. Z. Thou art a murderer.

Rich. Do not prove me so;

Yet, I am none: Whose tongue so'er speaks

False,

Not truly speaks; who speaks not truly, lies.

Prin. Cut him to pieces.

Prin. Keep the peace, I say.

A. Z. Stand by, or I shall gild you, I will.

Rich. Stand by, or I shall gild you, I will.

Rich. Hee went better with the devil,

Than thou, but now thou art, or shalt thou be,

Or thou shalt be, or thou shalt be, or thou shalt be,

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Or thou shalt be, or thou shalt be, or thou shalt be,

Or thou shalt be, or thou shalt be, or thou shalt be,

Beyond the infinite and boundless reach
Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,

Art thou damn'd, Hubert.

Hub. Do but hear me, if

Bast. Ha, I'll tell thee what;

Thou art damn'd as black—nay, nothing is

Thou art more deep damn'd than prince.

There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell

As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.

Hub. Upon my soul.—

Bast. If thou didst but com-

To this most cruel act, do but despair,

And, if thou want'st a cord, the smallest of

That ever spider twisted from her womb

Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will be

A beam to hang thee on; or would'st thou

Put but a little water in a spoon, [drown thy]

And it shall be as all the ocean,

Enough to stifle such a villain up.—

I do suspect thee very grievously.

Hub. If I in act, consent, or sin of thee

Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath

Which was embounded in this heart,

Let hell want pains enough to torture me!

I left him well.

Bast. Go bear him in thine arms

I am amaz'd, methinks; and lose my way

Among the thorns and dangers of this world

How easy dost thou take all England up!

From forth this morsel of dead royalty,

The life, the right, and truth of all this realm

Is fled to heaven: and England now lies

To tug and scramble, and to part by the teeth

The unowed interest of proud-swelling

Nominal lords, for the bare night's hold of women

Ascension-day, remember well,
 With of service to the pope,
 The French lay down their arms.
(Exit.)

Is this Ascension-day? Did not
 spect

fore Ascension-day at noon,
 should give off? Even so I have:
 it should be on constraint;
 be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

Enter the Bastard.

Kent hath yielded; nothing there
 out,

astle: London hath received,
 met, the Dauphin and his powers:

will not hear you, but are gone
 lee to your enemy;

assentment harries up and down
 nber of your doubtful friends.

Would not my lords return to me

ard young Arthur was alive?
 y found him dead, and cast into
 ets;

cket, where the jewel of life
 n'd hand was robb'd and ta'en

(live.)

That villain Hubert told me, he did
 on my soul, he did, for aught he

(sad.)

e do you droop? why look you
 et as you have been in thought;

orld see fear, and sad distrust,
 otion of a kingly eye:

the time; be fire with fire;
 threat'ner, and outface the brow

horror: so shall inferior eyes,
 their behaviours from the great,

y your example, and put on
 spirit of resolution.

gister like the god of war,
 endeth to become the field:

ss, and aspiring confidence.
 they seek the lion in his den,

in there? and make him tremble
 e said!—Forage, and run *(there?)*

leasure further from the doors;
 with him, ere he comes so nigh.

The legate of the pope hath been
 ne,

made a happy peace with him;
 promised to dismiss the powers

Dauphin.

O inglorious league!
 on the footing of our land,

y orders, and make compromise,
 parley, and base truce,

wive? shall a beardless boy,
 alken wanton brave our fields,

spirit in a warlike soll,
 air with colours idly spread,

check? Let us, my liege, to arms:
 the cardinal cannot make your

let it at least be said,
 had a purpose of defence.

K. John. Have thou the ordering of this
 present time. *(know.)*

Bast. Away then, with good courage; yet, I
 Our party may well meet a prouder foe.

(Exeunt.)

SCENE II. A plain near St. Edmund's
 Bury.

Enter, in arms, LEWIS, SALISBURY, MELUN, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, and Soldiers.

Lew. My lord Melun, let this be copied out,
 And keep it safe for our remembrance:

Return the precedent to these lords again;
 That, having our fair order written down,

Both they, and we, perusing o'er these notes,
 May know wherefore we took the sacrament,

And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

Sal. Upon our sides it never shall be broken.
 And, noble Dauphin, albeit we swear

A voluntary zeal, and unswayed faith,
 To your proceedings; yet, believe me, prince,

I am not glad that such a sore of time
 Should seek a plaster by condemn'd revolt,

And heal the inveterate canker of one wound,
 By making many: O, it grieves my soul,

That I must draw this metal from my side
 To be a widow-maker: O, and there,

Where honourable rescue, and defence,
 Cries out upon the name of Salisbury:

But such is the infection of the time,
 That, for the health and physale of our right,

We cannot deal but with the very hand
 Of stern injustice and confused wrong.—

And is't not pity, O my grieved friends!
 That we, the sons and children of this isle,

Were born to see so sad an hour as this;
 Wherein we step after a stranger march

Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up
 Her enemies' ranks, *(I must withdraw and weep)*

Upon the spot of this enforced cause,
 To grace the gentry of a land remote,

And follow unacquainted colours here?
 What, here?—O nation, that thou couldst re-

move! *(about)*

That Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee
 Would bear thee from the knowledge of thy-

And grapple thee into a pagan shore; *(self,*

Where these two Christian armies might com-

The blood of malice in a vein of league, *(hine)*

And not to spend it so unneighbourly!

Lew. A noble temper dost thou show in this;
 And great affections, wrestling in thy bosom,

Do make an earthquake of nobility.

O, what a noble combat hast thou fought,
 Between compulsion and a brave respect!

Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
 That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks:

My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
 Being an ordinary inundation;

But this effusion of such manly drops,
 This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,

Statues mine eyes, and makes me more amazed
 Than had I seen the vanity top of heaven

Figured quite o'er with burning meteors.
 Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,

And with a great heart leave away this storm;

us. § Fould.d.

§ Embraceth.

§ Love of country.

2 M

Could I send these white roses to those baby eyes,
That never saw the light without enrag'd;
Nor part with him, no other than at least,
For ever and for ever, and for ever sleeping;
Could I send forth this sheet of hotty hand as
I do this present, and opportunity, [deep
sigh] I do send it to you, and to all you all,
That knit your strength to the strength of mine.

Enter PANDOLFO, with a letter.

And even so, even so, and an angel spake;
For I was the first to be come apace;
And I was the first to be come apace;
And I was the first to be come apace;
And I was the first to be come apace.

Pand. Had I not the prince of France;
That is the first to be come apace;
That is the first to be come apace;
That is the first to be come apace;
That is the first to be come apace;
That is the first to be come apace;
That is the first to be come apace;
That is the first to be come apace;

Let. Your grace shall pardon me, I will not
I do not high born to be reported *; [back;
I do not high born to be reported *;
I do not high born to be reported *;
I do not high born to be reported *;
I do not high born to be reported *;
I do not high born to be reported *;
I do not high born to be reported *;
I do not high born to be reported *;

What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us
Enter the Bastard, attended.

Bast. According to the fair play of the war
Let me have audience: I am sent to speak
My holy lord of Milan, from the king
I come, to learn how you have dealt for him
And, as you answer, I do know the scope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

Pand. The Dauphin is too wild to oppose
And I will not temporize with my creature
He flaily says, he'll not fly down his arms.

Bast. By all the blood that ever fury breath
The youth says well:—Now hear our king
For thus his royalty doth speak to me. [to
He is prepared; and reason too, he should
This rash and unmannerly approach,
This harness'd masque, and unapplied reed
This unhair'd sanctity, and boyish troops,
The king doth smile at; and is well pleas'd
To whip this dwarfish war, whose pity is
From out the ends of his territories. [to
That mind, which had the strength to carry
To a single you, and in die you take the bat
To drive, like hickets, in corn, and to work
To crown in litter of your stable planks;
To be, like pawns, lock'd up in chests
[trunks;

To lug with swine; to seek sweet safety
In vaults and prisons; and to thrill, and sh
Even at the crying of your nation's crow
Thinking his voice an armed Englishman;
Shall that victorious hand be touch'd here.

need rather for sport than need),
and in his forehead sits
leath, whose office is this day
whole thousands of the French.
up our drama, to find this
out.
thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do
abt. [Exeunt.]

The same. A Field of Battle.
Enter King JOHN and HUBERT.
w goes the day with us? O, tell
abt.

I fear: How fares your majesty?
is fever, that hath troubled me
me; O, my heart is sick!
Enter a Messenger.
rd, your valiant kinsman, Faul-
dge,
majesty to leave the field;
word by me, which way you go.
di him, toward Swinstead, to
say there. [ply,
good comfort; for the great sup-
ported by the Dauphin here,
three nights ago on Goodwin
(now:

brought to Richard but even
it coldly, and retire themselves.
me! this tyrant fever burns me

me welcome this good news.—
winstead: to my litter straight;
esseth me, and I am faint.

[Exeunt.]
The same. Another Part of
the same.

RAY, PEMERROKE, BIGOT, and
Others.

it think the king so stored with
French:

nce again; put spirit in the
y, we miscarry too.
begotten devil, Faulconbridge,
s, alone upholds the day.

ay, king John, sore sick, hath
ield.

wounded, and led by Soldiers.
e to the revolts of England here.
we were happy, we had other
ie Count Melun. [names.

Wounded to death.
oble English, you are bought
ld*;

ude eye of rebellion,
home again discarded faith.

John, and fall before his feet;
nch be lords of this loud day,

recompense: the pains you take,
our heads: Thus hath he worn,
n, and many more with me,

at Saint Edmund's-Bury;

Even on that altar, where we swore to you
Dear amity and everlasting love.

Sal. May this be possible? may this be true?

Asi. Have I not hideous death within my
Retaining but a quantity of life; [view,

Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax
Resolved from his figure 'gainst the fire?]

What in the world should make me now de-
Since I must lose the use of all deceit? [ceive,

Why should I then be false; since it is true
That I must die here, and live hence by truth?

I say again, if Lewis do win the day,
He is forsworn, if e'er those eyes of yours

Behold another day break in the east: [breath
But even this night,—whose black contagious

Already smokes about the burning crest
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied sun,—

Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire;
Paying the fine of rated treachery,

Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives,
If Lewis by your assistance win the day.

Commend me to one Hubert, with your king;
The love of him,—and this respect besides,

For that my grandsire was an Englishman,—
Awakes my conscience to confess all this.

In lieu of whereof, I pray you bear me hence
From forth the noise and rumour of the field;

Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts
In peace, and part this body and my soul

With contemplation and devout desires.
Sal. We do believe thee,—And be brew!

But I do love the favour and the form [my soul
Of this most fair occasion, by the which

We will untread the steps of damned flight;
And, like a bated and retired flood,

Leaving our rankness and irregular course,
Stoop low within those bounds we have o'er-

And calmly run on in obedience, [look'd,
Even to our ocean, to our great king John.—

My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence;
For I do see the cruel pangs of death [flight;

Right in thine eye.—Away, my friends! New
And happy newness*, that intends old right.

[Exeunt, leading off MELUN.

SCENE V. *The same. The French Camp.*
Enter Lewis and his Train.

Lew. The sun of heaven, methought, was
loath to set; [blush,

But stay'd, and in the western welkin
When the English measured backward their

own ground,
In faint retire: O, bravely came we off,

When with a volley of our needles shot,
After such bloody toil, we bid good night;

And wound our tatter'd colours clearly up,
Last in the field, and almost lords of it!

Enter a Messenger.
Mess. Where is my prince, the Dauphin?

Lew. Here:—What news?

Mess. The count Melun is slain; the English
By his persuasion, are again fallen off: [lords,

And your supply, which you have wish'd so
long,

* A proverb intimating treachery.

In allusion to the images made by witches.

† Immediate.

† Lewis.

** Innovation.

† Place.

†† Sky.

2 M. 2.

And cut away, and sunk, on Goodwin sands.

Leu. Ah, foul shrewd news!—Beswrew thy very heart!

I did not think to be so sad to night,
As this hath made me.—Who was he, that said,
King John did fly, an hour or two before
I was stumbling night did part our weary powers?

Hes. Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.

Leu. Well; keep good quarter*, and good
care to-night;

The day shall not be up so soon as I,
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE VI. *An open Place in the Neighbourhood of Swinstead-Abbey.*

Enter the Bastard and Hubert, meeting.

Hub. Who's there? speak, ho! speak quickly
or I shoot.

Bast. A friend:—What art thou?

Hes. Of the part of England.

Bast. Whither dost thou go? [demand]

Hes. What's that to thee? Why may not I
Or thine affairs, as well as thou of mine?

Bast. Hubert, I think.

Hub. Then hast a perfect thought:

I will upon all hazards, well believe
Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so

Who art thou? [well:]

Bast. Who thou wilt: and if thou please,
Thou may'st befriend me so much, as to think

I come one way of the Plantagenets.

Hub. Unkind remembrance! thou, and

I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power; this night
Passing these flats, are taken by the tide,
These Lincoln washes have devoured them;
Myself well-mounted, hardly have escaped.
Away, before I conduct me to the king;
I doubt, he will be dead, or ere I come.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE VII. *The Orchard of Swinstead Abbey.*

*Enter Prince HENRY, SALISBURY, a
Bissh.*

P. Hen. It is too late; the life of all
Is touch'd corruptibly; and his pure blood

Is touch'd corruptibly; and his pure blood
(Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling
house),

Doth by the idle comments that it makes,
Foretell the ending of mortality.

Enter PEMBROKE.

Pem. His Highness yet doth speak; it
holds belief,

That being brought into the open air,
It would allay the burning quality

Of that fell poison which assaileth him.

P. Hen. Let him be brought into
orchard here.—

Doth he still rage?

[*Exit Bis*

Pem. He is more patient
Than when you left him; even now he say

P. Hen. O vanity of sickness! how
tremes,

In their continuance, will not feel them

make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips,
Comfort me with cold:—I do not ask
you much,
Cold comfort; and you are so strait,
So ingrateful, you deny me that.

P. Hen. O, that there were some virtue in
that might relieve you!

John. The salt in them is hot.—
This me is a bell; and there the poison
As a bend, coust'd to tyrannize
An unreprieveable condemned blood.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. O, I am scalded with my violent
motion,

क्षण of speed to see your Majesty.

John. O cousin, thou art come to set
mine eye:

My fiddle of my heart is crack'd and burn'd;
All the shreds, wherewith my life should
Be turn'd to one thread, one little hair: (all,
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be uttered;
And then all this thou see'st, is but a clod,
A model of confounded royalty.

Bast. The Dauphin is preparing hitherward;
Here, heaven he knows, how we shall
answer him:

In a night, the best part of my power,
Which upon advantage did remove,
Lies in the washes, all unwarily,
Soiled by the unexpected flood.

[The King dies.]
Bast. You breathe these dead news in as dead
an ear.—

John. My lord!—But now a king,—now
no king. Even so must I run on, and even
so stop.

But surety of the world, what hope, what
Is this was now a king, and now is clay!

Bast. Art thou gone so? I do but stay be-
hind the office for thee of revenge!

When my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,
On earth hath been thy servant still.—

Now, you stars, that move in your right
spheres,

Shall be your powers? Show now your
Instantly return with me again,

To push destruction, and perpetual shame,
Out of the weak door of our fainting land:
Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be
The Dauphin rages at our very heels. [sought;

Sol. It seems, you know not then so much
as we:

The cardinal Pandolph is within at rest,
Who half an hour since came from the Dauphin;
And brings from him such offers of our peace
As we with honour and respect may take,
With purpose presently to leave this war.

Bast. He will the rather do it, when he sees
Ourselves well shrew'd to our defence.

Sol. Nay, it is in a manner done already;
For many carriages he hath despatch'd
To the sea-side, and put his cause and quarrel
To the disposing of the cardinal:

With whom yourself, myself, and other lords,
If you think meet, this afternoon will post,
To consummate this business happily. [prince,

Bast. Let it be so:—And you, my noble
With other princes that may best be spared,
Shall wait upon your father's funeral. [terr'd;

P. Hen. At Worcester must his body be in-
For so he will'd it.

Bast. Thither shall it then.
And happily may your sweet self put on

The lineal state and glory of the land!
To whom, with all submission, on my knee,

I do bequeath my faithful services
And true subjection everlastingly.

Sol. And the like tender of our love we
To rest without a spot for evermore. [make,

P. Hen. I have a kind soul, that would give
you thanks,

And knows not how to do it, but with tears.

Bast. O, let us pay the time but needful woe,
Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs.

This England never did, (nor never shall,) lie
at the proud foot of a conqueror,

But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these her princes are come home again,

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: Nought shall make
If England to itself do rest but true. [us rue,

[*Exeunt.*

• Narrow, avaricious.

† Model.

The tragedy of KING JOHN, though not written with the utmost power of Shakspeare, is
wied with a very pleasing interchange of incidents and characters. The lady's grief is very
feeling; and the character of the Bastard contains that mixture of greatness and levity which
his author delighted to exhibit.—J. MASON.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING RICHARD II.

Persons represented.

King RICHARD the SECOND.	Earl of Northumberland.
EDMUND of Langley, D. of York; } uncles to	HENRY PERCY, his son.
JOHN of Gaunt, D. of Lancaster; } the King.	LORD ROSS. Lord WILLOUGHBY
HENRY, surnamed Bolingbroke, Duke of	FITZWATER.
Hereford, son to John of Gaunt; afterwards King Henry IV.	Bishop of Carlisle. Abbot of W
Duke of AUMERLE, son to the Duke of York.	Lord Marshal; and another L
MOWBRAY, Duke of Norfolk.	Sir PIERCE of Exton. Sir STEPHEN
Duke of Suffolc.	Captain of a band of Welshm
Earl of Salisbury. Earl BERKLEY.	Queen to King Richard.
BUSHY, }	Duchess of Gloster.
BAGOT, }	Duchess of York.
GREEN, }	Lady attending on the Queen
<i>Lords, Herald, Officers, Soldiers, two Gardeners, Keeper, Messenger other Attendants.</i>	

Scene,—dispersedly in England and Wales.

ACT I.

hush'd, and thought at all to say : [the
fair reverence of your highness curbs
ring reins and spurs to my free speech;
he would post, until it had return'd
me of treason doubled down his throat.

side his high blood's royalty,
him be no kinsman to my Nege,
him, and I spit at him;
—a slanderous coward, and a villain :
maintain, I would allow him odds;
him, were I tied to run a-foot
he frozen ridges of the Alps,
their ground inhabitable.
er Englishman durst set his foot,
he, let this defend my loyalty,—
y hopes, must falsely doth he lie.
Pale trembling coward, there I
bow my gaze,

ing here the kindred of a king;
side my high blood's royalty, [cept :
ar, not reverence, makes thee to ex-
dread hath left thee so much strength,
eap mine honour's pawn, then stoop;
and all the rites of knighthood else,
ake good against thee, arm to arm,
ive spoke, or thou canst worse devise.
take up; and, by that sword I swear,
ently lay'd my knighthood on my
r thee in any fair degree, [shoulder,
rons design of knightly trial:
n I mount, alive may I not light,
sitor, or unjustly fight!

A. What doth our cousin lay to Mow-
bray's charge?

A great, that can inherit us
as of a thought of ill in him.

. Look, what I speak my life shall
prove it true;— [nobles,

bray hath received eight thousand
of lendings for your highness sol-
ders; [ments,

he hath detain'd for lewd employ-
ment traitor, and injurious villain.

say, and will in battle prove,—
or elsewhere, to the furthest verge

r was survey'd by English eye,—
he treasons, for these eighteen years

and contrived in this land, [spring.
on false Mowbray their first head and

I say,—and further will maintain
bad life, to make all this good,—

id plot the duke of Gloucester's death;
his soon believing adversaries;

sequently, like a traitor coward,
at his innocent soul through streams

blood :
ood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,

n the tongueless caverns of the earth,
w justice, and rough chastisement;

the glorious worth of my descent,
shall do it, or this life be spent.

A. How high a pitch his resolution
are!—

of Norfolk, what say'st thou to this?
let my sovereign turn away his face,

And bid his ears a little while be deaf,
Till I have told this slander of his blood;
How God, and good men, hate so foul a liar.

K. Rich. Mowbray, impartial are our eyes
and ears :

Were he my brother, nay, my kingdom's heir,
(As he is but my father's brother's son,)

Now by my sceptre's awe I make a vow,
Such neighbour nearness to our sacred blood
Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize
The unsteepling firmness of my upright soul;
He is our subject, Mowbray, so art thou;
Free speech, and fearless, I to thee allow.

Nor. Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy
heart, [bleat !

Through the false passage of thy throat, thou
Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais,

Disburst I duly to his highness' soldiers;
The other part reserved I by consent;

For that my sovereign liege was in my debt,
Upon remainder of a dear account,

Since last I went to France to fetch his queen;
Now swallow down that lie.—For Gloucester's

death,——
I slew him not; but to my own disgrace,

Neglected my sworn duty in that case.—
For you, my noble lord of Lancaster,

The honourable father to my foe,
Once did I lay in ambush for your life,

A trespass that doth vex my grieved soul;
But, ere I last received the sacrament,

I did confess it; and exactly begged
Your grace's pardon, and, I hope, I had it.

This is my fault: As for the rest appeal'd,†
It issues from the rancour of a villain,

A recreant and most degenerate traitor;
Which in myself I boldly will defend;

And interchangeably hurl down my gaze
Upon this overweening** traitor's foot,

To prove myself a loyal gentleman
Even in the best blood chamber'd in his bosom :

In haste whereof, most heartily I pray
Your highness to assign our trial day. [by me ;

K. Rich. Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be ruled !
Let's purge this choler without letting blood :

This we prescribe though no physician;
Deep malice makes too deep incision :

Forget, forgive; conclude, and be agreed;
Our doctors say, this is no time to bleed.—

Good uncle, let this end where it begun; [son.
We'll calm the duke of Norfolk, you your

Gaunt. To be a make-peace shall become
my age : [gaze.

Throw down, my son, the duke of Norfolk's
K. Rich. And, Norfolk, throw down his.

Gaunt. When, Harry? when?
Obedience bids, I should not bid again.

K. Rich. Norfolk, throw down; we bid;
there is no boot††. [foot :

Nor. Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at thy
My life thou shalt command, but not my shame:

The one my duty owes; but my fair name,
(Despite of death, that lives upon my grave,)

To dark dishonour's use thou shalt not have,
I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffled here;

inhabitable.
ancestry.

† Possess.
‡ Charged.

‡ Wicked.
** Arrogant.

§ Prompt.
†† No advantage in delay.

‡ Reproach to

Pierced to the soul with slander's venom'd
spear; [blood

The which no balm can cure, but his heart-
Which breathed this poison.

K. Rich. Rage must be withstood:
Give me his gage:—Lions make leopardatame.

Nor. Yes, but not change their spots; take
but my shame,

And I resign my gage. My dear dear lord,
The purest treasure mortal times afford,

Is—spotless reputation; that away,

Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.

A jewel in a ten-times-harr'd-up cheat

Is—a bold spirit in a loyal breast.

Mine honour is my life; both grow in one;

Take honour from me, and my life is done:

Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me try;

In that I live, and for that will I die.

K. Rich. Cousin, throw down your gage;
do you begin. [foul sin!

Boling. O, God defend my soul from such

Shall I seem crest-fallen in my father's sight?

Or with pale beggar-fear impeach my height

Before this out-dar'd dastard! Ere my tongue

Shall wound mine honour with such feeble

wound,

Or sound so base a parle, my teeth shall tear

The slavish motive of recanting fear;

And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,

Where shame doth harbour even in Mowbray's

face. [*Exit GAUNT.* command:

K. Rich. We were not born to sue, but to

Which since we cannot do to make you friends,

Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor

Is hacked down, and his summer lea

By envy's hand, and murder's blood

Ah, Gaunt! his blood was thine;

that womb,

That metal, that self-mould, that

thee,

Made him a man; and though thou

Yet art thou slain in him: thou do

In some large measure to thy fat

In that thou seest thy wretched bro

Who was the model of thy father's

Call it not patience, Gaunt, it is d

In suffering thus thy brother to be

Thou show'st at the naked pathway

Teaching stern murder how to but

That which in mean men we entitle

Is pale cold cowardice in noble b

What shall I say? to safeguard thi

The best way is—to 'venge my Gie

Gaunt. Heaven's is the quarre

ven's substitute,

His deputy anointed in his sight,

Hath caus'd his death: the which if

Let heaven revenge; for I may ne

An angry arm against his minister,

Duch. Where, then, alas! may

myself? [*Exeunt*

Gaunt. To heaven, the widow

Duch. Why then, I will. P

Thou go'st to Coventry, there to hel

Our cousin Hereford and fell Mo

O, sit my husband's wrongs on



III. Oxford Green, near Coventry.
out, and a Throne. Heralds, &c.
attending.

Lord Marshal, and AUNCEL.
ly lord Auncel, is Harry Hereford
'd ?

ea, at all points; and longs to enter
he duke of Norfolk, sprightly and
l, [trumpet.

the summons of the appellant's
Why then, the champions are pre-
nt, and stay

ig but his majesty's approach.

of Trumpets. Enter King Rich-
he takes his seat on his throne;
and several Noblemen, who take
aces. A Trumpet is sounded, and

id by another Trumpet within.
der Norfolk in armour, preced-
Herald.

. Marshal, demand of yonder cham-
of his arrival here in arms: [plon
is name; and orderly proceed
him in the justice of his cause.

God's name, and the king's, say
thou art, [arms;
thou com'st, thus knightly clad in
hat man thou com'st, and what thy
rel:

y, on thy knighthood, and thy oath;
fend thee heaven, and thy valour!
y name is Thomas Mowbray, duke
of Norfolk;

r come engaged by my oath,
aven defend a knight should violate!
send my loyalty and truth,

my king, and my succeeding issue,
s duke of Hereford that appeals me;
s grace of God, and this mine arm,

dem, in defending of myself,
o my God, my king, and me:
truly fight, defend me heaven!

[He takes his seat.
sounds. Enter BOLINGBROKE,
mour, preceded by a Herald.

. Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms,
he is, and why he cometh hither
d in habiliments of war;

illy according to our law
m in the justice of his cause.
What is thy name? and wherefore
st thou hither,

ig Richard, in his royal lists? [quarrell
hown comest thou; and what's thy
a true knight, so defend thee heaven!

Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and
ready here do stand in arms, [Derby,
by heaven's grace, and my body's
war,

s, [folk,
s Thomas Mowbray duke of Nor-
traitor, foul and dangerous,

' heaven, king Richard, and to me;
truly fight, defend me heaven!
hain of death, no person be so
hardy, as to touch the lists; [bold,

Except the marshal, and such officers
Appointed to direct these fair designs.

Boling. Lord marshal, let me kiss my so-
vereign's hand,
And bow my knee before his majesty:
For Mowbray, and myself, are like two men
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage;
Then let us take a ceremonious leave,
And loving farewell, of our several friends.

Mar. The appellant in all duty greets your
highness, [leave.
And craves to kiss your hand, and take his
K. Rich. We will descend, and fold him
in our arms.

Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is right,
So be thy fortune in this royal fight!
Farewell, my blood; which I to-day thou shed,
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

Boling. O, let no noble eye profane a tear
For me, if I be gored with Mowbray's spear;
As confident, as is the falcon's flight
Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.—
My loving lord, [To Lord Marshal.] I take my
leave of you;—
Of you, my noble cousin, lord Auncel:—
Not sick, although I have to do with death;
But lusty, young, and cheerily drawing breath.
Lo, as at English feasts, so I regret
The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet:
O thou, the earthly author of my blood,—
[To GAUNT.

Whose youthful spirit in me regenerate,
Doth with a two-fold vigour lift me up
To reach at victory above my head,—
Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers;
And with thy blessings steel my lance's point,
That it may enter Mowbray's waxen coat,
And furnish new the name of John of Gaunt,
Even in the lusty 'haviour of his son.

Gaunt. Heaven in thy good cause make
these prosperous!
Be swift like lightning in the execution;
And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the casque;
Of thy adverse pernicious enemy: [live.
Rouse up thy youthful blood, be valiant and
Boling. Mine innocence, and Saint George
to thrive! [He takes his seat.
Nor. [Rising.] However heaven, or fortune,
cast my lot,
There lives or dies, true to king Richard's
A loyal, just, and upright gentleman: [throue,
Never did captive with a freer heart
Cast off his chains of bondage, and embrace
His golden uncontrol'd enfranchisement,
More than my dancing soul doth celebrate
This feast of battle with mine adversary.—
Most mighty liege, and my companion peers,
Take from my mouth the wish of happy years:
As gentle and as jocund, as to jest,
Go I to fight; Truth hath a quiet breast.
K. Rich. Farewell, my lord; securely I spy
Virtue with valour conclud in thine eye.—
Order the trial, marshal, and begin.
[The King and the Lords return to their
seats.

as

† Brighten up.

‡ Helmet.

§ Play a part in a mask.

Mar. Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,

Rejoice this day; and God defend the right!

Rich. Strong as a tower in hope,
I'll combat.

Mar. Come on this piece, *[To an Officer.]*

Officer. Stand thou near Norfolk, Derby,

Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and

Stand thou near God, his sovereign, and him.
On pain to be found false and recreant, [self,

To prove the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,

A traitor to his God, his king, and him,
And dare him to set forward to the fight.

2 Her. Here standeth Thomas Mowbray,

On pain to be found false and recreant,
Both to defend himself, and to approve

Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
To God, his sovereign, and to him, disloyal;

Consequently, and with a free desire,
Attending but the signal to begin.

Mar. Sound, trumpets; and set forward,
Combatants. *[A Charge sounded.]*

Stay, The king hath thrown his warder down.

As Rich. Let them lay by their helmets and
their spears.

And both return back to their chairs again:—
Withdraw within; and let the trumpets sound,

While we return these dukes what we de-
serve.— *[A long Flourish.]*

Draw near. *[To the Combatants.]*
And list, what with our council we have done.

Nor. A heavy sentence, my most sovereign
liege, *[unwilling]*

And all unlook'd for from your highness

A clearer merit, not so deep a main

As to be cast forth in the common air,

Have I deserved at your highness's hand.

The language I have learn'd these forty years

My native English, now I must forego:

And now my tongue's use is to me no more,

Than an unstring'd viol or a harp;

Or like a cunning instrument cased up,

Or, being open, put into his hands

That knows no touch to tune the harmony.

Within my mouth you have engag'd my

tongue,

Doubly portcullis'd; with my teeth and lips;

And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance

Is made my goaler to attend on me.

I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,

Too far in years to be a pupil now;

What is thy sentence then, but speechless death

Which robs my tongue from breathing and

breath? *[as]*

K. Rich. It boots thee not to be compassionate

After our sentence plaining comes too late.

Nor. Then thus I turn me from thy country

light,

To dwell in solemn shades of endless night.

K. Rich. Return again, and take an oath

with thee. *[Retiring]*

Lay on our royal sword your banish'd hands

Swear by the duty that you owe to heaven,

That you will never more be reconcil'd

to us, nor to our country.



Count the number of his banish'd years,
And fling away: Six frozen winters spent,
Return (To Boling.) with welcome home
From banishment.

Boling. How long a time lies in one little
flashing winters and four wanton springs,
In a word! Such is the breath of kings.
Count. I think my legs, that, in regard

of me,
Subvert four years of my son's exile:
What vantage shall I reap thereby?

Count. The six years, that he hath to spend,
Change their moons, and bring their times
about.

Boling. A dark lamp, and time-bewasted light,
Contrast with age, and endless night;
Each of taper will be burnt and done,
Unmolested death not let me see my son.

Count. Why, uncle, thou hast many years
to live.

Boling. But not a minute, king, that thou
shalt say days thou canst with silent sor-
row:

Count. Black nights from me, but not lend a
moment help time to furrow me with age,
Nor no wrinkle in his pilgrimage;

Boling. And is current with him for my death;
And, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.

Count. Thy son is banish'd upon good
advice.

Boling. Into thy tongue a party verdict gave;
But your justice seem'd not then to lower?
Count. Things sweet to taste, prove in
digestion sour.

Boling. Treat me as a judge; but I had rather
should have bid me argue like a father:—
And it been a stranger, not my child,

With his fault I should have been more
than slander; I sought I to avoid, [bold:
In the sentence my own life destroy'd.

Boling. I look'd, when some of you should say,
Too strict, to make my own away;

Count. You gave leave to my unwilling tongue,
And my will to do myself this wrong.

Rich. Cousin, farewell:—and, uncle,
bid him so;

Count. Years we banish him, and he shall go.
Boling. Hence K. RICHARD and Train.

Rich. Cousin, farewell: what presence must
I not know,

Where you do reside, let paper show.
Boling. My lord, no leave take I; for I will
ride,

For as hand will let me, by your side.
Count. O, to what purpose dost thou hoard
thy words,

When return'st no greeting to thy friends?
Boling. I have too few to take my leave
of you,

Whose tongue's office should be prodigal
In the abundant colour of the heart.
Count. Thy grief is but thy absence for a
time.

Boling. Joy absent, grief is present for that

Count. What is six winters? they are
quickly gone. [one hour ten.

Boling. To men in joy; but grief makes
Count. Call it a travel that thou tak'st for
pleasure. [It so,

Boling. My heart will sigh, when I recall
Which adds it an enforced pilgrimage.

Count. The sullen passage of thy weary
steps

Esteem a foil, wherein thou art to set
The precious jewel of thy home-return.

Boling. Nay, rather, every tedious stride I
make

Will but remember me, what a deal of world
I wander from the jewels that I love.

Count. Must I not serve a long apprenticeship
To foreign passages; and in the end,
Having my freedom, boast of nothing else,

But that I was a journeyman to grief?

Count. All places that the eye of heaven
visits,

Are to a wise man ports and happy havens:
Teach thy necessity to reason thus;

There is no virtue like necessity.
Think not, the king did banish thee: [sit,

But thou the king: Woe doth the heavier
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.

Boling. Go, say—I sent thee forth to purchase honour,
And not—the king exiled thee; or suppose,
Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,

And thou art flying to a fresher clime.
Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it

To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou
supposest the singing birds, musicians; [comest:

The grass whereon thou tread'st, the pres-
ence; strew'd; [more

The flowers, fair ladies; and thy steps, no
Than a delightful measure, or a dance:

For gnawing sorrow hath less power to bite
The man that mocks at it, and sets it light.

Boling. O, who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?

Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feast?

Or wallow naked in December snow,
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?

O, no! the apprehension of the good,
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse:

Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more,
Than when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.

Count. Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee
on thy way:

Had I thy youth, and cause, I would not stay.
Boling. Then, England's ground, farewell;

sweet soil, adieu;
My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet!

Where-e'er I wander, boast of this I can,—
Though banish'd, yet a trueborn Englishman.

Count.

SCENE IV. *The same. A Room in the
King's Castle.*

*Enter King RICHARD, BAGOT, and GREEN
AUMERLE following.*

K. Rich. Well do observe.—Cousin Aumerle,

* Consideration.
† Grief.

‡ Had a part or share.
§ Presence chamber at court.

† Reproach of partiality.
¶ Growing.

He hath brought you hither, Hereford on his way.

Alon. I hope at high Hereford, if you call
Be to the next highway, and there I'll find him.

K. Rich. And say, what store of putting
To's with you?

Alon. That men by me except the north
Whence they blow bitterly, 'twere best our faces,
Yours, the sun's eye, should be hid; and so, by
chance.

Did mine own flow'ring puting with a tear.

K. Rich. What said our cousin, when you
last parted with him?

Alon. Farewell; and parted with him?
And, for my heart disdained that my tongue
Should so profane the word, that taught me
craft.

To counterfeit oppression of such craft,

That words seem'd buried in my sorrow's
grave.

Alon. [en'd hours,
Marry, would the word farewell have length—
And added years to his short banishment.

He should have had a volume of farewells;
But, since it would not, he had none of me.

K. Rich. He is our cousin, cousin; but 'tis
doubt,

When time shall call him home from banish—
Whether our kinsmen come to see his friends.

Ourself, and Bosby, Ragot here, and Green,
Observed his courtship to the common people:

How he did seem to live into their hearts,
With humble and familiar courtesy;

What reverence he did throw away on slaves;
 wooing poor craftsmen, with the craft of

With—*Thanks my countrymen, my law
friends;—*

As were our England in reversion his,

And he our subjects' next degree in hope.

Green. Well, he is gone; and with him
these thoughts.

Now for the rebels, which stand out in
Expedient * manage must be made, my liege.

The further leisure yield them farther
For their advantage, and your highness' loss.

K. Rich. We will ourselves in person to
war.

And, for our coffers—with too great a
And liberal largesse,—are grown somewhat
light.

We are enforced to form our royal realm
The revenue whereof shall furnish us

For our affairs in hand: If that comes short,
Our substitutes at home shall have the

charters;
Where to, when they shall know what needs

They shall subscribe them for large sums
gold.

And send them after to supply our wants:
For we will make for Ireland presently.

Enter Bosby.

Bosby, what news?

Bosby. [my liege,
Old John of Gaunt is grievous
Suddenly taken; and hath sent post-haste

To entreat your majesty to visit him.

K. Rich. Where lies he?

Bosby. At Ely-house.

K. Rich. Now put it, heaven, in his

As Harry Duke of Hereford, were he here.

A. Rich. Right, you say true: as Hereford's
love, so mine.

As Henry, so mine: and thus it is.

Enter North. *North.* My lord.

North. My lord, I come to commend him
to you in prison.

A. Rich. Whence comes he?

North. From Northampton: all is said:

Yours men are now at the castle-bound;

And I am, not without your grace's respect.

A. Rich. York the next that must be bank-
rupt.

North. It will be poor, it ends a mortal war.

A. Rich. The report that first I saw, and so
I believe.

North. Is report, my lord; my charge must be:

A. Rich. For that. Now, to our last way:

North. I will put out these rough, rough-headed
knaves.

A. Rich. And you will, as you do yourself,

With a velvet lining to your face.

North. I will, my lord: I will, as you do charge,

With a velvet lining to your face.

A. Rich. I will, my lord: I will, as you do charge,

With a velvet lining to your face.

A. Rich. I will, my lord: I will, as you do charge,

With a velvet lining to your face.

A. Rich. I will, my lord: I will, as you do charge,

With a velvet lining to your face.

North. I will, my lord: I will, as you do charge,

With a velvet lining to your face.

North. I will, my lord: I will, as you do charge,

With a velvet lining to your face.

Now, afore God (God forbid, I say true!)

If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's right

Given in the letters patent that he hath

By his attornies-general to sue

His livings, and deny his offer'd homage,

You prick a thousand dangers on your bed;

You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts,

And prick my tender patience to those throgs

Which honour and allegiance cannot think

A. Rich. Think what you will; we seizen

our hands.

His plate, his goods, his money, and his lan-

York. I'll not be by, the while: my life

is at stake.

What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell

But by bad courses may be understood,

That the events can never fall out good. *[Exit York.]*

A. Rich. Go, Bushy, to the Earl of W-

shire straight.

Bid him repair to us to Ely-house,

To see this business: to-morrow next

We will for Ireland; and 'tis time, I trow

And we create, in absence of ourself,

Our uncle York lord governor of England,

For he is just, and always loved us well.

Come on our queen: to-morrow must we go

Be merry, for our time of stay is short.

[Flourish.]

[Exit King, Queen, Bushy, Arden,

Green, and Bagot.]

North. Well, lords, the duke of Lan-

cast is dead.

Ross. And living too: for now his son



KING RICHARD II.

411

I have not wasted it, for warr'd
not,
ded upon compromise
ancestors achieved with blows:
ient in peace, than they in wars.

of Wiltshire bath the realm
king's grown bankrupt, like a
toach, and dissolution, hangeth
th not money for these Irish
taxations notwithstanding,
ing of the banish'd duke.
noble kinsman: most degene-

! bear this fearful tempest sing,
alter to avoid the storm:
d set sore upon our sails,
ke not, but securely perish*.
e the very wreck that we must
is the danger now, [suffer];
the causes of our wreck.

so; even through the hollow
leath,
ig; but I dare not say
ldings of our comfort is.

let us share thy thoughts as
ours. [land:
sident to speak, Northumber-
ut thyself; and, speaking so,
but as thoughts; therefore be

[Blanc, a bay
thus:—I have from Port le
elved intelligence,
reford, Reignold lord Cobham,
hard earl of Arundel,]
from the duke of Exeter,
ibblishop late of Canterbury,
ingham, sir John Ramston,
ry, sir Robert Waterton, and
Quaint,—
rinish'd by the duke of Bretagne,
ships, three thousand men of

her with all due expedience†,
an to touch our northern shore:
ad ere this; but that they stay
log of the king for Ireland.
shake off our slavish yoke,
rooping country's broken wing,
roking pawn the blemish'd

st that hides our sceptre's gilt‡,
majesty look like itself,
in post to Ravenspurg:
as fearing to do so,
ret, and myself will go.
se, to horse! urge doubts to
fear. [be there.
out my horse, and I will first

[Exeunt.
The same. A Room in the
Palace.
en, Bushy, and Bagot.
myourmajesty is too much sad;

You promised, when you parted with the king,
To lay aside life-harming heaviness,
And entertain a cheerful disposition.

Queen. To please the king, I did; to please
myself,

I cannot do it; yet I know no cause
Why I should welcome such a guest as grief,
Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest
As my sweet Richard: Yet, again, methinks,
Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,
Is coming towards me; and my inward soul
With nothing trembles; at something it grieves,
More than with parting from my lord the king.

Bushy. Each substance of a grief hath
twenty shadows,

Which show like grief itself, but are not so:
For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire to many objects;
Like perspectives*, which, rightly gazed upon,
Show nothing but confusion; eyed awry,
Distinguish form: so your sweet majesty,
Looking awry upon your lord's departure,
Finds shapes of grief, more than himself to wail;
Which, lock'd on as it is, is nought but shadows
Of what it is not. Then, thrice gracious queen,
More than your lord's departure weep not;
more's not seen:

Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrow's eye,
Which, for things true, weeps things imaginary.

Queen. It may be so; but yet my inward
soul

Persuades me, it is otherwise: Howe'er it be,
I cannot but be sad; so heavy sad, [think,—
As,—though, in thinking, on no thought I
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.

Bushy. 'Tis nothing but conceit**, my gra-
cious lady. [rived

Queen. 'Tis nothing less; conceit is still de-
From some forefather grief; mine is not so;
For nothing hath begot my something grief;
Or something hath the nothing that I grieve:
'Tis in reversion that I do possess;
But what it is, that is not yet known; what
I cannot name; 'tis nameless woe, I wot††.

Enter GREEN.
Green. God save your majesty!—and well
met, gentlemen:—

I hope, the king is not yet shipp'd for Ireland.

Queen. Why hopest thou so? 'tis better
hope he is; [hope;
For his desigus crave haste, his haste good
Then wherefore dost thou hope, he is not
shipp'd? [tired his power‡‡.

Green. That he, our hope, might have re-
And driven into despair an enemy's hope,
Who strongly hath set footing in this land:
The banish'd Bolingbroke repeals himself,
And with uplifted arms is safe arrived
At Ravenspurg.

Queen. Now, God in heaven forbid!
Green. O, madam, 'tis too true: and that
is worse,— [Henry Percy.

The lord Northumberland, his young son
The lords of Ross, Beaumond, and Willoughby,
With all their powerful friends, are fled to him.

addresse in our security. † Fleet, . . . ; Expedition. § Supply with new
ing. ¶ Pictures. ** Punctil conception. †† Know. ‡‡ Drawn to him.
2 M 2

Bastie. Why have you not proclaim'd
Northumberland,
And all the rest of the revolting faction
Traitors?

Green. We have : whereon the earl of Wor-
[cester.
Hath broke his staff, resign'd his stewardship,
And all the household servants fled with him
To Bolingbroke.

Queen. So, Green, thou art the midwife to
And Bolingbroke my sorrow's dismal heir :
Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy ;
And I, a gasping new-deliver'd mother,
Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow join'd.

Bushy. Despair not, madam.

Queen. Who shall hinder me ?
I will despair, and be at enmity
With cozening hope ; he is a flatterer,
A parasite, a keeper-back of death,
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,
Which false hope tingers in extremity.

Enter YORK.

Green. Here comes the duke of York. [neck;

Queen. With signs of war about his aged
O, full of careful business are his looks !—
Uncle,

For heaven's sake, speak comfortable words.

York. Should I do so, I should belie my
thoughts :

Comfort's in heaven ; and we are on the earth,
Where nothing lives but crosses, care, and
Your husband he is gone to save far off, [grief.
Whilst others come to make him lose at home ;
Here am I left to underprop his land :

How, or which way, to order
This thrust-disorderly into a
Never believe me. Both are
The one's my sovereign, who
And duty bids defend ; the o

Is my kinsman, whom the ki
Whom conscience and my ki
Well, somewhat we must do.—
Dispose of you :—Go, muste
And meet me presently at B
I should to Plashy too ;—
But time will not permit :—
And every thing is left at si

[Exit

Bushy. The wind sets fr
to Ireland,
But none returns. For us
Proportionable to the enen
Is all impossible.

Green. Besides our near
Is near the hate of those lov

Bagot. And that's the wa
for their love

Lies in their purses ; and wh
By so much fills their hearts

Bushy. Wherein the kin
condemn'd.

Bagot. If judgment lie in
Because we ever have been

Green. Well, 'Til for
Bristol castle ;

The earl of Wiltshire is alre
Bushy. Thither will I w

housness and process of my travel:
 First is sweeten'd with the hope to have
 Present benefit which I possess:
 Hope to joy, is little less in joy,
 Hope enjoy'd: by this the weary lords
 Make their way seem short; as mine
 Hath done.

But of what I have, your noble company
 Adds. Of much less value is my company,
 Your good words. But who comes here?

Enter HARRY PERCY.

Al. It is my son, young Harry Percy,
 From my brother Worcester, whence so—
How fares your uncle? [ever.—
cy. I had thought, my lord, to have learn'd
 His health of you.

Al. Why, is he not with the queen?
cy. No, my good lord, he hath forsok
 The court,
 With his staff of office, and dispersed
 Unobd of the king.

Al. What was his reason?
 Is not so resolved, when last we spake
 Together. [traitor.

cy. Because your lordship was proclaimed
 My lord, is gone to Ravenspur,
 For service to the duke of Hereford;
 But me o'er by Berkley, to discover
 Under the duke of York had levied there;
 With direction to repair to Ravenspur.
Al. Have you forgot the duke of Here-
 Ford, boy? [forgot,

cy. No, my good lord; for that is not
 Never I did remember; to my know-
 In my life did look on him. [ledge,

Al. Then learn to know him now; this
 Is the duke. [service,

cy. My gracious lord, I tender you my
 It is, being tender, raw, and young;
 Elder days shall ripen, and confirm
 The approved service and desert. [sure,

Al. I thank thee, gentle Percy; and be-
 I myself in nothing else so happy,
 As to rememb'ring my good friends;
 As my fortune ripens with thy love,

[be still thy true love's recompense:
 The covenant makes, my hand thus
 Seals it. [stir

Al. How far is it to Berkley? And what
 Good old York there with his men of
 War? [of trees,

cy. There stands the castle, by yon tuft
 I with three hundred men, as I have
 Heard: [Neymour;

It are the lords of York, Berkley, and
 The of name, and noble estimate.

Enter ROSS and WILLOUGHBY.

Al. Here come the lords of Ross and
 Willoughby.

cy. Greeting, fiery-red with haste.
 Welcome, my lords: I wot*, your

service
 rator; all my treasury

felt thanks, which, more enrich'd,
 Is love and labour's recompense,

Ross. Your pretence makes us rich, most
 noble lord. [tain it.

Willo. And far surmounts our labour to at-

Boling. Evermore thanks, the exchequer of
 the poor;

Which, till my infant fortune comes to years,
 Stands for my bounty. But who comes here?

Enter BERKLEY.

North. It is my lord of Berkley, as I guess.

Berk. My lord of Hereford, my message is
 to you. [ter;

Boling. My lord, my answer is—to Lancas-
 And I am come to seek that name in England;
 And I must find that title in your tongue;

Before I make reply to aught you say. [meaning

Berk. Mistake me not, my lord; 'tis not my
 To raise one title of your honour out:—

To you, my lord, I come, (what lord you will.)

From the most glorious regent of this land,

The duke of York: to know, what pricks you on

To take advantage of the absent time? [arms,

And fright our native peace with self-born

Enter York attended.

Boling. I shall not need transport my words
 by you; [uncle!

Here comes his grace in person.—My noble

[kneels.

York. Show me thy humble heart, and not

Whose duty is deceivable and false. [thy knee,

Boling. My gracious uncle!—

York. Tut, tut!

Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle:

I am no traitor's uncle; and that word—grace,

In an ungracious mouth, is but profane.

Why have those banish'd and forbidden legs

Dared once to touch a dust of England's

ground? [to march

But then more why:—Why have they dared

So many miles upon her peaceful bosom;

Frighting her pale-faced villages with war,

And ostentation of despised arms? [hence!

Comest thou because the anointed king is

Why, foolish boy, the king is left behind,

And in my loyal bosom lies his power.

Were I but now the lord of such hot youth,

As when brave Gaunt, thy father, and myself,

Rescued the Black Prince, that young Mars

of men, [French;

From forth the ranks of many thousand

O, then, how quickly should this arm of mine,

Now prisoner to the palsy, chastise thee,

And minister correction to thy fault! [sanit;

Boling. My gracious uncle, let me know my

On what condition stands it, and wherein!

York. Even in condition of the worst de-
 gree,—

In gross rebellion, and detested treason:

Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come,

Before the expiration of thy time,

In braving arms against thy sovereign.

Boling. As I was banish'd, I was banish'd

But as I come, I come for Lancaster. (Hereford;

And, noble uncle, I beseech your grace,

Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye:

You are my father, for, methinks, in you

I see old Gaunt alive, O, then, my father!
Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd
A wand'ring vagabond; my rights and royal-
ties

Pluck'd from my arms perforce, and given
To upstart unthrifths? Wherefore was I born?
If that my cousin king be king of England,
It must be granted, I am duke of Lancaster.
You have a son, Aumerle, my noble kinsman;
Had you first died, and he had been thrust
down,

He should have found his uncle Gaunt a ta-
To rouse his wrongs*, and chase them to the
I am denied to see my livery & here,

And yet my letters patent give me leave:
My father's goods are all distrain'd, and sold;

And these, and all, are all amiss employ'd.
What would you have me do? I am a subject,
And challenge law: Attornies are denied me;

And therefore personally I lay my claim
To my inheritance of free descent.

North. The noble duke hath been too much
abused.

Ross. It stands your grace upon't, to do him
Wells. Base men by his endowments are
made great.

York. My lords of England, let me tell you
I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs,
And labour'd all I could to do him right:
But in this kind to come, in braving arms,
Be his own carver, and cut out his way,
To find out right with wrong,—it may not be;
And you, that do abet him to this kind,

I do remain as nenter. So, far
Unless you please to enter in it
And there repose you for this

Boling. An offer, uncle, that
But we must win your grace, to
To Bristol castle; which, they
By Bushy, Bagot, and their co-
The caterpillars of the common
Which I have sworn to weed,

York. It may be, I will go
yet I'll pause;

For I am loath to break our ce-
Nor friends, nor foes, to me see
Things past redress, are now wi-

SCENE IV. A Camp:

Enter SALISBURY, and

Capt. My lord of Salisbury
ten days,

And hardly kept our countrymen
And yet we hear no tidings from
Therefore we will disperse ours

Sol. Stay yet another day
Welshman;

The king reposeth all his confidence
In thee.

Capt. 'Tis thought, the king
The bay-trees in our country
And meteors fright the fixed stars
The pale-faced moon looks bloody
And lean-look'd prophets
change;

—Near to the king in blood; and near in love,
Till you did make him misinterpret me,—
Have stoop'd my neck under your injuries,
And sold my English breath in foreign
lands for the bitter bread of banishment: [clouds,
What you have fed upon my signories,
Bought'st my parks, and fill'd my forest
with your woods; [coat,
Torn my own windows torn my household
out my impress, leaving me no sign,—
Have won my opinions, and my living blood,—
To show the world I am a gentleman.

—And much more, much more than twice
all this, [I've d over
sent you to the death:—See them de-
struction and the hand of death. [to me,
—More welcome is the stroke of death
Than Bolingbroke to England.—Lords, fare-
well. [take our souls,
—Grieve, My comfort is,—that heaven will
and plague injustice with the pains of hell.
—Boling. My lord Northumberland, see
them despatch'd.

[*Exeunt NORTHUMBERLAND and
others, with Prisoners.*]

—Hark, you say, the queen is at your house;
For heaven's sake, fairly let her be entreated:
I'll send her, I send to her my kind commends;
—The special care my greetings be deliver'd.
—York. A gentleman of mine I have de-
spatch'd

With letters of your love to her at large.
—Boling. Thanks, gentle niece.—Come, lords,
away!

—To fight with Glendower and his complices;
—And to work, and, after, holiday. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The Coast of Wales. A castle
in view.*

*Welsh: Drums and Trumpets. Enter
King RICHARD, Bishop of Carlisle, Au-
thorities, and Soldiers.*

—K. Rich. Barkloughly castle call you this
at hand? [grace the air,

—Ann. Yea, my lord: How brooks your
late tossing on the breaking seas?

—K. Rich. Needs must I like it well; I weep
for joy,

To stand upon my kingdom once again.—
—Our earth, I do salute thee with my hand,

Though rebels wound thee with their horses'
hoofs:

—As a long parted mother with her child
Plays fondly with her tears, and smiles in
meeting;

—As, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,
And do thee favour with my royal hands.

—And not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,
—As with thy sweets comfort his ravenous
sense:

—As thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,
—Nasty-gaited toads, lie in their way;

—As with usurping steps do trample thee,
—With stinging nettles to mine enemies:

—When they from thy bosom pluck a flower,

Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder;
Whose double tongue may with a mortal toe
Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.
Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords;
This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones
Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king
Shall falter under foul rebellious arms.

—Bishop. Fear not, my lord; that Pow-
that made you king,
Hath power to keep you king, in spite of all
The means that heaven yields must be e-
braced,

And not neglected; else, if heaven would,
And we will not, heaven's offer we refuse;
The proffer'd means of succour and redress.

—Ann. He means, my lord, that we are t-
remiss;

Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,
Grows strong and great, in substance, and
friends.

—K. Rich. Discomfortable cousin! know
thou not,

That when the searching eye of heaven is hi-
Behind the globe, and lights the lower world
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unsee-
In murders, and in outrage, bloody here;
But when, from under this terrestrial ball,
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,
And darts his light through every guilty hole
Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,
The cloak of night being pluck'd from off the
backs, [seize

Stand bare and naked, trembling at their
So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,
Who all this while hath revel'd in the night
Whilst we were wandering with the antipode
Shall see us rising in our throne the east,
His treasons will sit blushing in his face,
Not able to endure the sight of day.

But, self-affrighted, tremble at his sin.
Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balm from an anointed king:
The breath of worldly men cannot depose
The deputy elected by the Lord:

For every man that Bolingbroke hath press'd
To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown
God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay
A glorious angel: then, if angels fight,
Weak men must fall; for heaven still guards
the right.

—Enter SALISBURY.

Welcome, my lord; How far off lies your
power? [?

—Sal. Nor near, nor farther off, my gracio-
lord, [tongue

Than this weak arm: Discomfort guides me
And bids me speak of nothing but despair.

—One day too late, I fear, my noble lord,
Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth:

O, call back yesterday, bid time return,
And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting
To-day, to-day, unhappy day, too late, [mer

O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and th-
state!

For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert dead
Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispersed and de-

* Throws down the hedges.

† Of arms.

‡ Metec.

§ Commendations.

¶ F.

Aum. Comfort, my liege: why looks your grace so pale? [thousand men

K. Rich. But now, the blood of twenty Did triumph in my face, and they are fled; And, till so much blood thither come again, Have I not reason to look pale and dead? All souls that will be safe, fly from my side; For time hath set a blot upon my pride.

Aum. Comfort, my liege; remember who you are. [king?

K. Rich. I had forgot myself: Am I not Awake, thou sluggard majesty! thou sleep'st. Is not the king's name forty thousand names? Arm, arm, my name! a puny subject strikes At thy great glory.—Look not to the ground, Ye favourites of a king: Are we not high? High be our thoughts: I know, my uncle York Hath power enough to serve our turn. But who Comes here?

Enter Scroop.

Scroop. More health and happiness be-tide my liege, Than can my care-tuned tongue deliver him.

K. Rich. Mine ear is open, and my heart prepared;

The worst is worldly loss, thou canst unfold. Say, is my kingdom lost? why, 'twas my care; And what loss is it, to be rid of care? Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we? Greater he shall not be; if he serve God, We'll serve him too, and be his fellow so; Revolt our subjects? that we cannot mend; They break their faith to God, as well as us:

Three Judasses, each one of Judas!

Would they make peace? to Upon their spotted souls for t

Scroop. Sweet love, I ace, perty,

Turns to the sourest and mos Again uncurse their souls! th With heads, and not with ha you curse,

Have felt the worst of de And lie full low, grav'd in th

Aum. Is Bosby, Green, Wiltshire, dead?

Scroop. Yea, all of them at

Aum. Where is the duke his power?

K. Rich. No matter wher Let's talk of graves, of worm

Make dust our paper, and w Write sorrow on the bosom;

Let's choose executors, and t And yet not so,—for what ca

Save our deposed bodies to t Our lands, our lives, and all a

And nothing can we call our And that small model of the

Which serves as paste and eo For heaven's sake, let us sit

And tell sad stories of the de How some have been deposed,

Some haunted by the ghosts th Some poison'd by their wiv

Scroop, where lies our uncle with his power!
[sour]
[speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be
scroop. Men judge by the complexion of the
the state and inclination of the day: [sky
may you by my dull and heavy eye,
My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.
day the torturer, by small and small,
lengthen out the worst that must be spoken:
uncle York hath join'd with Bolingbroke;
all your northern castles yielded up,
of all your northern gentlemen in arms
for his party*.

K. Rich. Thou hast said enough.—
[shew] thee, cousin, which didst lead me
forth.

[*To Aumerle.*
[That sweet way I was in to despair!
[But say you now? What comfort have we
[heaven, I'll hate him everlastingly, [now?
[at bids me be of comfort any more.

[*To Flint castle; there I'll pine away;
[king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey. [go
[at power; I have, discharge; and let them
[our; the land that hath some hope to grow,
[I have none:—Let no man speak again
[after this, for counsel is but vain.*

[*Exit.*
[*My liege, one word.*
K. Rich. He does me double wrong
at wounds me with the flatteries of his
tongue.

[*Away,*
[charge my followers, let them hence;—
[on Richard's night, to Bolingbroke's fair
day.

SCENE III.

Wales. Before Flint Castle.

*Enter, with Drum and Colours, BOLINGBROKE and Forces; YORK, NORTHUMB-
ERLAND, and Others.*

Boling. So that by this intelligence we learn,
the Welshmen are dispersed; and Salisbury
come to meet the king, who lately landed,
with some few private friends, upon this coast.

North. The news is very fair and good, my
lord;

[*head.*
[*ward, not far from hence, hath hid his
York. It would besem the lord Northum-
berland.*

[*say—king Richard:—Alack the heavy day,
[how such a sacred king should hide his head!*

North. Your grace mistakes me; only to
shew his title out.

[*be brief.*
York. The time hath been, [would
[ask you have been so brief with him, he
[have been so brief with you, to shorten you,
[taking so the head, your whole head's
length.

[*should.*
Boling. Mistake not, uncle, further than you
[take not, good cousin, further than
[should, [head.

[*head.*
[mistake: The heavens are o'er your
[I know it, uncle; and oppose not
[against their will.—But who comes

[*Enter PERCY.* [here!
[*scroop; what, will not this castle yield!*

Percy. The castle royally is mann'd, my lord,
Against thy entrance.

Boling. Royally!

Why, it contains no king!

Percy.

Yes, my good lord,
It doth contain a king; king Richard lies
Within the limits of yon lime and stone:
And with him are the lord Aumerle, lord Sa-
lisbury,

Sir Stephen Scroop; besides a clergyman
Of holy reverence, who, I cannot learn.

North. Belike, it is the bishop of Carlisle.

Boling. Noble lord [To North.

Go to the rudeness of that ancient castle;
Through brazen trumpet send the breath of
war.

Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver.

Harry Bolingbroke

[*hand;*
On both his knees doth kiss king Richard's
And sends allegiance, and true faith of heart,

To his most royal person: hither come
Even at his feet to lay my arms and power;

Provided that, my banishment repeal'd,
And lands restored again, be freely granted:

If not, I'll use the advantage of my power,
And lay the summer's dust with showers of

blood, [fishmen:

Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Eng-

The which, how far off from the mind of Bo-

lingbroke

It is, such crimson tempest should bedrench

The fresh green lap of fair king Richard's land,

My stooping duty tenderly shall show.

Go, signify as much; while here we march

Upon the grassy carpet of this plain.—

[*NORTHUMBERLAND advances to the*

Castle, with a Trumpet.

Let's march without the noise of threat'ning

drum,

That from the castle's totter'd battlements

Our fair appointments may be well perused.

methinks, king Richard and myself should

With no less terror than the elements [meet

Of fire and water, when their thund'ring shock

At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven,

Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water:

The rage be his, while on the earth I rain

My waters; on the earth, and not on him.

March on, and mark king Richard how he

looks.

A trumpet sounded, and answered by another

Trumpet within. Flourish. Enter on

the walls King RICHARD, the Bishop of

Carlisle, AUERLE, SCROOP, and SALIS-

BURY.

York. See, see, king Richard doth himself

As doth the blushing discontented sun [appear

From out the fiery portal of the east;

When he perceives the envious clouds are bent

To dim his glory, and to stain the track

Of his bright passage to the occident.

Yet looks he like a king; behold, his eye,

As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth

Controlling majesty; Alack, alack, for woe,

That any harm should stain so fair a show!

K. Rich. We are amazed, and thus long have we stood
To watch the fearful banding of thy knee,
[To NORTHUMBERLAND.
Because we thought ourself thy lawful king :
And if we be, how dare thy joints forget
To pay their awful duty to our presence ?
If we be not, show us the hand of God
That hath dismiss'd us from our stewardship :
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone
Can gripe the sacred handle of our sceptre,
Unless he do profane, steal, or usurp. [done,
And though you think, that all, as you have
Have torn their souls, by turning them from us,
And we are barren, and bereft of friends : —
Yet know, — my master, God omnipotent,
Is must'ring in his clouds, on our behalf,
Armies of pestilence ; and they shall strike
Your children yet unborn, and unbegot,
That lift your vassal hands against my head,
And threat the glory of my precious crown.
Tell Bolingbroke, (for you'd methinks, he is,)
That every stride he makes upon my land,
Is dangerous treason : He is come to ope
The purple testament of bleeding war ;
But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,
Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' souls
Shall ill become the flower of England's face :
Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace
To scarlet indignation, and bedew
Her pastures' grass with faithful English blood.
North. The King of heaven forbid, our lord

Till time lend friends
ful swords.

K. Rich. O God
That laid the septen
On you proud man,
With words of sooth
As is my grief, or le
Or that I could forg
Or not remember w
Swell't at thion, prou
to beat,
Since foes have seo
Arm. Northumb
Bolingbroke.

K. Rich. What
The king shall do it.
The king shall be co
The name of king !
I'll give my jewels,
My gorgeous palace,
My gay apparel, for
My figured goblets,
My sceptre, for a p
My subjects, for a p
And my large kingd
A little little grave,
Or I'll be buried in
Some way of comm
May hourly trample
For on my heart the
And, buried once, w
Aumerle, thou we

North. Sorrow and grief of heart
makes him speak fondly*, like a frantic man:
or he is come.

Enter King RICHARD, and his Attendants,
below.

Boling. Stand all apart,
and show fair duty to his majesty.—

My gracious lord,— [*Kneeling.*]

K. Rich. Fair cousin, you debase your
princely knee,

to make the base earth proud with kissing it:
it rather had, my heart might feel your love,
than my displeased eye see your courtesy.

Boling. So far be mine, your heart is up, I know,
as high at least, [*Touching his own head.*]
although your knee be low.

Boling. My gracious lord, I come but for
mine own. [*Yours, and all.*]

K. Rich. Your own is yours, and I am

Boling. So far be mine, my most redoubted
lord,

to my true service shall deserve your love.

K. Rich. Well you deserve:—They well
deserve to have,

that know the strong'st and surest way to get.
Nay, give me your hand: nay, dry your eyes;

they show their love, but want their remedies.
Nay, I am too young to be your father,

though you are old enough to be my heir.

What you will have, I'll give, and willing too;

for do we must, what force will have us do.

Go on towards London:—Cousin, is it so?

Boling. Yea, my good lord.

K. Rich. Then I must not say, no.

[*Flourish. Exit.*]

SCENE IV. Langley. The Duke of York's
Garden.

Enter the Queen, and two Ladies.

Queen. What sport shall we devise here in
this garden.

Lady. Madam, we'll play at bowls.

Queen. 'Twill make me think,

the world is full of rabs, and that my fortune
lives against the bias.

Lady. Madam, we will dance.

Queen. My legs can keep no measure in de-

light,

when my poor heart no measure keeps in grief:

therefore, no dancing, girl; some other sport.

Lady. Madam, we'll tell tales.

Queen. Of sorrow, or of joy?

Lady. Of either, madam.

Queen. Of neither, girl:

for if of joy, being altogether wanting,

it doth remember me the more of sorrow;

if of grief, being altogether had,

it adds more sorrow to my want of joy:

for what I have, I need not to repeat;

what I want, it boots not to complain.

Lady. Madam, I'll sing.

Queen. 'Tis well, that thou hast cause;

thou shouldst please me better, wouldst

thou weep.

1 Lady. I could weep, madam, would it
do you good.

Queen. And I could weep, would weeping
do me good.

And never borrow any tear of thee.

But stay, here come the gardeners:

Lest they step into the shadow of these trees.—

Enter a Gardener, and two Servants.

My wretchedness unto a row of pins.

They'll talk of state: for every one doth so

Against a change: Woe is forerun with woe.

[*Queen and Ladies retire.*]

Gard. Go, bind thou up yon' dauling

apricocks,

Which, like aurary children, make their sire

Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight:

Give some supportance to the bending twigs.

Go thou, and like an executioner,

Cut off the heads of too-fast-growing sprays

That look too lofty in our commonwealth:

All must be even in our government.—

You thus employ'd, I will go root away

The noisome weeds, that without profit suck

The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.

1 Serv. Why should we, in the compass of

a pale,

Keep law, and form, and due proportion,

Showing, as in a model, our firm estate?

When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,

Is full of weeds; her fairest flowers choked up,

Her fruit-trees all unpruned, her hedges ruin'd,

Her knots disorder'd, and her wholesome

Swarming with caterpillars? [*Herbs*]

Gard. Hold thy peace:—

He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd spring,

Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf:

The weeds, that his broad-springing leaves did

shelter,

That seem'd in eating him to hold him up,

Are pluck'd up, root and all, by Bolingbroke;

I mean, the earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.

1 Serv. What, are they dead?

Gard. They are; and Bolingbroke [*is it,*

Hath seized the wasteful king.—O! what pity

That he had not so trimm'd and dress'd his

land,

As we this garden! We at time of year

Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit-trees;

Lest, being over-proud with sap and blood,

With too much riches it confound itself:

Had he done so to great and growing men,

They might have lived to bear, and he to taste

Their fruits of duty. All superfluous branches

We lop away, that bearing boughs may live:

Had he done so, himself had borne the

crown,

Which waste of idle hours hath quite thrown

down.

1 Serv. What, think you then, the king shall

be deposed?

Gard. Depress'd he is already; and deposed,

'Tis doubt'd; he will be: Letters came last night

To a dear friend of the good duke of York's,

That tell black tidings.

Queen. O, I am press'd to death.

* Probably. A weight fixed on one side of the bowl which turns it from the straight line
† Frodo. ‡ Enclosure. § Figures planted in box. ¶ No doubt

Through want of speaking!—Thou, old Adam's likeness,

[Coming from her concealment.]

Set to dress this garden, how darest thou news? Thy harsh-rude tongue sound this displeasing What Eve, what serpent hath suggested thee To make a second fall of cursed man?

Why dost thou say, king Richard is deposed? Darest thou, thou little better thing than earth, Divine his downfall? Say, where, when, and how,

Camest thou by these ill tidings? speak, thou

Gard. Pardon me, madam: little joy have I, To breathe this news; yet, what I say, is true. King Richard, he is in the mighty hold

Of Bolingbroke; their fortunes both are weigh'd:

In your lord's scale is nothing but himself; And some few vanities that make him light; But in the balance of great Bolingbroke, Besides himself, are all the English peers, And with that odds he weighs king Richard down.

Post you to London, and you'll find it so! I speak no more than every one doth know.
Queen. Nimble mischance, that art so light of foot,

Doth not thy embassy belong to me, And am I last that knows it? O, then think

To serve me last, that I may longest live. Thy sorrow in my breast.—Come, ladies, To meet, at London, London's King in woe.

What, was I born to this? that my sad look Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke's Gardener, for telling me this news of woe, I would, the plants thou graft'st, may never grow. *[Exeunt Queen and Ladies.]*

Gard. Poor queen! so that thy state may be no worse,

I would, my skill were subject to thy curse. Here did she drop a tear; here, in this place I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace: Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen In the remembrance of a weeping queen. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT IV

SCENE I. London. Westminster Hall.

The Lords spiritual on the right side of the Throne: the Lords temporal on the left; the Commons below. *Enter BOLINGBROKE, AUMERLE, SURREY, NORTHUMBERLAND, DESSA, FITZWATER, another*

That marks thee out for hell: I say, thou lie And wilt maintain, what thou hast said, is true In thy heart blood, though being all too true To stain the temper of my knightly sword.

Boling. Bagot, forbear, thou shalt not bid it up.

cuty thousand such as you. [well
lord Fitzwater, I do remember
Amerle and you did talk. [then ;
ed, 'tis true: you were in presence
witness with me, this is true.
false, by heaven, as heaven itself
ry, thou liest. [is true.

Dishonourable boy !
lie so heavy on my sword,
ender vengeance and revenge,
ie-giver, and that lie, do lie
et as thy father's scull.

cof, there is my honour's pawn ;
he trial, if thou darest. [horse
fondly dost thou spur a forward
or drink, or breathe, or live,
array in a wilderness,

him, whilst I say, he lies,
lies: there is my bond of faith,
my strong correction.—

thrive in this new world,
sity of my true appeal:
rd the banish'd Norfolk say,

merle, didst send two of thy men
e noble duke at Calais. [a gage,
e honest Christian trust me with
lies: here I do throw down this,

repeal'd to try his honour. [gage,
ese differences shall all rest under
e repeal'd: repeal'd he shall be,
ine enemy, restored again [turn'd,

d and signories: when he's re-
gle we will enforce his trial.
onourable day shall ne'er be seen.

hath banish'd Norfolk fought
at: in glorious Christian field
enigma of the Christian cross,

Pagans, Turks, and Saracens:
th works of war, retired himself
there, at Venice, gave

hat pleasant country's earth,
soul unto his captain Christ,
colours he had fought so long.

hy, bishop, is Norfolk dead ?
re as I live, my lord. [the bosom
et peace conduct his sweet soul to
braham!—Lords Appellants,

ces shall all rest under gage,
you to your days of trial.
ter York, attended.

at duke of Lancaster, I come to
[ing soul
pluck'd Richard: who with will-
wir, and his high sceptre yields

alon of thy royal hand:
gone, descending now from him—
Henry, of that name the fourth!

God's name, I'll ascend the regal
y, God forbid!— [throne.
royal presence may I speak,
eming me to speak the truth,

that any in this noble presence
noble to be upright judge
hard; then true nobless? would
bearance from so foul a wrong.

I can give sentence on his king?

And who sits here, that is
Thieves are not judged, but
Although apparent guilt!

And shall the figure of G
His captain, steward, de
Anointed, crowned, plan
Be judged by subject and

And he himself not prese
That, in a Christian climate, so
Should show so heinous, black,

I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,
Stirr'd up by heaven, thus boldly for his king.

My lord of Hereford here, whom you calling
Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king:

And if you crown him, let me prophecy,—
The blood of English shall manure the ground,
And future ages groan for this foul act:

Peace shall go sleep with Turks and Infidels,
And, in this seat of peace, tumultuous wars
Shall kin with kin, and kind with kind, con-

Disorder, horror, fear, and mutiny. [found;
Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd
The field of Golgotha, and dead men's skulls.

O, if you rear this house against this house
It will the wofullest division prove,
That ever fell upon this cursed earth:

Prevent, resist it, let it not be so,
Lest child, child's children, cry against you—
woe! [your pains,

North. Well have you argued, sir; and, for
Of capital treason we arrest you here:—
My lord of Westminster, be it your charge
To keep him safely till his day of trial.—

May't please you, lords, to grant the common
suit. [anon vie

Boling. Fetch hither Richard, that in com
He may surrender; so we shall proceed
Without suspicion.

York. I will be his conduct. [Exit
Boling. Lords, you that are here under our
arrest,

Procure your sureties for your days of answer;
Little are we beholden to your love,
[To CARLISLE.

And little look'd for at your helping hands.
Re-enter York, with King RICHARD, and
Officers bearing the crown, &c.

K. Rich. Alack, why am I sent for to a king,
Before I have shook off the regal thoughts
Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd
To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my knee:—

Give sorrow leave a while to tntor me
To this submission. Yet I well remember
The favours of these men: Were they not mine?
Did they not sometime cry, all hail! to me?

So Judas did to Christ: but he, in twelve,
Found truth in all, but one; I, in twelve
thousand, none.

God save the king!—Will no man say, amen?
Am I both priest and clerk? well then, amen.
God save the king! although I be not he;

And yet, amen, if heaven do think him me.—
To do what service am I sent for hither? [will,
York. To do that office, of thine own good
Which tired majesty did make thee offer,—
The resignation of thy state and crown.

to Henry Bolingbroke. [seize the crown;

A. Rich. Give me the crown:—Here, cousin,
Here, on this side, my hand; on that side, thine.
Now is this golden crown like a deep well,
That owes two buckets filling one another;
The emptier ever dancing in the air,

The other down, unseen, and full of water:
That bucket down, and full of tears, am I, high;
Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on

Boling. I thought you had been willing to
resign. [are mine:

K. Rich. My crown, I am; but still my griefs
You may my glories and my state depose,
But not my griefs; still am I king of those.

Boling. Part of your cares you give me with
your crown. [my cares down.

K. Rich. Your cares set up, do not pluck
My care is—loss of care, 'y' old care done;
Your care is—gain of care, by new care won:
The cares I give, I have, though given away;
They tend' the crown, yet still with me they
stay. [crown?

Boling. Are you contented to resign the

K. Rich. Ay, no;—no, ay;—for I must no;
Therefore no no, for I resign to thee. [thing be;

Now mark me how I will undo myself:—

I give this heavy weight from off my head,

And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,

The pride of kingly sway from out my heart;

With mine own tears I wash away my balm;

With mine own hands I give away my crown;

With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,

With mine own breath release all duties

Showing an outward pity; yet;
Have here deliver'd me to my sc

And water cannot wash away y
North. My lord, despatch; w

articles.

K. Rich. Mine eyes are full

And yet salt water blinds them;

But they can see a sort of traitor

Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon m

I find myself a traitor with the r

For I have given here my soul's

To undeck the poinçons body of

Make glory base; and sovereign

Proud majesty, a subject; state

North. My lord,——

K. Rich. No lord of thine, t

insulting man,

Nor no man's lord: I have no nat

No, not that name was given me

But 'tis usurp'd:—Alack the he!

That I have worn so many win!

And know not now what name t

O, that I were a mockery king

Standing before the sun of Bolin

To melt myself away in water-d

Good king,—great king,—(and s

good.)

As if my word be sterling yet!

Let it command a mirror hither

That it may show me what a fa

Since it is bankrupt of his maj

Boling. Go some of you,

looking-glass. [Exit

North. Bolingbroke



KING RICHARD II.

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adows to the unseemly grief,
With silence in the tortured soul;
Substance: and I thank thee,

bounty, that not only givest
rail, but teachest me the way
at the cause. I'll beg one boon,
one, and trouble you no more.
It!

Name it, fair cousin.
Fair cousin? Why, I am greater
king:

as a king, my flatterers
subjects; being now a subject,
here to my flatterer.

I have no need to beg.

I ask.
And shall I have?

Yes, shall.
Then give me leave to go,
either!

Whither you will, so I were from
hence. (the Tower.)
Some of you, convey him to

K. Rich. O, good! Convey!—Conveyers
are you all,
That rise thus dimly by a true king's fall.

[*Exeunt K. RICHARD, some Lords,
and a Guard.*]

Boling. On Wednesday next, we solemnly
set down

Our coronation: lords, prepare yourselves.
[*Exeunt all but the Abbot, Bishop*

of Carlisle, and ADMERLE.
Abbot. A woful pageant have we here be-
held.

Car. The woe's to come; the children yet
Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn.

Aum. You holy clergymen, is there no plot
To rid the realm of this pernicious blot?

Abbot. Before I freely speak my mind herein,
You shall not only take the sacrament

To bury mine intents, but to effect
Whatever I shall happen to devise:—

I see your brows are full of discontent,
Your hearts of sorrow, and your eyes of tears;

Come home with me to supper; I will lay
A plot, shall show us all a merry day. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

London. A Street leading to
the Tower.

Enter Queen, and Ladies.

Is way the king will come;
Is way the king will come;

Is way the king will come;

Is way the king will come;

Is way the king will come;

Is way the king will come;

Is way the king will come;

Is way the king will come;

Is way the king will come;

Is way the king will come;

Is way the king will come;

Is way the king will come;

Is way the king will come;

Is way the king will come;

Is way the king will come;

Is way the king will come;

Is way the king will come;

Is way the king will come;

Is way the king will come;

Is way the king will come;

Is way the king will come;

Is way the king will come;

Transform'd, and weaken'd? Hath Boling-
broke

Deposed thine intellect? hath he been in thy
The lion, dying, thrusteth forth his paw,

And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with
rage

To be o'erpower'd; and wilt thou, pupil-like,
Take thy correction mildly? kist the rod;

And fawn on rage with base humility,
Which art a lion, and a king of beasts?

K. Rich. A king of beasts, indeed; if I might
but be,

I had been still a happy king of men.
Good sometime queen, prepare thee hence

for France: [takest,
Think, I am dead: and that even here thou
As from my death-bed, my last living leave.

In winter's tedious nights, sit by the fire
With good old folks; and let them tell thee

Of woful ages, long ago bestid: [tales
And, ere thou bid good night, to quit their
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me. [grief,

And send the hearers weeping to their beds.
For why, the senseless brands will sympathize

The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,
And, in compassion, weep the fire out;

And some will mourn in ashes, some con-
For the deposing of a rightful king. [black,

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, attended.
North. My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke

is changed;

You must to Pensfret, not unto the Tower.—
And, madam, there is order taken for you;

With all swift speed you must away to
France. [wherewithal

K. Rich. Northumberland, thou ladder
Themselves Bolingbroke ascends my throne.

robbers.

Conceal.

Passed.

Tower of London.

Station with them.

Picture of greatness.

The time shall not be many hours of age
More than it is, ere foul sin, gathering head,
Shall break into corruption; thou shalt think,
Though he divide the realm, and give thee half,
It is too little, helping him to all;
And he shall think, that thou, which know'st
the way

To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,
Being ne'er so little urged, another way
To pluck him headlong from the usurped
throne.

The love of wicked friends converts to fear;
That fear, to hate; and hate turns one, or both,
To worthy danger, and deserved death.

North. My guilt be on my head, and there
an end.

Take leave, and part; for you must part
forthwith.

K. Rich. Doubly divorced?—Bad men, ye
violate [me;

A twofold marriage; 'twixt my crown and
And then, betwixt me and my married wife:—
Let me unkiss the oath 'twixt thee and me!

And yet not so, for with a kiss 'twas made.—
Part us, Northumberland; I towards the
north, [climbs;

Where shivering cold and sickness plies the
My wife to France, from whence, set forth
in pomp,

She came adorned hither like sweet May,
Sent back like Halloween's, or short'at of
day.

SCENE II. *The same.*

A Room in the Duke of York's

Enter YORK and his DUKE

Duch. My lord, you told me,
tell the rest,

When weeping made you break it
Of our two cousins coming into La
York. Where did I leave?

Duch. At that sad sto
Where rude misgovern'd hands,
dows' tops,

Threw dust and rubbish on King
York. Then, as I said, the duke,

Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
Which his aspiring rider seem'd to

With slow, but stately pace, kept on
While all tongues cried—God save

Kingbroke!

You would have thought the very
So many greedy looks of young

Through casements started their eyes
Upon his viage; and that all the

With painted imagery, had said a
Jean preserve thee! welcome, Bol

Whilst he from one side to the other
Bare-headed, lower than his proud

Bespake them thus,—I thank you, o
And thus still doing, thus he pass'd

Duch. Alas, poor Richard! who
the while?

York. As in a theatre, the eyes

at news from Oxford? hold those justs
and triumphs!

For aught I know, my lord, they do.
You will be there, I know.

If God prevent it not; I purpose so.
What seal is that, that hangs without
thy bosom?

A look'st thou pale? let me see the writing.
My lord, 'tis nothing.

No matter then who sees it:
I'll be satisfied, let me see the writing.

I do beseech your grace to pardon me;
a matter of small consequence,

for some reasons I would not have seen.
Which for some reasons, sir, I mean

I fear, ——— [to see.]
What should you fear?

Nothing but some bond that he is enter'd
my apparel, 'gainst the triumph day. [into

York. Bound to himself? what doth he
with a bond

He is bound to — Wife, thou art a fool. —
let me see the writing. [not show it.

I do beseech you, pardon me; I may
ask. I will be satisfied; let me see it, I say.

[Snatches it, and reads.]
What fool treason! — villain! traitor! slaver!

What is the matter, my lord?
Not who is within there? [Enter a

Servant.] Saddle my horse:
for his mercy! what treachery is here!

Why, what is it, my lord? [horse: —
Give me my boots, I say: saddle my

by mine honour, by my life, my troth,
I'll appease the villain. [Exit Servant.

What's the matter?
Peace, foolish woman. [matter, son?

I will not peace: — What is the
Good mother, be content; 'tis no more

my poor life must answer.
Thy life answer!

Re-enter Servant, with Boots.
Bring me my boots, I will unto the

king. [thou art amazed: —
Strike him, Aumerle. — Poor boy,

me, villain; never more come in my sight.
[To the Servant.

Give me my boots, I say.
Why, York, what wilt thou do?

Thou dost hide the trespass of thine own;
are we more sons? or are we like to have?

of my terming? date drunk up with time?
[wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine age,

rob me of a happy mother's name?
not like thee? As he not thine own?

Thou fond mad woman,
thou conceal'st this dark conspiracy? [ment.

Some of them here have ta'en the sacra-
ment interchangeably set down their hands,

king at Oxford.
He shall be none;

to him here: Then what is that to
way, [him?

say I were he twenty times my son,
I'd appeach him.

Hadst thou groan'd for him,

As I have done, thou'dst be more pitiful.
But now I know thy mind; thou dost suspect,
That I have been disloyal to thy bed,
And that he is a bastard, not thy son: [mind:
Sweet York, sweet husband, be not of that
He is as like thee as a man may be.
Not like to me, or any of my kin,
And yet I love him.

York. Make way, marry we men.

[Exit.

Duch. After, Aumerle; mount thee upon his

horse;

Spr, post; and get before him to the king,

And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee.

I'll not be long behind; though I be old,

I doubt not but to ride as fast as York;

And never will I rise up from the ground,

Till Bolingbroke have pardon'd thee: Away;

Begone! [Re-enter.

SCENE III. Windsor. A Room in the Castle.

Enter BOLINGBROKE, as King; PERCY, and

other Lords.

Boling. Can no man tell of my unthrifty

son?

'Tis full three months since I did see him last: —

If any plague hang over us, 'tis he.

I would to God, my lords, he might be found:

Inquire at London, 'mongst the taverns there,

For there they say, he daily doth frequent,

With unrestrained loose companions;

Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes,

And beat our watch, and rob our passengers;

While he, young, wanton, and effeminate boy,

Takes on the point of honour, to support

So dissolute a crew. [the prince;

Percy. My lord, some two days since I saw

And told him of these triumphs held at Oxford.

Boling. And what said the gallant? [stews;

Percy. His answer was, — he would unto the

And from the common'st creature pluck a

glove,

And wear it as a favour; and with that

He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.

Boling. As dissolute, as desperate: yet,

through both,

I see some sparkles of a better hope,

Which elder days may happily bring forth.

But who comes here?

Enter AUMERLE, hastily,

Aum. Where is the king?

Boling. What means

Our cousin, that he stares and looks so wildly?

Aum. God save your grace. I do beseech

your majesty,

To have some conference with your grace alone.

Boling. Withdraw yourselves, and leave us

here alone. [Re-enter PERCY and Lords.

What is the matter with our cousin now?

Aum. For ever may my knees grow to the

earth, [Kneels.

My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,

Unless a pardon, ere I rise, or speak.

Boling. Intended, or committed, was this

If but the first, how heinous e'er it be, [fault?

To win thy after love, I pardon thee.

A Ship and tournaments. He: Perplexed, confounded. Brooding.

Aum. Then give me leave that I may turn the
That no man enter till my tale be done. [key,

Boling. Have thy desire.

[*AUMERLE locks the door.*

York. [Within.] My liege, beware; look
to thyself;

Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there.

Boling. Villain, I'll make thee safe.

[*Drawing.*

Aum. Stay thy revengeful hand;

Thou hast no cause to fear. [hardy king]

York. [Within.] Open the door, secure, fool.

Shall I, for love, speak treason to thy face?

Open the door, or I will break it open.

[*BOLINGBROKE opens the door.*

Enter YORK.

Boling. What is the matter, uncle? speak;

Recover breath; tell us how near is danger,

That we may arm us to encounter it.

York. Peruse this writing here, and thou
shalt know

The treason that my haste forbids me show.

Aum. Remember, as thou read'st, thy prom-
ise past:

do repent me; read not my name there,

My heart is not confederate with my hand.

York. 'Twas, villain, ere thy hand did set
it down.—

I tore it from the traitor's bosom, king:

Fear, and not love begets his penitence;

Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove

A serpent that will sting thee to the heart.

Boling. O heinous, strong, and bold conspi-

Love, loving not itself, none of

York. Thou frantic woman,
how makest thou here?

Shall thy old dugs once more

Duch. Sweet York, be patient
gentle liege.

Boling. Rise up, good aunt.

Duch. Not yet.

For ever will I kneel upon my

And never see day that the hat

Till thou give joy; until thou

By pardoning Rutland my trea

Aum. Unto my mother's pray
knee.

York. Against them both my
ed be.

Ill may'st thou thrive, if thou g

Duch. Plead be in carnal
face;

His eyes do drop no tears, his
jest;

His words come from his mou

He prays but faintly, and seem

We pray with heart, and soul,

His weary joints would gladly

Our knees shall kneel till to t

His prayers are full of falsch

Ours, of true zeal and deep t

Our prayers do out-pray his;

That mercy which true praye

Boling. Good aunt, stand u

Duch. Nay, do not

But, pardon, first; and after

straight shall dog them at the heels,
help to order several powers *
f where'er these traitors are;
I live within this world, I swear,
ve them, if I once know where.
ll,—and cousin too, adieu: [true,
well hath pray'd and prove you
ne, my old son;—I pray God
hee new. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

EXTON, and a Servant.

ist thou not mark the king, what
he spake? [fear?
riend will rid me of this living
t

Those were his very words.
we I no friend? quoth he: he
it twice,
twice together; did he not?
lid.

d, speaking it, he wistfully look'd
; [Jan
d say,—I would, thou wert the
ivorce this terror from my heart;
king at Pomfret. Come, let's go;
s friend, and will rid his foe.

[Exit.

Pomfret. The Dungeon of the
Castle.

Enter King RICHARD.

I have been studying how I may
re
where I live, unto the world:
use the world is populous,
not a creature but myself,
t;—Yet I'll hammer it out.
prove the female to my soul;
father: and these two beget
of still-breeding thoughts,
some thoughts people this little
t;
like the people of this world,
it is contented. The better sort,—
if things divine,—are intermix'd
s, and do set the word itself
word t:

ne little ones; and then again,—
t to come, as for a camel
he pasture's of a needle's eye,
ding to ambition, they do plot
nders: how these vain weak nafs
assage through the fluty ribs
world, my ragged prison walls;
y cannot, die in their own pride.
ding to content, flatter themselves,
e not the first of fortune's slaves,
t be the last; like silly beggars,
in the stocks refuge their shame,
ave, and others must sit there:
hought they find a kind of ease,
r own misfortune on the back
we before endured the like,

Thus play I, in one person, many people,
And none contented: Sometimes am I king;
Then treason makes me wish myself a beggar,
And so I am: Then crushing penury
Persuades me I was better when a king;
Then am I king'd again: and, by-and-by,
Think that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,
And straight am nothing:—But, whate'er I am,
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
With nothing shall be pleased, till he be eased
With being nothing.—Music do I hear?

[Music.

Ha, ha! keep time:—How sour sweet music is,
When time is broke, and no proportion kept!
So is it in the music of men's lives.

And here have I the daintiness of ear,
To check time broke in a disorder'd string;
But, for the concord of my state and time,
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.
I wasted time, and now doth time waste me.
For now hath time made me his numb'ring

clock: [Jan

My thoughts are minutes; and, with sighs, they
Their watches on to mine eyes, the outward
watch,

Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.
Now, sir, the sound, that tells what hour it is,
Are clamorous groans, that strike upon my
heart, [groans,

Which is the bell: So sighs, and tears, and
Show minutes, times, and hours:—but my time
Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,
While I stand fooling here, his Jack o' the
clock.

This music mads me, let it sound no more;
For, though it have holpe madmen to their wits,
In me, it seems it will make wise men mad.
Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me!
For 'tis a sign of love; and love to Richard
Is a strange brooch ** in this all-hating world.

Enter Groom.

Groom. Hail, royal prince!

K. Rich. Thanks, noble peer;
The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.
What art thou? and how comest thou hither,
Where no man never comes, but that sad dog
That brings me food, to make misfortune live!

Groom. I was a poor groom of thy stable,
king, [wards York,

When thou wert king; who, travelling to-
With much ado, at length have gotten leave
To look upon my sometimes t master's face.
O, how it yerd my heart, when I beheld,
In London streets, that coronation day,
When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary:
That horse, that thou so often hast bestrid;
That horse, that I so carefully have dress'd!

K. Rich. Rode he on Barbary? Tell me
How went he under him? [gentle friend,

Groom. So proudly, as if he disdain'd the
ground. [on his back!

K. Rich. So proud that Bolingbroke was
That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand!

ees. † His own body. ‡ Holy scripture. § Little girl.
|| Tick. ¶ Strike for him, like the figure of a man on a bell.
An ornamented buckle, and also a jewel in general. †† Former.

This hand hath made him proud with clapping
him. [down.]

Would he not stumble? Would he not fall
(Since pride must have a fall), and break the
neck

Of that proud man that did usurp his back?
Forgiveness, horse! why do I rail on thee,
Since thou, created to be awed by man,
Wast born to bear? I was not made a horse;
And yet I bear a burden like an ass,
Spur-gall'd, and tired, by jauncing* Bolling-
broke.

Enter Keeper, with a Dish.

Keep. Fellow, give place; here is no longer
stay. [To the Groom.]

K. Rich. If thou love me, 'tis time thou
wert away.

Groom. What my tongue dares not, that my
heart shall say. [Exit.]

Keep. My lord, will't please you to fall to?

K. Rich. Taste of it first, as thou art wont
to do.

Keep. My lord, I dare not; sir Pierce of
Exton, who

Lately came from the king, commands the
contrary. [caster, and thee!]

K. Rich. The devil take Henry of Lan-
castre, and I am weary of it.

[Beats the Keeper.]

Keep. Help, help, help!

Enter Exton, and Servants, armed.

K. Rich. How now? what means death in

Enter Northumberland.

Welcome, my lord: What is th

North. First, to thy sacred
happiness.

The next news is,—I have to l
The heads of Salisbury, Spenc

Kent:

The manner of their taking may
At large discoursed in this pap

[Press

Boling. We thank thee, ge
thy pains;

And to thy worth will add rich

Enter FITZWATER

Fitz. My lord, I have from
London

The heads of Brocas, and Sir I
Two of the dangerous consortes

That sought at Oxford thy dire

Boling. Thy pains, Fitzwat

Right noble is thy merit, well!

Enter Percy with the Bish

Percy. The grand conspir

Westminster,

With clog of conscience, and so

Hath yielded up his body to th

But here is Carlisle living, to a

Thy kingly doom, and sentence

Boling. Carlisle, this is your

Choose out some secret place, a

room,

More than thou hast, and with



FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV.

Persons represented.

the Fourth.
the Duke of Wales, } Sons to the
of Lancaster, } King.
Buckland, } Friends to the
Blunt, } King.
Sir, Earl of Worcester.
Sir, Earl of Northumberland:
Humphrey Hotspur, his son.
Mortimer, Earl of March.
Bishop of York.
Earl of Douglas.
Bowen.
Vernon.

Sir JOHN FALSTAFF.
POINS.
GADSHILL.
PETO.
BARDOLFE.

Lady PERCY, wife to Hotspur, and sister
to Mortimer.
Lady MORTIMER, daughter to Glendower,
and wife to Mortimer.
Mrs. QUICKLY, Hostess of a Tavern in
Eastcheap.

As, Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlains, Drawers, two Carriers, Travellers,
and Attendants.

Scene,—England.

ACT I.

Scene. A Room in the Palace.

HENRY, WESTMORELAND, Sir
DE BLUNT, and Others.

As shaken as we are, so wan with

up for frightened peace to part,
port-winded accents of new broils
need in stronds so far remote.
thirty Erinnyes of this soil
or like with her own children's

trampling war channel her fields,
as she retires with the armed hoofs
as: those opposed eyes,
the meteors of a troubled heaven,
are, of one substance bred,—
as in the intestine shock
loss of civil butchery,

mutual, well-beseeming ranks,
a way; and be no more opposed
distance, kindred, and allies:
as, like an ill-sheathed knife,
all cut his master. Therefore,
be sepulchre of Christ, [friends,
a now, under whose blessed cross
and engaged to fight,]
lower; of English shall we levy:
were moulded in their mothers'

as pagans, in those holy fields,

Over whose acres, walk'd those blessed feet,
Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were
For our advantage on the bitter cross. [walk'd
But this our purpose is a twelvemonth old,
And bootless; 'tis to tell you—we will go;
Therefore we meet not now:—Then let me hear
Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,
What yesternight our council did decree,
In forwarding this dear expedience]. [tion,
West. My Dege, this haste was hot in ques-
And many limits of the charge set down
But yesternight: when, all athwart, there came
A post from Wales, laden with heavy news;
Whose worst was,—that the noble Mortimer,
Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
Against the irregular and wild Glendower,
Was by the rude hands of that Welshman
And a thousand of his people butchered: [taken,
Upon whose dead corps there was such misdeeds,
Such beastly, shameless transformatioh,
By those Welshwomen done, as may not be,
Without much shame, re-told or spoken of.

K. Hen. It seems, then, that the tidings of
this droll

Brake off our business for the Holy Land.

West. This match'd with other, did, my
gracious lord;

For more uneven and unwelcome news
Came from the north, and thence it did import.
On Holy-rood day¹, the gallant Hotspur there,
Young Harry Percy, and brave Archibald,

¹the banks of the sea.

²Expedition.

³The Fury of discord.

⁴the day of battle.

⁵Forces, army.

⁶on September 14.

That ever-valiant and approved Scot,
At Holmedon met,
Where they did spend a sail and bloody hour;
As by discharge of their artillery,
And shape of likelihood, the news was told;
For he that brought them in the very heat
And pride of their contention did take horse,
Uncertain of the issue any way.

K. Hen. Here is a dear and true-industrious friend,
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,
Stain'd* with the variation of each soil
Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours;
And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.

The earl of Douglas is discomfited;
Ten thousand bold Scots, two-and-twenty knights,

Balk'd* in their own blood, did sir Walter see
On Holmedon's plains: Of prisoners, Hotspur took

Mordake the earl of Fife, and eldest son
To beaten Douglas; and the earls of Athol,
Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith.

And is not this an honourable spoil?
A gallant prize? ha, cousin, is it not?

West. In faith,
It is a conquest for a prince to boast of.

K. Hen. Yea, there thou makest me sad,
and makest me sin

In envy that my lord Northumberland
Should be the father of so blest a son:

A son, who is the theme of honour's tongue;

SCENE II. *The same. As the Palace.*

Enter HENRY Prince of FALSTAFF.

Fal. Now, Hal, what time

P. Hen. Thou art so fat-wit-ting of old sack, and unboite supper, and sleeping upon benches that thou hast forgotten to de-which thou wouldst truly know devil hast thou to do with the t unless hours were cups of sac capons, and clocks the tongues dials the signs of leaping-blessed sun himself a fair hot-colour'd taffata; I see no reason shouldst be so superfluous to do of the day.

Fal. Indeed, you come near for we, that take purses, go by seven stars; and not by Pho wandering knight so fair. A sweet wag, when thou art king thy grace, (majesty, I should thou wilt have none.)

P. Hen. What, none?

Fal. No, by my troth; not serve to be prologue to an egg

P. Hen. Well, how then? roundly.

Fal. Marry, then, sweet art king, let not us, that are squi

Did I even call for thee to pay thy

I'll give thee thy due, thou hast

for, and elsewhere, so far as my
fitch; and, where it would not,
by credit.

and so used it, that were it not
that thou art heir apparent,—
fine, sweet wig, shall there be
fling in England when thou art
inhabitant thou fobbed as it is, with
[of old father with the law? Do
another art king, hang a thief.
So; then shalt.

It's O rare! By the Lord, I'll be

thou judgest false, already; I
shalt have the hanging of the
as become a rare hangman.

Hal, well; and in some sort it
my humour, as well as waiting in
to tell you.

for obtaining of suits?

for obtaining of suits: whereof
hath no lean wardrobe. 'Blood,
wholy as a gib-cat, or a lugged

from old lion; or a lover's lute.

, or the drone of a Lincolnshire

What sayest thou to a hare, or the
of Moor-ditch?

hast the most unswayable smiles;
and, the most comparative, rarest
young prince,—But, Hal, I

shalt see no more with vanity. I
do, thou and I knew where a com-
ed names were to be bought. An

the council rated me the other day
about you, sir; but I marked him
he talked very wisely; but I re-
sist: and yet he talked wisely, and

too.

Then didst well; for wisdom cries
mute, and no man regards it.

on hast damnable iteration; and
thine to corrupt a saint. Thou hast
term upon me, Hal,—God forgive
Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew

I now am I, if a man should speak
better than one of the wicked. I
in this life, and I will give it over;

as I do not, I am a villain; I'll be
never a king's son in Christendom.
Where shall we take a purse to-
day?

are thou wilt, lad, I'll make one;
call me villain, and battie me.

I see a good amendment of life in
praying, to purse-taking.

or Poins, at a distance.

Y, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis

no sin for a man to labour in his vocation.

Poins.—Now shall we know if Gadshill have
[a watch]. O, if men were to be moved by
merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for
him? This is the most omnipotent villain, that
ever cried, Stand, to a true man.

P. Hen. Good morrow, Neck.

Poins. Good morrow, sweet Hal.—What
says monsieur Remorse? What says Sir John
Rack-and-Sugar? Jack, how agrees the devil
and thee about thy soul, that thou soldst him
on Good-friday last, for a cap of Maadray and
a cold capon's leg?

P. Hen. Sir John stands to his word, the
devil shall have his bargain; for he was never
yet a breaker of proverbs, he will give the
devil his due.

Poins. Thou art thou damned for keeping
thy word with the devil.

P. Hen. Else he had been damned for co-
zening the devil.

Poins. But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow
morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill.
There are pilgrims going to Canterbury with
rich offerings, and traders riding to London
with fat purses; I have visors for you all, you
have horses for yourselves; Gadshill lies to-
night in Rochester; I have bespoke supper to-
morrow night in Eastcheap; we may do it as
secure as sleep: If you will go, I will stuff your
purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at
home, and be hanged.

Fal. Hear me, Yedward; if I tarry at home,
and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Poins. You will, chop? Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one?

P. Hen. Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by
my faith.

Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor
good fellowship in thee, nor thou canst not of
the blood royal, if thou dar'st not stand for
ten shillings.

P. Hen. Well, then once in my days I'll
be a mad-cap.

Fal. Why, that's well said.

P. Hen. Well, come what will, I'll tarry
at home.

Fal. By the Lord, I'll be a traitor then,
when thou art king.

P. Hen. I care not.

Poins. Sir John, I pr'ythee, leave the
prince and me alone; I will lay him down such
reasons for this adventure, that he shall go.

Fal. Well, may'st thou have the spirit of
persuasion, and he the ears of profiting, that
what thou speakest may move, and what he
hears may be believed, that the true prince may
(for recreation sake,) prove a false thief; for
the poor abuses of the time want countenance,
Farewell: You shall find me in Eastcheap.

P. Hen. Farewell, thou latter spring! Fare-
well All-hallow summer! [Exit Poins.]

Poins. Now, my good sweet honey lud,

should be *lib-cat*,—a Scotch term at this day for a gelded cat.

† Croak of a

† Citation of holy texts.

† Treat me with ignominy.

† Made an appoint-

† The valiant's cold called real or regret-

† The valiant's cold called real or regret-

† The valiant's cold called real or regret-

† The valiant's cold called real or regret-

† The valiant's cold called real or regret-

† The valiant's cold called real or regret-

ride with us to-morrow; I have a jest to execute, that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill, shall rob those men that we have already way-laid; yourself, and I, will not be there: and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders.

P. Hen. But how shall we part with them in setting forth?

Poins. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting; wherein it is at our pleasure to fall; and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves: which they shall have no sooner achieved, but we'll set upon them.

P. Hen. Ay, but, 'tis like, that they will know us, by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

Poins. Tut! our horses they shall not see, I'll tie them in the wood; our visors we will change, after we leave them; and, sirrah, I have cascs of buckram for the nonce*, to immask our noted outward garments.

P. Hen. But, I doubt, they will be too hard for us.

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turned back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us, when we meet at supper: how thirty, at least, he fought with; what wards, what blows, what extremities he

SCENE III

The same. Another Room.
Enter King HENRY, North
WORCESTER, HOTSPUR,
MOUNT, and Others.

K. Hen. My blood hath been Unapt to stir at these indignities And you have found me; for You tread upon my patience. I will from henceforth rather Mighty, and to be fear'd, than Which hath been smooth as o And therefore lost that title of Which the proud soul ne'er proud.

Wor. Our house, my sovereign The scourge of greatness to be And that same greatness too. Have help to make so poorly

North. My lord,—
K. Hen. Worcester, get th And disobedience in thine eye. Your presence is too bold and And majesty might never yet The moody frontier of a sea You have good leave ** to leave need

Your use and counsel, we [Exe] You were about to speak.

Forth. Yea, my good lord Those prisoners in your lodge Which Harry Percy bore at I

line so brisk, and smell so sweet,
 like a waiting gentlewoman,
 drums, and wounds, (God save
 us!)
 as, the sovereign'st thing on earth
 set, for an inward bruise;
 was great pity, so it was,
 a salt-petre should be digg'd
 o' the harmless earth,
 a good tall fellow had destroy'd
 ; and, but for these vile guns,
 myself have been a soldier.
 o' that of his, my lord,
 directly, as I said;
 oh you, let not his report
 set for an accusation,
 o'er and your high majesty. [Lord,
 circumstances considered, good my
 s'ry Percy then had said,
 room, and in such a place,
 e, with all the rest re-to'd,
 bly die, and never rise
 rong, or any way impeach
 e said, so he uneasy it now. [ars;
 Why, yet he doth deny his prison-
 er, and exception.—[straight
 our own charge, shall ransom
 a-law, the foolish Mortimer;
 soul, hath wilfully betray'd
 those that he did lead to fight
 great magician, damn'd Glen-
 ; [March
 ater, as we hear, the earl of
 married. Shall our coffers then
 to redeem a traitor home?
 treason? and indent with fears,
 we lost and forfeited themselves?
 barren mountains let him starve;
 ever hold that man my friend,
 e shall ask me for one penny cost
 some revolted Mortimer.
 o' Mortimer!
 I fall off, my sovereign liege,
 chance of war;—To prove that
 [wounds,
 ore but one tongue for all those
 wounds, which valiantly he took,
 gentle Severn's sedy bank,
 position, hand to hand,
 and the best part of an hour
 ardent with great Glendower:
 they breathed, and thrice times did
 sink,
 sent, of swift Severn's flood;
 frightened with their bloody looks,
 among the trembling reeds,
 crisp head in the hollow bank
 with these valiant combatants.
 are and rotten policy
 orking with such deadly wounds;
 said the noble Mortimer
 any, and all willingly;
 not be slander'd with revolt.
 how dost belie him, Percy, thou
 alle him,

He never did encounter with Glendower;
 I tell thee,
 He durst as well have met the devil alone,
 As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
 Art not ashamed? But, sirrah, henceforth
 Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer:
 Send me your prisoners with the speediest
 means,
 Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
 As will disp'ase you.—My lord Northumber-
 land,
 We license your departure with your son:—
 Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it.
 [Exit King HENRY, BLUNT, and TRAIN.
 Hot. And if the devil come and roar for
 them,

I will not send them:—I will after straight,
 And tell him so; for I will ease my heart,
 Although it be with hazard of my head.

North. What, drunk with choler? stay, and
 Here comes your uncle. [pause awhile;

Re-enter WORCESTER.

Hot. Speak of Mortimer?
 Zounds, I will speak of him; and let my soul
 Want mercy, if I do not join with him:
 Yes, on his part, I'll empty all these veins,
 And shed my dear blood drop by drop i'the
 But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer [dnst,
 As high i'the air as this unthankful king,
 As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.

North. Brother, the king hath made your
 nephew mad. [To WORCESTER.

Wor. Who struck this heat up, after I was
 gone? [soners:

Hot. He will, forsooth, have all my pri-
 And when I urged the ransom once again
 Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd
 pale;

And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
 Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

Wor. I cannot blame him: Was he not
 proclaim'd,

By Richard that dead is, the next of blood?

North. He was; I heard the proclamation:
 And then it was, when the unhappy king
 (Whose wrongs in us God pardon!) did set
 Upon his Irish expedition; [forth

From whence he, intercepted, did return
 To be deposed, and shortly, murdered.

Wor. And for whose death, we in the world's
 wike mouth

Live scandalized, and foully spoken of.

Hot. But, soft, I pray you; Did king Richard
 then

Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer
 Heir to the crown?

North. He did; myself did hear it.

Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin
 king, [starv'd,

That wish'd him on the barren mountains
 But shall it be, that you,—that set the crown
 Upon the head of this forgetful man;

And, for his sake, wear the detested blot
 Of murderous subordination,—shall it be,
 That you a world of curses undergo;

1000. † Sign an indenture.
 ‡ Curled.

§ Hungry.
 ¶ Ungrateful.

§ Hardiness.
 2 P

Being the agents, or base second means,
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?
O, pardon me, that I descend so low,
To show the line, and the predicament,
Wherein you range under this subtle king.—
Shall it, for shame, be spoken in these days,
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility and power,
Did gage their both in an unjust behalf,—
As both of you, God pardon it! have done,—
To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
And plant this thorn, this canker*, Boling-
broke?

And shall it, in more shame, be further spoken,
That you are fool'd, discarded, and shook off
By him, for whom these shames ye under-
went?

No; yet time serves, wherein you may redeem
Your banish'd honours, and restore yourselves
Into the good thoughts of the world again:
Revenge the jeering, and disdain'd contempt,
Of this proud king; who studies, day and
To answer all the debt he owes to you, [night,
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths.
Therefore, I say,—

Wor. Peace, cousin, say no more:
And now I will unclasp a secret book,
And to your quick-conceiving discontents
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous;
As full of perti, and advent'rous spirit,
As to o'er-walk a current, roaring loud,
On the unsteady footing of a spear.

Hof. Nay, I will
He said, he would not ransom
Forbad my tongue to speak of
But I will find him when he
And in his ear I'll holla—Mortimer,
Nay,
I'll have a starting shall be to
Nothing but Mortimer, and yet
To keep his anger still in motion
Wor.

Conia. a word.
Hof. All studies here I soldier
Save how to gail and pinch the
And that same sword-and-buckler

Wales.—
But that I think his father lov'd
And would be glad he met
chance,

I'd have him poison'd with a
Wor. Farewell, kinsman! I
When you are better temper'd

North. Why, what a wasp
patient fool
Art thou, to break into this way

Tying thine ear to no tongue but
Hof. Why, look you, I am

scourged with rods,
Nettled, and stung with pismir
Of this vile pollician, Boling-
In Richard's time, What do ye
A plague upon't—it is in Gloucester
Twas where the mad-cap duke

And I think might be, but what I know
 is certain, plotted, and set down;
 I have my eye on't; behold the face
 of that constable that shall bring it on.
 What I am to do; upon my life, it will do well.
 Alas! Before the game's a foot, thou wilt
 be with the king. [plotting]
 Why, it cannot choose but be a little
 to the power of Scotland, and of York;
 and with Mortimer, ha?

And so they shall.
 And so they shall; it is exceedingly well aimed.
 But what is no little reason bids us speed,
 to our heads by raising of a head?
 And so they shall; it is exceedingly well aimed.
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 But what is no little reason bids us speed,
 to our heads by raising of a head?

ACT II.

Enter I. Rochester. An Inn Yard.
 Enter a Carrier, with a Lantern in his hand.
 Car. Heigh ho! A'st be not four by the
 wall be hanged: Charles' waist is over
 the chimney, and yet our horse not packed.
 What d'ye say?
 [Within.] Anon, anon.
 Car. I pray thee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle:
 blow sticks in the point; the poor jade is
 up in the withers out of all count.
 Enter another Carrier.
 Car. Peace and beams are as dank here as
 a dog, and that is the next way to give poor
 the botch: this house is turned upside
 down since Robin Ostler died.
 Car. Poor fellow! never joyed since the
 death of our rose; it was the death of him.
 Car. I think, this be the most villainous
 house in London road for sons: I am stung
 in the back.
 Car. Like a touch? by the mass, there is
 a king in Christendom could be better
 than this have been since the first cock.
 Car. Why, they will allow us ne'er a
 word than we leak in your chimney;
 your chamber-lie breeds fleas like a
 canker.
 Car. What, ostler! come away and be
 gone away.
 Car. I have a gammon of bacon, and two
 loaves of ginger, to be delivered as far as
 you'll go.
 Car. Odsbody! the turkeys in my panner
 are starved.—What, ostler!—A plague
 upon him that never an eye in thy head?
 Car. An' were not as good a dead
 man, to break the paw of thee; I am a
 flesh.—Come, and be hanged!—Hast
 thou there?

Enter GADSHILL.
 Gads. Good morrow, carriers. What's
 o'clock?
 1 Car. I think it be two o'clock.
 Gads. I pray thee, lend me thy lantern, to
 see my gelding in the stable.
 1 Car. Nay, soft, I pray ye; I know a trick
 worth two of that, I'll with.
 Gads. I pray thee, lend me thine.
 2 Car. Ay, when? canst tell?—Lend me thy
 lantern, quoth-a—marry, I'll see thee hanged
 first.
 Gads. Sirrah carrier, what time do you
 mean to come to London?
 2 Car. Time enough to go to bed with a
 candle, I warrant thee.—Come, neighbour
 Mugs, we'll call up the gentlemen; they will
 along with company, for they have great
 charge. [Exit Carriers.]
 Gads. What, ho! chamberlain!
 Cham. [Within.] At hand, quoth pick-
 purse.
 Gads. That's even as fair as—at hand, quoth
 the chamberlain: for thou variest no more
 from picking of purses, than giving direction
 doth from labouring; thou lay'st the plot how.
 Enter Chamberlain.
 Cham. Good morrow, master Gadshill. It
 holds current that I told you yesternight:
 There's a franklin in the wild of Kent, hath
 brought three hundred marks with him in
 gold: I heard him tell it to one of his com-
 pany, last night, at supper; a kind of auditor;
 one that hath abundance of charge too, God
 knows what. They are up already, and call
 for eggs and butter. They will away pre-
 sently.
 Gads. Sirrah, if they meet not with saint
 Nicholas' clerk, I'll give thee this neck.
 Cham. No, I'll none of it: I pray thee, keep
 quiet for the hangman; for, I know, thou wor-

* A body of forces. † The constellation, Ursa major. ‡ Name of his horse.
 § Minkins. ¶ Worm. ** Spotted like a toad.
 † A name appropriated to broad land. † A proverb, from the pick-purse being always ready
 to find a term for highwaymen.
 2 P 2

shap'et saint Nicholas as truly as a man of tarbooth may.

Gods. What talkest thou to me of the hanging? If I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows; for, if I hang, old sir John hangs with me; for, thou knowest, he's no starveling. Tut! there are other Trojans that thou dreaamest not, the which, for sport sake, are content to do the profession some grace; that would, for sport sake, should be looked into, for their own sport sake, make all whole. I am joined with no foot of food-drinkers; no long-staff, six-penny strikers, none of these mad, mustachio, purple-faced multi-worms; but with nobility, and tranquillity; burgomasters, and great encyrters, such as can hold in; such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray. And yet I lie, for they pray continually, to their saint, the commonwealth; or, rather, not pray to her, but prey on her; for they ride up and down on her, and make her their boots.

Chorus. What, the commonwealth their boots? will she hold out water in that way?

Gods. She will, she will; justice hath lacquered her. We stand as in a castle, cock-sure, we have the receipt of fern-seed, we walk invisible.

Chorus. Nay, by my faith! I think you are more beholden to the night, than to fern-seed, for your walking invisible.

Gods. Give me thy hand: thou shalt have a share in our purchase; as I am a true man,

given me medicines to make me hanged; I'll be hanged; it could not be else; drunk medicines.—Poina!—Hail!—a upon you both!—Bardolph!—Fet starve, ere I'll rob a foot further. A not as good a deed as drink, to turn man, and leave these rogues, I am the varlet that ever chewed with a tooth yards of uneven ground, is threescore miles afoot with me; and the stony villains know it well enough. A plague when thieves cannot be true to one [*They whistle.*] Whew!—A plague on all! Give me my horse, you rogues; my horse, and be hanged.

P. Hen. Peace, ye fat-guts! lie down, thine ear close to the ground, and thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

Fal. Have you any levers to lie again, being down? 'Sblood, I'll mine own flesh so far afoot again, to coin in thy father's exchequer. What mean ye to colt; me thus?

P. Hen. Then liest, thou art not thou art uncolted.

Fal. I prythee, good prince Hal, to my horse; good king's son.

P. Hen. Out, you rogue! shall I ostler!

Fal. Go, hang thyself in thy own parent garters! If I be ta'en, I'll thus. An I have not ballads made all and sung to filthy tunes, let a

Ned. Ned, where are our daggers?
 Ned. Here, laid by; stand close.

[*Re-enter P. HENRY and POINS.*
 Now, my masters, happy man he his
 King I; every man to his business.

Enter Travellers.
 First. Come, neighbour; the boy shall
 lead our horses down the hill: we'll walk
 awhile, and ease our legs.

Second. Stand.
 Third. Jam bless us!
 First. Soothe; down with them; out the vil-
 lains! Ah! wherous caterpillars!
 Ned knows! they hate us youth: down
 them; smother them!

Second. O, we are undone, both we and
 our horses.

First. Hang ye, gorballed + knaves! Are ye
 not? No, ye fat chaff; I would your
 heads were on! On, become, on! What, ye
 young men must live: You are
 cowards are ye! We'll jure ye, Faith.

Enter HALL, &c., driving the Travellers out.
 Enter Prince HENRY and POINS.

Prince. The thieves have bound the true
 knight: could thou and I rob the thieves,
 and carry to London, it would be argu-
 ing for a week, laughter for a month, and
 joy for ever.

First. Stand close, I hear them coming.
Re-enter Thieves.

First. Come, my masters, let us share, and
 be home before day. An the prince and
 the rest two arrant cowards, there's no
 stirring: there's no more valour in that
 than in a wild duck.

Ned. Your money! [*Rushing out*
with them.]

Ned. Villains.

[*As they are sharing, the Prince and*
POINS set upon them. FALSTAFF
after a blow or two, and the rest,
run away, leaving their booty be-
hind them.]

Ned. Got with much ease. Now mer-
 cy to home.

First. They are scatter'd, and possess'd with
 plenty, that they dare not meet each other;
 smother his fellow for an officer.

Second. Good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death,
 and the lean earth as he walks along:
 not for laughing, I should pity him.

First. How the rogue roar'd! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. Warwick. A Room in the
 Castle.

Enter HORSBURG, reading a Letter.

—But, for mine own part, my lord, I
 am well contented to be there, in re-
 —the love I bear your house.—He

contented.—Why is he not then? In
 the love he bears our house:—he
 this, he loves his own barn better
 loves our house. Let me see some

o. The purpose you undertake is dan-

gerous;—Why, that's certain: 'tis dangerous
 to take a cold, to sleep, to drink: but I tell
 you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger,
 we pluck this flower, safety. *The purpose*
you undertake is dangerous; the friends
you have named uncertain; the time itself
unsorted; and your whole plot too light,
for the counterpoise of so great an opposi-
tion.—Say you so, say you so! I say unto you
 again, you are a shallow, cowardly hind, and
 you lie. What a lack-brain is this! By the
 Lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid;
 our friends true and constant: a good plot,
 good friends, and full of expectation: an ex-
 cellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-
 spirited rogue is this! Why, my lord of York
 commands the plot, and the general course of
 the action. 'Zounds, an I were now by this
 rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan.
 Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself?
 lord Edmund Mortimer, my lord of York,
 and Owen Glendower? Is there not, besides,
 the Douglas? Have I not all their letters, to
 meet me in arms by the ninth of the next
 month? and are they not, some of them, set
 forward already? What a pagan rascal is this!
 an infidel! Ha! you shall see now, in very
 sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the
 king, and lay open all our proceedings. O,
 I could divide myself, and go to buffets, for
 moving such a dish of skimmed milk with so
 honourable an action! Hang him! let him tell
 the king: We are prepared: I will set for-
 ward to-night.

Enter Lady PERCY.
 How now, Kate! I must leave you within
 these two hours. [*alone!*]

Lady. O my good lord, why are you thus
 For what offence have I, this fortnight, been
 A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed?
 Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from
 thee

Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?
 Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth;
 And start so often when thou stit'st alone?

Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy
 cheeks; [*thee,*]

And given my treasures, and my rights of
 To thick-eyed musing, and cursed melancholy?
 In thy faint slumbers, I by thee have watch'd,
 And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars;

Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed;
 Cry, *Courage!*—to the field! And thou hast

talk'd

Of sallies, and retires; of trenches, tents,
 Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets;

Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin;
 Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain.

And all the currents of a beady fight.
 Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,

And thus hath so bestir'd thee in thy sleep,
 That beads of sweat have stood upon thy

brow,
 Like bubbles in a late-disturbed stream:

And in thy face strange motions have appear'd.

o. Portion. 1. Fat, corpulent. 2. Clown. 3. A subject. 4. Drops his hat.
 5. Occurrence. 6. Drops.

Such as we see when men restrain their breath
On some great sudden haste. O, what portents
are these!

Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
And I must know it, else he loves me not.

Hot. What, ho! is Giffiams with the packet
gone?

Enter Servant.
Serv. He is, my lord, an hour ago.

Hot. Hath Butler brought those horses from
the sheriff?

Serv. One horse, my lord, he brought e'en

Hot. What horse? a roan, a crop-ear, is't

Serv. It is, my lord.

Hot. That roan shall be my throne.

Well, I will back him straight: O *esperance*!

Bid Butler lead him forth into the park.

Exit Servant.

Lady. But hear you, my lord.

Hot. What say'st, my lady?

Lady. What is it carries you away?

Hot. My horse.

My love, my horse.

Lady. Out, you mad-headed ape!

A weasel hath not such a float of spleen,

As you are toss'd with. In faith,

I'll know your business, Harry, that I will.

I fear, my brother Mortimer doth stir

About his title; and hath sent for you,

To meet his enterprise: But if you go—

Hot. So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.

Lady. Come, come, you parasite, answer

me, or I will be as you are.

Will this content you, Kate?

Lady. It must.

SCENE IV. Eastcheap. A Room Boar's Head Tavern.

Enter Prince HENRY and Po

P. Hen. Ned, pr'ythee, come out

room, and lend me thy hand to laugh

Poins. Where hast been, Hal?

P. Hen. With three or four leg

amoungst three or four score hogshes

sounded the very base string of

Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a

drawers; and can call them all

Christian names, as—Tom, Dick,

etc. They take it already upon th

tion, that though I be but prince

yet I am the king of courtesy; so

flatly I am no proud Jack, like Palat

Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good

the Lord, so they call me; and w

king of England, I shall comma

good lads in Eastcheap. They call

deep, dyeing scarlet; and when you

your watering, they cry hem! and bi

it off.—To conclude, I am so good

in one quarter of an hour, that I

with any tinker in his own langua

my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast

honour, that thou wert not with n

action. But, sweet Ned,—to swee

me, or I will be as you are.

O lord, sir! I'll be sworn upon all
in England, I could find in my

[*Within.*] Francis!

Anon, anon, sir.

How old art thou, Francis?

Not many.—About Michaelmas next

[*Within.*] Francis!

Anon, sir.—Pray you, stay a little,

*Why, but hark you, Francis: For
I am grieved me,—'twas a penny-
worth not?*

O lord, sir! I would, it had been two.
*I will give thee for it a thousand
shillings when thou wilt, and then
I'll.*

[*Within.*] Francis!

Anon, anon.

*Anon, Francis! No, Francis: but
by Francis; or, Francis, on Thurs-
day, Francis, when thou wilt.*

My lord!

*Will thou rob this leathern-jerkin,
anon, not-pated, spate-ring, puke-
middle-garter, smooth-tongue, Spa-
nish—*

O lord, sir, who do you mean?

*Why then, your brown bastard? Is
he drunk; for, look you, Francis, your
own doublet will sully: in Barbary,
not come to so much.*

What, sir?

[*Within.*] Francis!

*Away, you rogue! Dost thou not
see they both call him; the Drawer
stands amazed, not knowing which
way to go.]*

Enter Vintner.

*What! stand'st thou still, and hear'st
sing? Look to the guests within. [Exit
My lord, old Sir John, with half a
dozen at the door; Shall I let them in?
Let them alone awhile, and then
door.] Exit Vintner.] Poins!*

Re-enter Poins.

Anon, anon, sir.

*Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the
are at the door; Shall we be merry?*

*As merry as crickets, my lad. But
What cunning match have you made
jest of the drawer? come, what's the*

*I am now of all humours, that have
remained humours, since the old days
man Adam, to the pupil age of this
twelve o'clock at midnight. [Re-
mains with Wine.] What's o'clock,*

Anon, anon, sir.

*That ever this fellow should have
more than a parrot, and yet the son of
a—His industry is—upstairs, and*

*downstairs; his eloquence, the purport of a
reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's mind, the
Hotspur of the north; he that kills me some
six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast,
washes his hands, and says to his wife,—
'Pis upon this quiet life! I want work. O my
sweet Harry, says she, how many hast thou
killed to-day? Give my roan horse a French,
says he; and answers, Some fourteen, an hour
after; a trifle, a trifle. I pry thee, call in
Falstaff; I'll play Percy, and that damned
brawn shall play damn Morthimer his wife.
Rise, says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in
tallow.*

*Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH,
and PETO.*

*Poins. Welcome, Jack. Where hast thou
been?*

*Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a
vengeance too! marry, and amen!—Give me a
cup of sack, boy.—Ere I lead this life long, I'll
sew nether stocks, and mend them, and foot
them too. A plague of all cowards!—Give
me a cup of sack, rogue.—Is there no virtue
extant?* [*He drinks.*]

*P. Hen. Didst thou never see Titan kiss a
dish of butter? phifal-hearted Titan, that
melted at the sweet tale of the sun! If thou
didst, then behold that compound.*

*Fal. You rogue, here's lime in this sack too:
There is nothing but rogues to be found in
villanous man: Yet a coward is worse than
a cup of sack with lime in it; a villanous
coward.—Go thy ways, old Jack; die when
thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not
forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a
shotten herring. There live not three good men
unhanged in England; and one of them is fat,
and grows old: God help the while! A bad
world, I say! I would I were a weaver; I
could sing psalms or any thing: A plague of
all cowards, I say still.*

*P. Hen. How now, wool-sack? what matter
you?*

*Fal. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out
of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive
all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild
geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more.
You prince of Wales!*

*P. Hen. Why you whoreson round man!
what's the matter?*

*Fal. Are you not a coward? answer me to
that; and Poins there?*

*Poins. 'Zounds, ye fat paunch, an ye call
me coward, I'll stab thee.*

*Fal. I call thee coward! I'll see thee damned
ere I call thee coward: but I would give a
thousand pound, I could run as fast as thou
canst. You are straight enough in the shoul-
ders, you care not who sees your back: Call
you that backing of your friends? A plague
upon such backing! give me them that will
face me.—Give me a cup of sack!—I am a
rogue, if I drank to-day.*

*P. Hen. O villain! thy lips are scarce
wiped since thou drank'st last.*

• A sweet wine.

• Stockings.

Fal. All's one for that. A plague of all cowards, still say I. [*He drinks.*]

P. Hen. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter? there be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this morning.

P. Hen. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Fal. Where is it? taken from us it is; a hundred upon poor four of us.

P. Hen. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogne, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet; four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a hand-saw, *ecce signum*. I never dealt better since I was a man; all would not do. A plague of all cowards!—Let them speak: if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains, and the sons of darkness.

P. Hen. Speak, sirs; how was it?

Gads. We four set upon some dozen—

Fal. Sixteen, at least, my lord—

Gads. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us,—

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

P. Hen. What fought ye with them all?

P. Hen. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken,—

Poins. Down fell their hose.

Fal. Began to give me ground: But I followed me close, came in foot and hand; and with a thought, seven of the eleven I paid.

P. Hen. O monstrous! eleven buckram cut grown out of two!

Fal. But, as the devil would have it, three mis-begotten knaves, in Kendal* green, came at my back, and let drive at me;—for it was dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

P. Hen. These lies are like the father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts! thou knotty-pated fool! thou whoreson, obnoxious, greasy tallow-keech!—

Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth, the truth?

P. Hen. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand; couldst thou say your reason? What sayest thou to this?

Poins. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion? No; were I at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

P. Hen. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin: this sanguine coward, this bed-sitter,



FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV.

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Amalthea is a great matter; I was
wretched. I shall think the better
and thus, during my life; I, for a
prince, and then for a true prince. But,
rd, lads, I am glad you have the
-Hesters, clasp to the doors; watch
way to-morrow.—Gallants, lads,
is of gold. All the titles of good
come to you! What, shall we be
all we have a play extempore?
Content;—and the argument shall
sing away.
if no more of that, Hal, an thou

Enter Hostess.

My lord the prince,
How now, my lady the hostess?
then to me?
Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman
at door, would speak with you:
comes from your father.
Give him as much as will make
a man, and send him back again to
that manner of man is he?
an old man.
but doth gravity out of his bed at
—Shall I give him his answer?
Prythee, do, Jack.
With, and I'll send him packing.

Exit.

Now, sir; by'r lady, you fought
with you, Peto;—so did you, Bar-
nabe too, you ran away upon
a will not touch the true prince;

Faith, I ran when I saw others run.
Tell me now in earnest: How came
your so hacked?

Fay, he hacked it with his dagger;
a would swear truth out of England,
did make you believe it was done in
paradeed us to do the like.

Yes, and to tickle our noses with
it, to make them bleed; and then to
our garments with it, and to swear
blood of true men. I did that I did
run year before; I blushed to hear
our devices.

O villain, thou stolest a cup of sack
ours ago, and wert taken with the
and ever since thou hast blushed

Thou hadst fire and sword on thy
yet thou ran'st away! What instinct
had it?

My lord, do you see these meteors?
hold these exhalations?

I do.

What think you they portend?

Hot livers and cold purges.

Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

No, if rightly taken, hanker.

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

as lean Jack, here comes bare-bone.

How now, my sweet creature of bombast?
How long is't ago, Jack, since thou sawest
thine own knee?

Fal. My own knee? when I was about thy
years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the
waist; I could have crept into any alderman's
thumb-ring: A plague of sighing and grief! it
blows a man up like a bladder. There's villan-
ous news abroad: here was sir John Bracy
from your father; you met to the court in the
morning. That same mad fellow of the north,
Percy; and he of Wales, that gave Amalthea
the bastinado, and made Lucifer cuckold, and
swore the devil his true liegeman upon the
cross of a Welsh hook,—What, a plague, call
you him?

Poins. O, Glendower.

Fal. Owen, Owen; the same;—and his
son-in-law, Mortimer; and old Northumber-
land; and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Dou-
glas, that runs o'horseback up a hill perpen-
dicular.

P. Hen. He that rides at high speed, and
with his pistol kills a sparrow flying.

Fal. You have hit it.

P. Hen. So did he never the sparrow.

Fal. Well, that rascal hath good mettle in
him; he will not run.

P. Hen. Why, what a rascal art thou then,
to praise him so for running?

Fal. O'horseback, ye cuckoo! but, afoot,
he will not budge a foot.

P. Hen. Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is
there too; and one Mordake, and a thousand
blue-caps more: Worcester is stolen away
to-night; thy father's beard is turned white
with the news; you may buy land now as
cheap as stinking mackerel.

P. Hen. Why then, 'tis like, if there come
a hot June, and this civil buffeting hold, we
shall buy maidenheads as they buy hobnails,
by the hundreds.

Fal. By the mass, lad, thou sayest true; it is
like we shall have good trading that way.—
But, tell me, Hal, art thou not horribly afraid?
thou being heir-apparent, could the world pick
thee out three such enemies again, as that fiend
Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil
Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid?
doth not thy blood thrill at it?

P. Hen. Not a whit, I faith; I lack some
of thy instinct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-
morrow, when thou comest to thy father: if
thou love me, practise an answer.

P. Hen. Do thou stand for my father, and
examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? content:—This chair shall be
my state, this dagger my sceptre, and this
cushion my crown.

P. Hen. Thy state is taken for a joint-stool,
thy golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy
precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown.

Drunkennes and poverty.

is described as one of the four kings, who rule over all the kingdoms of the world.

is described as one of the four kings, who rule over all the kingdoms of the world.

is described as one of the four kings, who rule over all the kingdoms of the world.

Fal. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved.—Give me a cup of sack, to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in king Cambyses' vein.

P. Hen. Well, here is my leg.

Fal. And here is my speech;—Stand aside, nobility.

Host. This is excellent sport, I faith.

Fal. Weep not, sweet queen, for trickling tears are vain.

Host. O, the father, how he holds his countenance!

Fal. For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful queen,

For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Host. O rare! he doth it as like one of these harlotry players, as I ever see.

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain;—Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied: for though the cammille, the more it is trodden on, the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion; but chiefly, a villanous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy mother's lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lies the point;—Why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher,

Fal. Depose me? If thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rascal's sucker, or a poulter's hare.

P. Hen. Well, here I am set.

Fal. And here I stand:—Judge, my master.

P. Hen. Now, Harry! whence comest thou?

Fal. My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

P. Hen. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Fal. 'Sblood, my lord, they are tickle; nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, shall I?

P. Hen. Swearest thou, ungracious boy, henceforth, ne'er look on me. Thou art

lately carried away from grace: there a devil haunts thee, in the likeness of a man; a tun of man is thy companion.

Thou dost thou converse with that trunk of humors, that bolting-hutch of beastliness, that

parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuffed cloak-bag of guts, that

ed Manningtree ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that grey in

that father ruffian, that vanity in years? What is he good, but to taste sack and drink

wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve up and eat it? wherein cunning, but in

wherein crafty, but in villany? wherein

wherein crafty, but in villany? wherein

wherein crafty, but in villany? wherein

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wherein crafty, but in villany? wherein

wherein crafty, but in villany? wherein

wherein crafty, but in villany? wherein



light, haigh! the devil rides upon it:
What's the matter?
to himself and all the watch are at
they are come to search the house;
hush in!

at this hour, Hal? never call a true
at a counterfeits: thou art even-
without seeming so.

And thou a natural coward, with-

say your master: if you will deny
so; if not, let him enter: if I be
out as well as another man, a
my bringing up! I hope, I shall be
ingled with a halter, as another.

Go, hide thee behind the arras*;
walk up above. Now, my masters,
see, and good conscience.

th which I have had; but their
and therefore I'll hide me.

at all but the Prince and POINS.

Call in the sheriff—

Enter Sheriff and Carrier.

What's your will with me? I
not pardon me, my lord. A hue
try

And certain men unto this house.

What men?

One of them is well known, my gram-
man.

As fat as butter.

The man, I do assure you, is not

at this time have employed him.

I, I will engage my word to thee,

by to-morrow dinner-time,

to answer thee, or any man,

ing he shall be charged withal:

And so let me entreat you leave the house.

Sher. I will, my lord: There are two gin-
tlemen

Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

P. Hen. It may be so: if he have robb'd
these men.

He shall be answerable; and so, farewell.

Sher. Good night, my noble lord.

P. Hen. I think it is good morrow: is it not?

Sher. Indeed, my lord, I think it: he two
o'clock. [Exeunt Sheriff and Carrier.]

P. Hen. This silly man is known as well
as Falstaff. Go, call him forth.

Poins. Falstaff!—fast asleep behind the
arras, and snorting like a horse.

P. Hen. Hark, how hard he fetches breath:
Search his pockets. [POINS searches.] What
hast thou found?

Poins. Nothing but papers, my lord.

P. Hen. Let's see what they be: read them.

Poins. Item, A capon, 2s. 3d.

Item, Sauce, 4d.

Item, Sack, two gallons, 2s. 3d.

Item, Anchovies, and sack after supper, 2s. 6d.

Item, Bread, a halfpenny.

P. Hen. O monstrous, but one half-penny-
worth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!

—What there is else, keep close; we'll read it
at more advantage: there let him sleep till
day. I'll to the court in the morning: we
must all to the wars, and thy place shall be
honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge
of foot; and, I know, his death will be a march
of twelve-score. The money shall be paid back
again with advantage. Be with me to-morrow
in the morning; and so good morrow, Poins.

Poins. Good morrow, good my lord.

[Exeunt.]

ACT III.

Bangor. A Room in the Arch-
deacon's House.

RAFER, WORCESTER, MORTIMER,
and GLENDOWER.

These promises are fair, the parties

action full of prosperous hope.

And Mortimer,—and cousin Glen-
dow!—

Worcester.—A plague upon it!

not the map.

No, here it is.

Percy; sit, good cousin Hotspur:

name as oft as Lancaster

of you, his cheek looks pale; and

he, he wisheth you in heaven. [With

in you in hell, as often as he hears

Hotspur spoke of.

I cannot blame him: at my nativity,

heaven was full of fiery shapes,

comets; and at my birth,

and huge foundation of the earth

Shaked like a coward.

Hot. Why, so it would have done

At the same season, if your mother's cat had

But kitten'd, though yourself had ne'er been

born.

Glend. I say, the earth did shake when I was

Hot. And I say, the earth was not of my

mind,

If you suppose, as fearing you it shook.

Glend. The heavens were all on fire, the

earth did tremble.

Hot. O, then the earth shook to see the hea-

And not in fear of your activity.

Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth

In strange eruptions: oft the teeming earth

Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd

By the imprisoning of unruly wind

Within her womb; which, for enlargement

striving,

Shakes the old beldame earth, and topples

Steeple, and moss-grown towers.

At year

birth,

Our grandam earth, having this thousand years,

* St. Paul's cathedral.
church, and also upon poles which were used in processions, &c.

† Begun in 1245.

‡ Eighteen and twelve.

[Exeunt.]

In passion shook.

Glend. Cousin, of many men
I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave
To tell you once again. But at my birth,
The front of heaven was torn out by stripes;
The goats run from the mountains, and the
fields.

Were strangely dangerous to the frighted
These signs have marked me extraordinary;
And all the courses of my life to show,
I am not in the roll of common men.

Where is he living, scuppern with the sea
That chides the banks of England, Scotland,
Wales.—

Which calls me puppe, or both read to me?
And bring him out, that is that woman's son,
Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,
And hold me prisoner in deep experiments.

H. t. I think there is no man speaks better
Welsh:—

I will be dinner. [him mad.]

M. t. Peace, cousin P. t. v.; you will make
Glend. I am not, but I am too deep.

H. t. Why, I can tell you so can any man;
But will they come, when you look it for them?

Glend. Why, I can tell you, cousin, to
command

The devil.

H. t. And I can teach thee, *coz*, to shame the
devil,—

By telling truth; Tell truth, and shame the
If thou have power to raise him, bring him
hither, [hence.]

Within that space, [To *GLAND.*] *y*
drawn together

Your tenants, friends, and neighbo
men.

Glend. A shorter time shall see
And in my conduct shall your lady
From whom you now must steal,
leave;

For there will be a world of wat
Upon the parting of your wives an

H. t. Methinks, my moiety),
Burton here,

In quantity equals not one of you
See, how this river comes me cra

And cuts me from the best of all n
A huge half moon, a monstrous ca

I'll have the current in this place
And here the sinag and silver Tre

In a new channel, fair and evenly
It shall not wind with such a deep

To rob me of so rich a bottom her
Glend. Not wind! it shall, it

M. t. Yea,
But mark, how he bears his cour

me up
With like advantage on the other

Glend. & the opposed continent;
As on the other side it takes from

M. t. Yea, but a little charge
him here,

And on this north side win this ca
And then he runs straight and eve

H. t. I'll have it so; a little char

doteth on her Mortimer. [*Exit cousin Percy!* how you cross my
[*me,*
not cheap: sometimes he angers
me of the moldwarp* and the ant,
or Merlin and his prophecies;
you and a salient fish,
griffin, and a moulted raven,
an, and a ramping ant,
cal of skimbable-skimble stuff
on my faith. I tell you what,—
but last night, at least nine hours,
up the several devil's names,
a lackys: I cried, hump,—and
go to,—
am not a word. O, he's as tedious
worse, a railing wife;
smoky house: I had rather live
and garlic in a windmill fur,
eates t, and have him talk to me,
er-house in Christendom.
hish, he is a worthy gentleman;
well read, and profited
mealiments; valiant as a lion,
as affable; and as bountiful
india. Shall I tell you, cousin t
r temper in a high respect,
meelf even of his natural scope,
cross his humour; faith, he does:
s, that man is not alive,
s tempted him as you have done,
taste of danger and reproof;
as it oft, let me entreat you.
shah, my lord, you are too wilful;
r coming hither have done enough
side beside his patience.
delearn, lord, to amend this fault:
times it show greatness, courage,

dearest grace it renders you,) as it doth present harsh rage, smers, want of government, times, opinion, and disdain: which, haunting a nobleman, hearts; and leaves behind a stain of all parts besides, an of commendation. I am school'd; good manners be good! my wives, and let us take our leave. GLENDOWER, with the Ladies. Is the deadly spite that angers me, speak no English, I no Welsh. My daughter weeps; she will not with you, teller too, she'll to the wars. O father, tell her,—that she, and not Percy, in your conduct; speedily. My daughter speaks to his daughter in t she answers him in the same. He's desperate here; a peevish self-harlotry, mission can do good upon.

[*Lady M. speaks to MORTIMER in Welsh.*
Mort. I understand thy looks: that pretty Welsh [heavens,
Which thou pourest down from these swelling I am too perfect in; and, but for shame,
In such a parley would I answer thee.

[*Lady M. speaks.*
I understand thy kisses, and thou mine,
And that's a feeling disputation:—
But I will never be a truant, love,
Till I have learn'd thy language, for thy tongue
Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,
Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,
With ravishing division, to her late].

Glend. Nay, if you melt, then will she run mad.

[*Lady M. speaks again*
Mort. O, I am ignorant in this.

Glend. She bids you
Upon the wanton rushes lay you down,
And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,
And on your eye-lids crown the god of sleep,
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness;
Making such difference 'twixt wake and sleep,
As is the difference betwixt day and night,
The hour before the heavenly-harness'd team
Begins his golden progress in the east.

Mort. With all my heart I'll sit, and hear her sing:

By that time will our book*, I think, be drawn.

Glend. Do so;
And those musicians that shall play to you,
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence;
Yet straight they shall be here: sit, and attend.

Hot. Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down: Come, quick, quick; that I may lay my head in thy lap.

Lady P. Go, ye giddy goose.

[*GLENDOWER speaks some Welsh words, and then the Music plays.*

Hot. Now I perceive, the devil understands Welsh;

And 'tis no marvel, he's so humorous.
By'r-lady, he's a good musician.

Lady P. Then should you be nothing but musical; for you are altogether governed by humours. Lie still, ye thief, and hear the lady sing in Welsh.

Hot. I had rather hear Lady, my brach **, howl in Irish.

Lady P. Wouldst thou have thy head broken?

Hot. No.

Lady P. Then be still.

Hot. Neither; 'tis a woman's fault.

Lady P. Now God help thee!

Hot. To the Welsh lady's bed.

Lady P. What's that?

Hot. Peace! she sings.

A Welsh SONG sung by Lady M.

Hot. Come, Kate, I'll have your song too

Lady P. Not mine, in good sooth.

Hot. Not yours, in good sooth! Heart, you swear like a comfit-maker's wife! Not you, in good sooth; and, As true as I live, and, As

* *Distaff.*
** *Answer to queen Elizabeth.*

* *Secrets.*
** *One paper of my mother's.*
Q *to Howard.*



FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV.

447

I shall: therefore, my chiefest grief
myself. (sings loud,

For all the world,
in this hour, was Richard then
in France set foot at Ravensburg;
I was then, in Percy now.
accepture, and my soul to boot,
re-wealthy interest to the state,
the shadow of succession:
light, nor colour like the right,
fields with harness in the realm;
against the Hen's armed jaws;
so more in debt to years than thou,
at lords and reverend bishops on,
stiles, and to bruising arms.
dying honour hath he got
owned Douglas; whose high deeds,
scourions, and great name in arms,
all soldiers chief majority,
little capital, [Christ!
the kingdoms that acknowledge
this Hotspur Mars in swathing

warrior in his enterprises,
great Douglas: ta'en him once,
me, and made a friend of him,
mouth of deep defiance up,
the peace and safety of our throne.
ry you to this? Percy, Northum-
nd, [timer,
top's grace of York, Douglas, Mor-
against us, and are up.
we do I tell these news to thee?
y, do I tell thee of my foes,
ay near'st and dearest enemy?
like enough,—through vassal fear,
them, and the start of spleen,—
lust me under Percy's pay,
sels, and court'sy at his frowne,
much degenerate thou art. [it so;
Do not think so, you shall not find
ryve them, that have so much
d
y's good thoughts away from me!
in all this on Percy's head,
closing of some glorious day,
tell you, that I am your son;
I wear a garment all of blood,
ry favours in a bloody mask, [it.
rt away, shall scour my shame with
me the day, whenever it lights,
me child of honour and renown,
Hotspur, this all-praised knight,
thought-of Harry, chance to meet:
choor sitting on his helm,
were multitudes; and on my head
redoubled! for the time will come,
make this northern youth exchange
deeds for my indignities.
my factor, good my lord,
sp glorious deeds on my behalf;
all him to so strict account,
I render every glory up,
he slightest worship of his time,
at the reckoning from his heart.

This, in the name of God, I promise him:
The which if he be pleased I shall perform:
I do beseech your anxiety, may calve
The long-grown wounds of my intemperance:
If not, the end of life cancels all bands;
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths,
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

K. Hen. A hundred thousand rebels die in
this:— [drum.
Then shalt have charge, and sovereign trust,
Enter BLUNT.

How now, good Blunt? thy looks are full of
speed. [speak of.

Blunt. So hath the business that I come to
Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word,—
That Douglas, and the English rebels, met,
The eleventh of this month, at Shrewsbury:
A mighty and a fearful head they are,
If promises be kept on every hand,
As ever offer'd foul play in a state. [to-day;

K. Hen. The earl of Westmoreland set forth
With him my son, lord John of Lancaster;
For this advertisement I is five days old:—
On Wednesday next, Harry, you shall set
Forward; on Thursday, we ourselves will
march:

Our meeting is Bridgnorth: and, Harry, you
Shall march through Gloucestershire; by which
account,

Our business valued, some twelve days hence
Our general forces at Bridgnorth shall meet.
Our hands are full of business: let's away;
Advantage feeds him fat*, while men delay.
[Exeunt.

SCENE III. Eastcheap. A Room in the
Boar's Head Tavern.

Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely
since this last action? do I not bate? do I not
dwindle? Why, my skin hangs about me like
an old lady's loose gown; I am wither'd like
an old apple-John. Well, I'll repent, and that
suddenly, while I am in some liking it; I shall
be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have
no strength to repent. As I have not forgotten
what the inside of a church is made of, I am
a pepper-corn, a brewer's horse: the inside of
a church! Company, villainous company,
hath been the spoil of me.

Bard. Sir John, you are so fruitful, you
cannot live long.

Fal. Why, there it is:—come sing me a
bawdy song; make me merry. I was as virtu-
ously given, as a gentleman need to be; virtuous
enough: swore little; dined, not above seven
times a week; went to a bawdy-house, not
above once in a quarter—of an hour; paid
money that I borrowed, threes or four times;
lived well, and in good compass: and now I
live out of all order, out of all compass.

Bard. Why, you are so fat, sir John, that
you must needs be out of all compass; out of
all reasonable compass, sir John.

Fal. Doth he need the tape, and I'll stand

burning. If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face; my oath should be, By this fire: but thou art altogether given over; and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou ran'st up Gad's-hill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of wildfire, there's no purchase in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire-light! Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern: but the sack that thou hast drunk me, would have bought me lights as good cheap, at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that Salamander of your's with fire, any time this two and thirty years; Heaven reward me for it!

Bard. 'Sblood, I would my face were in your belly!

Fal. God-a-mercy! so should I be sure to be heart-burned.

Enter Hostess.

How now, dame Partlet the hen? have you inquired yet, who picked my pocket?

Host. Why, sir John! what do you think, sir John? Do you think I keep thieves in my house? I have searched, I have inquired, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant: the title of a hair was never lost in my house before.

Fal. You lie, hostess; Bardolph was shaved, and lost many a hair: and I'll be sworn, my pocket was picked: Go to, you are a woman, go.

Host. Who I? I defy thee? I was never called so in mine own house before.

Fal. Go to, I know you well enough.

Host. No, sir John; you do not know me, sir John: I know you as John: for once you

cup; and, if he were but like a dog, if he would but *Enter Prince Henry and*

FALSTAFF meets the his truncheon like a

Fal. How now, lad!

door, I'll faith! must we a

Bard. Yea, two and to

Host. My lord, I pray

P. Hen. What sayest

ty! How does thy humble

he is an honest man.

Host. Good my lord,

Fal. Frythee; let her

P. Hen. What sayest

Fal. The other night

hind the arras, and had a

house's turned bewdy-ly

P. Hen. What didst

Fal. Wilt thou believe

four bonds of forty year

ring of my grandfather's

P. Hen. A trifle, am

Host. So I told him,

I heard your grace say a

speaks most wisely of you

man as he is; and said, I

P. Hen. What! had

Host. There's no such

womanhood in me else.

Fal. There's no more

stewed prune; nor none

in a drawn fox; and if

Marian; may be the dip

to thee. Go, you thing,

Host. Say, what thing

Fal. What thing? w

God on.

Host. I am no thing.

other day, you ought him a thousand
pounds.

Hen. Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand
pounds?

Ed. A thousand pound, Hal! a million:
five is worth a million; thou owest me thy

self. Nay, my lord, he called you Jack,
said, he would cudgel you.

Ed. Did I, Bardolph?

Ed. Indeed, sir John, you said so.

Hen. Yes; if he said, my ring was copper.

Hen. I say, 'tis copper: Darest thou be
sworn as thy word now?

Ed. Why, Hal, thou knowest, as thou art
king, I dare: but, as thou art prince, I fear
as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

Hen. And why not, as the lion?

Ed. The king himself is to be feared as the
lion: Doat thou think, I'll fear thee as I fear
my father? nay, an I do, I pray God my
back break!

Hen. O, if it should, how would thy
knees shake about thy knees! But, sirrah, there's
room for faith, truth, nor honesty, in this
world of thine; it is filled up with guts, and
guts.

Ed. Charge an honest woman with pick-
pocket! Why, thou whorson, impu-
dent, embossed rascal, if there were any
in thy pocket but tavern-reckonings,
bawdies of sugar-candy to make thee long
lived; if thy pocket were enriched with any
of these, I am a villain. And

thou wilt stand to it; you will not pocket
me: Art thou not ashamed?

Ed. Doat thou hear, Hal? thou knowest, in
the name of innocence, Adam fell; and what
poor Jack Falstaff do, in the days of
youth? Thou seest, I have more flesh than
any man; and therefore more frailty.

Hen. Then, you picked my pocket?

Hen. It appears so by the story.

Ed. Hostess, I forgive thee: Go, make

ready breakfast; love thy husband, look to thy
servants, cherish thy guests: thou shalt find me
tractable to any honest reason: thou seest, I
am pacified.—Still?—Nay, pr'ythee, be gone.

[*Exit Hostess.*] Now, Hal, to the news at court;
for the robbery, lad,—How is that answered?

P. Hen. O, my sweet beef, I must still be
good angel to thee:—The money is paid back
again.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying back, 'tis
a double labour.

P. Hen. I am good friends with my father,
and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the exchequer the first thing
thou doest, and do it with unwashed hands too.

Bard. Do, my lord.

P. Hen. I have procured thee, Jack, a
char of foot.

Fal. I would it had been of horse. Where
shall I find one that can steal well? O for a
fine thief, of the age of two and twenty, or
thereabouts! I am heinously unprovided.
Well, God be thanked for these rebels, they
offend none but the virtuous; I laud them, I
praise them.

P. Hen. Bardolph—
Bard. My lord. [of Lancaster,

P. Hen. Go hear this letter to lord John
My brother John; this is my lord of West-
moreland.—

Go, Poins, to horse, to horse; for thou, and I,
Have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner time.—

Jack,
Meet me to-morrow i' the Temple-hall,

At two o'clock i' the afternoon: [receive
There shalt thou know thy charge; and there

Money, and order for thy furniture.
The land is burning; Percy stands on high;

And either they, or we, must lower lie.
Exeunt Prince, POINS, and BARDOLPH.

Fal. Rare words! brave world!—Hostess,
my breakfast; come:—

O, I could wish this tavern were my drum.
[*Exit.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The Rebel Camp near Shrews-*
bury.

Hotspur, Worcester, and Dou-
glas.

Ed. Well said, my noble Scot: If speaking
truth,

in this fine age, were not thought flattery,
thy attribution should the Douglas have,

not a soldier of this season's stamp;
thou go'st so general current through the world.

Ed. I cannot flatter; I defy
the name of flattery; but a braver place

thy love, hath no man than your-
self.

Hot. Give me the word; approve me, lord.
Thou art the king of honour:

No man so potent breathes upon the ground,
But I will beard him.

Hot. Do so, and 'tis well:—
Enter a Messenger, with Letters.

What letters hast thou there?—I can but thank
you.

Mess. These letters come from your father.
Hot. Letters from him! why comes he not

himself? [yours sick,
Mess. He cannot come, my lord; he's grie-

Hot. 'Zounds! how has he the leisure to be
sick,

In such a jangling time? Who leads his power?
Under whose government come they along?

Mess. His letters bear his mind, not I, my
lord. [bed?

Wor. I pr'ythee tell me, doth he keep his

ly. *† This expression is applied by many of pre-eminence to the head of the family.* *‡ Disdains.* *§ Must be done to face.* *¶ Forces.*

Mess. He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth;

And at the time of my departure thence,
He was much fear'd by his physicians.

Hot. I would the state of time had first
been witness,

Ere his sickness had been visited;

His health was never better worth than now.

H. L. Sick now! O sleep now! this sickness
doth infect

The very life-blood of our enterprise;

This catching bother, even to our camp.—

He writes me word, that inward sickness—

And that his friends by deputation could not

So soon be drawn; nor did he think it meet,

To lay so dangerous and dear a trust

On any soul removed, but on his own.

Yet doth he give us but a diversionment,—

That with our small conjunction, we should on,

To see how fortune is dispos'd to us;

For, as he writes, there is no coming now;

Because the king is certainly possess'd

Of a four purposes.—What say you to it?

Hot. Your father's sickness is a main to us.

Hot. A perilous sickness, as I may be call'd off;

And yet, I think, his sickness is not what

Seems more than we are told of it.—Were it,

Took the best of what it might be, 'twould be good,

All at once cut off to such a man

On the neck of a horse, as I have heard of.

It were not good to have him so; we read

The very bottom and the soul of hope;

The very list, the very utmost bound

If we, without his help, can make
To push against the kingdom; we
We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy.

Yet all goes well, yet all our joy
Doug. As heart can think: the
a word

Spoke of in Scotland, as this term

Enter Sir Rich. 2d. Va

Hot. My cousin Vernon! we
soul.

Ver. Pray God, my news be
The earl of Westmoreland, as
strong,

Is marching hitherwards; with

Hot. No harm: What more?

Ver. And further, I have

The king himself in person is set

On hitherwards intended speed

With strong and mighty preparation

H. L. He shall be welcome to

The nimble-footed mad-cap pit

And his comrades, that do not

And bid it pass!

Ver. All furnish

All plumed like estridges that

Rated like eagles having lately

Be stirring in golden coats, like

As full of spirit as the mouth of

And gorgeous as the sun at mid

Wanton as youthful goats, wild

Like young Harry,—with list

His cuisses; on his thighs, gall

Rise from the ground like feathers

I wonder much, being men of such great leading*,

That you foresee not what impediments
Drag back our expedition; Certain horse
Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up;
Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day;
And now their pride and mettle is asleep,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a horse is half the half himself.

Hot. So are the horses of the enemy
In general, journey-bated, and brought low;
The better part of ours is full of rest.

Wor. The number of the king exceedeth ours:
For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.

(The Trumpet sounds a parley.)

Enter Sir WALTER BLUNT.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from
the king,

If you vouchsafe me hearing, and respect.

Hot. Welcome, sir Walter Blunt; and 'would
You were of our determination! [to God,
Some of us love you well: and even those some
Envy your great deserving, and good name;
Because you are not of our quality †,
But stand against us like an enemy.

Blunt. And God defend, but still I should
stand so,

So long as out of limit, and true rule,
You stand against anointed majesty! [know
But, to my charge.—The king hath sent to
The nature of your griefs!; and whereupon
You conjure from the breast of civil peace
Such bold hostility, teaching his dutious land

Steps me a little higher;
Made to my father, while
Upon the naked shore at
And now, forsooth, take
Some certain edicts, and
That lie too heavy on th
Cries out upon abuses, a
Over his country's wron
This seeming brow of ju
The hearts of all that he
Proceeded further; est
Of all the favourites, th
In deputation left behin
When he was personal |

Blunt. Tut, I came s
Hot. The

In short time after, he d
Soon after that, deprive
And, in the neck of th
state:

To make that worse,
(Who is, if every owner
Indeed his king,) to be i
There without ransom; |
Disgraced me in my hay
Sought to entrap me by
Rated my uncle from th
In rage dismiss'd my fat
Broke oath on oath, a
wrong!

And, in conclusion, drov
This head of safety; and
Into his title, the which



FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV.

459

change of Northumberland,
as in the first proportion.)
Owen Glendower's absence

was a rated snaw too*,
as ruled by prophesies.)—
as Percy is too weak
as trial with the king.
and my lord, you need not
as Douglas,

No, Mortimer's not there.
as Mordake, Vernon, lord
as,
as of Worcester; and a head
as, noble gentlemen. (drawn
here is: but yet the king hath

The special head of all the land together;—
The prince of Wales, lord John of Lancaster,
The noble Westmoreland, and warlike Blunt;
And many more co-rivals, and dear men
Of estimation and command in arms.

Genl. Doubt not, my lord, they shall be
well opposed.

Arch. I hope no less, yet needful 'tis to
And, to prevent the worst, sir Michael speed:
For, if lord Percy thrive not, ere the king
Diminish his power, he means to visit us,—
For he hath heard of our confederacy.
And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against
him;

Therefore, make haste: I must go write again
To other friends; and so farewell, sir Michael.
(Exeunt severally.)

ACT V.

The King's Comptroller
Browberry.

MY, Prince HENRY, Prince
as, Sir WALTER BLUNT,
as, FALSTAFF.

Bloodily the sun begins to
+ hill! the day looks pale
stars.

The southern wind
aspet to his purposes;
w whistling in the leaves,
as, and a blustering day.
with the losers let it sympa-

as soul to those that win.
as, Worcester and
as, Vernon.

as of Worcester? 'tis not well,
as, should meet upon such terms

You have deceived our trust;
+ our easy robes of peace,
as, in ungentle steel:
my lord, this is not well.
+ will you again unknit
+ of all-aborred war?
+ obedient orb again,
as, a fair and natural light;
as, an exhaled meteor,
+, and a portent
as, of the unborn times?
+, my liege:

as, I could be well content
as, end of my life
+; for, I do protest,
+ the day of this dislike.
as, have not sought for it! how
as,?

as, a lay in his way and he found
as, shewet), peace. (looks
as, of your majesty, to turn your
as, yourself, and all our house;
as, remember you, my lord,

as, on which we reckoned.
+ A shattering bird, a pie,

We were the first and dearest of your friends.
For you, my staff of office did I break
In Richard's time; and posted day and night
To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,
When yet you were in place and in account
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.

It was myself, my brother, and his son,
That brought you home and boldly did outdare
The dangers of the time! You swore to us,—
And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,—
That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state;
Nor claim no farther than your new-fall'n right,
The seat of Gascon, dukedom of Lancaster:
To this we swore our aid. But, in short space,
It rain'd down fortune showering on your head;
And such a flood of greatness fell on you,—
What with our help; what with the absent king;
What with the injuries of a wanton time;
The seeming sufferances that you had borne;
And the contrarious winds that held the king
So long in his unlucky Irish wars,
That all in England did repute him dead,—
And, from this swarm of fair advantages,
You took occasion to be quickly woo'd
To gripe the general sway into your hand:
Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster;
And, being fed by us, you used us so
As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird,
Useth the sparrow: did oppress our nest;
Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk, (sight,
That even our love durst not come near your
For fear of swallowing; but with nimble wing
We were enforced, for safety's sake to fly
Out of your sight, and raise this present head:
Whereby we stand opposed by such means
As you yourself have forged against yourself;
By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth
Sworn to us in your younger enterprise.

K. Hen. These things, indeed, you have ar-
ticulated,
Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches;
To face the garment of rebellion
With some fine colour, that may please the eye

+ Woody. + Put off.
+ in articles.

Of fickle changelings, and poor discontents,
Which gape, and rub the elbow, at the news
Of harlybarly innovation:
And never yet did insurrection want
Such water-colours, to impator his cause;
Nor moody beggars, starving for a time
Of pellmell havoc and confusion. [a soul]

P. Hen. In both our armies, there is many
Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,
The prince of Wales doth join with all the
world

In praise of Henry Percy: By my hopes,—
This present enterprize set off his head,—
I do not think, a braver gentleman,
More active-valiant, or more valiant-young,
More daring, or more bold, is now alive,
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.
For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
I have a truant been to chivalry;
And so, I hear, he doth account me too:
Yet this before my father's majesty,—
I am content, that he shall take the odds
Of his great name and estimation;
And will, to save the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him in a single fight.

K. Hen. And, prince of Wales, so dare we
Albeit, considerations infinite venture thee,
Do make against it:—No, good Worcester, no,
We love our people well; even those we love,
That are misled upon your cousin's part:
And, will they take the offer of our grace,
Both he! and they! and you. yea, every man

is in that word, honour? W
Alr. A trim reckoning!—W
that died o' Wednesday. Do
doth he hear it? No. Is it
Yea, to the dead. But will t
living? No. Why? Detracl
it:—therefore I'll none of it:
scatcheon *, and so ends my

SCENE II. *The Re*

Enter WORCESTER as

Hor. O, no, my nephew
The liberal kind offer of the k
Per. 'Twere best, he did.

Hor. Then s
It is not possible, it cannot b
The king should keep his wo
He will suspect us still, and
To punish this offense in othe
Suspicion shall be all stuck f
For treason is but trusted lik
Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish
Will have a wild trick of his
Look how we can, or sad, or
Interpretation will misquote
And we shall feed like oxen
The better cherish'd, still the
My nephew's trespass may b
It hath the excuse of youth, a
And an adopted name of pri
A hair-brain'd Hotspur, goes
All his officers live upon my
And on his father's:—we end

quarrel lay upon our
[to-day,
it draw short breath
oath! Tell me, tell me,
I never in my life
god more modestly,
a brother dare
root of arms.
as of a man; [tongue;
does with a princely
like a chronicle;
than his praise,
so, valued with you:
like a prince indeed,
of himself;
th with such a grace,
a double spirit,
ning, instantly.
let me tell the world,—
of this day,
so sweet a hope,
in his wantonness.
thou art enamoured
did I hear
at liberty:—
et once ere night
a soldier's arm,
ier my courtesy.—
-And, fellows, soldiers,
u have to do, [friends,
all the gift of tongue,
with persuasion.
essenger.
are letters for you.
am now.—
of life is short;
easily were too long,
ial's point,
al of an hour.
o tread on kings;
in princes die with us!
—the arms are fair,
ing them is just.
r Messenger.
ure; the king comes on
[tale,
it he cuts me from my
g; Only this—
t: and here draw I
I intend to stain
t I can meet withal
perilous day.
'erey!—and set on.—
uments of war,
s all embrace:
me of us never shall
courtesy. [The Trum-
embrace, and exeunt.
near Shrewsbury.
les fighting. Alarm
enter DOUGLAS and
name, that in the battle

Thou crossest me? what honour dost thou add
Upon my head?
Doug. Know then, my name is Douglas;
And I do haunt thee in the battle thrice,
Because some tell me that thou art a king.
Blunt. They tell thee true. [bought
Doug. The lord of Stafford dear to-day hath
Thy likeness: for, instead of thee, king Harry,
This sword hath ended him: so shall it thee,
Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner.
Blunt. I was not born a yielder, thou proud
Scot;
And thou shalt find a king that will revenge
Lord Stafford's death.
[They fight, and BLUNT is slain.
Enter HOTSPUR.
Hot. O Douglas, hast thou fought at Holm-
don thou,
I never had triumph'd upon a Scot.
Doug. All's done, all's won; here breathless
lies the king.
Hot. Where?
Doug. Here.
Hot. This, Douglas? no, I know this face
full well:
A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt;
Sensibly furnish'd like the king himself.
Doug. A fool go with thy soul, whither it
goes!
A borrow'd title hast thou bought too dear.
Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king?
Hot. The king hath many marching in his
coats. [his coats;
Doug. Now, by my sword, I will kill all
I'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece,
Until I meet the king.
Hot. Up, and away;
Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day.
[Exeunt.
Other Alarums. Enter FALSTAFF.
Fal. Though I could 'scape shot-free at
London, I fear the shot here; here's no scor-
ing, but upon the pate.—Soft! who art thou?
Sir Walter Blunt;—there's honour for you:
Here's no vanity!—I am as hot as molten
lead, and as heavy too: God keep lead out of
me! I need no more weight than mine own
bowels.—I have led my raggamuffins where
they are peppered: there's but three of my
hundred and fifty left alive; and they are for
the town's end, to beg during life. But who
comes here?
Enter Prince HENRY.
P. Hen. What, stand'st thou idle here?
lend me thy sword:
Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths are unrevenge'd: Prythee, lend
thy sword.
Fal. O Hal, I prythee, give me leave to
breathe a while.—Tark Gregory never did
such deeds in arms, as I have done this day.
I have paid Percy. I have made him sure.
P. Hen. He is, indeed; and living is he
thee. Lend me thy sword, I prythee.
Fal. Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be

alive, thou get'st not my sword ; but take my pistol, if thou wilt.

P. Hen. Give it me : What, is it in the case?

Fal. Ay, Hal ; 'tis hot, 'tis hot ; there's that will sack a city.

[*The Prince draws out a bottle of sack.*]

P. Hen. What, is't a time to jest and dally now ? [*Throws it at him, and exit.*]

Fal. Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him. If he do come in my way, so : if he do not, if I come in his, willingly, let him make a carbinado* of me. I like not such grinning honour as sir Walter hath : Give me life : which if I can save, so ; if not, honour comes unlooked for, and there's an end.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *Another Part of the Field.*

Alarums. Excursions. Enter the King, Prince HENRY, Prince JOHN, and WESTMORELAND.

K. Hen. I pr'ythee, [much : Harry, withdraw thyself ; thou bleed'st too Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

P. John. Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too. [up,

P. Hen. I do beseech your majesty, make Lest your retirement do amaze your friends.

K. Hen. I will do so :— [tent. My lord of Westmoreland, lead him to his West. Come, my lord, I will lead you to your tent. [your help :

P. Hen. Lead me, my lord ! I do not need

Doug. I fear, thou art anon And yet, in faith, thou bear'st But mine, I am sure, thou art, And thus I win thee.

[*They fight ; the King enters Prince HENRY.*]

P. Hen. Hold up thy head thou art like

Never to hold it up again ! the Of Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, It is the prince of Wales, that Who never promiseth, but he

[*They fight ;* Cheerly, my lord ; How fares Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for And so Bath Clifton ; I'll to C

K. Hen. Stay, and breathe Thou hast redeem'd thy lost o And show'd thou makest some

In this fair rescue thou hast bi

P. Hen. O heaven ! they

injury, That ever said, I hearken'd f

If it were so, I might have le The insulting hand of Douglas

Which would have been as sp As all the poisonous potions in

And saved the treacherous lat

K. Hen. Make up to Clif cholas Gawsey. [*Exi*

Enter HOTSPUR

Hot. If I mistake not, thou

mouth.



erty and cold hand of death
gas:—No, Percy, thou art dust,
— [Dies.]
warm, brave Percy: Fare
you, great heart!

[Shrunk.]
how much art thou
body did contain a spirit,

It was too small a bound;
pieces of the vilest earth [dead,

—This earth, that bears thee
so stout a gentleman.

noble of courtesy,
like so dear a show of seal:—

—hide thy mangled face;
my behalf, I'll thank myself

for rites of tenderness [vent
thy praise with thee to hea-
ven with thee in the grave.

—thou'ld in thy epitaph!—
—see Falstaff on the ground.

quaintance could not all this
life? Poor Jack, farewell! [Hea-
ster spared a better man.

we a heavy miss of thee,
in love with vanity.

struck so far a deer to-day,
learner, in this bloody fray:—

ill I see thee by and by;
ood by noble Percy lie. [Exit.

slowly.] Embowelled! if thou
to-day, I'll give you leave to pow-
er at me too, to-morrow. 'Sblood,

counterfeit, or that hot terma-
I paid me scot and lot too.

me, I am no counterfeit: To
counterfeit; for he is but the

man, who hath not the life of
counterfeit dying, when a man

is to be no counterfeit, but the
a image of life indeed. The bet-
ter is—discretion; in the which

have saved my life. 'Zounds
this gunpowder Percy, though

low, if he should counterfeit
I am afraid, he would prove

counterfeit. Therefore I'll make
and I'll swear I killed him.

he rise, as well as I? Nothing
it eyes, and nobody sees me.

ah, [Stabbing him.] with a new
thigh, come you along with me.

[Takes Hotspur on his back.
see HENRY and Prince JOHN.

me, brother John, full bravely
vord. [has thou flesh'd

but, soft! whom have we here?
I me, this fat man was dead?

ill; I saw him dead, breathless
ad.— [and bleeding

? or is it phantasy
on our eyesight? I pr'ythee,

trust our eyes, without our
what thou seem'st.

is't certain; I am not a double
be not Jack Falstaff, then am I

a Jack. There is Percy: [Throwing the body
down.] if your father will do me any honour
so; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself.
I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure
you.

P. Hen. Why, Percy I killed myself, and
saw thee dead.

Fal. Didst thou?—Lord, lord, how this
world is given to lying!—I grant you, I was

down, and out of breath; and so was he: but
we rose both at an instant, and fought a long

hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be be-
lieved so; if not, let them, that should reward

valour, bear the sin upon their own heads.
I'll take it upon my death, I gave him this

wound in the thigh: if the man were alive,
and would deny it, I would make him eat a

piece of my sword.
P. John. This is the strangest tale that e'er

I heard. [John.—
P. Hen. This is the strangest fellow, brother

Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back:
For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,

I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.
[A Retreat is sounded.

The trumpet sounds retreat, the day is ours.
Come, brother, let's to the highest of the field,

To see what friends are living, who are dead.
[Exeunt Prince HENRY and Prince JOHN.

Fal. I'll follow, as they say, for reward.
He that rewards me, God reward him! If I do

grow great, I'll grow less; for I'll purge, and
leave sack, and live cleanly, as a nobleman

should do. [Exit, bearing off the body.

SCENE V. Another Part of the Field.
The Trumpets sound. Enter King HENRY,

Prince HENRY, Prince JOHN, WEST-
MORELAND, and Others, with WORCES-

TER, and VERNON, prisoners.
K. Hen. Thus ever did rebellion find re-
buke.—

Ill-spirited Worcester! did we not send grace,
Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?

And wouldst thou turn our offers contrary?
Misuse the tenor of thy kinsman's trust?

Three knights upon our party slain to-day,
A noble earl, and many a creature else,

Had been alive this hour,
If, like a christian, thou hadst truly borne

Betwixt our armies true intelligence.
Wor. What I have done, my safety urged

And I embrace this fortune patiently, [me to;
Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

K. Hen. Bear Worcester to the death, and
Vernon too:

Other offenders we will pause upon.—
Exeunt WORCESTER and VERNON, guarded.

How goes the field? [he saw
P. Hen. The noble Scot, lord Douglas, when

The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,
The noble Percy slain, and all his men

Upon the foot of fear,—fled with the rest;
And, falling from a hill, he was so bruised,

That the pursuers took him. At my tent
The Douglas is; and I beseech your grace,

* Scarf, with which he covers Percy's face.

+ Salt.

to see the face of him.

Al. Hen. With all my heart.

P. Hen. Then, brother John of Lancaster,
 His honorable bounty shall belong; [to you
 Give him to the Douglas, and deliver him
 Up to his pleasure, ransomless, and free :
 His valour, shown upon our crests to-day,
 Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds,
 Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

K. Hen. Then this remains,—that we divide
 Our power.—
 You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland,

Towards York shall bend you,
 With all speed,

To meet Northumberland, and
 Who, as we hear, are basely in :
 Myself,—and you, son Harry
 To fight with Glendower, and the
 Rebellion in this land shall lose
 Meeting the check of such an one
 And since this business so fair
 Let us not leave till all our own



SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.

Persons represented.

THE FOURTH :
Prince of Wales, after-
HENRY V ;
the of Clarence ;
of Lancaster, after-
HENRY V.) Duke of his sons.
HENRY of Glouster,
is (HENRY V.) Duke
;
WICK ;
MOORELAND ; } *of the King's*
INCOURT ; } *party.*
justice of the King's Bench.
attending on the Chief Justice.
THUNDERLAND.
bishop of York ; } *enemies to*
RAY ; } *the King.*
ROS ;
ELPH ;
LEVILLE ;

TRAVERS and MORTON, domestics of North
umberland.
FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, and Page.
POINS and PETO, attendants on Prince
Henry.
SHALLOW, } *country Justices.*
SILENCE, }
DAVY, servant to Shallow.
MOULDY, SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, and
BULLCAMP, recruits.
FANG, and SNARE, Sheriff's officers.
RUMOUR, a porter.
A Dancer, speaker of the Epilogue.

Lady NORTHUMBERLAND. Lady PERCY.
Hostess QUICKLY. DOLL TEAR-SHEET.
Lords and other Attendants ; Officers, Sol-
diers, Messenger, Drawers, Beadles,
Grooms, &c.

Scene,—England.

INDUCTION.

h. Before Northumberland's
Castle.

FOUR, painted full of tongues.
in your ears ; For which of you
lop
saring, when loud Rumour speaks ?
went to the drooping west,
wind my post-horse, still unfold
unenced on this ball of earth :
agues continual slanders ride ;
a every language I pronounce,
ars of men with false reports.
ance, while covert enmity,
ille of safety, wounds the world :
t Rumour, who but only I,
l musters, and prepared defence ;
ig year, swol'n with some other grief,
rich child by the stern tyrant war,
matter ? Rumour is a pipe
unsmiles, jealousies, conjectures ;
ay and so plain a stop,
nt monster with uncounted heads,
ordant wavering multitude,

Can play upon it. But what need I thus
My well-known body to anatomize
Among my household ? Why is rumour here ?
I run before king Harry's victory ;
Who, in a bloody field by Shrewsbury,
Hath beaten down young Hotspur and his
troops,
Quenching the flame of bold rebellion
Even with the rebels' blood. But what mean I
To speak so true at first ? my office is
To noise abroad,—that Harry Monmouth fell
Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword ;
And that the king before the Douglas' rage
Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.
This have I rumour'd through the peasant towns
Between that royal field of Shrewsbury
And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone *,
Where Hotspur's father, old Northumberland,
Lies crafty-sick : the posts come throng on,
And not a man of them brings other news
Than they have learn'd of me ; from Rumour's
tongues
They bring smooth comforts false, worse than
true wrongs. [Exit.

ACT I.

SCENE I. The same.

before the gate ; Enter Lord
BARDOLPH.

Who keeps the gate here, ho !—

Where is the earl ?
Port. What shall I say you are ?
Bard. Tell thou the earl,
That the lord Bardolph doth attend him
here.

** Northumberland's castle.*

Port. His lordship is walk'd forth into the orchard;

Please it your honour knock but at the gate,
And he himself will answer.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

North. Here comes the earl.

North. What news, lord Bardolph? every minute now

Should be the father of some stratagem * :
The time were wild; contention, like a horse,
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,
And bears down all before him.

Bard. Noble earl,
I bring you certain news from Shrewsbury.

North. Good, as heaven will!

Bard. As good as heart can wish :—
The king is almost wounded to the death;
And, in the fortune of my lord your son,
Prince Harry slain outright; and both the

Blunts [John,
Kill'd by the hand of Douglas; young prince
And Westmoreland, and Stafford, fled the field;
And Harry Monmouth's brawn, the bulk Sir
Is prisoner to your son: O, such a day, [John,
So fought, so follow'd, and so fairly won,
Came not, till now, to dignify the times,
Since Caesar's fortunes!

North. How is this derived?
Saw you the field? came you from Shrewsbury?

Bard. I spoke with one, my lord, that
came from thence;

A gentleman well bred, and of good name,
That freely render'd me these news for true.

North. Why should the gentleman, that
rode by Travers,
Give then such instances of loss?

Bard. Who, he?
He was some hiding fellow, that had rode
The horse he rode on; and, upon my life,
Spoke at a venture. Look, here comes
news.

Enter MORTON.

North. Yea, this man's brow, like to a
leaf,

Foretells the nature of a tragic volume;
So looks the strond, whereon the impious
Hath left a witness'd usurpation. —
Say, Morton, didst thou come from Shrewsbury?

Mor. I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble lord,
Where hateful death put on his ugliest mask
To fright our party.

North. How doth my son, and brother?
Thou tremblest; and the whiteness in thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woo-begone,
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him, half his Troy
burn'd;

But Priam found the fire, ere he his tongue
And I my Percy's death, ere thou report'st it.
This thou wouldst say,—Your son did
and thus;

Your brother, thus; so fought the noble
Stopping my greedy ear with their bold words.
But to the end, to stop mine ear, is not

g faint quickness*, wearied and out-
cath'd, [down
/ Monmouth: whose swift wrath beat
s-damned Percy to the earth, [up-
sance with life he never more sprang
his death (whose spirit lent a fire
the dullest peasant in his camp)
stiff; once, took fire and heat away
best temper'd courage in his troops:
his metal was his party steel'd;
see in him abated, all the rest
themselves, like dull and heavy lead.
s thing that's heavy in itself,
moment, flies with greatest speed;
w men, heavy in Hotspur's loss, [fear,
this weight such lightness with their
was fled not swifter toward their aim,
our soldiers, aiming at their safety,
the field: Then was that noble Wor-
ster
taken prisoner: and that furious Scot,
my Douglas, whose well-labouring
urd [king,
s times slain the appearance of the
his stomach, and did grace the shame
that turn'd their backs; and, in his
pit,
g in fear, was took. The sum of all
the king hath won; and hath sent out
power to encounter you, my lord,
s conduct of young Lancaster,
moreland: this is the news at full.
For this I shall have time enough to
arr-
there is physick; and these news, [sick,
own well, that would have made me
k have in some measure made me well:
s wretch, whose fever weaken'd joints,
sightless hinges, buckle under life,
s of his fit, breaks like a fire
s keeper's arms; even so my limbs,
s with grief, being now enrag'd with
s, [nice crutch;
s themselves: hence therefore, thou
smallet now, with joints of steel,
re this hand: and hence, thou sickly
s, s,
a guard too wanton for the head,
laces, flesh'd with conquest, aim to hit.
s my brows with iron; and approach
s't hour that time and spite dare
ag,
upon the enraged Northumberland!
en kiss earth! Now let not nature's
s d
wild flood confined! let order die!
s world no longer be a stage,
ontention in a lingering act;
s spirit of the first-born Cain
all bosoms, that each heart being set
y courses, the rude scene may end,
ness be the burier of the dead!
his strained passion doth you wrong,
' lord. [your honour.
Sweet earl, divorce not wisdom from

Mor. The lives of all your loving 'oomplices
Lean on your health; the which, if you give
To stormy passion, must perforce decay. [o'er
You cast the event of war, my noble lord,
And summ'd the account of chance, before
you said,—

Let us make head. It was your presumise,
That in the dole^{of} of blows your son might drop:
You knew, he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge,
More likely to fall in, than to get o'er:
You were advis'd, his flesh was capable
Of wounds and scars; and that his forward
spirits [ranged;
Would lift him where most trade of danger
Yet did you say,—Go forth; and none of this,
Though strongly apprehended, could restrain
The stiff-borne action: What hath then be-
fallen, [forth,

Or what hath this bold enterprise brought
More than that being which was like to be?

Bard. We all, that are engaged to this loss,
Knew that we ventured on such dangerous seas,
That, if we wrought out life, 'twas ten to one:
And yet we ventured, for the gain proposed
Choked the respect of likely peril fear'd;
And, since we are o'er-set, venture again.
Come, we will all put forth, body and goods.

Mor. 'Tis more than time: And, my most
noble lord,

I hear for certain, and do speak the truth,—
The gentle archbishop of York is up,
With well-appointed powers;†: he is a man,
Who with a double surety binds his followers.
My lord your son had only but the corpse,
But shadows, and the shows of men, to fight:
For that same word, rebellion, did divide
The action of their bodies from their souls;
And they did fight with queasiness, constrain'd,
As men drink potions; for their weapons only
Seem'd on our side, but, for their spirits and
This word rebellion, it had froze them up, [souls,
As fish are in a pond: But now the bishop
Turns insurrection to religion:
Supposed sincere and holy in his thoughts,
He's follow'd both with body and with mind;
And doth enlarge his rising with the blood
Of fair king Richard, scraped from Pomfret
stones.

Derives from heaven his quarrel, and his cause;
Tells them he doth bestride a bleeding land,
Gasping for life under great Bolingbroke;
And more^{of}, and less, do flock to follow him.

North. I knew of this before; but, to speak
truth,

This present grief had wiped it from my mind.
Go in with me; and counsel every man
The aptest way for safety, and revenge: [speed;
Get posts, and letters, and make friends with
Never so few, and never yet more need.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II. London. A Street.

Enter Sir JOHN FALSTAFF, with his Page
bearing his Sicord and Buckler.

Fal. Sirrah, you giant, what says the doctor
to my water?

of blows. † In few words.
Distribution. †† Forces.

‡ Reported. § Let fall. ¶ Trifling.
‡‡ Against their stomachs. §§ Gre-
2 R 3

SHAKSPEARE.

Page. He said, sir, the water itself was a good healthy water; but, for the party that owed * it, he might have more diseases than he new for.

Fal. Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me: The brain of this foolish-compounded play, man, is not able to vent any thing that tends to laughter, more than I invent, or is invented on me: I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee, like a sow, that hath overwhelmed all her litter but one. If the prince put thee into my service for any other reason than to set me off, why then I have no judgment. Thou whoreson mandrake; thou art fitter to be worn in my cap, than to wait at my heels. I was never manned with an agate till now; but I will set you neither in gold nor silver, but in vile apparel; and send you back again to your master for a jewel; the juvenal, the prince your master, whose chin is not yet edged. I will sooner have a beard grow in the palm of my hand, than he shall get one on his cheek; and yet he will not stick to say, his face is a face-royal: God may finish it when he will, it is not a hair amiss yet: he may keep it still as a face-royal, for a barber shall never earn sixpence out of it; and yet he will be crowing, as if he had writ man ever since his father was a bachelor. He may keep his own grace, but he is almost out of mine, I can assure him. — What said master Dumbleton about the satin for my short cloak, and slops?

Enter the Lord Chief Justice, and Attendant.

Page. Sir, here comes the gentleman committed the prince for striking his Bardolph.

Fal. Wait close, I will not see him.

Ch. Just. What's he that goes there?

Atten. Falstaff, an't please your lord.

Ch. Just. He that was in question robbery?

Atten. He, my lord; but he hath some good service at Shrewsbury; and, as I now going with some charge to the lord of Lancaster.

Ch. Just. What, to York? Call him again.

Atten. Sir John Falstaff!

Fal. Boy, tell him I am deaf.

Page. You must speak louder, my master is deaf.

Ch. Jus. I am sure he is, to the hearing any thing good. — Go, pluck him by the elbow; I must speak with him.

Atten. Sir John, —

Fal. What! a young knave, and by there not wars? is there not employments for the king's lack subjects? do rebels need soldiers? Though it be a to be on any side but one, it is worse to beg than to be on the worst side, were it than the name of rebellion can tell make it.

Atten. You mistake me, sir.

lady is returned with some discomfort from bed.

Ch. Just. I talk not of his majesty:—You did not come when I sent for you.

Fal. And I hear, moreover, his highness is on his side this same whoreson apoplexy.

Ch. Just. Well, heaven mend him! I pray, you speak with you.

Fal. This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of palsy, and please your lordship; a kind of tingling in the blood, a whoreson tingling.

Ch. Just. What tell you me of it? be it as it will.

Fal. It hath its original from much grief; from study, and perturbation of the brain: I can read the cause of his effects in Galen; it is kind of deafness.

Ch. Just. I think, you are fallen into the error; for you hear not what I say to you.

Fal. Very well, my lord, very well; rather, please you, it is the disease of not listening, a kind of not marking, that I am troubled with.

Ch. Just. To punish you by the heels, would I had the attention of your ears; and I care not I do become your physician.

Fal. I am as poor as Job, my lord; but not patient: your lordship may minister the pain of imprisonment to me, in respect of duty; but how I should be your patient to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make no dram of a scruple, or, indeed, a scruple at all.

Ch. Just. I sent for you, when there were danger against you for your life, to come speak to me.

Fal. As I was then advised by my learned friend in the laws of this land-service, I did come.

Ch. Just. Well, the truth is, sir John, you are a great infamy.

Fal. He that buckles him in my belt, cannot be less.

Ch. Just. Your means are very slender, and your waste is great.

Fal. I would it were otherwise; I would my means were greater, and my waist slenderer.

Ch. Just. You have misled the youthful prince.

Fal. The youthful prince hath misled me: he is the fellow with the great belly, and he is dead.

Ch. Just. Well, I am loath to gall a new-wound; your day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little glided over your night's exaction Gads-hill: you may thank the unquiet hour for your quiet o'er-posting that action.

Fal. My lord?

Ch. Just. But since all is well, keep it so: the not a sleeping wolf.

Fal. To wake a wolf, is as bad as to smell a lion.

Ch. Just. What! you are as a candle, the first part burnt out.

Fal. A wassel^a candle, my lord; all tallow:

if I did say of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

Ch. Just. There is not a white hair on your face, but should have his effort of gravity!

Fal. His effort of gravity, gravity, gravity.

Ch. Just. You follow the young prince up and down, like his ill angel.

Fal. Not so, my lord; your ill angel is light; but, I hope, he that looks upon me, will take me without weighing: and yet, in some respects, I grant, I cannot go, I cannot tell: Virtue is of so little regard in these costermonger times, that true valour is turned bear-herd: Pregnancy is made a tapster, and hath his quick wit wasted in giving reckonings: all the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malices of this age shapes them, are not worth a gooseberry. You, that are old, consider not the capacities of us that are young: you measure the heat of our livers with the bitterness of your galls: and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confess, are wags too.

Ch. Just. Do you set down your name in the scroll of youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age? Have you not a moist eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheek? a white beard? a decreasing leg? an increasing belly? Is not your voice broken? your wind short? your chin double? your wit single? and every part about you blasted with antiquity^{oo}? and will you yet call yourself young? *Fie, fie, fie, sir John!*

Fal. My lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head, and something a round belly. For my voice,—I have lost it with hollalaing, and singing of anthems. To approve my youth farther, I will not: the truth is, I am only old in judgment and understanding; and he that will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him. For the box o'the ear that the prince gave you,—he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I have checked him for it; and the young lion repents: marry, not in ashes, and sack-cloth; but in new silk, and old sack.

Ch. Just. Well, heaven send the prince a better companion!

Fal. Heaven send the companion a better prince! I cannot rid my hands of him.

Ch. Just. Well, the king hath severed you and prince Harry: I hear, you are going with lord John of Lancaster, against the archbishop and the earl of Northumberland.

Fal. Yes; I thank your pretty sweet wit for it. But look you pray, all you that kiss my lady peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day! for, by the Lord, I take but two shirts out with me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily: if it be a hot day, an I brandish any thing but my bottle, I would I might never spit white again. There is not a dangerous action can creep out his head, but I am thrust upon it: Well, I cannot last ever: But it was

^a A large candle for a feast.

^f Readiness

[†] The coin called an angel.

[‡] Forepart.

[¶] Small.

[‡] Pass current.

^{oo} Old age.

always yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common. If you will needs say, I am an old man, you should give me rest. I would to God, my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is. I were better to be eaten to death with rust, than to be scoured to nothing with perpetual motion.

Ch. Just. Well, be honest, be honest; And God bless your expedition!

Fal. Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound, to furnish me forth?

Ch. Just. Not a penny, not a penny; you are too impatient to bear crosses. Fare you well: Commend me to my cousin Westmoreland.

[Exeunt Chief Justice and Attendant.]

Fal. If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle*.—A man can no more separate age and covetousness, than he can part young limbs and lechery: but the gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the other; and so both the degrees prevent my curses.—Boy!—

Page. Sir?

Fal. What money is in my purse?

Page. Seven groats and two-pence.

Fal. I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse: borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable.—Go, bear this letter to my lord of Lancaster; this to the prince; this to the earl of Westmoreland; and this to old mistress Ursula, whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I

Bard. The question then, lord I standeth thus;

Whether our present five and twenty
May hold up head without Northumb

Hast. With him, we may.

Bard. Ay, marry, there's it! But if without him we be thought too! My judgment is, we should not step to Till we had his assistance by the hand For, in a theme so bloody-faced as this Conjecture, expectation, and surmise Of aids uncertain, should not be admit

Arch. 'Tis very true, lord Bardol indeed,

It was young Hotspur's case at Shrew

Bard. It was my, lord; who lived with hope,

Eating the air on promise of supply, Flattering himself with project of a Much smaller than the smallest of his And so, with great imagination, Proper to madmen, led his powers to And, winking, leap'd into destruction.

Hast. But, by your leave, it never To lay down likelihoods, and forms of

Bard. Yes, in this present quality of Indeed the instant action, (a cause on Lives so in hope, as in an early spring We see the appearing buds; which, Hope gives not so much warrant, as d That frosts will bite them. When we build,

We first survey the plot, then draw the And when we see the figure of the

three heads: one power against the French, one against Glendower; perforce, a third make up us: So is the uniform king undivided; and his coffers sound hollow poverty and emptiness. That he should draw his several strengths together, since against us in full puissance, must be dreaded.

If he should do so, were his back unarm'd, the French and Welsh

g him at the heels: never fear that.

Who, is it like, should lead his forces hither? (moreland:)

The duke of Lancaster, and West- the Welsh, himself, and Harry Mon- mouth:

is substituted 'gainst the French, and certain notice.

Let us on; publish the occasion of our arms.

Commonwealth is sick of their own choice, 'over-greedy love hath surfeited:— shonon giddy and unsure

Hath he, that buildeth on the vulgar heart. O thou fond many *! with what loud applause Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Boling- broke, [be?]

Before he was what thou wouldst have him And being now trimm'd† in thine, en testres, Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him, That thou provokest thyself to cast him up.

So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard; And now thou wouldst eat thy dead vomit up, And how!‡ to find it. What trust is in these times? [him die,

They that, when Richard lived, would have Are now become enamour'd on his grave:

Thou, that threw'st dust upon his goodly head, When through proud London he came sighing After the admired heels of Bolingbroke, [ou Cry'st now, O earth, yield us that king again, [accusat!]

And take thou this! O, thoughts of men Past, and to come, seem best; things present, worst. [set on?]

Mowb. Shall we go draw our numbers, and Hast. We are time's subjects, and time bids be gone [Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I. London. A Street.

F Hostess; FANG, and his Boy, with her; and SNARE following.

Master Fang, have you entered the

It is entered.

Where is your yeoman? Is it a gentleman? will a' stand to't?

Sirrah, where's Snare?

O lord, ay: good master Snare.

Here, here.

Snare, we must arrest sir John Fal-

Yes, good master Snare; I have and him and all.

It may chance cost some of us our, for he will stab.

Alas the day! take heed of him; he had me in mine own house, and that most by: in good faith, a' cares not what mis- I do, if his weapon be out: he will I like any devil; he will spare neither woman, nor child.

If I can close with him, I care not to thrust.

No, nor I neither: I'll be at your

An I but fist him once; an a' come within my vice;—

I am undone by his going; I warrant he's an infinitive thing upon my score:— master Fang, hold him sure;—good for Snare, let him not 'scape. He comes instantly to Pie-corner, (saving your man-

hoods,) to buy a saddle; and he's indited to dinner to the lubbar's head in Lambert-street, to master Smooth's the silkman: I pray ye, since my exilon is entered, and my case so openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his answer. A hundred mark is a long loan for a poor lone woman to bear: and I have borne, and borne, and borne; and have been fubbed off, and fubbed off, and fubbed off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing; unless a woman should be made an ass, and a beast, to bear every knave's wrong.

Enter Sir JOHN FALSTAFF, Page, and BARDOLPH.

Yonder he comes; and that arrant malmsey-nose knave, Bardolph, with him. Do your offices, do your offices, master Fang, and master Snare; do me, do me, do me your officer.

Fal. How now? whose mare's dead? what's the matter?

Fang. Sir John, I arrest you at the suit of mistress Quickly.

Fal. Away, varlets!—Draw, Bardolph; cut me off the villain's head; throw the quean in the channel.

Host. Throw me in the channel! I'll throw thee in the channel. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bastardy rogue!—Murder, murder! O thou honey-suckle villain! wilt thou kill God's officers, and the king's? O thou honey-seed ** rogue! thou art a honey-seed; a man- queller, and a woman-queller.

* Multitude.

† Grasp.

‡ Dressed.

§ Homicidal.

|| A baillif's follower.

** Homicide.

§ Thurst.

Fal. Keep them off, Bardolph.

Fung. A rescue! a rescue!

Host. Good people, bring a rescue or two. —Thou wo't, wo't thou? thou wo't, wo't thou? do, do, thou rogue! do, thou hemp-head!

Fal. Away, you scullion! you rampallian! you instillation! I'll tickle your catastrophe.

Enter the Lord Chief Justice, attended.

Ch. Just. What's the matter? keep the peace here, ho!

Host. Good my lord, be good to me! I beseech you, stand to me!

Ch. Just. How now, sir John? what are you brawling here? [business?] With this become your place, your time, and you should have been well on your way to York.— [thou on him?] Stand from him, fellow; Wherefore hang'st thou?

Host. O my most worshipful lord, an't please your grace, I am a poor widow of Coteheap, and he is arrested at my suit.

Ch. Just. For what sum?

Host. It is more than for some, my lord; it is for all, all I have: he hath eaten me out of house and home; he hath eat all my substance into that fat belly of his:—but I will have some of it out again, or I'll ride thee a night, like the mare.

Fal. I think, I am as like to ride the mare, if I have any vantage of ground to get up.

Ch. Just. How comes this, sir John? Fie! what man of good temper would endure this

quainted with your manner of wrenching the true cause the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with such more than impudent sauciness from you, can thrust me from a level consideration; you have, as it appears to me, practised upon the easy-yielding spirit of this woman, and made her serve your uses both in purse and person.

Host. Yea, in troth, my lord.

Ch. Just. Pr'ythee, peace:—Pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villany you have done with her; the one you may do with out-lying money, and the other with correct repentance.

Fal. My lord, I will not undergo this manner without reply. You call honourable boldness impudent sauciness: if a man will make court'sy, and say nothing, he is virtuous; but my lord, my humble duty remembered, I will not be your suitor; I say to you, I do crave deliverance from these officers, being upon hasty employment in the king's affairs.

Ch. Just. You speak as having power to do wrong; but answer in the effect of your reputation, and satisfy the poor woman.

Fal. Come hither, hostess. [Taking her aside.]

Enter GOWER.

Ch. Just. Now, master Gower; What would Gower. The king, my lord, and Harry prince of Wales

Are near at hand: the rest the paper tells.

Fal. As I am a gentleman;—

Host. Nay, you said so before.

Just. Where lay the king last night?
At Basingstoke, my lord.

**I hope, my lord, all's well: What's the
my lord.**

Just. Come all his forces back?

**No; fifteen hundred foot, five hun-
dred horse,**

**sent up to my lord of Lancaster,
Northumberland, and the archbishop.**

**Comes the king back from Wales, my
lord?**

Just. You shall have letters of me pre-
sently. Come, go along with me, good master

My lord!

Just. What's the matter?

**Master Gower, shall I entreat you with
business?**

**I must wait upon my good lord here:
you, good sir John.**

Just. Sir John, you tetter here too long,
as are to take soldiers up in counties as

**Will you sup with me, master Gower?
Just.** What foolish master taught you
manners, sir John?

**Master Gower, if they become me not,
a fool that taught them me.—This is
a fencing grace, my lord; tap for tap,**

part fair.

Just. Now the Lord lighten thee! thou
art fool. [Exeunt.

**[B II. The same. Another Street.
Enter Prince HENRY and POINS.**

**Pr. Trust me, I am exceeding weary.
Poins.** Is it come to that? I had thought
we durst not have attached one of so
good.

Pr. 'Faith, it does me; though it dis-
turb the complexion of my greatness to ac-
cept it. Doth it not show vilely in me,
a small beer?

Poins. Why, a prince should not be so loosely
as to remember so weak a composition.

Pr. Belike then, my appetite was not
sated; for, by my troth, I do now re-
member the poor creature, small beer. But,
these humble considerations make me
love with my greatness. What a dis-
turbance to me, to remember thy name! or to
thy face to-morrow! or to take note how
my silk stockings thou hast; viz.,
and those that were the peach-colour'd
red to bear the inventory of thy shirts; as,
superfluity, and one other for use!—
the tennis-court-keeper knows better
for it is a low ebb of linen with thee,
how keepest not racket there; as thou
dost done a great while, because the rest of
the countries have made a shift to eat up
land: and God knows, whether those
wretches the ruins of thy linen*, shall in-
crease the kingdom: but the midwives say the
fault is not in the fault; whereupon the

world increases, and hundreds are mightily
strengthened.

Poins. How ill it follows, after you have
laboured so hard, you should talk so lightly! Tell
me, how many good young princes would do
so, their fathers being so sick as yours at this
time is.

P. Hen. Shall I tell thee one thing, Poins?

Poins. Yes; and let it be an excellent good
thing.

P. Hen. It shall serve among wits of no
higher breeding than thine.

Poins. Go to; I stand the push of your cue
thing that you will tell.

P. Hen. Why, I tell thee,—it is not meet
that I should be sad, now my father is sick:
albeit I could tell to thee, (as to one it pleases
me, for fault of a better, to call my friend,) I
could be sad, and sild indeed too.

Poins. Very hardly, upon such a subject.

P. Hen. By this hand, thou think'st me as far
in the devil's book, as thou, and Falstaff, for
obduracy and perisistence: Let the end try the
man. But I tell thee,—my heart bleeds in-
wardly, that my father is so sick: and keep-
ing such vile company as thou art, hath in rea-
son taken from me all ostentation of sorrow.

Poins. The reason?

P. Hen. What wouldst thou think of me, if
I should weep!

Poins. I would think thee a most princely
hypocrite.

P. Hen. It would be every man's thought:
and thou art a blessed fellow, to think as every
man thinks; never a man's thoughts in the
world keep the road-way better than thine:
every man would think me an hypocrite in-
deed. And what accites your most worship-
ful thought to think so?

Poins. Why, because you have been so
lewd, and so much engrafted to Falstaff.

P. Hen. And to thee.

Poins. By this light, I am well spoken of,
I can hear it with my own ears: the worst
that they can say of me is, that I am a second
brother, and that I am a proper fellow of my
hands; and those two things, I confess, I can-
not help. By the mass, here comes Bardolph.

P. Hen. And the boy that I gave Falstaff:
he had him from me christian; and look, if
the fat villain have not transformed him ape.

Enter BARDOLPH and Page.

Bard. 'Save your grace!

P. Hen. And yours, most noble Bardolph!

Bard. Come, you virtuous ass, [To the
Page,] you bashful fool, must you be blushing?

wherefore blush you now? What a maidenly
man at arms are you become? Is it such a
matter, to get a pottle-pot's maidenhead?

Page. He called me even now, my lord,
through a red lattice†, and I could discern no
part of his face from the window: at last, I
spied his eyes; and, methought, he had made
two holes in the ale-wife's new petticoat, and
peeped through.

* Children wrapt up in his old shirts.

† An alehouse window.

P. Hen. Hath not the boy profited?

Bard. Away, you whoreson upright rabbit, away!

Page. Away, you rascally Althea's dream, away!

P. Hen. Instruct us, boy: What dream, boy?

Page. Marry, my lord, Althea dreamed she was delivered of a fire-brand; and therefore I call him her dream.

P. Hen. A crown's worth of good interpretation.—There it is, boy. [*Gives him money.*]

Poins. O, that this good blossom could be kept from cankers!—Well, there is sixpence to preserve thee.

Bard. An you do not make him be hanged among you, the gallows shall have wrong.

P. Hen. And how doth thy master, Bardolph?

Bard. Well, my lord. He heard of your grace's coming to town; there's a letter for you.

Poins. Delivered with good respect.—And how doth the martlemas*, your master?

Bard. In bodily health, sir.

Poins. Marry, the immortal part needs a physician; but that moves not him; though that he sick, it dies not.

P. Hen. I do allow this went to be as familiar with me as my dog: and he holds his place; for, look you, how he writes.

Poins. [*Reads.*] John Falstaff, knight,—Every man must know that, as oft as he has occasion to name himself. Even like those that are kin to the king; for they never prick

P. Hen. Well, thus we play the fools with the time; and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds, and mock us.—Is your master here in London?

Bard. Yes, my lord.

P. Hen. Where sups he? doth the old bow feed in the old frank??

Bard. At the old place, my lord; in the half-cheap.

P. Hen. What company?

Page. Ephesians, my lord; of the old church.

P. Hen. Sup any women with him?

Page. None, my lord, but old mistress Quickly, and mistress Doll Tear-sheet.

P. Hen. What pagan may that be?

Page. A proper gentlewoman, sir, and a kinswoman of my master's.

P. Hen. Even such kin as the parish bells are to the town bull.—Shall we steal upon them, Ned, at supper?

Poins. I am your shadow, my lord; I follow you.

P. Hen. Sirrah, you boy,—and Bardolph;—no word to your master, that I am yet come to town: There's for your silence.

Bard. I have no tongue, sir.

Page. And for mine, sir,—I will govern it.

P. Hen. Fare ye well; go. [*Exeunt Bardolph and Page.*]—This Doll Tear-sheet should be some road.

Poins. I warrant you, as common as the way between Saint Alban's and London.

P. Hen. How might we see Falstaff bestow himself to-night in his true colours, and not

re; but he did long in vain.
ed you to stay at home?
mours lost; years, and your

evenly glory brighten it
pon him, as the sun
f heaven: and, by his light,
y of England move
he was, indeed, the glass
youth did dress themselves.
t practised not his gait:
k, which nature made his

s of the valiant;
d speak low, and tardily,
own perfection to abuse,
So that, in speech, in gait,
is of delight,
rumours of blood,
and glass, copy and book,
bers. And him—O won-

—him did you leave,
nseconded by you,)
ideous god of war
o abide a field, [name
to the sound of Hotspur's
le:—so you left him:
o his ghost the wrong,
ur more precise and nice
with him; let them alone;
he archbishop, are strong:
Harry had but half their

anging on Hotspur's neck,
nmouth's grave.

Beshrew* your heart,
do draw my spirits from me,
ng ancient oversights.
I meet with danger there;
in another place,
e provided.

O, fly to Scotland,
s, and the armed commons,
sance made a little taste.
I get ground and vantage of

th them, like a rib of steel,
stronger; but, for all our

hemselves: So did your son;
; so came I a widow;
ave length of life enough,
embrance with mine eyes,
and sprout as high as heaven,
y noble husband.
come, go in with me: 'tis
ind,
well'd up unto its height,
stand, running neither way.
o meet the archbishop,
nd reasons hold me back:—
Scotland; there am I,

Till time and vantage crave my company.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. London. A Room in the Bear's
Head Tavern, in Eastcheap.

Enter Two Drawers.

1 Draw. What the devil hast thou brought
there? apple John? thou know'st sir John
cannot endure an apple-John.

2 Draw. Mass, thou sayest true: The prince
once set a dish of apple-Johns before him,
and told him, there were five more sir Johns:
and, putting off his hat, said, *I will now take
my leave of these six dry round, old with-
ered knights.* It angered him to the heart:
but he hath forgot that.

1 Draw. Why then, cover, and set them
down: And see if thou canst find out Sneak's
noise; mistress Tear-sheet would fain hear
some music. Despatch:—The room where
they supped, is too hot; they'll come in
straight.

2 Draw. Sirrah, here will be the prince,
and master Poins anon: and they will put on
two of our jerkins, and aprons; and sir John
must not know of it: Bardolph hath brought
word.

1 Draw. By the mass, here will be old
utis; It will be an excellent stratagem.

2 Draw. I'll see if I can find out Sneak.

[Exit.]

Enter Hostess and DOLL TEAR-SHEET.

Host. Faith, sweet heart, methinks now
you are in an excellent good temperality: your
pulse beats as extraordinarily as heart would
desire; and your colour, I warrant you, is as
red as any rose: But, faith, you have drunk
too much canaries; and that's a marvellous
searching wine, and it perfumes the blood ere
one can say,—What's this? How do you
now?

Dol. Better than I was. Hem.

Host. Why, that's well said; a good heart's
worth gold. Look, here comes sir John.

Enter FALSTAFF, singing.

Fal. *When Arthur first in court—Empty
the Jordan.—And was a worthy king:* [Exit
Drawer.] How now, mistress Doll?

Host. Sick of a calm: yea, good sooth.

Fal. So is all her sect; as they be once in
a calm, they are sick.

Dol. You muddy rascal, is that all the com-
fort you give me?

Fal. You make fat rascals, mistress Doll.

Dol. I make them! gluttony and diseases
make them; I make them not.

Fal. If the cook help to make the gluttony,
you help to make the diseases, Doll: we
catch of you, Doll, we catch of you; grant
that, my poor virtue, grant that.

Dol. Ay, marry; our chains, and our jewels.

Fal. *Your brooches, pearls, and oouches:—*
for to serve bravely, is to come halting off,

* Ill-betide. † An apple that will keep two years.
A street minstrel: a noise of musicians anciently signified a concert.
Merry doings.

you know: To come off the breach with his pike bent bravely, and to surgery bravely; to venture upon the charged chambers* bravely:—

Dol. Hang yourself, you muddy conger, hang yourself!

Host. By my troth, this is the old fashion; you two never meet, but you fall to some discord: you are both, in good troth, as rheumatic as two dry toasts; you cannot one bear with another's confirmities. What the good-year! one must bear, and that must be you: [To *DOLL*.] you are the weaker vessel, as they say, the emptier vessel.

Dol. Can a weak empty vessel bear such a huge full hog'shead? There's a whole merchant's venture of Bourdeaux stuff in him; you have not seen a hulk better stuffed in the hold.—Come, I'll be friends with thee, Jack: thou art going to the wars; and whether I shall ever see thee again, or no, there is nobody cares.

Re-enter Drawer.

Draw. Sir, ancient; Pistol's below, and would speak with you.

Dol. Hang him, swaggering rascal! let him not come hither: it is the foul mouth'd st rogue in England.

Host. If he swagger, let him not come here: no, by my faith; I must live amongst my neighbours; I'll no swaggerers: I am in good name and fame with the very best:—Shut

do not love swaggering; by my troth, I am the worse, when one says—swagger: feel, masters, how I shake; look you, I warrant you.

Dol. So you do, hostess.

Host. Do it yea, in very truth, do I, as 'twere an aspen leaf: I cannot abide swaggerers.

Enter Pistol, BARDOLPH, and Page.

Pist. 'Save you, sir John!

Fal. Welcome, ancient Pistol. Hail, Pistol, I charge you with a cup of sack: do you discharge upon mine hostess.

Pist. I will discharge upon her, sir John, with two bullets.

Fal. She is pistol-proof, sir; you shall hardly offend her.

Host. Come, I'll drink no proof, nor bullets: I'll drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleasure, I.

Pist. Then to you, mistress Dorothy: I will charge you.

Dol. Charge me? I scorn you, scurvy companion. What! you poor, base, rascally cheating, lacklinen mate! Away, you scoundrel rogue, away! I am meat for your master.

Pist. I know you, mistress Dorothy.

Dol. Away, you cut-purse rascal! you little bung, away! by this wine, I'll thrust my knive in your mouldy chaps, an you play the cuttle with me. Away, you bottle-ale rascal, you basket-hilt stale juggler, you!—Shut when, I pray you, sir?—What, with points on your shoulder? much**!

Page 471.] Good captain Pistol, be quiet; it is
 a sin, Pistol: I beseech you now, aggravate
 your sin.

Page 471.] These be good humours, indeed! Shall
 such horses,
 such gamper'd jades of Asia,
 cannot go but thirty miles a day,
 with Camars, and with Cannibals*,
 Trojan Greeks? nay, rather damn them
 to Carbars; and let the welkin roar. [with
 you full foul for toys?

Page 471.] By my troth, captain, these are very
 words.

Page 471.] Be gone, good ancient: this will
 be a brawl anon.

Page 471.] Like men, like dogs; give crowns like
 Haves we not Hiren here?

Page 471.] O' my word, captain, there's none
 here: What the good-year! do you think,
 I deny her? for God's sake, be quiet.

Page 471.] Then, feed, and be fat, my fair Call-
 Come, give's some sack.

Page 471.] *fortune me tormenta, sperato me*
contento.—

Page 471.] broadside? no, let the fiend give fire:
 some sack;—and, sweetheart, lie
 there. [Laying down his sword.

Page 471.] we so full points here; and are et
 cetera's nothing?

Page 471.] Pistol, I would be quiet.

Page 471.] Sweet knight, I kiss thy neck: What!
 have seen the seven stars.

Page 471.] Thrust him down stairs; I cannot
 reach a fustian rascal.

Page 471.] Thrust him down stairs! know we
 highway nags?!

Page 471.] Quoth I him down, Bardolph, like a
 great shilling: nay, if he do nothing but
 nothing, he shall be nothing here.

Page 471.] Come, get you down stairs.

Page 471.] What! shall we have incision? shall
 I imbue? [Snatching up his sword.

Page 471.] rock me asleep, abridge my dole-
 ful days!

Page 471.] let grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds
 the sisters three! Come, Atropos, I

Page 471.] Here's goodly stuff toward! [say!
 Give me my rapier, boy.

Page 471.] I pray thee, Jack, I pray thee, do not
 get you down stairs. [draw.

Page 471.] [Drawing, and driving PISTOL out.

Page 471.] Here's a goodly tumult! I'll forswear
 my house, afore I'll be in these thrills and

Page 471.] No; murder, I warrant now.—
 I'll put up your naked weapons, put
 your naked weapons.

Page 471.] [Exeunt PISTOL and BARDOLPH.

Page 471.] I pray thee, Jack, be quiet; the rascal
 Ah, you whoreson little valliant

Page 471.] son.

Page 471.] Are you not hurt i' the groin? me-
 he made a shrewd thrust at your belly.

Page 471.] Re-enter BARDOLPH.
 Have you turned him out of doors?

Page 471.] Bard. Yes, sir. The rascal's drunk: you
 have hurt him, sir, in the shoulder.

Page 471.] Fal. A rascal to brave me!

Page 471.] Dol. Ah, you sweet little rogue, you! Alas,
 poor ape, how thou sweat'st! Come, let me
 wipe thy face:—come on, you whoreson
 chops:—Ah, rogue! i' faith, I love thee. Thou
 art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five
 of Agameinnon, and ten times better than the
 nine worthies. Ah, villain!

Page 471.] Fal. A rascally slave! I will toss the rogue
 in a blanket.

Page 471.] Dol. Do, if thou darest for thy heart: if
 thou dost, I'll canvass thee between a pair of
 sheets.

Enter Music.

Page 471.] Page. The music is come, sir.

Page 471.] Fal. Let them play:—Play, sir.—Sit on
 my knee, Doll. A rascal bragging slave! the
 rogue fled from me like quicksilver.

Page 471.] Dol. I' faith, and thou follow'dst him like a
 church. Thou whoreson little tidy Barthole-
 mew boar-pig, when wilt thou leave fighting
 o'days, and foining** o' nights, and begin to
 patch up thine old body for heaven?

Page 471.] Enter behind Prince HENRY and POINS,
disguised like Drawers.

Page 471.] Fal. Peace, good Doll! do not speak like a
 death's head: do not bid me remember mine
 end.

Page 471.] Dol. Sirrah, what humour is the prince of?

Page 471.] Fal. A good shallow young fellow: he
 would have made a good pantler, he would
 have chipped bread well.

Page 471.] Dol. They say, Poins has a good wit.

Page 471.] Fal. He a good wit? hang him, baboon!
 his wit is as thick as Tewksbury mustard; there
 is no more conceit in him, than is in a mallet.

Page 471.] Dol. Why does the prince love him so then?

Page 471.] Fal. Because their legs are both of a big-
 ness: and he plays at quoits well; and eats
 conger and fennel; and drinks off candles'
 ends for flap-drasons; and rides the wild mare
 with the boys; and jumps upon joint-stools;
 and swears with a good grace; and wears his
 boot very smooth, like unto the sign of the
 leg; and breeds no bate with telling of discreet
 stories; and such other gambol faculties he
 hath, that show a weak mind and an able
 body, for the which the prince admits him:
 for the prince himself is such another; the
 weight of a hair will turn the scales between
 their avoiddupols.

Page 471.] P. Hen. Would not this nave of a wheel
 have his ears cut off?

Page 471.] Poins. Let's beat him before his whore.

Page 471.] P. Hen. Look, if the withered elder hath
 not his poll clawed like a parrot.

Page 471.] Poins. Is it not strange, that desire should
 so many years outlive performance?

Page 471.] Fal. Kiss me, Doll.

Page 471.] P. Hen. Saturn and Venus this year in con-
 junction: what says the almanac to that?

Page 471.] Poins. And, look, whether the fiery Trigon**

* Blender for Hannibal. † Parody of a line in the Battle of Alcazar, an old play.
 ; Fal. ‡ Common hackneys. § Throw. ¶ Part of an ancient song.
 .. ** Thrusting. †† An astronomical term.

his man, be not lisping to his master's old tables; his note-book, his counsel-keeper.

Fal. Thou dost give me flattering bosres.

Dol. Nay, truly; I kiss thee with a most constant heart.

Fal. I am old, I am old.

Dol. I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy young boy of them all.

Fal. What stuff wilt thou have a kirtle* of? I shall receive money on Thursday; thou shalt have a cap to-morrow. A merry song, come; it grows late, we'll to bed. Thou'lt forget me, when I am gone.

Dol. By my troth thou'lt set me a weeping, an thou sayest so: prove that ever I dress myself handsome till thy return.—Well, hearken the end.

Fal. Some sack, Francis.

P. Hen. *Poins.* Anon, anon, sir.

[*Advancing.*]

Fal. Ha! a bastard son of the king's?—And art not thou *Poins* his brother?

P. Hen. Why, thou globe of sinful continents, what a life dost thou lead?

Fal. A better than thou; I am a gentleman, thou art a drawer.

P. Hen. Very true, sir; and I come to draw you out by the ears.

Host. O, the Lord preserve thy good grace! by my troth, welcome to London.—Now the Lord bless that sweet face of thine! O Jesu, are you come from Wales?

Fal. Thou whoreson mad compound of majesty,—by this light flesh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome.

[*Leaning his hand upon Doll.*]

a careful friend, and a true subject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No more! Hal; none, Ned, none; no, boys, none.

P. Hen. See now, whether pure fear, an entire cowardice, doth not make thee woo this virtuous gentlewoman to close with me. Is she of the wicked? Is thine hostess here of the wicked? Or is the boy of the wicked? Or honest Bardolph, whose zeal burns in his nose, of the wicked?

Poins. Answer, thou dead elm, answer.

Fal. The fiend hath pricked down Bardolph irrecoverable; and his face is Lucifer's private kitchen, where he doth nothing but roast new worms. For the boy,—there is a good angel about him; but the devil outbids him too.

P. Hen. For the women,—

Fal. For one of them she is in hell already, and burns poor soul! For the other,—I love her money; and whether she be damned for that, I know not.

Host. No, I warrant you.

Fal. No, I think thou art not; I think thou art quit for that: Marry, there is another indictment upon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house, contrary to the law; for the which, I think, thou wilt howl.

Host. All victuallers do so; What's a year of mutton or two in the whole Lent?

P. Hen. You, gentlewoman,—

Dol. What says your grace?

Fal. His grace says that which his grace rebels against.

Host. Who knocks so loud at door? Look in the door there, Francis.

[*Enter Peter.*]



not speak;—If my heart be not
:—Well, sweet Jack, have a care

well, farewell.

Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.
R, fare thee well: I have known
twenty-nine years, come pen-and

time; but an honest, and truer-hearted
man,—Well, fare thee well.

Bard. [Within.] Mistress Tear-sheet,—

Host. What's the matter?

Bard. [Within.] Bidd mistress Tear-sheet
come to my master.

Host. O run, Doll, run; run, good Doll.

[Exeunt.]

ACT III.

I. A Room in the Palace.

Henry in his Nightgown, with
a Page.

So, call the earls of Surrey and of
Wick; [letters,
'come, bid them o'er-read these
consider of them: Make good
— [Exit Page.

housand of my poorest subjects
nor asleep!—Sleep, gentle sleep,
nurse, how have I frightened thee,
were wilt weigh my eye-lids down,
y senses in forgetfulness?
sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
pallets stretching thee, [bar;
with buzzing night-flies to thy slum-
perfumed chambers of the great,
naples of costly state,
with sounds of sweetest melody?
od, why liest thou with the vile,
o beds; and leav'st the kingly

, or a common 'larum bell?
now the high and giddy mast
hip-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
the rude imperious surge;
litation of the winds,
a ruffian billows by the top,
monstrous heads, and hanging

ing clamours in the slippery clouds,
so hasty*, death itself awakes?
O partial sleep! give thy repose
on-boy in an hour so rude;
silence and most stillest night,
stances and means to boot,
sing! Then, happy low+, lie down!
the head that wears a crown.

WARWICK and SURREY.
By good morrows to your majesty!
is it good morrow, lords?

Some o'clock, and past. [My lords.
Why then, good morrow to you all,
and o'er the letters that I sent you?

I have, my liege. [Kingdom
When you perceive, the body of our
is; what rank diseases grow,
hat danger, near the heart of it.
s but as a body, yet distemper'd;
former strength may be restored,
advice, and little medicine:—
Northumberland will soon be cool'd.
O heaven! that one might read the
of fate,

And see the revolution of the times
Make mountains level, and the continent
(Weary of solid firmness), melt itself
Into the sea! and, other times, to see
The beechy girdle of the ocean
Too wide for Neptune's hips; how chances
And changes fill the cup of alteration [mock,
With divers liquors! O, if this were seen,
The happiest youth,—viewing his progress
through,

What perils past, what crosses to ensue,—
Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.
'Tis not ten years gone, [friends,
Sings Richard, and Northumberland, great
Did feast together, and, in two years after,
Were they at wars? It is but eight years, since
This Percy was the man nearest my soul;
Who like a brother toil'd in my affairs,
And laid his love and life under my foot;
Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes of Richard,
Gave him defiance. But which of you was by,
(You, cousin Nevil, as I may remember),

[To WARWICK.

When Richard,—with his eye brimful of tears,
Then check'd and rated by Northumberland,—
Did speak these words, now proved a pro-
phesy?

Northumberland, thou ladder, by the which
My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne;
Though then, heaven knows, I had no such in-
But that necessity so bow'd the state, [tent;
That I and greatness were compell'd to kiss:—
The time shall come, thus did he follow it,
The time will come, that foul sin, gathering
head,

Shall break into corruption:—so went on,
Foretelling this same time's condition,
And the division of our amity.

War. There is a history in all men's lives,
Figuring the nature of the times deceased.
The which observed, a man may prophesy,
With a near aim, of the main chance of things
As yet not come to life; which in their seeds,
And weak beginnings, lie entreaured. [time;
Such things become the hatch and brood of
And, by the necessary form of this,
King Richard might create a perfect guess,
That great Northumberland, then false to him,
Would, of that seed, grow to a greater falseness;
Which should not find a ground to root upon,
Unless on you.

K. Hen. Are these things then necessities?
Then let us meet them like necessities:—
And that same word even now cries out on us:
They say, the bishop and Northumberland

* Noise.

+ Those in lowly situations.

Are fifty thousand strong.

Bar. It cannot be, my lord ;
Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,
The numbers of the fear'd :—Please it your
To go to bed ; upon my life, my lord, [grace,
The powers that you already have sent forth,
Shall bring this prize in very easily.

To comfort you the more, I have received
A certain instance, that Glendower is dead.
Your majesty hath been this fortnight ill ;
And these unseason'd hours, perforce, must add
Unto your sickness.

K. Hen. I will take your counsel :
And, were these inward wars once out of hand,
We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Court before Justice Shallow's
House in Gloucestershire.*

*Enter SHALLOW and SILENCE, meeting ;
MORDUN, SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE,
BULL-CALF, and Servants, behind.*

Shal. Come on, come on, come on ; give
me your hand, sir, give me your hand, sir : an
early stirrer, by the rood *. And how doth my
good cousin Silence ?

Sil. Good morrow, good cousin Shallow.

Shal. And how doth my cousin, your bed-
fellow ? and your fairest daughter, and mine,
my god-daughter Ellen ?

Sil. Alas ! a black onzel, cousin Shallow.

Shal. By yea and nay, sir, I dare say my
cousin William is become a good scholar : He
is at Oxford, still is he not ?

to all ; all shall die. How good a
bullocks at Stamford fair !

Sil. Truly, cousin, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certain.—Is old I
your town living yet ?

Sil. Dead, sir.

Shal. Dead !—See, see !—he drew
bow ;—And dead !—he shot a fine
John of Gaunt loved him well, an
much money on his head. Dead !—I
have clapped i' the clout at twelve score
carried you a forehand shaft a four
fourteen and a half, that it would be
a man's heart good to see.—How
ewes now ?

Sil. Thereafter as they be : a score
ewes may be worth ten pounds.

Shal. And is old Double dead ?

*Enter BARDOLPH, and one with
him.* Here come two of sir John
men as I think.

Bard. Good morrow, honest ge
I beseech you, which is justice Shal

Shal. I am Robert Shallow, sir,
esquire of this county, and one of th
justices of the peace : What is yo
pleasure with me ?

Bard. My captain, sir, commend
you : my captain, sir John Falstaff,
gentleman, by heaven, and a most
leader.

Shal. He greets me well, sir ; I k
a good backward man : How doth
bright ? may I ask him to dinner

worship is welcome.
that weather.—Gentlemen,
me here half a dozen suffi-

e we, sir. Will you sit?
them, I beseech you.
the roll? where's the roll?
—Let me see, let me see.
marry, sir:—Ralph Moul-
bear as I call; let them do
—Let me see; Where is

t please you.
ik you, sir John? a good-
man, strong, and of good

e Mouldy?
please you.
re time thou wert used.
at most excellent, i'faith!
ldy, lack use: Very singu-
l, well said, sir John; very

[To SHALLOW.
icked well enough before,
ve let me alone: my old
me now, for one to do her
r drudgery: you need not
e; there are other men fitter

ace, Mouldy, you shall go.
you were spent.

llow, peace; stand aside;
you are!—For the other,
see;—Simon Shadow!
let me have him to sit under:
ld soldier.
Shadow?

those son art thou?
er's son, sir.
er's son! like enough; and
so the son of the female is
male: It is often so, in-
th of the father's substance.
ke him, sir John?
ll serve for summer,—prick
a number of shadows to fill
t.
Wart!
st?
e Wart?

very ragged wart.
ick him, sir John?
erficious; for his apparel is
, and the whole frame stands
im no more.
it—you can do it, sir; you
mend you well.—Francis

art thou, Feeble?
tailor, sir.
ick him, sir?
but if he had been a

man's tailor, he would have pricked you.—
Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's
battle, as thou hast done in a woman's petti-
coat?

Fee. I will do my good will, sir; you can
have no more.

Fal. Well said, good woman's tailor! well
said, courageous Feeble! Thou wilt be as valiant
as the wrathful dove, or most magnanimous
mouse.—Prick the woman's tailor well, master
Shallow; deep, master Shallow.

Fee. I would Wart might have gone, sir.

Fal. I would thou wert a man's tailor; that
thou might'st mend him, and make him fit to
go. I cannot put him to a private soldier, that
is the leader of so many thousands: Let that
suffice, most forcible Feeble.

Fee. It shall suffice, sir.

Fal. I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble.

Who is next?

Shal. Peter Bull-calf of the green!

Fal. Yes, marry, let us see Bull-calf.

Bull. Here, sir.

Fal. 'Fore God, a likely fellow!—Come,
prick me Bull-calf till he roar again.

Bull. O lord! good my lord captain!

Fal. What, dost thou roar before thou art
pricked?

Bull. O lord, sir! I am a diseased man.

Fal. What disease hast thou?

Bull. A whorem cold, sir; a cough, sir;
which I caught with ringing in the king's af-
fairs, upon his coronation-day, sir.

Fal. Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a
gown; we will have away thy cold; and I will
take such order, that thy friends shall ring for
thee.—Is here all?

Shal. Here is two more called than your
number; you must have but four here, sir;—
and so, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

Fal. Come, I will go drink with you, but I
cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, in
good troth, master Shallow.

Shal. O, sir John, do you remember since
we lay all night in the windmill in Saint
George's fields.

Fal. No more of that, good master Shallow,
no more of that.

Shal. Ha, it was a merry night. And is
Jane Night-work alive?

Fal. She lives, master Shallow.

Shal. She never could away with me.

Fal. Never, never: she would always say,
she could not abide master Shallow.

Shal. By the mass, I could anger her to the
heart. She was then a bona-roba. Doth she
hold her own well?

Fal. Old, old, master Shallow.

Shal. Nay, she must be old; she cannot
choose but be old; certain she's old; and had
Robin Night-work by old Night-work, before
I came to Clement's-inn.

Sh. That's fifty-five year ago.

Shal. Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hadst
seen that that this knight and I have seen!—
Ha, sir John, said I well.

Fal. We have heard the chimes at midnight,
master Shallow.

Shal. That we have, that we have, that we have; in faith, sir John, we have; our watchword was, *Hon. boys*!—Come, let's to dinner; come, let's to dinner:—O, the days that we have seen!—Come, come.

[Exit FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, and SILENCE.]

Bard. Good master corporate Bardolph, stand my friend; and here is four Harry ten shillings in French crowns for you. In very truth, sir, I had as lief be hanged, sir, as go; and yet, for mine own part, sir, I do not care; but, rather, because I am unwilling, and, for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my friends; else, sir, I did not care, for mine own part, so much.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Moul. And good master corporal captain, for my old dame's sake, stand my friend: she has nobody to carry thing about her, when I am gone; and she is old, and cannot help herself: you shall have forty, sir.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Fal. By my troth I care not; a man can die but once;—we owe God a death:—I'll ne'er bear a base mind:—can't be my destiny, so; can't be not, so: No man's too good to serve his prince; and, let it go which way it will, he that dies this year is quit for the next.

Bard. Well said; thou'rt a good fellow.

Fal. Faith, I'll bear no base mind.

Re-enter FALSTAFF and Justices.

Fal. Come, sir, which men shall I have?

spare me the great ones. Put me into Wart's hand, Bardolph.

Bard. Hold, Wart, traverse; thus.

Fal. Come, manage me your cal—very well:—go to:—very good:—good.—O, give me always a little, chapped, bald shot. Well said, if thou'rt a good scab: hold, there's thee.

Shal. He is not his craft's-master, not do it right. I remember at Mile (when I lay at Clement's inn,—I w Dagonet in Arthur's show), there a quiver fellow, and 'a would man's piece thus: and 'a would about, and come you in, and come you in: *rah* would 'a say; *bounce*, would 'a say; again would 'a go, and again would I shall never see such a fellow.

Fal. These fellows will do w Shallow.—God keep you, master will not use many words with you: well, gentlemen both: I thank you dozen mile to night.—Bardolph, g dic's coats.

Shal. Sir John, heaven bless you per your affairs, and send us peace return, visit my house; let our old ance be renewed: peradventure, I you to the court.

Fal. I would you would, master

Shal. Go to; I have spoke, a Fare you well.



SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.

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John of Gaunt, he beat his own
 r you might have trust'd him, and
 rel, into an eel-skin; the case of a
 boy was a mansion for him, a
 now has he land and heaves.
 ll be acquainted with him, if I re-

turn: and it shall go hard, but I will make him
 a philosopher's two stones to me: If the young
 dace be a bait for the old pike, I see no rea-
 son, in the law of nature, but I may snap at
 him. Let time shape, and there an end.

[Exit.]

ACT IV.

I. A Forest in Yorkshire.

Archbishop of York, MOWBRAY,
 LAUNTON, and Others.

What is this forest call'd?
 Is Gauntree forest, an't shall please
 grace. [covers forth,
 ere stand, my lords; and send dis-
 se numbers of our enemies.
 I have sent forth already.

'Tis well done.
 , and brethren in these great affairs,
 mint you that I have received
 letters from Northumberland;
 stent, tenour, and substance, thus:—
 se wish his person, with such powers
 old sortance† with his quality,
 he could not levy; whereupon
 id, to ripe his growing fortunes,
 d: and concludes in hearty prayers,
 attempts may overlive the hazard,
 I meeting of their opposite.
 Thus do the hopes we have in him
 h ground,
 themselves to pieces.

Enter a Messenger.

Now, what news?
 Vest of this forest, scarcely off a
 form comes on the enemy: [mile,
 se ground they hide, I judge their
 iber
 ear, the rate of thirty thousand.
 The just proportion that we gave
 a ost.

ly on, and face them in the field.

Enter WESTMORELAND.

What well-appointed leader fronts
 are? [land.

I think it is my lord of Westmore-
 leath and fair greeting from our
 wal,
 , lord John and duke of Lancaster.
 lay on, my lord of Westmoreland,
 a concern your coming? [in peace;

Then, my lord,
 grace do I in chief address
 me of my speech. If that rebellion
 itself, in base and abject routs,
 bloody youth, guarded with rage,
 anaced by boys, and beggary;
 man'd commotion so appear'd,
 , native, and most proper shape,
 rend father, and these noble lords,
 can here, to dress the ugly form
 id bloody insurrection
 fair honours. You, lord archbishop,

this, slender.

† Be suitable.

Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd;
 Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath
 touch'd; [tutor'd;

Whose learning and good letters peace hath
 Whose white investments figure innocence,
 The dove and very blessed spirit of peace,—
 Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself,
 Out of the speech of peace, that bears such grace
 Into the harsh and bolstrous tongue of war?
 Turning your books to graves, your ink to blood
 Your pens to lances; and your tongue divine
 To a loud trumpet, and a point of war?

Arch. Wherefore do I this?—so the ques-
 tion stands.

Briefly to this end:—We are all diseased;
 And, with our surfeiting, and wanton hours,
 Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,
 And we must bleed for it: of which disease
 Our late king, Richard, being infected, died.
 But, my most noble lord of Westmoreland,
 I take not on me here as a physician;
 Nor do I, as an enemy to peace,
 Troop in the throngs of military men:
 But rather, show awhile like fearful war,
 To diet rank minds, sick of happiness;
 And purge the obstructions, which begin to stop
 Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly.
 I have in equal balance justly weigh'd
 What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs
 we suffer,

And find our griefs § heavier than our offences.
 We see which way the stream of time doth run,
 And are enforced from our most quiet sphere
 By the rough torrent of occasion:
 And have the summary of all our griefs,
 When time shall serve, to show in articles;
 Which, long ere this, we offer'd to the king,
 And might by no self gain our audience:
 When we are wrong'd, and would unfold our
 We are denied access unto his person, [griefs,
 Even by those men that most have done us
 wrong.

The dangers of the days but newly gone,
 (Whose memory is yet written on the earth
 With yet-appearing blood,) and the examples
 Of every minute's instance, (present now,)
 Have put us in these ill-becoming arms:
 Not to break peace, or any branch of it;
 But to establish here a peace indeed,
 Concurring both in name and quality.

West. Whenever yet was your appeal de-
 nied?

Wherein have you been galled by the king?
 What peer has been scorn'd to grate on you?
 That you should seal this lawless bloody book
 Of forged rebellion with a seal divine,

§ Completely accounted.

§ Griever

And conserve to him that's left the bitter edge!

Arch. My brother's wealth, the common-wealth,

To brotherhood, not to be sold to cruelty,
I make my speech in particular.

West. There is none of any such redress;
Oh, it there were, it should be due to you: all,

Mowb. Well, it is true, in part; and thus
that to the honour of the prince before;

And all the more, I think these times

To live in peace, and unequal hand
Upon our persons?

West. O my good lord Mowbray,

Continue the times to their necessities,

And you shall say indeed, 'tis the time

And not the man, that doth you injuries.

Yet, for your part, it is not proper to me,

Either from the king, or in the present time,

That you should have an inch of any ground

To build a grief on: Were you not restored

To all the duke of Norfolk's dignities,

To all his lands, and right well remember'd father's?

Mowb. What thing, in honour, had my father

That need to be revived, and breathed in me?

The king, that loved him, as the state stood

then,

Was, force perforce, compel'd to banish him:

And then when Harry Bolingbroke, and he,—

Being mounted, and both roused in their seats,

Each neighing concurs daring of the spur,

Their armed staves in charge, their beavers

down,—

Their eyes of fire sparkling through sights of

You shall enjoy them; every thing

That might so much as think you a

Mowb. But he hath forced us to

And it proceeds from policy, not l

West. Mowbray, you overwee

it so;

This offer comes from mercy, not fi

For lo! within a ken, our army li

Upon mine honour, all too confide

To give admittance to a thought of

Our battle is more full of a more th

Our men more perfect in the use of

Our armour all as strong, our cause

Then reason wills our hearts should

Say you not, then, our offer is com

Mowb. Well, by my will, we sh

parley.

West. That argues but the sham

A rotten case abides no handling.

Hast. Hath the prince John a fall

In very ample virtue of his father,

To hear, and absolutely to determin

Of what conditions we shall stand

West. That is intended in t

I muse, you make so slight a quest

Arch. Then take, my lord of We

this schedule;

For this contains our general griev

Each several article herein redress

All members of our cause, both her

That are insnew'd to this action,

Acquitted by a true substantial for

And prevent execution of our wills

To us, and to our purposes, conside

in picking^o grievances :
 I shew our doubt by death,
 I'er in the heirs of life.
 I'll be wipe his tables[†] clean ;
 I'll be to his memory,
 And history his loss
 mee : For tell well he knows,
 I'll weed this land,
 I'll present occasion :
 I'll root with his friends,
 I'll snuff an enemy,
 I'll so, and shake a friend.
 I'll like an offensive wife,
 I'll him on to offer strokes,
 I'll hold his infant up,
 I'll d correction in the arm
 to execution. (rods
 the king hath wasted all his
 that he now doth lack
 sta of chastisement :
 I'll, like to a fangless lion,
 I'll hold.

'Tis very true ;—
 I'll assured, my good lord marshal,
 I'll be our atonement well,
 I'll be a broken limb mended,
 I'll be the breaking.

Be it so.
 My lord of Westmoreland.
 WESTMORELAND.
 I'll be here at hand : Pleaseth
 I'll, [armies ?
 I'll be just distance 'tween our
 I'll be face of York, in God's name
 I'll be ward.
 I'll be and greet his grace :—my
 I'll be me. [Exeunt.]

Other Part of the Forest.
 I'll be, MOWBRAY, the Arch-
 I'll be, ios, and Others : from the
 I'll be, since JOHN of Lancaster,
 I'll be, ed, Officers, and Attend-

I'll be are well encounter'd here,
 I'll be Mowbray :—
 I'll be gentle lord archbishop ;—
 I'll be d Hastings,—and to all.—
 I'll be It better shew'd with you,
 I'll be ock, assembled by the bell,
 I'll be hear with reverence
 I'll be n the holy text ;
 I'll be on here an Iron man[†],
 I'll be rebels with your drum,
 I'll be to sword, and life to death.
 I'll be within a monarch's heart,
 I'll be sunshine of his favour,
 I'll be the countenance of the king,
 I'll be I'll be might he set abroad,
 I'll be greatness ! With you, lord

I'll be ho hath not heard it spoken,
 I'll be re within the books of God ?
 I'll be in his parliament ;
 I'll be d voice of God himself ;

The very opener, and intelligencer,
 Between the grace, the sanctities of heaven,
 And our dull workings : O, who shall believe
 But you misuse the reverence of your place ;
 Employ the countenance and grace of heaven
 As a false favourite doth his prince's name,
 In deeds dishonourable ! You have taken up
 Under the counterfeit'd zeal of God,
 The subjects of his substitute, my father ;
 And, both against the peace of heaven and him,
 Have here up-swarm'd them.

Arch. Good my lord of Lancaster,
 I am not here against your father's peace :
 But, as I told my lord of Westmoreland,
 The time misorder'd doth, in common sense,
 Crowd us, and crush us, to this monstrous form,
 To hold our safety up. I sent your grace
 The parcels and particulars of our grief ;
 The which hath been with scorn shov'd from
 the court,
 Whereon this Hydra son of war is born :
 Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd
 asleep,

With grant of our most just and right desires ;
 And true obedience of this madness cased,
 Stoop tamely to the foot of majesty.

Mowb. If not, we ready are to try our fortunes
 To the last man.

Hast. And though we here fall down,
 We have supplies to second our attempt ;
 If they miscarry, theirs shall second them :
 And so, success[†] of mischief shall be born ;
 And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up,
 Whiles England shall have generation.

P. John. You are too shallow, Hastings,
 much too shallow,
 To sound the bottom of the after-times.

West. Pleaseth your grace, to answer them
 directly,

How far-forth you do like their articles ?

P. John. I like them all, and do allow^o
 them well :

And swear here by the honour of my blood,
 My father's purposes have been mistook ;
 And some about him have too lavishly
 Wrested his meaning, and authority.—
 My lord, these griefs shall be with speed re-
 dress'd. [you,

Upon my soul, they shall. If this may please
 Discharge your powers^{††} unto their several
 counties,

As we will ours : and here, between the armies,
 Let's drink together friendly, and embrace ;
 That all their eyes may bear those tokens home,
 Of our restored love, and unity.

Arch. I take your princely word for these
 redresses.

P. John. I give it you, and will maintain my
 word :

And thereupon I drink unto your grace.

Hast. Go, captain, [To an Officer,] and de-
 liver to the army [part :

This news of peace ; let them have pay, and
 I know it will please them : I'll be, captain.

Exit Officer.

Insignificant.

† Raised in arms.

† Book for memoranda.

† Succession.

† Glad in armour.

o Approve. †† For

Arch. To you, my noble lord of Westmoreland. (knew what pains

West. I pledge your grace: And, if you I have bestow'd, to breed this present peace, You would drink freely: but my love to you Shall show itself more openly hereafter.

Arch. I do not doubt you.

West. I am glad of it.—

Health to my lord, and gentle cousin, Mowbray. (season;

Mowb. You wish me health in very happy For I am, on the sudden, something ill.

Arch. Against ill chances, men are ever merry;

But heaviness foreruns the good event.

West. Therefore be merry, coz; since sudden sorrow (morrow.

Serve to say thus,—Some good thing comes to—

Arch. Believe me, I am passing light in spirit.

Mowb. So much the worse, if your own rule be true. (Shouts within.

P. John. The word of peace is render'd;

Hark, how they shout!

Mowb. This had been cheerful, after victory.

Arch. A peace is of the nature of a conquest; For then both parties nobly are subdued, And neither party loser.

P. John. Go, my lord,

And let our army be discharged too.— (Exit WESTMORELAND.

And, good my lord, so please you, let our trains March by us; that we may peruse the men

We should have coped withal.

Arch. Go, good lord Hastings.

Most shallowly did you these arms Fondly brought here, and foolishly Strike up our drums, pursue it

Heaven, and not we, hath safely Some guard these traitors to the blo Treason's true bed, and yielder up o

SCENE III. Another Part of Alarums: Excursions. Enter and COLEVILE, meeting

Fal. What's your name, sir? condition are you: and of what place, I

Cole. I am a knight, sir; and my Coleville of the dale.

Fal. Well then, Coleville is your knight is your degree; and your place Coleville shall still be your name; a degree; and the dungson your place deep enough; so shall you still be the dale.

Cole. Are not you sir John Falstaf

Fal. As good a man as he, sir, w Do ye yield, sir? or shall I sweat if do sweat, they are drops of thy love weep for thy death: therefore rise trembling, and do observance to me

Cole. I think you are sir John Falstaf in that thought, yield me.

Fal. I have a whole school of this belly of mine; and not a tongue speaks any other word but my name but a belly of any indifferency. I

How can I beseech your grace, let it be with the rest of this day's doings; or, least, I will have it in a particular that I will mine own picture on the top of my knee kissing my foot: To the which if I be enforced, if you don't allow it, I will give you as much as the devil hath the clinders of the element, which he puts his hands to her; believe not the words of the noble. Therefore let me have and let desert mount.

How. This's too heavy to mount.

Let it shine then.

How. This's too thick to shine.

Let it do something, my good lord, say do me good, and call it what you

How. Is thy name Coleville?

It is, my lord.

How. A famous rebel art thou, Cole-

vill. And a famous true subject took him, my lord, but as my betters are, I am higher: had they been ruled by me, I should have won them dearer than you have.

I know not how they sold themselves: on, like a kind fellow, gavest thyself and I thank thee for thee.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

How. Now, have you left pursuit?

West. Retreat is made, and execution stay'd.

How. Send Coleville, with his confeder-

ate, to present execution:—

West. And him hence; and see you guard him

How. (Exeunt some with COLEVILLE.)

My despatch we toward the court, my

king my father is sore sick: [lords;

we shall go before us to his majesty;—

West. You shall bear, to comfort him;

to with sober speed will follow you.

How. My lord, I beseech you, give me leave

through Gloucestershire: and, when you

revert, stand my good lord's, 'pray, in

and report.

How. Fare you well, Falstaff: I, in my

undisputed, speak of you than you deserve.

[Exit.]

I would you had but the wit; 'twere

your dukedom.—Good faith, this

young sober-blooded boy doth not love

as a man cannot make him laugh;—but

surprised, he drinks no wine. There's

the of these demure boys come to any

now this drink doth so over-cool their

and making many fish-meals, that they

it's kind of male green-sickness; and

when they marry, they get wenches;

generally fools and cowards;—which

there should be too, but for inflammation,

ethereal-sack hath a two-fold operation

it ascends me into the brain; dries me

the flesh, and dull, and crudy va-

some which survive it: makes to apprehen-
not, quick, forgiving, full of mirth, merry,
and delectable chaps; which delivered o'er
to the voice, (the tongue) which is the birth,
becomes excellent wit. A little second property
of your excellent sherris is, the warming of
the blood; which, before cold and settled, left
the liver white and pale, which is the badge of
pusillanimity and cowardice: but the sherris
warms it, and makes it course from the in-
wards to the parts extreme. It brightens the
face; which, as a banner, gives warning to all
the rest of this little kingdom, 'march to arms:
and then the vital compassers, and inland
poetry spirits, muster me all to their captain,
the heart; who, great, and galled up with this
retinue, doth any deed of courage; and this
valour comes of sherris: So that skill in the
weapon is nothing, without sack: for that sets
it a work: and learning, a mere board of gold
kept by a devil: till sack committes it, and
sets it in act and use. Heretofore comes it, that
prince Harry is valiant: for the cold blood he
did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like
lean, sturl, and bare hand, manured, hus-
banded, and tilled, with excellent endeavour
of drinking good, and good store of fertile
sherris; that he is become very hot, and va-
liant. If I had a thousand sons, the first hu-
man principle I would teach them, should be,
—to forswear thin potations, and addict them-
selves to sack.

Enter BARDOLPH.

How now, Bardolph?

Bard. The army is discharged all, and gone.

Fal. Let them go. I'll through Gloucestershire; and there will I visit master Robert Shallow, esquire: I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I seal with him. Come away.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. Westminster. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King HENRY, CLARENCE, Prince HUMPHREY, WARWICK, and Others.

K. Hen. Now, lords, if heaven doth give successful end

To this debate that bleedeth at our doors, We will our youth lead on to higher fields, And draw no swords but what are sanctified. Our navy is address'd, our power collected, Our substitutes in absence well invested, And every thing lies level to our wish: Only, we want a little personal strength; And pass us, till these rebels, now afoot, Come underneath the yoke of government.

War. Both which, we doubt not, but you Shall soon enjoy.

K. Hen. Humphrey, my son of Gloucester Where is the prince your brother?

P. Humph. I think he's gone to London, my lord, at Windsor.

K. Hen. And how accompanied?

P. Humph. I do not know, my lord.

Alas, good friend, I in my private temper, I have been a little too much in the study of the book of the

K. Hen. Is not his brother, Thomas of Clarence, with him? [presence here.

P. Humph. No, my good lord; he is in *Cl.* What would my lord and father!

K. Hen. Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence. (brother!

How chance thou art not with the prince thy He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him, Thomas;

Thou hast a better place in his affection, Than all thy brothers: cherish it, my boy; And noble offices thou may'st effect Of mediation, after I am dead,

Between his greatness and thy other brethren: Therefore, omit him not; blunt not his love: Nor lose the good advantage of his grace, By seeming cold, or careless of his will.

For he is gracious, if he be observed*; He hath a tear for pity, and a hand Open as day for melting charity:

Yet notwithstanding, being incensed, he's flint; As humorous as winter, and as sudden As flaws congealed in the spring of day.

His temper, therefore, must be well observed: Chide him for faults, and do it reverently, When you perceive his blood inclined to mirth:

But, being moody, give him line and scope: Till that his passions, like a whale on ground, Confound themselves with working. Learn

this Thomas, And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends;

A house of gold, to bind thy brethren to:

Be look'd upon, and learn'd: w attain'd,

Your highness knows, comes to no But to be known, and hated. So, terms,

The prince will, in the perfectness Cast off his followers: and their m Shall as a pattern or a measure live By which his grace must mete t Turning past evils to advantages.

K. Hen. 'Tis seldom, when th leave her comb

In the dead carrion.—Who's here, Enter WESTMORELAND

West. Health to my sovereign! Added to that that I am to deliver! Prince John, your son, doth kiss y hand:

Mowbray, the bishop Scroop, Hasti Are brought to the correction of yo There is not now a rebel's sword at But peace puts forth her olive ever The manner how this action hath Here at more leisure may your hig With every course, in his particula

K. Hen. O Westmoreland, tho mer bird,

Which ever in the haunch of winte The lifting up of day. Look! here's

Enter HARDCOURT.

Har. From enemies heaven ke

P. Humph. The people fear me*; for they do observe
whether'd beirs†, and loathly birds of nature:
in seasons change their manners, as the year;
and found some months asleep, and leap'd
them over. [between:]

Cla. The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb
of the old folk, time's dotting chronicles,
yet, it did so a little time before
our great grandaire, Edward, sick'd and
died. [covers.]

War. Speak lower, princes, for the king re-
P. Humph. This apoplex will, certain, be
his end. [me hence]

K. Hen. I pray you, take me up, and bear
me some other chamber: softly, pray.

[They convey the King into an inner
part of the room, and place him on
a Bed.]

at there be no noise made, my gentle friends;
blow some dull and favourable hand
the whisper music to my weary spirit.

War. Call for the music in the other room.

K. Hen. Set me the crown upon my pillow
here.

Cla. His eye is hollow, and he changes much.
War. Less noise, less noise.

Enter Prince Henry.

P. Hen. Who saw the duke of Clarence?

Cla. I am here, brother, full of heaviness.

P. Hen. How now! rain within doors, and
how doth the king? [none abroad!]

P. Humph. Exceeding ill.

P. Hen. Heard he the good news yet?
till him.

P. Humph. He altered much upon the hear-

P. Hen. If he be sick [ing it.]

joy, he will recover without physic.

War. Not so much noise, my lords:—sweet
prince, speak low;

king, your father, is disposed to sleep.

Cla. Let us withdraw into the other room.

War. Will't please your grace to go along
with us?

P. Hen. No: I will sit and watch here by
the king. [Exit all but P. Henry.]

My doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,
how so troublesome a bedfellow?

poll'd perturbation! golden care!

but keep't the ports of slumber open wide
to many a watchful night!—sleep with it now!

of not so sound, and half so deeply sweet,

like, whose brow, with homely biggins bound,
shows out the watch of night. O majesty!

When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit
in a rich armour worn in heat of day,

and seals with safety. By his gates of breath,

there lies a downy feather, which stirs not:

and he aspires, that light and weightless down
must move—My gracious lord! my

father!—

that sleep is sound indeed; this is a sleep,
that from this golden rigol† hath divorced
our English kings. Thy due, from me,

is tears, and heavy sorrows of the blood;
Which nature, love, and filial tenderness,
Shall, O dear father, pay thee piteously:
My due, from thee, is this imperial crown;
Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,
Derives itself to me. Lo, here it sits,—

[Putting it on his hand.]

Which heaven shall guard: And put the
world's whole strength

Into one giant arm, it shall not force
This lineal honour from me: This from thee

Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me. [Exit.]

K. Hen. Warwick! Gloucester! Clarence!

Re-enter Warwick, and the rest.

Cla. Doth the king call?

War. What would your majesty? How
fares your grace? [my lords!]

K. Hen. Why did you leave me here alone,

Cla. We left the prince my brother here,
my liege,

Who undertook to sit and watch by you.

K. Hen. The prince of Wales? Where is
he? let me see him;

He is not here.

War. This door is open; he is gone this way.

P. Humph. He came not through the cham-
ber where we stay'd. [from my pillow.]

K. Hen. Where is the crown? Who took it?

War. When we withdrew, my liege, we
left it here. [go, seek him out,]

K. Hen. The prince hath ta'en it hence:—
Is he so hasty, that he doth suppose

My sleep my death?—

Find him, my lord of Warwick; chide him
hither. [Exit Warwick.]

This part of his conjoins with my disease,
And helps to end me.—See, sons, what things

How quickly nature falls into revolt, [you are!]
When gold becomes her object!

For this the foolish over-careful fathers

Have broke their sleep with thoughts, their

Their bones with industry: [brains with care,]

For this they have engross'd and piled up

The canker'd heaps of strange-achiev'd gold;

For this they have been thoughtful to invest

Their sons with arts, and martial exercises:

When, like the bee, tolling, from every flower

The virtuous sweets; [honey,]

Our thighs packed with wax, our mouths with

We bring it to the hive; and, like the bees,

Are murder'd for our pains. This bitter taste

Yield his engrossments to the ending father.—

Re-enter Warwick.

Now, where is he that will not stay so long

Till his friend sickness hath determin'd [me?]

War. My lord, I found the prince in the

next room,

Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks;

With such a deep demeanour in great sorrow,

That tyranny, which never quash'd but blood,

Would, by beholding him, have wash'd his knife

With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.

K. Hen. But wherefore did he take away the

crown?

* Make me afraid.

on Oct. 22, 1417.

† *Claudio.*

† Monsters.

‡ Melancholy, soothing.

§ Taking toll.

‡ As if the year.

¶ Gather.

‡ Accumulations.

§ An historical fact.

¶ *Claudio.*

‡ Ended.

Re-enter Prince HENRY.

I., where he comes.—Come hither to me,
Harry:—

Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.

[*Exit CLARENCE, Prince HUMPHREY,
Lords, &c.*]

P. Hen. I never thought to hear you speak
again. [thought:]

K. Hen. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that
I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.

Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair,
That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine
honours

Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!

Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm
Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity [thee.

Is held from falling with so weak a wind,
That it will quickly drop: my day is dim. [hours,

Thou hast stolen that, which, after some few
Were thine without offence; and, at my death,

Thou hast seal'd up my expectation*:
Thy life did manifest thou lov'dst me not,

And thou wilt have me die assured of it.
Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts;

Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
To stab at half an hour of my life.

What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour?
Then get thee gone, and dig my grave thyself;

And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear,
That thou art crown'd, not that I am dead.

Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse,
Be drops of balm, to sanctify thy head:

Long guard it yours! If I affect it more,
Than as your honour, and as your renown,

Let me no more from this obedience rise,
(Which my most true and inward-duties night

Teacheth), this prostrate and exterior bending
Heaven witness with me, when I here came in

And found no course of breath within your
majesty,

How cold it struck my heart! If I do feign,
O, let me in my present wildness die;

And never live to show the incredulous world
The noble change that I have purposed!

Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,
(And dead almost, my liege, to think you woe,

I spake unto the crown, as having sense,
And thus upbraided it. *The care on this*

depending,
Hath fed upon the body of my father;

Therefore, thou, best of gold, art worth
gold,

Other, less fine in carat, is more precious
Preserving life in medicine potable;

But thou, most fine, most honour'd, most
renown'd, [long]

Hast eat thy bearer up. Thus, my most royal
Accusing it, I put it on my head;

To try with it,—as with an enemy,
That had before my face murder'd my father—

The quarrel of a true inheritor.
But if it did infect my blood with joy,

Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride,
If any rebel or vain spirit of mine

firm enough, since griefs are green;
friends, which thou must make thy
do, [out;
their stings and teeth newly ta'en
fell working I was first advanced,
one power I well might lodge a fear
displaced: which to avoid,
off; and had a purpose now
many to the Holy Land;
dying still, might make them look
to my state. Therefore, my Harry,
nurse, to busy giddy minds [out,
in quarrels; that action, hence borne
the memory of the former days.
d I, but my lungs are wasted so,
th of speech is utterly denied me.
se by the crown, O God, forgive!
I may with thee in true peace live!
My gracious liege,
wore it, kept it, gave it me;
and right, must my possession be:
th more than with a common pain,
the world will rightfully maintain.

Enter Prince JOHN of LANCASTER, WAR-
WICK, Lords, and Others.
K. Hen. Look, look, here comes my John
of Lancaster. [royal father!
P. John. Health, peace, and happiness to my
K. Hen. Thou bring'st me happiness, and
peace, son John;
But health, alas, with youthful wings is flown
From this bare, wither'd trunk: upon thy sight,
My worldly business makes a period.—
Where is my lord of Warwick?
P. Hen. My lord of Warwick!
K. Hen. Doth any name particular belong
Unto the lodging where I first did swoon?
War. 'Tis call'd Jerusalem, my noble lord.
K. Hen. Laud be to God!—even there my
life must end.
It hath been prophesied to me many years,
I should not die but in Jerusalem;
Which vainly I supposed, the Holy Land:—
But, bear me to that chamber; there I'll lie;
In that Jerusalem shall Harry die. [Exeunt.

ACT V.

. Glostershire. A Hall in Shal-
low's House.
ALLOW, FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH,
and Page.
y cock and pye, sir, you shall not
ght.—What, Davy, I say!
a must excuse me, master Robert
will not excuse you; you shall not
I; excuses shall not be admitted;
excuse shall serve; you shall not be
Why, Davy!
Enter DAVY.
Here, sir.
Davy, Davy, Davy,—let me see,
me see:—yea, marry, William cook,
me hither.—Sir John, you shall not
Marry, sir, thus;—those precepts
served: and again, sir,—Shall we
adland with wheat?
With red wheat, Davy. But for Wil-
—Are there no young pigeons?
Yes, sir.—Here is now the smith's
boeing, and plough-irons.
et it be cast, and paid:—sir John,
not be excused.
Now, sir, a new link to the bucket
be had:—And, sir, do you mean to
William's wages, about the sack he
ber day at Hinckley fair?
I shall answer it:—Some pigeons,
couple of short-legged hens; a joint
; and any pretty little tiny kick-
William cook.
Both the man of war stay all night,
es, Davy. I will use him well; A

friend of the court is better than a penny in
purse. Use his men well, Davy; for they are
arrant knaves, and will backbite.
Davy. No worse than they are back-bitten,
sir; for they have marvellous foul linen.
Shal. Well conceited, Davy. About thy
business, Davy.
Davy. I beseech you, sir, to countenance
William Visor of Wincot against Clement
Perkes of the hill.
Shal. There are many complaints, Davy,
against that Visor; that Visor is an arrant
knave, on my knowledge.
Davy. I grant your worship, that he is a
knave, sir: but yet, God forbid, sir, but a
knave should have some countenance at his
friend's request. An honest man, sir, is able
to speak for himself, when a knave is not. I
have served your worship truly, sir, this eight
years; and if I cannot once or twice in a
quarter bear out a knave against an honest
man, I have but a very little credit with your
worship. The knave is mine honest friend,
sir; therefore, I beseech your worship, let him
be countenanced.
Shal. Go to; I say, he shall have no wrong.
Look about, Davy. [Exit DAVY.] Where are
you, sir John? Come, off with your boots.—
Give me your hand, master Bardolph.
Bard. I am glad to see your worship.
Shal. I thank thee with all my heart, kind
master Bardolph:—and welcome, my tall
fellow. [To the Page.] Come, sir John.
[Exit SHALLOW.
Fal. I'll follow you, good master Robert
Shallow. Bardolph, look to our horses.
[Exeunt BARDOLPH and Page.] If I were
sawed into quantities, I should make four
dozen of such bearded hermits as thou

SHALLOW, I would humour his men, with the
 imputation of being near their master: if to
 his men, I would carry with Master Shallow,
 that is, a man could better command his ser-
 vants. It is certain, that either wise bearing,
 or gentle and courteous, is caught, as men take
 diseases, one of another: therefore, let men
 take heed of their company. I will devise
 matter enough out of this Shallow, to keep
 prince Harry in continual laughter, the wear-
 ing out of six fashions, (which is four terms, or
 two actions), and he shall laugh without in-
 termissions. O, it is much, that a lie, with a
 slight oath, and jest, with a sad brow, will
 do with a fellow that never had the ache in
 his shoulders! O, you shall see him laugh,
 till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up.

Shal. [Within.] Sir John!

Fal. I come, master Shallow; I come,
 master Shallow. [Exit FALSTAFF.]

SCENE II. Westminster. A Room in the
 Palace.

Enter WARWICK, and the Lord Chief
 Justice.

War. How now, my lord chief justice?
 whither away?

Ch. Just. How doth the king?

War. Exceeding well; his cares are now

Ch. Just. I hope, not dead. [all ended.]

War. He's walk'd the way of nature;
 And, to our purposes, he lives no more.

Ch. Just. I would, his majesty had call'd
 me with him:

The service that I truly did his life,
 Hath left me open to all injuries. [you not.]

War. Indeed, I think, the young king loves

Ch. Just. I know, he doth not; and do arm
 myself.

To welcome the condition of the time;

you stand in coldest expecta-
 I am the sorrier; 'would, 'tw

Cla. Well, you must not

Falstaff fair;

Which swims against your st

Ch. Just. Sweet princes,
 in honour,

Led by the impartial conduc

And never shall you see, that

A ragged and forestall'd rem

If truth and upright innocen

I'll to the king my master th

And tell him who hath sent i

War. Here comes the pri

Enter King HENRY

Ch. Just. Good morrow;

your majesty!

King. This new and ge

Sits not so easy on me as you

Brothers, you mix your sa

This is the English, not the I

Not Amurath an Amurath; i

But Harry Harry: Yet be s

For, to speak truth, it very w

Sorrow so royally in you ap

That I will deeply put the fa

And wear it in my heart. V

But entertain no more of it.

Than a joint burden laid upo

For me, by heaven, I bid yo

I'll be your father and your l

Let me but bear your love, I'

Yet weep, that Harry's dead

But Harry lives, that shall c

By number, into hours of ha

P. John, &c. We hope no

majesty.

King. You all look strang

you most;

You are, I think, assured I h

of the king whom I presented,
 k me in my very seat of judgment;
 as an offender to your father,
 id way to my authority,
 omit you. If the deed were ill,
 stented, wearing now the garland *,
 son set your decrees at naught;
 down justice from your awful bench;
 s course of law, and blunt the sword
 ds the peace and safety of your
 son: [Image,
 re; to spurn at your most royal
 t your workings in a second body t.
 your royal thoughts, make the case
 re father, and propose a son: {yours;
 r own dignity so much profaned,
 most dreadful law so loosely slighted,
 myself so by a son disdaiu'd;
 imagine me taking your part,
 our power, soft silencing your son:
 cold consideration, sentence me;
 ou are a king, speak in your state t,
 rve done, that misbecame my place,
 a, or my liege's sovereignty.
 You are right, justice, and you weigh
 well;
 still bear the balance, and the sword:
 wish your honours may increase,
 o live to see a son of mine
 a, and obey you, as I did.
 live to speak my father's words;—
 n I that have a man o bold,
 es do justice on my proper son:
 less happy, having such a son,
 ld deliver up his greatness so
 hands of justice.—You did commit
 I do commit into your hand [me:
 lead sword that you have used to
 r; [same
 remembrance,—that you use the
 like bold, just, and impartial spirit,
 done 'gainst me. There is my hand;
 be as a father to my youth: [ear;
 shall sound as you do prompt mine
 I stoop and humble my intents
 well-practis'd, wise directions.—
 es all, believe me, I beseech you;—
 is gone wild into his grave,
 tomb lie my affections;
 his spirit sadly I survive,
 be expectation of the world;
 te prophecies; and to raze out
 inson, who hath writ me down
 seeming. The tide of blood in me
 dly flow'd in vanity, till now:
 it turn, and ebb back to the sea;
 shall mingle with the state of floods,
 henceforth in formal majesty.
 we our high court of parliament:
 choose such limbs of noble counsel,
 rest body of our state may go
 ank with the best-govern'd nation;
 or peace, or both at once, may be
 acquainted and familiar to us;—

In which you, father, shall have foremost
 hand.— [To the Lord Chief Justice.
 Our coronation done, we will accite],
 As I before remember'd, all our state:
 And (God consigning to my good intents,)
 No prince, nor peer, shall have just cause to
 say.—
 Heaven shorten Harry's happy life one day.
 [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. Glostershire. The Garden
 of Shallow's House.

Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, SILENCE,
 BARDOLPH, the Page, and DAVY.

Shal. Nay, you shall see mine orchard:
 where, in an arbour, we will eat a last year's
 pipplin of my own grafting, with a dish of
 caraways, and so forth: come, cousin Sil-
 ence!—and then to bed.

Fal. 'Fore God, you have here a goodly
 dwelling, and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren; beggars all,
 beggars all, sir John:—marry, good air.—
 Spread, Davy; spread, Davy; well said, Davy.

Fal. This Davy serves you for good uses;
 he is your serving man, and your husbandman.

Shal. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very
 good varlet, sir John.—By the mass, I have
 drunk too much sack at supper:—A good
 varlet. Now sit down, now sit down:—come,
 cousin.

Sil. Ah, sirrah! quoth-a, we shall
 Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer,
 [Singing.]

And praise heaven for the merry year;
 When flesh is cheap and females dear,
 And lusty lads roam here and there,
 So merrily,

And ever among so merrily.

Fal. There's a merry heart!—Good master
 Silence, I'll give you a health for that anon.

Shal. Give master Bardolph some wine.
 Davy.

Davy. Sweet sir, sit; [Seating BARDOLPH
 and the Page at another table.] I'll be with
 you anon:—most sweet sir, sit.—Master
 page, good master page, sit: profane! What
 you want in meat, we'll have in drink. Be
 you must bear; The heart's all. [Exit]

Shal. Be merry, master Bardolph; and my
 little soldier there, be merry.

Sil. Be merry be merry, my wife's a
 all** [Singing:
 For women are shrews, both short and tall
 'Tis merry in hell, when beards wag all,
 And welcome merry shrove-tide.

Be merry, be merry, &c.

Fal. I did not think, master Silence ha
 been a man of this mettle.

Sil. Who I? I have been merry twice and
 once, ere now.

Re-enter DAVY.

Davy. There is a dish of leather-coats t for
 you. [Setting them before BARDOLPH:

rown. † Treat with contempt your acts executed by a representative.
 regal character and office. § Gravely. || Semmons. ¶ Italian, *mallo*
 I do you. ** As all women are. †† Apples commonly called russets.

What, Davy,—

Fal. You worship?—I'll be with you
in a minute. —A cup of wine, sir!

Sir. A cup of wine, that's brisk and good,
And drink unto the health of mine;

Singing.

And a new heart beats in me.

Fal. Well said, master Silence.

Sir. And we are merry;—now comes
the street of the city.

Fal. Health and long life to you, master
Silence.

Sir. I'll take up, and let it come;

I'll play a trick to the bottom.

Shal. Honest Butch! we come: If thou
vouchest any thing, and wilt not call, beshrew
thy heart!—Welcome, my little tiny thief;

To the Prince, and welcome, indeed, too.—
*I'll drink to master Bardolph, and to all the
company that is here.*

Fal. I hope to see London once ere I die.

Fal. And I can't see you there, Davy.—

Shal. By the mass, you'll crack a quart
of golden sack, and you'll crack a quart of
Bardolph's sack, and a pot of gold.

Sir. I think thee:—The knave will stick
to thee, I can assure thee that: he will not
out; he is true bred.

Bard. A! I'll suck by him, sir.

Shal. Why, thou spoke a king. Lack no-
thing, thou art a king's man. Look
who's at door there! Look! who knocks!

[Exit DAVY.]

I speak of Africa, and golden joys.

Fal. O base Assyrian knight, what is
news?

Let king Copbetua know the truth thereof
Sir. And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and Jack.

[81]

Pist. Shall dunghill curs confront the
And shall good news be baffled?

Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap.

Shal. Honest gentleman, I know not
breeding.

Pist. Why, then, lament therefore.

Shal. Give me pardon, sir;—If, sir,
come with news from the court, I take
there is but two ways: either to utter it
or to conceal them. I am, sir, under the
in some authority.

Pist. Under which king, Bezonian?

Shal. Under king Harry.

Pist. Harry the fourth? or!

Shal. Harry the fourth.

Pist. A foutra for thine oath!

Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is his.

Harry the fifth's the man. I speak the

When Pistol lies, do this; and fig me, in

The bragging Spaniard.

Fal. What! is the old king dead?

Pist. As nail in door: the things I
are just.

Fal. Away, Bardolph; saddle my horse

Master Robert Shallow, choose what

thou wilt in the land, 'tis thine.—Pistol,

double-charge thee with dignities.

I'll tell thee what, thou damned trip-
ped rascal; on the child I now go with;
thou carry, thou hadst better thou hadst
ask thy mother, thou paper-faced villain.
But O the Lord, that sir John were come!
would make this a bloody day to some-
body. But I pray God the fruit of her womb
happy!

Brad. If it do, you shall have a dozen
children* again: you have but eleven now.
But I charge you both go with me; for
John is dead, that you and Pistol beat
you.

I'll tell thee what, thou thin man in a
blue bottle, I will have you as soundly swinged
as you blue-bottle rogue! you filthy
correctioner! if you be not swinged,
I swear half-kirtles.

Come, come, you she knight-errant,

O, that right should thus overcome
Wrong; of sufferance comes ease.

Come, you rogue, come; bring me to
you.

Ay; come, you starved blood-hound.

Goodman death! goodman bones!

Thou atomy thou!

Come, you thin thing; come, you rascal!

Very well. *(Exeunt.)*

SCENE V. A Public Place near West-
minster Abbey.

Enter Two Grooms, *strewn Rushes.*

First Groom. More rushes, more rushes.

Second Groom. The trumpets have sounded twice.

First Groom. It will be two o'clock ere they
begin the coronation: Despatch, despatch.

(Exeunt Grooms.)

SALSTAFF, SHALLOW, PISTOL, BAR-
DOLPH, and the Page.

Stand here by me, master Robert

Now; I will make the king do you grace:

put upon him, as 'a comes by; and do

ask the countenance that he will give me.

God bless thy lungs, good knight.

Come here, Pistol; stand behind me—

I had had time to have made new liveries

I would have bestowed the thousand

I borrowed of you. *(To SHALLOW.)*

It is no matter; this poor show doth better:

both infer the zeal I had to see him.

It doth so.

It shows my earnestness of affection.

It doth so.

My devotion.

It doth, it doth, it doth.

As it were, to ride day and night; and

deliberate, not to remember, not to

indulge to shift me.

It is most certain.

But to stand stained with travel, and

with desire to see him: thinking of

else; putting all affairs else in obli-
vion: if there were nothing else to be done,

I would see him.

Pist. *Tis semper idem, for abique hoc
nihil est:* 'Tis all in every part.

Shal. 'Tis so, indeed. *(liver.)*

Pist. My knight, I will inflame thy noble
And make thee rage.

Thy Doll, and Helen of thy noble thoughts,

Is in base durance, and contagious prison;

Haul'd thither

By most mechanical and dirty hand:—

Rouse up revenge from ebon den with fel

Alecto's snake,

For Doll is in; Pistol speaks nought but truth.

Fal. I will deliver her.

(Shouts within, and the Trumpets sound.)

Pist. There roar'd the sea, and trampet-
clangor sounds.

Enter the King and his Train, the Chief
Justice among them.

Fal. God save thy grace, king Hal! my
royal Hal!

Pist. The heavens thee guard and keep,
most royal imp! of fame!

Fal. God save thee, my sweet boy!

King. My lord chief justice, speak to that
vain man. *(what 'tis you speak to)*

Ch. Just. Have you your wits! know you

Fal. My king! my Jove! I speak to thee,
my heart! *(thy prayers;)*

King. I know thee not, old man: Fall to
How ill white hairs become a fool, and jester!

I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,

So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so profane;

But, being awake, I do despise my dream.

Make less thy body, hence, and more thy
grace; *(gaze)*

Leave gormandizing; know, the grave doth
For thee thrice wider than for other men:—

Reply not to me with a fool-born jest;

Presume not, that I am the thing I was:

For heaven doth know, so shall the world
perceive,

That I have turn'd away my former self;

So will I those that kept me company.

When thou dost hear I am as I have been,

Approach me; and thou shalt be as thou wast,

The tator and the feeder of my riots:

Till then, I banish thee, on pain of death,—

As I have done the rest of my misleaders,—

Not to come near our person by ten mile.

For competence of life, I will allow you,

That lack of means enforce you not to evil:

And, as we hear you do reform yourselves,

We will,—according to your strength, and
qualities,— *(my lord,)*

Give you advancement.—Be it your charge,
To see perform'd the tenor of our word.—

Set on. *(Exeunt King, and his Train.)*

Fal. Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand
pound.

Shal. Ay, marry, sir John; which I beseech
you to let me have home with me.

Fal. That can hardly be, master Shallow.

Do not you grieve at this; I shall be sent for in
private to him; look you, he must seem thus
to the world. Fear not your advancement; I

* And her out to counterfeit pregnancy. † Beadles usually wore a blue livery. ‡ Short
books. § 'Tis all in all, and all in every part. || Child, offspring. ¶ Henceforward.

Fal. Fear no colours; go with me to dinner.
Come, lieutenant Pistol;—come, Bardolph:—
I shall be sent for soon at night.

Re-enter Prince JOHN, the Chief Justice, Officers, &c.

Ch. Just. Go, carry sir John Falstaff to the
Take all his company along with him. [*Fleet;*

Fal. My lord, my lord,——

Ch. Just. And so they
P. John. The king is

Ch. Just. He hath.

P. John. I will lay out
We bear our civil swords
As far as France: I hear
Whose music, to my think
Come, will you hence?

EPILOGUE SPOKEN BY A DANCER.

First, my fear; then, my court'sy; last, my speech. My fear in my court'sy, my duty; and my speech, to beg your pardons. If speech now, you undo me: for what I have to say, is of mine own malice, I should say, will, I doubt, prove mine own marring. But to the venture.—Be it known to you, (as it is very well,) I was lately displeasing play, to pray your patience for it, and to promise you a indeed, to pay you with this: which, if, like an ill venture, it comes break, and you, my gentle creditors, lose. Here, I promised you, I I commit my body to your mercies: but be sure, and I will pay you debtors do, promise you infinitely.

If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will you command and yet that were but light payment,—to dance out of your debt. Be will make any possible satisfaction; and so will I. All the gentlemen given me: if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not agree women, which was never seen before in such an assembly.

One word more, I beseech you. If you be not too much obliged humble author will continue the story, with Sir John in it, and our fair Catherine of France: where, for any thing I know, Falstaff is unless already he be killed with your hard opinions; for Othello this is not the man. My tongue is weary; when my legs are too, night: and so kneel down before you,—but, indeed, to pray for the

• Most of the ancient interludes conclude with a prayer for the King perhaps, the *Vivant Rex et Regina*, at the bottom of our modern plays

I fancy every reader, when he ends this play, cries out with "Dread and impotent conclusion!" As this play was not, to our knowledge, the author, I could be content to conclude it with the death of Henry the Fifth

"In that Jerusalem shall Harry die."



KING HENRY V.

Persons represented.

HENRY the FIFTH.

GLOSTER, } *brothers to the King.*

BEDFORD, } *brothers to the King.*

EXETER, } *uncle to the King.*

YORK, } *cousin to the King.*

Salisbury, Westmoreland, and War-

wick, } *op of Canterbury.*

Ely.

JANBRIDGE, } *conspirators against*

HOOP, } *the King.*

HAS GREY, } *conspirators against*

HAS ERPINGHAM, GOWER, FLERI-

MACMORRIS, JAMT, officers in King

ry's army.

COURT, WILLIAMS, soldiers in the

King.

ARDOLPH, PISTOL, formerly ser-

vs to Falstaff, now soldiers in the

King.

Want to them. A Herald. Chorus.

CHARLES the SIXTH, King of France.

LEWIS, the Dauphin.

Dukes of Burgundy, Orleans, and Bourbon.

The Constable of France.

RAMBOURS and GRANDPRE, French Lords.

Governor of Harfleur. MONTJOY, a French

Herald.

Ambassadors to the King of England.

ISABEL, Queen of France.

KATHARINE, daughter of Charles and Isabel.

ALICE, a lady attending on the Princess

Katharine.

QUICKLY, Pistol's wife, an hostess.

Lords, Ladies, Officers, French and English

Soldiers, Messengers, and Attendants.

The Scene, at the beginning of the Play,

lies in England; but afterwards, wholly

in France.

Enter CHORUS.

a muse of fire, that would ascend
nest heaven of invention!

in for a stage, princes to act,
arches to behold the swelling scene!

old the warlike Harry, like himself,
be port of Mars; and, at his heels,

like hounds, should famine, sword,
d fire,

d fire, [all,

employment. But pardon, gentles

unrais'd spirit, that hath dared,

unworthy scaffold, to bring forth

an object: Can this cockpit hold

the fields of France? or may we cram

our wooden O*, the very casques,

affright the air at Agincourt?

no! since a crooked figure may

present little place, a million:

no, ciphers to this great account,

On your imaginary forces; work:

Suppose, within the girdle of these walls

Are now confined two mighty monarchies,

Whose high upreared and abutting fronts

The perilous, narrow ocean parts asunder.

Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts;

Into a thousand parts divide one man,

And make imaginary poissiance:

I think, when we talk of horses, that you see them

Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth:

For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our

kings,

Carry them here and there; jumping o'er times;

Turning the accomplishment of many years

Into an hour glass. For the which supply,

Admit me chorus to this history; [pray

Who, prologue-like, your humble patience

Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play.

ACT I.

I. London. An Ante-chamber in the King's Palace.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, and Bishop of Ely.

My lord, I'll tell you,—that self bill is

ted, [reign

in the eleventh year o' the last king's

Was like, and had indeed against us pass'd,

But that the scrambling and unquiet time

Did push it out of further question.

Ely. But how, my lord, shall we resist it

now? [against us,

Canst. It must be thought on. If it pass

We lose the better half of our possession:

For all the temporal lands, which men devout

* An allusion to the circular form of the theatre.

; Powers of fancy.

; Debate.

; Holmsted.

And therefore we must needs admit the means,
How things are perfected.
Ely. But, my good lord,
How now for mitigation of this bill
Urged by the commons? Doth his majesty
Incline to it, or no?
Cant. He seems indifferent;
Or, rather, swaying more upon our part,
Then cherishing the exhibitors against us:
For I have made an offer to his majesty,—
Upon our spiritual convocation;
And in regard of causes now in hand,
Which I have open'd to his grace at large,
As touching France,—to give a greater sum
Than ever at one time the clergy yet
Did to his predecessors part withal.
Ely. How did this offer seem received, my
Cant. With good acceptance of his majesty;
Save, that there was not time enough to hear

The breath no sooner left his father's body,
But that his wildness, mortified in him,
Seem'd to die too; yea, at that very moment,
Conspiration like an angel came,
And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him;
Leaving his body as a paradise,
To envelop and contain celestial spirits.
Never was such a sudden scholar made:
Never came reformation in a flood,
With such a heady current, scouring faults;
Nor never Hydra-headed wilfulness
So soon did lose his seat, and all at once,
As in this king.

Ely. We are blessed in the change.

Cant. Hear him but reason in divinity,

And therefore we must needs admit the means,
How things are perfected.

Ely. But, my good lord,
How now for mitigation of this bill
Urged by the commons? Doth his majesty
Incline to it, or no?

Cant. He seems indifferent;
Or, rather, swaying more upon our part,
Then cherishing the exhibitors against us:
For I have made an offer to his majesty,—
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Which I have open'd to his grace at large,
As touching France,—to give a greater sum
Than ever at one time the clergy yet
Did to his predecessors part withal.

Ely. How did this offer seem received, my

Cant. With good acceptance of his majesty;
Save, that there was not time enough to hear

(As, I perceived, his grace would fain have
The severals, and unhidden passages, [done,]
Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms;
And, generally, to the crown and seat of
France,

Derived from Edward, his great grandfather.

Ely. What was the impediment that broke
this off?

Cant. The French ambassador, upon that
Craved audience: and the hour, I think, is
come,

To give him hearing: Is it four o'clock?

Ely. It is.

Cant. Then go we in, to know his embassy;
Which I could, with a readiness, declare.



ge your understanding soul
titles miscreate*, whose right
ive colours with the truth;
now, how many, now in health,
& blood in approbation
everence shall incite us to: [son,
heed how you impawn our par-
the sleeping sword of war;
in the name of God, take heed:
such kingdoms did contend,
fall of blood; whose guileless
woe, a sore complaint, [drops
ose wrongs give edge unto the

1 waste in brief mortality.
uration, speak, my lord:
ar, note, and believe in heart,
1 speak is in your conscience
with baptism. [wash'd
near me, gracious sovereigns,—
peers,
lives, your faith, and services,
1 throng:—There is no bar
your highness' claim to France,
h they produce from Phara-

ream *mulieres nō succedant*,
It succeed in Salique land:
and the French unjustly glozet,
of France, and Pharamond
his law and female bar.
authors faithfully affirm,
allque lies in Germany,
ods of Sala and of Elbe:
the great, having subdued the

nd and settled certain French;
a disdain the German women,
nest manners of their life,
o this law,—to wit, no female
itrix in Salique land;
as I said, 'twixt Elbe and Sala,
Germany call'd—Meisen.
It appears, the Salique law
d for the realm of France:
uch possess the Salique land
red one and twenty years
a of king Pharamond,
he founder of this law;
in the year of our redemption
venty-six; and Charles the great
xons, and did seat the French
er Sala, in the year
ive. Besides, their writers say,
sich deposed Childerick,
ieral, being descended [thair,
sich was daughter to king Clo-
t title to the crown of France.
o,—that usurped the crown
duke of Lorraine, sole heir male
nd stock of Charles the great,—
e with some show of truth,
ure truth, it was corrupt and
self as heir to the lady Lingare,

Daughter to Charlemain, who was the son
To Lewis the emperor, and Lewis the son
Of Charles the great. Also king Lewis the tenth,
Who was sole heir to the usurper Capet,
Could not keep quiet in his conscience,
Wearing the crown of France, till satisfied
That fair queen Isabel, his grandmother,
Was lineal of the lady Ermengare,
Daughter to Charles the foresaid duke of
Lorraine:

By the which marriage, the line of Charles the
Was re-united to the crown of France—
So that, as clear as is the summer's sun,
King Pepin's title, and Hugh Capet's claim,
King Lewis his satisfaction, all appear
To hold in right and title of the female:
So do the kings of France unto this day;
Howbeit they would hold up this Salique law,
To bar your highness claiming from the female;
And rather choose to hide them in a net,
Than amply to imbare [their crooked titles
Usurped from you and your progenitors.

K. Hen. May I, with right and comeliness,
make this claim? [reign]

Cant. The sin upon my head, dread sove-
For in the book of Numbers is it writ,—
When the son dies, let the inheritance
Descend unto the daughter. Gracious lord,
Stand for your own; unwind your bloody flag;
Look back unto your mighty ancestors: [tomb;
Go, my dread lord, to your great grandsire's
From whom you claim; invoke his warlike
spirit, [prince;

And your great uncle's, Edward the black
Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy,
Making defeat on the full power of France;
Whiles his most mighty father on a hill
Stood smiling; to behold his lion's whelp
Forage in blood of French nobility.
O noble English, that could entertain
With half their forces the full pride of France;
And let another half stand laughing by,
All out of work, and sold for action! [dead.

Ely. Awake remembrance of these valiant
And with your puissant arm renew their feats:
You are their heir, you sit upon their throne;
The blood and courage, that renowned them,
Runs in your veins; and my thrice-puissant
Is in the very May-morn of his youth, [liege
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises.

Ere. Your brother kings and monarchs of
the earth

Do all expect that you should rouse yourself,
As did the former lions of your blood.

West. They know, your grace hath cause,
and means, and might;
So hath your highness; never king of England
Had nobles richer, and more loyal subjects;
Whose hearts have left their bodies here in Eng-
And lie pavilion'd in the fields of France. [land,

Cant. O, let their bodies follow, my dear
liege, [right:

With blood, and sword, and fire, to win your
Is aid whereof, we of the spirituality
Will raise your highness such a mighty arm,

* Explains.

† Lay open.

‡ Make showy or specious.

¶ As the battle of Creny.

§ Derived his title.

to have stol'd the glory at one time
 And gain to any of your ancestors.

A. Hen. We must not only aim to invade the
 But to show our proportions to defend
 Against the Scot, who will make road upon us
 With an advantage.

Edw. They at these marches*, gracious co-
 Shal' be with us then to combat. *Exeunt.*
 Ourselves for the pillaging borders.

K. Hen. We do not mean the coursing
 snatchers only.

But fear the main intendment of the Scot,
 Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to us;
 For you shall read, that my great grandfather
 Never went with his forces into France,
 But that the Scot on his unfurnish'd kingdom
 Came pouring, like the tide into a breach,
 With ample and brim fullness of his force;
 Galling the gleaned land with hot essays;
 Girding with grievous siege, castles and towns;
 That England, being empty of defence,
 Hath shook, and trembled at the ill neighbour-
 hood.

[*harm'd, my liege :*
Cant. She hath been then more fear'd† than
 For bear her but exempl'd by herself,—
 When all her chivalry hath been in France,
 And she a mourning widow of her nobles,
 She hath herself not only well defended,
 But taken, and impounded as a stray, [France,
 The king of Scots; whom she did send to
 To fill king Edward's fame with prisoner kings;
 And make your chronicle as rich with praise,
 As is the nose and bottom of the sea

Others, like soldiers, arms
 Make boot upon the summ
 Which pillage they with r
 To the tent-royal of their e
 Who busied in his majesty
 The slinging masons build
 The civil** citizens knead
 The poor mechanic porters
 Their heavy burdens at his
 The sad-eyed justice, with
 Delivering o'er to executo
 The lazy-yawning drone.

That many things, having
 To one conceit, may work
 As many arrows, loosed sev
 Ply to one mark;
 As many several ways mee
 As many fresh streams run
 As many lines close in the
 So may a thousand actions
 End in one purpose, and t
 Without defeat. Therefore
 Divide your happy Englan
 Whereof take you one qua
 And you withal shall make
 If we, with thrice that pov
 Cannot defend our own du
 Let us be worried, and ou
 The name of hardiness, an

K. Hen. Call in the in
 the Dauphin.
 [Exit an Attend
 cends his Th



Which claim, the prince our
master too much of your youth;
be advised, there's nought in

in a nimble galliard * won;
yet had dukedom there:
suits you, master for your spirit,
nature; and, in lieu of this,
the dukedom, that you claim,
of you. This the Dauphin
hat treasure, uncle? [speaks.

Tush-ha! my liege.
We are glad the Dauphin is so
with us;
and your palms, we thank you for:
we matched our rackets to these

ance, by God's grace, play a set,
father's crowns into the hazard;
with made a match with such a

arts of France will be disturb'd
And we understand him well,
o'er us with our wilder days,
what we made of them.
ed this poor seat of England;
Living hence], did give ourself
license; as 'tis ever common,
merriest when they are from

Dauphin I will keep my state,
and show my sail of greatness,
use me in my throne of France:
a bid by my majesty,
like a man for working days;
there with so full a glory,

That I will dance all the eyes of France;
You, strike the Dauphin blind to look on us.
And tell the pleasant prince,—this mock of his
Hathaw's his balls to gawdies; and his soul
Shall stand sore charged for the wasteful van-
gence

That shall fly with them: for many a thousand
Shall this his mock mock out of their dear
husbands;

Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles
And some are yet unborn,
That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's
But this lies all within the will of God, [scorn.

To whom I do appeal; and in whose name,
Tell you the Dauphin, I am coming on,
To vengeance as I may, and to put forth
My rightful hand in a well-hallowed cause.
So, get you hence in peace; and tell the Dan-
His jest will savour but of shallow wit, [plain,
When thousands weep more than did laugh
at it.—

Convey them with safe conduct.—Fare you
well. [Exeunt Ambassadors.

K. Hen. This was a merry message.
K. Hen. We hope to make the pender
blush at it. [Descends from his Throne.

Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour,
That may give furtherance to our expedition:
For we have now no thought in us but France;
Save those to God, that run before our business.
Therefore, let our proportions for these wars
Be soon collected; and all things thought upon,
That may, with reasonable swiftness, add
More feathers to our wings; for, God before,
We'll chide this Dauphin at his father's door.
Therefore, let every man set task his thought,
That this fair action may on foot be brought.

[Exeunt.

ACT II.

Enter CHORUS.

All the youth of England are on
Dance in the wardrobe lies; [fire,
the armourers, and honour's

in the breast of every man:
astore now, to buy the horse;
mirror of all Christian kings,
back, as English Mercuries.

Expectation in the air;
word, from hills unto the point,
imperial, crowns, and coronets,
larry, and his followers.

divided by good intelligence,
readful preparation,
fear; and with pale policy
the English purposes.

model to thy inward greatness,
ly with a mighty heart,— [do,
thou do, that honour would thee
children kind and natural! [out
all! France hath in thee found

A nest of hollow bosoms, which he'll sit

With numerous crows: and three corrupted
men,— [cont.

One, Richard earl of Cambridge; and the second,
Henry lord Scroop of Masham; and the third,
Sir Thomas Grey knight of Northumberland,—
Have, for the gilt of France, [O guilt indeed!]
Confirm'd conspiracy with fearful France;
And by their hands this grace of kings must
[If hell and treason hold their promises.] die,
Ere he take ship for France, and in South-
ampton.

Linger your patience on; and well digest
The abuse of distance, while we force a play.
The sum is paid; the traitors are agreed;
The king is set from London; and the scene
is now transported, gentles, to Southampton:
There is the playhouse now, there must you sit:
And thence to France shall we convey you safe,
And bring you back, charming the narrow seas
To give you gentle pass; for, if we may,
We'll not offend one stomach with our play.

Place. [A place in the tennis court into which the sun is sometimes struck.
at which. [The throne. [Withdraw with them the court.
I.e., The king of France. [The throne.

That hath so cowarded and chased your blood
Out of appearance!

Cam. I do confess my fault;
And do submit me to your highness' mercy.

Grey. Scroop. To which we all appeal.

K. Hen. The mercy, that was quick * in us
but late,

By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd:
You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy;
For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,
As dogs upon their masters, worrying them.—
See you, my princes, and my noble peers,
These English monsters! My lord of Cam-
bridge here,—

You know how apt our love was, to accord
To furnish him with all appertinents
Belonging to his honour; and this man
Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspired,
And sworn unto the practices of France,
To kill us here in Hampton: to the which,
This knight, no less for bounty bound to us
Than Cambridge is,—hath likewise sworn—

But O! [crnel,
What shall I say to thee, lord Scroop: thou
Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman creature!
Thou, that didst bear the key of all my counsels,
That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,
That almost might'st have coin'd me into gold,
Wouldst thou have practis'd on me for thy use?
May it be possible, that foreign hire
Could out of thee extract one spark of evil,
That might annoy my finger? 'tis so strange,
That, though the truth of it stands off as gross

Constant in spirit, not swerving
Garnish'd and deck'd in modest
Not working with the eye, w
And, but in purged judgment,
Such, and so finely bolted, d
And thus thy fall hath left a l
To mark the full-fraught man, a
With some suspicion. I will
For this revolt of thine, methi
Another fall of man.—Their f
Arrest them to the answer of t
And God acquit them of their

Eve. I arrest thee of high
name of Richard earl of Cam

I arrest thee of high treaso
of Henry lord Scroop of Mash

I arrest thee of high treason
Thomas Grey, knight of North

Scroop. Our purposes God
cover'd;

And I repent my fault more th
Which I beseech your highnes

Although my body pay the pri
Cam. For me,—the gold of

Although I did admit it as a m
The sooner to effect what I int

But God be thanked for preve
Which I in sufferance heartily

Beseeching God, and you, to
Grey. Never did faithful

rejoice
At the discovery of most dan

Than I do at this hour joy o'er



signs of war advance:
I, if not king of France.
[*Exeunt.*]

ndon. Mrs. QUICKLY'S
in Eastcheap.

Mrs. QUICKLY, NTH,
RN, and Boy.

honey-sweet husband, let
Staines.

manly heart doth yearn †.

—Nym, rouse thy vanet
[*dead.*]

rage up; for Falstaff he is
therefore.

I were with him, where-
in heaven, or in hell †

s, he's not in hell; he is in
ever man went to Arthur's

tuner end, and went away,
christom † child; 'a parted

self and one, e'en at turn-
fler I saw him fumble with

y with flowers, and smile
ds, I knew there was but

e was as sharp as a pen, and
leids. How now, air John?

! be of good cheer. So 'a
I, God! three or four times:

fm, bid him, 'a should not
ped, there was no need to

any such thoughts yet: so
e clothes on his feet: I put

ed, and felt them, and they
stone; then I felt to his

d, and upward, and all was
.

he cried out of sack.
'a did.

omen.
'a did not.

did; and said, they were
never abide carnation;

ever liked.
I, the devil would have him

some sort, indeed, handle
he was rheumatic; and

of Babylon.
remember, 'a saw a flea

h's nose; and 'a said, it was
g in bell-fire †

well is gone, that maintained
e riches I got in his service.

se off! the king will be
spon.

away.—My love, give me
s, and my moveables:

word is, *Pitch and Pay*;
[*cakes.*]

rn, men's faiths are wafer-
only dog, my duck;

Therefore, carets, be thy counsellor.

Go, clear thy crystals]—Yoke-fellows in arms,
Let us to France! like horse-leeches, my boys;

To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck!
Boy. And that is but unwholesome food,

they say.
Plst. Touch her soft mouth, and march.

Berd. Farewell, hostess. [*Kissing her.*]
Nym. I cannot kiss, that is the humour of it;

but adieu.
Plst. Let housewifery appear; keep close,

I thee command.
Quick. Farewell; adieu. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. France. A Room in the French
King's Palace.

Enter the French King attended; the Dau-
phin, the Duke of Burgundy, the Con-
stable, and Others.

Fr. King. Thus come the English with full
power upon us;

And more than carefully it us concerns,
To answer royally in our defences.

Therefore the dukes of Berry, and of Bretagne,
Of Brabant, and of Orleans, shall make forth,—

And you, prince Dauphin,—with all swift de-
spatch,

To line, and new repair, our towns of war,
With men of courage, and with means de-
fendant:

For England his approaches makes as fierce,
As waters to the sucking of a gulf.

It fits us, then, to be as provident
As fear may teach us, out of late examples

Left by the fatal and neglected English
Upon our fields.

Dau. My most redeebted father,
It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe:

For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom.
[*Though war, nor no known quarrell, were in*

question,)]
But that defences, musters, preparations,

Should be maintained, assembled, and col-
As were a war in expectation. [*lected.*]

Therefore, I say, 'tis meet we all go forth,
To view the sick and feeble parts of France:

And let us do it with no show of fear; [*land*]
No, with no more, than if we heard that Eng-

Were busied with a Whitsun morris-dance:
For, my good liege, she is so idly king'd,

Her sceptre so fantastically borne
By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth,

That fear attends her not.
Con. O peace, prince Dauphin!

You are too much mistaken in this king:
Question, your grace, the late ambassadors,—

With what great state he heard their embassy,
How well supplied with noble counsellors,

How modest in exception ^{so}, and, withal,
How terrible in constant resolution,—

And you shall find, his vanities fore-spent ††
Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus,

Covering discretion with a coat of folly;
As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots

† Grieve. † A child not more than a month old.
seems lunatic. † Dry thy eyes. † Runder is callous, insensible.
so In making objections. †† Wasted, exhausted.

That shall first spring, and be most delicate.

Dau. Well, 'tis not so, my lord: high constable.

But though we think it so, it is no matter: In cases of defence, 'tis best to weigh The enemy more than he seems, So the properties of defence are fill'd: Which, of a weak and miggardly projection, Doth, like a miser, spoil his coat with scanting A little cloth.

Fr. King. Think we King Harry strong; And, princes, look, you strongly arm to meet him.

The kindred of him hath been flesh'd upon us; And he is bred out of that bloody strain*, That haunts us in our familiar paths: Witness our too much memorable shame, When Cressy battle fatally was struck, And all our princes captiv'd, by the hand Of that black name, Edward black prince of Wales:

[standing,] While that his martial sire, on mountain Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun,— Saw his lateral seed, and smil'd to see him Mangle the work of nature, and defiance The patterns that by God and by French fathers Had twenty years been made:—This is a stem Of that victorious stock; and let us bear The native mightiness and rate of him.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Ambassadors from France, being of England.

Do crave audience to your majesty.

Fr. King. We'll give them present an-

Willing you, overlook this pedl And, when you find him evenly From his most famed of famous Edward the Third, he bids you Your crown and kingdom, tak' From him the nat'v and troe.

Fr. King. Or else what folk

Etc. Bloody constraint: for

Even in your hearts, there will

And therefore in fierce tempest

In thunder, and in earthquake,

[That, if requiring fail, he will

And bids you, in the bowels of

Deliver up the crown, and to

On the poor souls, for whom th

Opens his vasty jaws: and on

Turns he the widows' tears, the

The dead — —'s blood, the p

groans,

For husbands, fathers, and betr

That shall be swallow'd in this.

This is his claim, his threat'ning

Unless the Dauphin be in presen

To whom expressly I bring gre

Fr. K. For us, we will cons

To-morrow shalt you bear our fi

Back to our brother England.

Dau. Fo

I stand here for him; What to

land?

Etc. Scorn, and defiance;

And any thing that may not mi

The mighty sender, doth he pri

Thou say'st my king; and, if you

ACT III.

Enter CHORUS.
With imagined wing, our swift
less celerity

[seen
night. Suppose, that you have
ted king at Hampton pier
sly; and his brave fleet [sing,
amers the young Phœbus fan-
fancies; and in them behold,
en tackle, ship-boys climbing;
whistle, which doth order give
sed: behold the thready sails,
visible and creeping wind,
bottoms through the furrow'd
ly surge: O, do but think, [sea,
the rivage*, and behold
constant billows dancing;
his fleet majestical, low!
arse to Harfleur. Follow, fol-
lows to sternage† of this navy;
England as dead midnight

[men,
andaires, babies, and old wo-
not arrived to, pith and pal-

whose chin is but enrich'd
ring hair, that will not follow
d choice-drawn cavaliers to

[a siege:
our thoughts, and therein see
ance on their carriages,
his gaping on girded Harfleur.
mbassador from the French
back;
at the king doth offer him
ughter; and with her, to dowry,
profitable dukedoms.
ot; and the nimble gunner
now the devilish cannon
arum; and chambers‡ go off.
all before them. Still be kind,
performance with your mind.
[Exit.

The same. Before Harfleur.
Enter King HENRY, EXETER,
ROSTER, and Soldiers, with
ers.

se more unto the breach, dear
once more;
il-up with our English dead!
s nothing so becomes a man,
icess, and humility:
last of war blows in our ears,
e action of the tiger;
vs, summon up the blood,
ture with hard-favour'd rage:
ye a terrible aspect;
igh the portage of the head, [it,
annon; let the brow o'erwhelm

As fearfully, as doth a galled rock
O'erhand and jutty || his confounded base,
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.

Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide;
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To his full height!—On, on, you noblest
English,

Whose blood is fet* from fathers of war-proof!
Fathers, that like so many Alexanders,
Have, in these parts, from morn till even
fought, [ment †;

And sheath'd their swords for lack of argu-
Dishonour not your mothers; now attest,
That those, whom you call'd fathers, did beget
Be copy now to men of grosser blood, [you!
And teach them how to war!—And you, good
yeomen, [here

Whose limbs were made in England, show us
The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
That you are worth your breeding: which I
doubt not;

For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot;
Follow your spirit: and, upon this charge,
Cry—God for Harry! England! and Saint
George! [Exeunt. Alarum, and
Chambers go off.

SCENE II. *The same.*

Forces pass over; then enter NYM, BAR-
DOLPH, PISTOL, and Boy.

Bard. On, on, on, on, on! to the breach, to
the breach!

Nym. 'Pray thee, corporal, stay; the knocks
are too hot; and, for mine own part, I have
not a case of lives: the humour of it is too hot,
that is the very plain-song of it.

Pist. The plain song is most just; for hu-
mours do abound; [die;

Knocks go and come; God's vassals drop and
And sword and shield,
In bloody field,

Doth win immortal fame.

Boy. 'Would I were in an alehouse in Lon-
don! I would give all my fame for a pot of
ale, and safety.

Pist. And I:
If wishes would prevail with me,
My purpose should not fail with me,
But thither would I hie.

Boy. As daly, but not as truly, as bird doth
sing on bough.

Enter FLUELLEN.

Flu. Got's blood!—Up to the preaches, you
rascals! will you not up to the preaches?

[Driving them forward.
Pist. Be merciful, great duke ‡, to men of
mould §!

2. † Sterns of the ships.
3. § Small pieces of ordnance.
4. ¶ Worn, wasted.
5. ** Commander.

‡ The staff which holds the watch used in
A male to withstand the encroach-
so pushed.
§ Earth. ¶ Matter, subject.



KING HENRY V.

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not have you, so find a man as
bold as me, I will cut off your

open both, you will mistake each

that's a foul fault.

[A Parley sounded.
own sounds a parley.

de Macmorris, when there is
portunity to be required, look
so bold as to tell you I know
of war; and there is an end.

[Alarum.

The same. Before the gates
of Harfleur.

r and some Citizens on the
English Forces below. Enter
I and his Train.

How yet resolves the governor
own?

at parle we will admit:
our best mercy give yourselves;

a proud of destruction,

worst: for, as I am a soldier,

, in my thoughts, becomes me

battery once again, (hest,)

the half-achieved Harfleur,

as she lie buried.

any shall be all shut up;

d soldier,—rough and hard of

body hand, shall range [heart,—

ice wide as hell; mowing like

virgins, and your flowering in-

to me, if impious war,—

en, like to the prince of fiends,—

merch'd^e complexion, all fell+

ate and desolation? [feats

me, when you yourselves are

adens fall into the hand [cause,

ing violation?

bold licentious wickedness,

a bill he holds his fierce career?

stem? spend our vain command

ped soldiers in their spoil,

as to the leviathan [feur,

t. Therefore, you men of Har-

town and of your people,

soldiers are in my command;

so cool and temperate wind of

filthy and contagious clouds

der, spoil, and villany.

a moment look to see

bloody soldier With foul hand

s of your shrill-shrieking daugh-

taken by the silver beards, [ters,

t reverend heads dash'd to the

shuts spitted upon pikes;

d mothers with their howls con-

clouds, as did the wives of Jewry

body-heating slaughtermen.

f will you yield, and this avoid?

Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroy'd?

Gov. Our expectation hath this day an end:
The Dauphin, whom of succour we entreated,
Returns us—that his powers are not yet ready
To raise so great a siege. Therefore, dread
king,

We yield our town, and lives, to thy soft mercy:
Enter our gates; dispose of us, and ours;

For we no longer are defensible. [Exeter,

K. Hen. Open your gates.—Come, uncle

Go you and enter Harfleur; there remain,

And fortify it strongly 'gainst the French:

Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,—

The winter coming on, and sickness growing

Upon our soldiers,—we'll retire to Calais.

To-night in Harfleur will we be your guest;

To-morrow for the march are we address'd.

Flourish. The King, &c., enter the Town.

SCENE IV. Rouen. A Room in the Palace.

Enter KATHERINE and ALICE.

Kath. Alice, tu as esté en Angleterre, et

tu parles bien le langage.

Alice. Un peu, madame.

Kath. Je te prie, m'enseigneux; il faut

que j'apprenne à parler. Comment appel-

lez vous la main, en Anglois?

Alice. La main? elle est appellée, de hand.

Kath. De hand. Et les doigts?

Alice. Les doigts? may foy, je oublie les

doigts; mais je me souviendray. Les doigts?

Je pense, qu'ils sont appellée de fingres;

ouy, de fingres.

Kath. La main, de hand; les doigts, de

fingres. Je pense, que je suis le bon escolier.

J'ay gagné deux mots d'Anglois vistement.

Comment appelez vous les ongles?

Alice. Les ongles? les appelleux, de nails.

Kath. De nails. Escoutez; dites moy, si

je parle bien: de hand, de fingres, de nails.

Alice. C'est bien dit, madame; il est fort

bon Anglois.

Kath. Dites moy en Anglois, le bras.

Alice. De arm, madame.

Kath. Et le coude.

Alice. De elbow.

Kath. De elbow. Je m'en fais la repe-

tition de tous les mots, que vous m'avez

oppris dès à present.

Alice. Il est trop difficile, madame, comme

je pense.

Kath. Excusez moy, Alice; escoutez: De

hand, de fingre, de nails, de arm, de bilbow.

Alice. De elbow, madame.

Kath. O Seigneur Dieu! je m'en oublie.

De elbow. Comment appelez vous le col?

Alice. De neck, madame.

Kath. De neck: Et le menton?

Alice. De chin.

Kath. Desin. Le col, de neck: le menton,

de sin.

Alice. Ouy. Sauf vostre honneur; en

verité, vous prononcez les mots aussi droict

que les natifs d'Angleterre.

Kath. Je ne doute point d'apprendre par

la grace de Dieu; et en peu de temps.

Used.

† Cruel.

‡ Without success.

§ Prepared.

Alce. N'avez-vous pas déjà oublié ce que
je vous ay dit ?

Kath. Non, je m'en souviens à vous promptement. De hand, de finger, de neck, —

Alce. De neck, madame.

Kath. De neck, de arm, de elbow.

Alce. N'est-ce pas le neck, de elbow.

Kath. Un, deux, de elbow, de neck, et
de neck. C'est tout. Appelez-vous le pied et
l'yeux ?

Alce. De foot, de arm, et de con.

Kath. De foot, et de con ? O Seigneur
Dieu ! ces sont mots de vos maîtres, cor-
ruptible, et de, et corruptible, et non pour
les dames et pour les dames. Je ne voudrais
pas employer ces mots devant les Seigneurs de
France, pour les demander. Il faut de
tout, et de con, et de tout. Je ne ferai
pas autre chose. Je vous en prie. De hand,
de finger, de neck, de arm, de elbow, de neck,
de con, de foot, et de con.

Alce. L'effort, madame.

Kath. C'est tout, pour une fois, allons
nous en aller. [Exit.]

SCENE V. *The same. Another Room in
the same.*

*Enter the French King, the Dauphin, Duke
of Burgundy, Constable of France, and
Others.*

F. King. For certain, he hath passed the
River Seine.

Const. He hath, and hath fought, and hath

Bour. They bid us—to the
ing-schools,

And teach lavoltas high, and
Saying our grace is only in our
And that we are most lofty men

F. King. Where is Montjoy
speed him hence ;

Let him greet England with o
Up, princes ; and, with spirit of
More sharper than your sword,
Charles De-la-bret, high constab
You dukes of Orleans, Bourbon,
Alençon, Brabant, Bar, and B
Jaques Chatillion, Rambures,
Beaumont, Grandpre, Roussi, u
Foix, Lestrale, Bouciquet, and
High dukes, great princes, bar
knights,

For your great sents, now qui
Bar Harry England, that swete
land

With pennons painted in the
Rush on his host, as doth the n
Upon the valleys ; whose jaws
The Alps doth spit and vomit
Go down upon him, you have p
And in a captive chariot, into
Bring him our prisoner.

Con. This becom

Sorry am I his numbers are so
His soldiers sick, and famish'd
For, I am sure, when he shall



KING HENRY V.

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the 'orld: but I did see
rice.
you call him?
d—ancient Pistol.
m not.
er Pistol.
t know him? Here comes

these beseech to do me fit
Exeter doth love thee well.
e Got; and I have merited
ads.
a soldier, firm and sound

hath,—by cruel fate,
's furious sickle wheel,
ie rolling restless stone,—
patience, ancient Pistol.
blind, with a muffler † be-
gnify to you that fortune is
painted also with a wheel,
which is the moral of it, that
inconstant, and variations,
and her foot, look you, is
leal stone, which rolls, and
a good truth, the poet is
ent description of fortune:
is an excellent moral.
Bardolph's foe, and frowns

pir, and hanged must 'a be.

r dog, let man go free,
his wind-pipe suffocate:
ven the doom of death,
rice. [voices;
ik, the duke will bear thy
iph's vital thread be cut
y cord, and vile reproach:
r his life, and I will thee

stol, I do partly understand

rejoice therefore.
ancient, it is not a thing to
ok you, he were my bro-
: the duke to use his good
im to executions; for dis-
uad.

e damned; and *Agas* for
[thy friendship!
Spain! [Exit PISTOL.

is an arrant counterfeit ras-
now; a bawd; a cutpurse.
: you, 'a uttered as grave
as you shall see in a sum-
is very well; what he has
s well, I warrant you, when

gall, a fool, a rogue; that
to the wars, to grace him-

self, at his return into London, under the form
of a soldier. And such fellows are perfect in
great commanders' names: and they will learn
you by rote, where services were done;—at
such and such a sconce, at such a breach, at
such a convoy; who came off bravely, who
was shot, who disgraced, what terms the
enemy stood on; and this they can perfectly
in the phrase of war, which they trick up with
new-tuned oaths: And what a beard of the ge-
neral's cut, and a horrid suit of the camp, will
do among foaming bottles, and ale-washed
wits, is wonderful to be thought on! but you
must learn to know such slanders of the age,
or else you may be quarrellous mistook.

Flu. I tell you what, captain Gower;—I
do perceive, he is not the man that he would
gladly make show to the 'orld he is; if I find
a hole in his coat, I will tell him my mind.
[*Drum heard.*] Hark you, the king is com-
ing; and I must speak with him from the
bridge.

Enter King HENRY, CLOSTER, and Soldiers.

Flu. Got pless your majesty!

K. Hen. How now, Fluellen? camest thou
from the bridge?

Flu. Ay, so please your majesty. The duke
of Exeter has very gallantly maintained the
bridge: the French is gone off, look you;
and there is gallant and most brave passages:
Marry, th'athversary was have possession of
the bridge; but he is enforced to retire, and
the duke of Exeter is master of the bridge: I
can tell your majesty, the duke is a brave
man.

K. Hen. What men have you lost, Fluellen?

Flu. The perdition of th'athversary hath
been very great, very reasonable great: marry,
for my part, I think the duke hath lost never
a man, but one that is like to be executed for
robbing a church, one Bardolph, if your ma-
jesty know the man: his face is all bubukles,
and wheelks, and knobs, and flames of fire;
and his lips plows at his nose, and it is like a
coal of fire, sometimes blue, and sometimes
red; but his nose is executed, and his fire's out.

K. Hen. We would have all such offenders
so cut off:—and we give express charge, that
in our marches through the country, there be
nothing compelled from the villages, nothing
taken but paid for; none of the French up-
braided, or abused in disdainful language: For
when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom,
the gentler gamester is the soonest winner.

Tucket sounds. Enter MONTJOY.

Mont. You know me by my habit.

K. Hen. Well then, I know thee; What
shall I know of thee?

Mont. My master's mind.

K. Hen. Unfold it.

Mont. Thus says my king: Say thou to
Harry of England, Though we seemed dead,
we did but sleep: Advantage is a better soldier

ood command.

* A fold of linen which partially covered the face.
which were kept the consecrated wafers. † An allusion to the custom in
of giving poisoned figs. ‡ An entrenchment hastily thrown up.

¶ I. e., By his herald's coat.

their rashness. To him, we could have rebuked him at Harfleur; but that we thought not good to bruise an injury, till it were full ripe:—now we speak upon our cure, and our cure is desperate. England shall repent his folly, see his weakness, and admire our sufferance. But here, therefore, consider of his rashness, which must proportion the losses we have done, the subjects we have lost, the disgrace we have digested; which, in weight to answer, his pettiness would bow under. For our loss, his exchequer is too poor; for the effusion of our blood, the muster of his kingdom too faint a number; and for our disgrace, his own person, kneeling at our feet, is a weak and worthless satisfaction. To Calais, therefore, and tell him, for conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose condemnation is pronounced. So far my king and master; so much my office.

K. Hen. What is thy name? I know thy Mont. Montjoy.

K. Hen. Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee back,

And tell thy king,—I do not seek him now; But could be willing to march on to Calais Without impeachment: for, to say the sooth, (Though 'tis no wisdom to confess so much Unto an enemy of craft and vantage)

My people are with sickness much enfeebled;
My numbers lessen'd; and those few I have,
Almost no better than so many French;
Who when they were in health, I tell thee,

herald.

SCENE VII. The French Agincourt.

Enter the Constable of France, Raimond, the Duke of Orleans, and Others.

Con. Tut! I have the best world.—Would it were day!

Orl. You have an excellent let my horse have his due.

Con. It is the best horse of France. Will it never be morn?

Dau. My lord of Orleans, as Constable, you talk of horse and

Orl. You are as well provided any prince in the world.

Dau. What a long night is not change my horse with any

on four pasterns. *Con.* ha! H

the earth, as if his entrails were

Orl. He's of the colour of the hawk: he trots the air; the

he touches it; the basest horse more musical than the pipe of

Dau. And of the heat of the beast for Perseus: he is pure

and the dull elements of earth appear in him, but only in

while his rider mounts him: horse; and all other jades y

beasts.

Con. Indeed, my lord, it is



you rode, like a Kerne* of Ire-
rench hose off, and in your strait

have good judgment in horse-

warned by me then: they that
ride not warily, fall into foul bogs;
have my horse to my mistress.

I as lief have my mistress a jade.
All thee, Constable, my mistress
in hair.

old make as true a boast as that, if
to my mistress.

*Aien est retourné à son propre
et la trule lartée au bourbier:*
use of any thing.

do I not use my horse for my
any such proverb, so little kin to

lord Constable, the armour that
tent to-night, are those stars, or
?

is, my lord.

ne of them will fall to-morrow, I

yet my sky shall not want.

it may be, for you bear a many
; and 'twere more honour some

as your horse bears your praises;
trot as well, were some of your
anted.

ould I were able to load him with
Will it never be day? I will trot
mile, and my way shall be paved
faces.

ll not say so, for fear I should be
my way: But I would it were
I would fain be about the ears of

so will go to hazard with me for
ish prisoners?

must first go yourself to hazard,
them.

midnight, I'll go arm myself.

[Exit.]

Dauphin longs for morning.

longs to eat the English.

ink he will eat all he kills.

he white hand of my lady, he's a
ce.

car by her foot, that she may tread

is, simply, the most active gentle-
ice.

ng is activity: and he will still be

never did harm, that I heard of.

r will do none to-morrow; he will
ood name still.

now him to be valiant.

was told that, by one that knows
than you.

Orl. What's he?

Con. Marry, he told me so himself; and he
said, he cared not who knew it.

Orl. He needs not, it is no hidden virtue in
him.

Con. By my faith, sir, but it is; never any
body saw it, but his lackey: 'tis a hooded
valour; and, when it appears, it will bate.

Orl. Ill will never said well.

Con. I will cap that proverb with—There is
flattery in friendship.

Orl. And I will take up that with—Give
the devil his due.

Con. Well placed: there stands your friend
for the devil: have at the very eye of that
proverb, with—A pox of the devil.

Orl. You are the better at proverbs, by how
much—A fool's bolt is soon shot.

Con. You have shot over.

Orl. 'Tis not the first time you were over-
shot.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord High Constable, the English
lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tent.

Con. Who hath measured the ground?

Mess. The lord Grandpré.

Con. A valiant and most expert gentleman.—
Would it were day!—Alas, poor Harry of
England!—he longs not for the dawning, as
we do.

Orl. What a wretched and peevish fellow
is this king of England, to mope with his
fat-brained followers so far out of his know-
ledge!

Con. If the English had any apprehension,
they would run away.

Orl. That they lack; for if their heads had
any intellectual armour, they could never
wear such heavy head-pieces.

Ham. That island of England breeds very
valiant creatures; their mastiffs are of un-
matchable courage.

Orl. Foolish curs! that run winking into
the mouth of a Russian bear, and have their
heads crushed like rotten apples: You may as
well say,—that's a valiant flea, that dare eat
his breakfast on the tip of a lion.

Con. Just, just; and the men do sympathize
with the mastiffs, in robustious and rough
coming on, leaving their wits with their wives:
and then give them great meals of beef, and
iron and steel, they will eat like wolves, and
fight like devils.

Orl. Ay, but these English are shrewdly
out of beef.

Con. Then we shall find to-morrow—they
have only stomachs to eat, and none to fight.
Now is it time to arm: Come, shall we about
it?

Orl. It is now two o'clock: but, let me
see,—by ten,

We shall have each an hundred Englishmen.

[Exeunt.]

† Trowers.

our is hid from every body but his lackey, and when it appears it will fall off.

§ Foolish.

ACT IV.

Enter CHORUS.

Cho. Now entertain conjecture of a time,
When creeping murmur, and the poring dark,
Fills the wide vessel of the universe.
From camp to camp, through the foul womb
of night,

The hum of either army stilly * sounds,
That the fix'd sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch:
Fire answers fire; and through their paly flames
Each battle sees the other's umber'd + face:
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful
neighs

Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents,
The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation.

The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,
And the third hour of drowy morning name.

Proud of their numbers, and secure in soul,
The confident and over-lusty † French
Do the low-rated English play at dice;

And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night,
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
So tediously away. The poor condemned
English,

Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently, and idly ruminate

The morning's danger; and their gesture sad,
Leaning back lean cheeks, and war-worn coats

The name of Agincourt;
Minding; true things, by
be.

SCENE I. *The English**Enter King HENRY*

GLOSTER

K. Hen. Gloster, 'tis
great danger;
The greater therefore sh
Good morrow, brothe
mighty!

There is some soul of go
Would men observingly
For our bad neighbor
Which is both healthful,
Besides; they are our ou
And preachers to us all;
That we should dress us
Thus may we gather hor
And make a moral of the

Enter EARL

Good morrow, old sir T
A good soft pillow for th
Were better than a chur

Erp. Not so, my lieg
me better,

Since I may say—now I

K. Hen. 'Tis good f
present vision



Then you are a better than the
king's a hawkcock, and a heart of
good, of fit most vallant:
ryshoe, and from my heart-strings
reely bully. What's thy name?
Harry le Roy.

Roy! a Cornish name: art thou
ornish crew?

No, I am a Welshman.
owest thou Fluellen?

Yes.
him, I'll knock his leek about his
Davy's Day. [pate]
Do not you wear your dagger in
at day, lest he knock that about

thou his friend?

And his kinsman too.

Agoo for thee then!

I thank you: God be with you!
name is Pistol called. [Exit.

It sorts well with your fierceness.
ELLEN and GOWAR, severally.
tain Fluellen!

In the name of Osheshu Christ,
It is the greatest admiration in
world, when the true and ancient
and laws of the wars is not kept:
I take the pains but to examine the
npey the Great, you shall find, I
that there is no tiddle taddle, or
le, in Pompey's camp; I warrant
all find the ceremonies of the wars,
s of it, and the forms of it, and the
is, and the modesty of it, to be

y, the enemy is loud; you heard
e.

the enemy is an ass and a fool, and
xcomb, is it meet. think you, that
also, look you, be an ass, and a
prating coxcomb; in your own
now?

ill speak lower.

ay you, and beseech you, that you
Breunt Gowar and FLUELLEN.
Though it appear a little out of

man.
ch care and valour in this Welsh-
rux, COURT, and WILLIAMS.
rother John Bates, is not that the
ich breaks yonder?

think it be: but we have no great
re the approach of day.

see yonder the beginning of the
think, we shall never see the end
goes there!

A friend.

der what captain serve you?

Under sir Thomas Erpingham.

ood old commander, and a most
nan: I pray you, what thinks he
!

K. Hen. Even as men wrecked upon a
sand, that look to be washed off the next tide.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the
king!

K. Hen. No; nor it is not meet he should.
For, though I speak it to you, I think the
king is but a man, as I am: the violent smells
to him, as it doth to me; the element shows
to him, as it doth to me; all his senses have
but human conditions: his ceremonies laid
by, in his nakedness he appears but a man;
and though his affections are higher mounted
than ours, yet, when they stoop, they stoop
with the like wing; therefore when he sees
reason of fears, as we do, his fears, out of
doubt, be of the same relish as ours are: Yet,
in reason, no man should possess him with any
appearance of fear, lest he, by showing it,
should dishearten his army.

Bates. He may show what outward courage
he will: but, I believe, as cold a night as 'tis,
he could wish himself in the Thames up to the
neck; and so I would he were, and I by him,
at all adventures, so we were quit here.

K. Hen. By my troth, I will speak my con-
science of the king; I think he would not wish
himself any where but where he is.

Bates. Then, would he were here alone;
so should he be sure to be ransomed, and a
many poor men's lives saved.

K. Hen. I dare say you love him not so ill,
to wish him here alone; howsoever, you speak
this, to feel other men's minds: Methinks, I
could not die any where so contented, as in the
king's company; his cause being just, and his
quarrel honourable.

Will. That's more than we know.

Bates. Ay, or more than we should seek
after; for we know enough, if we know we
are the king's subjects; if his cause be wrong,
our obedience to the king wipes the crime of it
out of us.

Will. But, if the cause be not good, the king
himself hath a heavy reckoning to make; when
all those legs, and arms, and heads, chopped off
in a battle, shall join together at the latter day,
and cry all—We died at such a place; some,
swearing; some, crying for a surgeon; some,
upon their wives left poor behind them; some,
upon the debts they owe; some, upon their
children rawly left. I am afraid there are
few die well, that die in battle; for how can
they charitably dispose of any thing, when
blood is their argument? Now, if these men
do not die well, it will be a black matter for
the king that led them to it; whom to disobey,
were against all proportion of subjection.

K. Hen. So, if a son, that is by his father
sent about merchandise, do sinfully miscarry
upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness,
by your rule, should be imposed upon his father
that sent him: or if a servant, under his master's
command, transporting a sum of money, be
assailed by robbers, and die in many irrecon-
ciled iniquities, you may call the business of the

* Son. † Agrees.
‡ The last day, the day of judgment.

‡ Qualities.
§ Suddenly.
2 X 3

master the author of the servant's damnation:— But this is not so: the king is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant; for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers. Some, peradventure, have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder; some, of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury; some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if these men have defeated the law, and outrun native punishment*, though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God: war is his beadle, war is his vengeance; so that here men are punished for before-breach of the king's laws, in now the king's quarrel: where they feared the death, they have borne life away; and where they would be safe, they perish: Then if they die unprovided, no more is the king guilty of their damnation, than he was before guilty of those impieties for the which they are now visited. Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every mote out of his conscience: and dying so, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost, wherein such preparation was gained: and, in him that escapes, it were not sin to think, that making God so free an offer, he let him outlive that day to see his greatness, and to teach others how they should prepare.

will wear it in my bonnet: then, if ever thou darest acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

Will. Here's my glove; give me another of thine.

K. Hen. There.

Will. This will I also wear in my cap: if ever thou come to me and say, after to-morrow, *This is my glove*, by this hand, I will take thee a box on the ear.

K. Hen. If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

Will. Thou darest as well be hanged.

K. Hen. Well, I will do it, though I leave thee in the king's company.

Will. Keep thy word: fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends, you English fools, friends; we have French quarrels enough, you could tell how to reckon.

K. Hen. Indeed, the French may lay their French crowns to one they will beat with; they bear them on their shoulders: But I have no English treason to cut French crowns to-morrow, the king himself will be a champion.

[*Exeunt Soldiers*]

Upon the king! let us our lives, our souls, Our debts, our careful wives, our children, Our sins, lay on the king;—we must bear O hard condition! twin-born with greatness, Subjected to the breath of every fool, Whose sense no more can feel but his own wringing!

What infinite heart's-ease must kings have That private men enjoy? And what have kings, that privates have? Save ceremony, save general ceremony! And what art thou, thou idol ceremony!



In bed majestical,
Idly as the wretched slave;
y fill'd, and vacant mind,
t, cram'd with distressful

In night, the child of hell;
r, from the rise to set,
of Phœbus, and all night
a; next day, after dawn,
Ip Hyperion* to his horse;
e ever-running year
shour to his grave:
mony, such a wretch, [sleep,
s with toil, and nights with
d and vantage of a king.
iber of the country's peace,
gross brain little wote,
king keeps to maintain the

peasant best advantages.
r EPPINGHAM.
your nobles, jealous of your

ir camp to find you.
Good old knight,
ogether at my tent:

shall do't, my lord. [Exit.
d of battles! steel my sol-
ts!

[now
with fear: take from them
ning, if the opposed numbers
ts from them!—Not to-day,
knot upon the fault {O Lord,
n compassing the crown I
have interred new:
estow'd more contrite tears,
ed forced drops of blood.

or I have in yearly pay,
their wither'd hands hold
[built

o pardon blood; and I have
ere the sad and solemn priests
bard's soul. More will I do:
can do is nothing worth;
nitenice comes after all,
s.

ter GLOSTER.

other Gloster's voice?—Ay;
d, I will go with thee:
nds, and all things stay for
[Exeunt.

s. The French Camp.

ORLEANS, RAMBURES, and
Others.

loth gild our armour; up, my
[Lucquay! ha;
à cheval:—My horse! talet!
spirit!
les eaux et la terre——
s! l'air et le fen——
asin Orleans.——

Enter Constable.

Now, my lord Constable! [vice neigh.

Con. Hark, how our steeds for present ser-
Daw. Mount them, and make lucialion in
their hides;

That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,
And dount† them with superfluous courage:
Ha! [horses' blood?

Ram. What, will you have them weep our
How shall we then behold their natural tears?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The English are embattled, you
French peers. [to horse!

Con. To horse, you gallant princes! straight
Do but behold yon poor and starved band,
And your fair show shall suck away their souls,
Leaving them but the shales and husks of men.
There is not work enough for all our hands;
Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins,
To give each naked cartle-axe a stain,
That our French gallants shall to-day draw out,
And sheath for lack of sport: let us but blow
on them,

The vapour of our valour will o'erturn them.
Tis positive †gainst all exceptions, lords,
That our superfluous lackeys, and our peasants,
Who, in unnecessary action, swarm
About our squares of battle,—were enough
To purge this field of such a biding‡ foe;
Though we, upon this mountain's basis by,
Took stand for idle speculation:
But that our honours must not. What's to say?
A very little little let us do,
And all is done. Then let the trumpets sound
The tucket-souance§, and the note to mount:
For our approach shall so much dare the field,
That England shall couch down in fear, and
yield.

Enter GRANDPRE.

Grand. Why do you stay so long, my lords
of France?

Yon island carrions, desperate of their bones,
Ill-favour'dly become the morning field:
Their ragged curtains¶ poorly are let loose,
And our air shakes them passing scornfully.
Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd
host,

And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps.
Their horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,
With torch-staves in their hand: and their
poor jades [hips;

Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and
The gum down-roping from their pale dead
eyes; [bit

And in their pale dull mouths the gimmal**
Lies foul with chew'd grass, still and motion-
less;

And their executors, the knavish crows,
Fly o'er them all, impatient for their hour.
Description cannot suit itself in words,
To demonstrate the life of such a battle
In life so lifeless as it shows itself.

Con. They have said their prayers, and they
stay for death.

† An old encouraging exclamation. ‡ Do them out, extinguish them.
§ Capricious. ¶ The name of an introductory flourish on the trumpet.
¶ Colours. ** Ring.

Dan. Shall we go send them dinners, and
fresh suits,
And give their fasting horses provender,
And after fight with them? [*field:*
Con. I stay but for my guard; On, to the
will the banner from a trumpet take,
And use it for my haste. Come, come away!
The sun is high, and we outwear the day.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The English Camp.*

*Enter the English Host; GLOSTER, BED-
FORD, EXETER, SALISBURY, and WEST-
MORELAND.*

Glo. Where is the king?

Bed. The king himself is rode to view their
battle. [*score thousand.*

West. Of fighting men they have full three-

Exe. There's five to one; besides, they all
are fresh. [*ful odds.*

Sal. God's arm strike with us! 'tis a fear-
God be wi' you, princes all; I'll to my charge:
If we no more meet, till we meet in heaven,
Then, joyfully, my noble lord of Bedford,—
My dear lord Gloster,—and my good lord
Exeter,—

And my kind kinsman,—warriors all, adieu!
Bed. Farewell, good Salisbury; and good
luck go with thee! [*to-day:*

Exe. Farewell, kind lord; fight valiantly
And yet I do thee wrong, to mind thee of it,
For thou art framed of the firm troth of va-
lour. [*Exit SALISBURY.*

Bed. He is as full of valour as of kindness;
Princely in both.

This day is call'd—the feast of Crispin.
He that outlives this day, and comes
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is
And rouse him at the name of Crispin.
He that shall live this day, and see
Will yearly on the vigil feast his friends,
And say—*to-morrow is Saint Crispin!*
Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his wounds.
And say, these wounds I had on Crispin's day.
Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember, with advantage,
What feats he did that day: Then their names

Familiar in their mouths as household names,
Harry the king, Bedford, and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,
Be in their flowing cups freshly rememb'ed.
This story shall the good man teach his son;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be rememb'ed:
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so weary,
This day shall gentle his condition;
And gentlemen in England now a-arm'd
Shall think themselves accurs'd
That were not here;

And hold their manhoods cheap
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

Enter SALISBURY.

Sal. My sovereign lord, bestir
with speed!

The French are bravely in the field,
And will with all experience charge

me^e did sell the lion's skin
lives, was killed with hunting
bodies shall no doubt, [him,
res; upon the which, I trust,
re in brass* of this day's work:
leave their vallant bones in

[hills,
, though buried in your dunn-
med; for there the son shall
n, honours reeking up to heaven;
rthy parts to choke your climate,
eof shall breed a plague in

sending valour in our English;
d, like to the bullet's grazing,
second course of mischief,
se of mortality.

oudly;—Tell the Constable,
riors for the working day †:
our gilt‡, are all besmirch'd §
ching in the painful field;
ee of feather in our host,
l, I hope, we shall not fly,)
worn us into slovenry:

ss, our hearts are in the trim:
ldiers tell me—yet ere night
sher robes; or they will pluck
ats o'er the French soldiers'

[this,
out of service. If they do
se, they shall,) my ransom

[labour;
vied. Herald, save thou thy
ore for ransom, gentle he-

[joins:
none, I swear, but these my
ave as I will leave 'em to them,
little, tell the Constable.

I, king Harry. And so fare

t hear herald any more. [Exit.
ar, thou'lt once more come

ne.

the Duke of York.

rd, most humbly on my knee

he vaward †. [I beg

e it, brave York.—Now, sol-

rch away:—

dearest, God, dispose the day!

[Exit.

. The Field of Battle.

ursions. Enter French Sol.

Pistol, and Boy.

car.

ense, que vous estes le gen-

ne qualite.

, call you me?—Construe me,

tleman? What is thy name?

gncur Dieu!

leur Dew should be a gentle-

man;—Perpend my words, O signieur Dew,
and mark;—

O signieur Dew, thou diest on point of fox †,
Except, O signieur, thou do give to me
Egregions ransom.

Fr. Sol. *O, prenez misericorde! ayez
pitié de moy!* [moys;

Pist. Moy shall not serve, I will have forty
For I will fetch thy rim ** out at thy throat,
In drops of crimson blood.

Fr. Sol. *Est il impossible d'eschapper la
force de ton bras?*

Pist. Brass, cur!

Thou damned and luxurious †† mountain goat,
Offer'st me brass?

Fr. Sol. *O pardonnez moy?*

Pist. Say'st thou me so? is that a ton of
moys ‡?—

Come hither, boy; Ask me this slave in French,

What is his name.

Boy. *Escoutez; Comment estes vous ap-*

pellé?

Fr. Sol. *Monsieur le Fer.*

Boy. He says, his name is—master Fer.

Pist. Master Fer! I'll fer him, and firke §§
him, and ferret him:—discuss the samie in
French unto him.

Boy. I do not know the French for fer,
and ferret, and firke.

Pist. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his
throat.

Fr. Sol. *Que dit-il, monsieur?*

Boy. *Il me commande de vous dire que
vous faites vous prest; car ce soldat ici
est disposé tout à cette heure de couper
vostre gorge.*

Pist. Ouy, couper gorge, par ma foy, pesant,
Unless thou give me crowns, brave crowns;
Or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword.

Fr. Sol. *O, je vous supplie pour l'amour
de Dieu, me pardonner! Je suis gentil-
homme de bonne maison: gardez ma vie, et
je vous donneray deux cents escus.*

Pist. What are his words?

Boy. He prays you to save his life; he is
a gentleman of a good house; and, for his ran-
some, he will give you two hundred crowns.

Pist. Tell him,—my fury shall abate, and I
The crowns will take.

Fr. Sol. *Petit monsieur, que dit-il?*

Boy. *Encore qu'il est contre son jure-
ment, de pardonner aucun prisonnier;
neantmoins, pour les escus que vous l'avez
promis, il est content de vous donner la li-
berté, le franchisement.*

Fr. Sol. *Sur mes genoux, je vous donne
mille remerciemens: et je m'estime heureux
que je suis tombé entre les mains d'un che-
valier, je pense, le plus brave, vaillant, et
tres distingué seigneur d'Angleterre.*

Pist. Expound unto me, boy.

Boy. He gives you, upon his knees, a thou-
sand thanks; and he esteems himself happy

n plates anciently let into tomb-stones. † We are soldiers but cowards.

† Golden show, superficial gilding. § Soiled. [Vanguard.

word for a sword, so called from a famous sword-cutler of the name of Fox.

laphragm. †† Lascivious. ‡‡ Pieces of money. §§ Chastise.

that he hath fallen into the hands of (as he thinks) the most brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy signieur of England.

Pist. As I suck blood, I will some mercy show.—

Follow me, cur.

[*Exit* *Pistol*.]

Boy. *Suivez vous le grand capitaine.*

[*Exit* *French Soldier*.]

I did never know so full a voice issue from so empty a heart: but the saying is true,—The empty vessel makes the greatest sound. *Bar-dolph*, and *Nyon*, had ten times more valour than this roaring devil i'the old play, that every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger; and they are both hanged; and so would this be, if he durst steal any thing adventurously. I must stay with the lackeys, with the laggage of our camp; the French might have a good prey of us, if he knew of it; for there is none to guard it, but boys. [*Exit*.]

SCENE V. *Another Part of the Field of Battle.*

Alarums. Enter *Dauphin*, *ORLEANS*, *BOURBON*, *Constable*, *RAMBURES*, and *Others*.

Con. *O diable!*

Orl. *O seigneur!—le jour est perdu, tout est perdu!*

Daup. *Mort de ma vie!* all is confounded, Reproach and everlasting shame [all!]

Sits mocking in our plumes.—*O meschante fortune!*

Do not run away.

[*A short Alarm.*]

I saw him down; thrice up again
From helmet to the spur, all t

Exc. In which array, (brav
he lie,

Larding the plain: and by his
(Yoke-fellow to his honour-ow

The noble earl of Suffolk also
Suffolk first died, and York,

Comes to him, where in gore
And takes him by the beard;

That bloodily did yawn upon
And cries aloud,—*Torry, dear*

My soul shall thine keep com
Torry, sweet soul, for mine!

As, in this glorious and well
We kept together in our chi

Upon these words I came, and
He smiled me in the face, rang

And, with a feeble gripe, says,—
Commend my service to my

So did he turn, and over Suffo
He threw his wounded arm, an

And so, espouse I to death, wit
A testament of noble-ending l

The pretty and sweet manner
Those waters from me, which

stopp'd;
But I had not so much of man

But all my mother came into
And gave me up to tears.

K. Hen. I
For, hearing this, I must per

With mistful eyes, or they wil

maps of the 'orld, I warrant you
in the comparisons between Mace-
monmouth, that the situations, look
is alike. . . There is a river in Mace-
there is also moreover a river at
it is called Wye, at Monmouth;
of my praise, what is the name of
river; but 'tis all one, 'tis so like as
is to my fingers, and there is sal-
th. If you mark Alexander's life
y of Monmouth's life is come after
it well; for there is figures in all
Alexander (God knows, and you
his rages, and his furies, and his
of his cholers, and his moods, and his
n, and his indignations, and also
he intoxicates in his prains, did, in
d his angers, look you, kill his pest
fear.

ur king is not like him in that; he
ad any of his friends.

is not well done, mark you now, to
out of my mouth, ere it is make an
mishad. . . I speak but in the figures
prisons of it: As Alexander is kill
Dytus, being in his ales and his cups;
urry Monmouth, being in right with
et judgments, is turn away the fat
th the great pelly-doublet: he was
ts, and gipes, and knaveries, and
am forget his name.

fr John Falstaff.

iat is he: I can tell you, there is
born at Monmouth.

[ere comes his majesty.

*Enter King HENRY, with a Part
English Forces; WARWICK, GLOS-
ESTER, and Others.* [France

t. I was not angry since I came to
instant.—Take a trumpet, herald;
unto the horsemen on yon hill;
ll fight with us, bid them come down,
ie field; they do offend our sight:
do neither, we will come to them;
: them skirr away, as swift as stones
from the old Assyrian slings:
e'll cut the throats of those we have;
man of them, that we shall take,
: our mercy:—Go, and tell them so.

Enter MONTJOY.

ere comes the herald of the French,
liege. [to be.

is eyes are humbler than they used
a. How now, what means this, he-
t? know'st thou not, [some
e fined these bones of mine for ran-
on again for ransom?

No, great king:
Thee for charitable license,
ay wander o'er this bloody field,
ur dead, and then to bury them;
r nobles from our common men;
of our princes (woe the while!)
d and soak'd in mercenary blood;
vulgar French their peasant limbs
f princes; and their wounds bleed
deep in gore, and, with wild rage,

Yerk out their armed heels at their dead com-
rades. [King,
Killing them twice. O, give us leave, great
To view the field in safety, and dispose of things,
Of their dead bodies.

K. Hen. I tell thee truly, herald,
I know not if the day be ours, or no;
For yet a many of your horsemen peer,
And gallop o'er the field.

Mont. This day is yours.

K. Hen. Praise be God, and not our strength;
for it!—

What is this castle call'd, that stands hard by?

Mont. They call it—Agincourt.

K. Hen. Then call we this—the field of
Agincourt,

Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.

Flu. Your grandfather of famous memory,
an't please your majesty, and your great-uncle
Edward the black prince of Wales, as I have
read in the chronicles, fought a most prave
pattle here in France.

K. Hen. They did, Flinellen.

Flu. Your majesty says very true: If your
majesties is remembered of it, the Welshman
did goot service in a garden where leeks did
grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps;
which, your majesty knows, to this hour, is an
honourable badge of the service; and I do be-
lieve, your majesty takes no scorn to wear the
leek upon St. Tavy's day.

K. Hen. I wear it for a memorable honour:
For I am Welsh, you know, good countryman.

Flu. All the water in Wye cannot wash
your majesty's Welsh blood out of your pety,
I can tell you that: Got pless it and preserve
it, as long as it plesses his grace, and his ma-
jesty too!

K. Hen. Thanks, good my countryman.

Flu. By Cheahu, I am your majesty's coun-
tryman, I care not who know it; I will con-
fess it to all the 'orld: I need not to be ashamed
of your majesty, praised be God, so long as
your majesty is an honest man. [with him;

K. Hen. God keep me so!—Our heralds go
Bring me just notice of the numbers dead
On both our parts.—Call yonder fellow hither.

[Points to WILLIAMS. *Excunt
MONTJOY and Others.*

Ese. Soldier, you must come to the king.

K. Hen. Soldier, why wear'st thou that
glove in thy cap?

Will. An't please your majesty, 'tis the gage
of one that I should fight withal, if he be alive.

K. Hen. An Englishman?

Will. An't please your majesty, a rascal,
that swaggered with me last night: who, if
'a live, and ever dare to challenge this glove, I
have sworn to take him a box o'the ear: or, if
I can see my glove in his cap, (which he
swore, as he was a soldier, he would wear, if
alive,) I will strike it out soundly.

K. Hen. What think you, captain Flinellen?
Is it fit this soldier keep his oath?

Flu. He is a craven, and a villain else, an't
please your majesty, in my conscience.

K. Hen. It may be, his enemy is a gentle-

man of great port*, quite from the answer of his degree.

Flu. Though he be as good a gentleman as the devil is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himself, it is necessary, look your grace, that he keep his vow and his oath: if he be perjured, see you now, his reputation is as arrant a villain, and a Jack's-saucer, as ever his plack shoe trod upon God's ground and his earth, in my conscience, la.

K. Hen. Then keep thy vow, sirrah, when thou meet'st the fellow.

Will. So I will, my liege, as I live.

K. Hen. Who servest thou under?

Will. Under Captain Gower, my liege.

Flu. Gower is a good captain; and is good knowledge and literature in the wars.

K. Hen. Call him hither to me, soldier.

Will. I will, my liege. *[Exit.]*

K. Hen. Here, Fluellen; wear thou this favour for me, and stick it in thy cap: When Alençon and myself were down together, I plucked this glove from his helm: if any man challenge this, he is a friend to Alençon and an enemy to our person; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, an thou dost love me.

Flu. Your grace does me as great honours as can be desired in the hearts of his subjects: I would fain see the man, that has but two legs, that shall find himself aggrieved at this glove, that is all; but I would fain see it once; an please God of his grace, that I might see it.

K. Hen. Knowest thou Gower?

Flu. He is my dear friend, an please you.

Flu. 'Sblud, an arrant traitor, a the universal world, or in France, or in

Gow. How now, sir? you villain!

Will. Do you think I'll be forsworn?

Flu. Stand away, captain Gower, give treason his payment into plowrant you.

Will. I am no traitor.

Flu. That's a lie in thy throat.—I in his majesty's name, apprehend his friend of the duke Alençon's.

Enter Warwick and Gloucester.

War. How now, how now! matter?

Flu. My lord of Warwick, here be God for it!) a most contagious tre to fight, look you, as you shall desire's day. Here is his majesty.

Enter King Henry and Exeter.

K. Hen. How now! what's the matter?

Flu. My liege, here is a villain, an that, look your grace, has struck which your majesty is take out of of Alençon.

Will. My liege, this was my glove the fellow of it: and he that I gave change, promised to wear it in his cap, if he did: I promised to strike him, if he did: I met with my glove in his cap, and I have good as my word.

Flu. Your majesty hear now, (o majesty's manhood,) what an arrant beggarly, lousy, knave it is: I hope jesty is pear me testimony, and w



for you, and I pray you to serve
you out of prawns, and pebbles,
and discords, and I warrant
potter for you.

I none of your money.

With a good will; I can tell you,
on to mend your shoes: Come,
could you be so pashful your
good: 'tis a good silling, I wan-
will change it.

or an English Herald.

ow, herald; are the dead num-

is the number of the slaughter'd

[*Delivers a Paper.*

What prisoners of good sort are
uncle?

[the king;

as duke of Orleans, nephew to

Bourbon, and lord Beauchault:

de, and barons, knights, and

indred, besides common men.

his note doth tell me of ten

id French, [number,

old lie slain: of princes in this

sailing banners, there lie dead

twenty-six: added to these,

quires, and gallant gentlemen,

ad and four hundred; of the

[knights;

I were but yesterday dubb'd

ese ten thousand they have lost,

sixteen hundred mercenaries;

princes, barons, lords, knights,

's of blood and quality.

those their nobles that lie dead,—

broet, high constable of France;

tilton, admiral of France;

The master of the cross-bows, lord Raimbrey;
Great-master of France, the brave sir Guil-
chard Dauphin;

John duke of Alençon; Antony duke of Brabant,

The brother to the duke of Burgundy;

And Edward duke of Bar: of forty earls,

Grandpré, and Roussi, Fauconberg, and Foix,

Beaumont, and Marie, Vandenberg, and Les-

traie,

Here was a royal fellowship of death!—

Where is the number of our English dead?

[*Herald presents another Paper.*

Edward the duke of York, the earl of Suffolk,

Sir Richard Ketley, Davy Gam, esquire;

None else of name; and, of all other men,

But five and twenty. O God, thy arm was here,

And not to us, but to thy arm alone,

Ascribe we all.—When, without stratagem,

But in plain shock, and even play of battle,

Was ever known so great and little loss,

On one part and on the other?—Take it, God,

For it is only thine!

Exc. *Tis wonderful!*

K. Hen. Come, go we in procession to the

village:

And be it death proclaimed through our host,

To boast of this, or take that praise from God,

Which is his only.

Fw. Is it not lawful, as please your ma-
jesty, to tell how many is killed?

K. Hen. Yes, captain; but with this ac-
That God fought for us. [knowledge,]

Fw. Yes, my conscience, he did us great

K. Hen. Do we all holy rites; [good.

Let there be sung *Non nobis*, and *Te Deum*.

The dead with charity enclosed in clay,

We'll then to Calais; and to England then;

Where ne'er from France arrived more happy

men. [*March.*

ACT V.

Enter CHORUS.

safe to those who have not read

y,

empt them: and of such as have,

y them to admit the excuse

members, and due course of things,

in their huge and proper life

sted. Now we bear the king

at grant him there; there seen,

vay upon your winged thoughts,

sa: Behold, the English beach

lood with men, with wives, and

[mouth'd sea,

and claps out-voice the deep-

mighty whiffier*, fore the king,

are his way: so let him land;

/, see him set on to London.

e hath thought, that even now

give him upon Blackbeath:

lords desire him, to have † borne

slaves, and his bended sword,

Before him, through the city: he forbids it,

Being free from vainness and self-glorious

pride;

Giving full trophy, signal, and ostent,

Quite from himself, to God†. But now behold,

In the quick forge and working-house of thought,

How London doth pour out her citizens!

The mayor, and all his brethren, in best sort,—

Like to the senators of the antique Rome,—

With the plebeians swarming at their heels,—

Go forth, and fetch their conquering Caesar in:

As, by a tower but by loving likelihood,

Were now the general of our gracious em-

press|| [coming

(As, in good time, he may,) from Ireland

Bringing rebellion broached on his sword,

How many would the peaceful city quit,

To welcome him! much more, and much more—

cause, [him;

Did they this Harry. Now in London place

(As yet the lamentation of the French

* Floor who walks first in processions.

† i. e., To order it to be borne.

|| i. e., To order it to be borne.

¶ i. e., To order it to be borne.

¶ i. e., To order it to be borne.

¶ i. e., To order it to be borne.

¶ i. e., To order it to be borne.

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¶ i. e., To order it to be borne.

¶ i. e., To order it to be borne.

¶ i. e., To order it to be borne.

¶ i. e., To order it to be borne.

After your thoughts, straight back again to France.

[Exit.]

SCENE I. France. An English Court of Guard.

Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER.

Gow. Nay, that's right; but why wear you your leek to day? Saint Davy's day is past.

Flu. There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things: I will tell you, as my friend, captain Gower. The rascally, scold, beggarly, lousy, praggling knave, Pistol,—which you and yourself, and all the world, know to be no better than a fellow, look you now, of no merits,—he is come to me, and prings me bread and salt yesterday, look you, and bld me eat my leek: he was in a place where I could not breed no contentions with him; but I will be so bold as to wear it in my cap till I see him once again, and then I will tell him a litle piece of my desires.

Enter PISTOL.

Gow. Why, here he comes, swelling like a turkey-cock.

Flu. 'Tis no matter for his swellings, nor his turkey-cocks.—Got pless you, ancient Pistol! you scurvy, lousy knave, Got pless you!

Pist. Hal art thou Bedlam? dost thou thirst, base Trojan,

To have me sold up Parca's fatal web? Hence! I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

Flu. I preech you heartily, scurvy, lousy knave, at my desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eat, look you, this leek; because, look you, you do not love it, nor your affections, and your appetites, and your digestions, does not agree with it, I would desire you to eat it.

Pist. Not for Cadwallader, and all his goats.

Flu. There is one roast for you. [Strikes him.]

Pist. Quiet my coag.

Flu. Much good do you Nay, pray you, throw good for your broken take occasions to see le you, mock at them; the

Pist. Good.

Flu. Ay, leeks is got

a groat to heal your pa

Pist. Me a groat

Flu. Yes, verily, as

take it; or I have anoth

which you shall eat.

Pist. I take thy groat

Flu. If I owe you an

in cudgels; you shall b

buy nothing of me but

you, and keep you, and

Pist. All hell shall s

Gow. Go, go; you are

knave. Will you mock

tion,—began upon an he

worn as a memorable t

valour,—and dare not

any of your words? I h

and galling at this gent

You thought, because

English in the native ga

fore handle an English

otherwise; and, hencef

rection teach you a good

Fare ye well.

Pist. Doth fortune p

me now?

News have I, that my N

Of malady of France;

And there my rendezvo

Old I do wax; and from

Honour is cudgell'd.

And something lean to

To England will I steal



ther France,—and to our sister,
 At this time of day:—joy and good
 [rise;
 fair and princely cousin Katharine
 and member of this royalty,
 great assembly is contrived),
 you, duke of Burgundy:—[all
 French, and peers, health to you
 Right joyous are we to behold
 you,
 brother England; fairly met:—
 princes English, every one.
 happy be the issue, brother Eng-

ay, and of this gracious meeting,
 we glad to behold your eyes;
 which hitherto have borne in them
 such, that met them in their bent,
 of murdering basilisks:
 such looks, we fairly hope,
 in quality; and that this day
 all griefs, and quarrels, into love.
 O cry amen to that, thus we ap-

[you.
 O English princes all, I do salute
 you both, on equal love,
 of France and England! That I
 should
 [deavours,
 with, my pains, and strong en-
 most imperial majesties
 and royal interview,
 on both parts best can witness.
 y office hath so far prevail'd,
 face, and royal eye to eye,
 greeted; let it not disgrace me,
 before this royal view,

what impediment, there is,
 naked, poor, and mingled peace,
 of arts, plenty, and joyful births,
 a this best garden of the world,
 rance, put up her lovely visage?
 ith from France too long been

husbandry doth lie on heaps,
 its own fertility.
 merry cheerer of the heart,
 as her hedges even-pleached,—
 as wildly over-grown with hair,
 order'd twigs: her fallow leas
 semlock, and rank fumitory,
 on; while that the coulter rusts,
 beracinate; such savagery:
 ad, that erst brought sweetly forth
 cowslip, burnet, and green clover,
 seythe, all uncorrected, rank,
 idleness; and nothing teems,
 ocks, rough thistles, kecksies, burns,
 beauty and utility. [hedges,
 vineyards, fallows, meads, and
 their natures, grow to wildness;
 houses, and ourselves, and children,
 do not learn, for want of time,
 that should become our country;
 se savages,—as soldiers will,
 do but meditate on blood,—

To swearing and stern looks, diseased
 And every thing that seems unnatural,
 Which to reduce into our former favour,
 You are assembled: and my speech entreats,
 That I may know the let, why gentle peace
 Should not expel these inconveniencies,
 And bless us with her former quietties.

K. Hen. If, duke of Burgundy; you would
 the peace

Whose want gives growth to the imperfections
 Which you have cited, you must buy that peace
 With full accord to all our just demands;
 Whose tenours and particular effects:

You have, unscheduled briefly, in your hands.
Bur. The king hath heard them; to the
 There is no answer made. [which, as yet,

K. Hen. Well then, the peace,
 Which you before so urged lies in his answer.

Fr. King. I have but with a cursory eye
 O'er-glanced the articles: please, then, your grace
 To appoint some of your council presently
 To sit with us once more, with better heed
 To re-survey them, we will, suddenly,
 Pass our accept, and peremptory answer.

K. Hen. Brother, we shall.—Go, uncle
 Exeter,—[Gloucester,—

And brother Clarence,—and you, brother
 Warwick—and Huntingdon,—go with the
 And take with you free power, to ratify, [king:
 Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best
 Shall see advantageable for our dignity,
 Any thing in, or out of, our demands; [sister,
 And we'll consign thereto.—Will you, fair
 Go with the princes, or stay here with us?

Q. Isa. Our gracious brother, I will go with
 them;

Haply, a woman's voice may do some good,
 When articles, too nicely urged, be stood on.

K. Hen. Yet leave our cousin Katharine
 here with us;

She is our capital demand, comprised
 Within the fore-rank of our articles.

Q. Isa. She hath good leave.

[*Exeunt all but HENRY, KATHA-*
RINE, and her Gentlewoman.

K. Hen. Fair Katharine, and most fair!
 Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms,
 Such as will enter at a lady's ear,
 And plead his love suit to her gentle heart?

Kath. Your majesty shall mock at me; I
 cannot speak your English.

K. Hen. O fair Katharine, if you will love
 me soundly with your French heart, I will be
 glad to hear you confess it brokenly with your
 English tongue. Do you like me, Kate?

Kath. Pardonnez moy, I cannot tell what is
 like me.

K. Hen. An angel is like you, Kate; and
 you are like an angel.

Kath. *Que dit-il? que je suis semblable à*
les anges?

Alice. *Ouy, vrayment, (sauf vostre grace)*
ainsi dit-il.

K. Hen. I said so, dear Katharine; and I
 must not blush to affirm it.

rior. † Plowshare.

‡ Extravagant.

‡ To deracinate is to force up the roots.

‡ Appearance.

¶ Hindrance.

Kath. *O bon Dieu ! les langues des hommes sont pleines des tromperies.*

K. Hen. What says she, fair one ? that the tongues of men are full of deceits ?

Alice. *Ouy ; dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits : dat is de princess.*

K. Hen. The princess is the better English-woman. I'faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy understanding : I am glad thou canst speak no better English ; for, if thou couldst, thou wouldst find me such a plain king, that thou wouldst think I had sold my farm to buy my crown. I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say—I love you : then, if you urge me further than to say—Do you in faith ? I wear out my suit. Give me your answer ; I'faith, do ; and so clap hands and a bargain : How say you, lady ?

Kath. *Sauf vostre honneur*, me understand well.

K. Hen. Marry, if you would put me to verses, or to dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid me : for the one, I have neither words nor measure ; and for the other, I have no strength in measure *, yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armour on my back, under the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife. Or, if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horse for her favours, I could lay on like a butcher, and sit like a jack-anapes, never off ; but, before God, I cannot

Kath. Is it possible dat I enemy of France ?

K. Hen. No ; it is not pot love the enemy of France, K ing me, you should love the for I love France so well, th with a village of it ; I will h aud, Kate, when France is yours, then yours is France, i

Kath. I cannot tell vat is K. Hen. No, Kate ? I French ; which, I am sure, my tongue like a new-mai her husband's neck, hardly *Quand j'ay la possession quand vous avez le passes* me see, what then ? Saint speed !)—*donc vostre est estes mienne.* It is as easy

conquer the kingdom, as to more French : I shall nev French, unless it be to laugh

Kath. *Sauf vostre honne que vous parlez, est meille lequel je parle.*

K. Hen. No, 'faith, 'tis n speaking of my tongue, and, falsely, must needs be granti one. But, Kate, dost thou much English ? Canst thou l

Kath. I cannot tell.

K. Hen. Can any of you Kate ? I'll ask them. Con

en that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempering effect of my visage? Now I have my father's ambition; he was thinking of civil wars when he got me; therefore I created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that, when I come to woo ladies, might fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the elder you are, the better I shall appear: my comfort is that old age, that ill layer-up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face: thou hast me. Thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better: and therefore tell me, most fair Katharine, dost thou have me? Put off your maiden blush; avouch the thoughts of your heart to the looks of an empress; take me by the hand, and say—Harry of England, I am thine: I will word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud—England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and my Plantagenet is thine; who, though I think it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. Come, your answer in broken music; for thy voice is music, and thy English broken: therefore, queen of all, Katharine, break thy mind to me in broken English.—Wilt thou have me?

Kate. But is as it shall please de roy mon sire.

K. Hen. Nay, it will please him well, Kate; shall please him, Kate.

Kate. Den it shall also content me.

K. Hen. Upon that I will kiss your hand, and I call you—my queen.

Kate. *Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez; ma foi, je ne veux point que vous abaissez votre grandeur, en baissant la main d'une vostre indigne serviteure, exaltes moy, je vous supplie, mon tres puissant seigneur.*

K. Hen. Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

Kate. *Les dames, et damoiselles, pour vous baisées devant leur nopces, il n'est pas la coutume de France.* [she?]

K. Hen. Madam my interpreter, what says Alice. Dat it is not be de fashion pour les dames of France,—I cannot tell what is, *baiser*, no English.

K. Hen. To kiss.

Alice. Your majesty *entendre better que*

K. Hen. It is not the fashion for the maids

of France to kiss before they are married, would she say?

Alice. *Ouy, vrayment.*

K. Hen. O, Kate, nice customs count'sy to rest kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak list of a country's custom: we are the makers of manners, Kate; and the liberty that follows our places, stops the mouths of all find-faults; as I will do ours, for upholding the nice fashion of your country, in denying me a kiss: therefore, patiently, and yielding. [Kissing her.] You

have witchcraft in your lips, Kate; there is more eloquence in a sugar-tongue of them, than in the tongues of the French council; and they should sooner persuade Harry of England, than a general petition of monarchs. Here comes your father.

Enter the French King and Queen, Burgundy, Bedford, Gloucester, Exeter, Wiltshire, and other French and English Lords.

Bar. God save your majesty! my royal cousin, teach you our princess English?

K. Hen. I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly I love her; and that is good English.

Bar. Is she not apt?

K. Hen. Our tongue is rough, eos; and my condition is not smooth: so that, having neither the voice nor the heart of flattery about me, I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love in her, that he will appear in his true likeness.

Bar. Pardon the frankness of my mirth, if I answer you for that. If you would conjure in her you must make a circle: if conjure up love in her in his true likeness, he must appear naked, and blind: Can you blame her then, being a maid yet roset over with the virgin crimson of modesty, if she deny the appearance of a naked blind boy in her naked seeing self? It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to conjoin to.

K. Hen. Yet they do wink, and yield; as love is blind, and enforces.

Bar. They are then excused, my lord, when they see not what they do.

K. Hen. Then, good my lord, teach your cousin to consent to winking.

Bar. I will wink on her to consent, my lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning: for maids, well summered and warm kept, are like flies at Bartholomew-tide, blind, though they have their eyes; and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

K. Hen. This moral ties me over to time, and a hot summer; and so I will catch the fly, your cousin, in the latter end, and she must be blind too.

Bar. As love is, my lord, before it loves.

K. Hen. It is so: and you may, some of you, thank love for my blindness; who cannot see many a fair French city, for one fair French maid that stands in my way.

Fr. King. Yes, my lord, you see them perspectively, the cities turned into a maid; for they are all girdled with maiden walls, that war hath never entered.

K. Hen. Shall Kate be my wife?

Fr. King. So please you.

K. Hen. I am content; so the maiden cities you talk of, may wait on her: so the maid, that stood in the way of my wish, shall shew me the way to my will.

Fr. King. We have consented to all terms of reason.

* *E.g.*, Though my face has no power to soften you.
† Application.

‡ Slight barrier: } Temper.

K. Hen. Is't so, my lords of England?

West. The king hath granted every article: His daughter, first; and then, in sequel, all, According to their firm proposed natures.

Etc. Only, he hath not yet subscribed this:—Where your majesty demands,—That the king of France, having any occasion to write for matter of grant, shall name your highness in this form, and with this addition, in French,—*Notre tres cher filz Henry roy d'Angleterre, heretier de France*; and thus in Latin,—*Præclarissimus filius noster Henricus, rex Angliæ, et hæres Franciæ*.

Fr. King. Nor this I have not, brother, so denied,

But your request shall make me let it pass.

K. Hen. I pray you then, in love and dear alliance,

Let that one article rank with the rest:

And, thereupon, give me your daughter.

Fr. King. Take her, fair son; and from her blood raise up

Issue to me: that the contending kingdoms Of France and England, whose very shores look pale

With envy of each other's happiness, May cease their hatred; and this dear conjunction

Plant neighbourhood and christian-like accord In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France.

All. Amen. [France.]

K. Hen. Now welcome, Kate;—and bear me witness all,

That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen.

Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one!

As man and wife, being two, are one in love, So be there 'twixt your kingdoms such a

sponsal, That never may ill office, or fell jealousy, Which troubles oft the bed of blessed marriage,

Thrust in between the paction of these kings To make divorce of their incorporate league: That English may as French, French Englishmen,

Receive each other!—God speak this Amen!

All. Amen! [which day,

K. Hen. Prepare we for our marriage:—oh My lord of Burgundy, we'll take your oath, And all the peers', for surety of our league:—Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me; And may our oaths well kept and profum'd be!

Enter CHORUS.

Thus far, with rough, and all unable pen, Our bending* author hath pursued the story, In little room confining mighty men,

Mangling by starts the full course of their glory.

Small time, but, in that small, most greatly

This star of England: fortune made his sword, By which the world's best garden† he achieved.

And of it left his son imperial lord. Henry the sixth, in infant bands crown'd king

Of France and England did this king succeed, Whose state so many had the managing,

That they lost France, and made his England bleed:



FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI.

Persons represented.

BY the SIXTH.

GLOSTER, uncle to the King, and
Pier.

LEDFORD, uncle to the King, and
of France.

BEAUFORT, Duke of Exeter, great
to the King.

RAUFORT, great uncle to the King,
of Winchester, and afterwards
nal.

RAUFORT, Earl of Somerset; after-
s Duke.

PLANTAGENET, eldest son of
rd, late Earl of Cambridge; after-
s Duke of York.

WARWICK. Earl of SALISBURY.
l of SUFFOLK.

BOT, afterwards Earl of Shrews-

BOT, his son.

MORTIMER, Earl of March.

s Keeper, and a Lawyer.

PASTOLVE. Sir WILLIAM LUCY.

JAM GLANSDALE. Sir THOMAS

RAVE

London. WOODVILLE, Licut. of
ower.

VERNON, of the White Rose, or York faction.

BASSET, of the Red Rose, or Lancaster
faction.

CHARLES, Dauphin, and afterwards King
of France.

REIGNIER, Duke of Anjou, and titular
King of Naples.

Duke of BURGUNDY. Duke of ALENÇON.

Governor of Paris. Bastard of Orleans.

Master-Gunner of Orleans, and his Son.

General of the French forces in Bourdeaux.

A French Sergeant. A Porter.

An old Shepherd, father to Joan la Pucelle.

MARGARET, daughter to Reignier; after-
wards married to King Henry.

Countess of AUVERGNE.

JOAN LA PUELLE, commonly called Joan of
Arc.

Fiends appearing to La Pucelle, Lords,
Warders of the Tower, Heralds, Officers,
Soldiers, Messengers, and several At-
tendants both on the English and
French.

Scene, partly in England, and partly in
France.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Westminster Abbey.

Arch. Corpse of King Henry the
discovered, lying in state; attended
the Dukes of BEAUFORT, GLOSTER,
EXETER; the Earl of WARWICK, the
of Winchester, Heralds, &c.

may be the heavens with black*,
id day to night;
mporting change of times and states,
your crystal tresses in the sky;
them scourge the bad revolting stars,
consented unto Henry's death!
fifth, too famous to live long!
e'er lost a king of so much worth.
England ne'er had a king, until his
e.

had, deserving to command:
lish'd sword did blind men with his
ms;
spread wider than a dragon's wings;
ling eyes replete with wrathful fire,
sied and drove back his enemies,
l-day sun, fierce bent against their
ss.

What should I say? his deeds exceed all speech:
He ne'er lift up his hand, but conquered.

Arch. We mourn in black; why mourn we
not in blood?

Henry is dead, and never shall revive:

Upon a wooden coffin we attend;

And death's dishonourable victory,

We with our stately presence glorify,

Like captives bound to a triumphant car.

What! shall we curse the planets of mishap,

That plotted thus our glory's overthrow?

Or shall we think the subtle-witted French

Conjurers and sorcerers, that, afraid of him,

By magic verses have contrived his end?

W'm. He was a king bless'd of the King of
kings!

Unto the French the dreadful judgment-day

So dreadful will not be, as was his sight.

The battles of the Lord of hosts he fought:

The church's prayers made him so prosperous.

Glo. The church! where is it? Had not

churchmen pray'd,

His thread of life had not so soon decay'd:

None do you like but an effeminate prince,

Whom, like a school-boy, you may over-awe.

* Alluding to our ancient stage practice when a tragedy was to be acted.
e was a notion long prevalent, that life might be taken away by magical charms.

Win. Gloster, whate'er we like, thou art protector;

And lookest to command the prince, and realm.
Thy wife is proud; she holdeth thee in awe,
More than God, or religious churchmen may.

Glo. Name not religion, for thou lovest the flesh;

And ne'er throughout the year to church thou
Except it be to pray against thy foes.

Bed. Cease, cease, these jars, and rest your
minds in peace!

Let's to the altar:—Heralds, wait on us:—
Instead of gold, we'll offer up our arms:

Since arms avail not, now that Henry's dead,
Posterity, await for wretched years,

When at their mothers' moist eyes babes
shall suck;

Our Isle be made a nourish* of salt tears,
And none but women left to wail the dead,—

Henry the fifth! thy ghost I invoke;
Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils!

Combat with adverse planets in the heavens!
A far more glorious star thy soul will make,

Than Julius Cæsar, or bright—
Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My honourable lords, health to you
Sad tidings bring I to you out of France, [all]

Of loss, of slaughter, and discomfiture:
Gulenne, Champaigne, Rheims, Orleans,

Paris, Guysors, Poictiers, are all quite lost.
Bed. What say'st thou, man, before dead

Henry's corse?
Speak softly; or the loss of those great towns
Will make him burst his lead, and rise from

Except some petty towns of no import:
The Dauphin, Charles, is crowned king

Rheims;
The bastard of Orleans with him is join'd;

Reignier, duke of Anjou, death takes his part;
The duke of Alençon slith to his side, [all]

Elys. The Dauphin crowned king! slith
O, whither shall we fly from this reproach!

Glo. We will not fly, but to our own
throats;

Bedford, if thou be slack, I'll fight it out.
Bed. Gloster, why doubt'st thou of my

wardness?
An army have I muster'd in my thought,
Wherewith already France is over-run.

Enter a third Messenger.
3 Mess. My gracious lords,—to add my

laments,
Wherewith you now bedew king's eyes,
I must inform you of a dismal sight.

Betwixt the stout lord Talbot and the French
Win. What! wherein Talbot overcame

so?
3 Mess. O, no; wherein lord Talbot
o'erthrown;

The circumstance I'll tell you more at large:
The tenth of August last, this dreadful day,

Retiring from the siege of Orleans,
Having full scarce six thousand in his

By three and twenty thousand of the French
Was round encompassed and set upon

No leisure had he to censure his men;
He wanted pikes to set before his army

Instead whereof, sharp stakes, pluck'd out of

FIRST PART OF THE TROUPE: HENRY VI.

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with him, and lord Hunger-
[wise.
t slaughtered, or took like-
some there is none but I shall

him headlong from his throne,
be the ransom of my friend;
I'll change for one of ours.—
sters; to my task will I;
ce forthwith I am to make,
St. George's feast withal;
diers with me I will take,
leeds shall make all Europe

[besieged;
ou had need; for Orleans is
y is grown weak and faint;
bury, craveth quick supply,
a his men from mutiny.
w, watch such a multitude,
er, lords, your oaths to Henry
ie Dauphin utterly, [sworn;
bedience to your yoke.
nber it; and here take leave,
reparation. [Exit.

Tower, with all the haste I
lery and munition; [can,
proclaim young Henry king.

[Exit.
a will I, where the young king
is special governor; [is,
there I'll best devise. [Exit.
th his place and function to

me nothing remains.
ot be Jack-out-of-office;
tham I intend to send,
it stern of public weal.

[Exit. Scene closes.

France. Before Orleans.
with his Forces; ALEN-
GNIER, and Others.

True moving, even as in the

o this day is not known:
upon the English side;
lors upon us he smiles.
ny moment, but we have
we lie, near Orleans;
famish'd English, like pale
one hour in a month. [ghosts,
ant their porridge, and their
ives:

be dieted like mules,
reverend tied to their months,
ill look, like drowned mice,
ie siege; Why live we idly
hom we want to fear: [here?
but mad-brain'd Salisbury;
in fretting spend his gall,
ney, hath he to make war.
sound alarm; we will rush

air of the forlorn French

Him I forgive my death, that killeth me,
When he sees me go back one foot, or fly.

[Exit.
Alarums; Excursions; afterwards a Ro-
treat.

Re-enter CHARLES, ALENCON, REIGNIER,
and Others.

Char. Who ever saw the like! what men
have I!— [fed,
Dogs! cowards! dastards!—I would ne'er have
But that they left me 'midst my enemies.

Reig. Salisbury is a desperate homicide;
He fighteth as one weary of his life.
The other lords, like lions wanting food,
Do rush upon us as their hungry prey.

Alen. Froissard, a countryman of ours, re-
England all Olivers and Rowlands bred, [cords,
During the time Edward the third did reign.
More truly now may this be verified;
For none but Samsons, and Goliasses,
It sendeth forth to skirmish. One to ten!
Lean raw-boned rascals! who would e'er sup-
They had such courage and audacity! [pose.

Char. Let's leave this town; for they are
hair-brain'd slaves, [leager!
And hunger will enforce them to be more
Of old I know them; rather with their teeth
The walls they'll tear down, than forsake the
siege. [device,

Reig. I think, by some odd gimmals†, or
Their arms are set, like clocks, still to strike on;
Else ne'er could they hold out so as they do.
By my consent, we'll e'en let them alone!

Alen. Be it so.

Enter the Bastard of Orleans.

Bast. Where's the prince Dauphin, I have
news for him! [to us.

Char. Bastard of Orleans, thrice welcome
Bast. Methinks, your looks are sad, your
cheer's appall'd;

Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence?
Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand:
A holy maid hither with me I bring,
Which, by a vision sent to her from heaven,
Ordained is to raise this tedious siege,
And drive the English forth the bounds of
The spirit of deep prophecy she hath, [Francee.
Exceeding the nine sibyls of old Rome; [scry.
What's past, and what's to come, she can de-
Speak, shall I call her in? Believe my words,
For they are certain and unfallible.

Char. Go, call her in: [Exit Bastard.] But,
first, to try her skill,

Reignier, stand thou as Dauphin in my place;
Question her proudly, let thy looks be stern:—
By this means shall we sound what skill she
hath. [Retires.

Enter LA PUCELLE, Bastard of Orleans,
and Others.

Reig. Fair maid, is't thou wilt do these
wondrous feats? [guile me!—

Puc. Reignier, is't thou that thinkest to be
Where is the Dauphin?—come, come from
behind;

for which they are hungry. † A gimmal is a piece of jointed work,
a piece moves within another; here it is taken as large for an engine,
was not in former times a term of reproach.

I know thee well, though never seen before.

Be not amazed, there's nothing hid from me:

In private will I talk with thee apart:—

Stand back, you lords, and give us leave a while. [dash.

Relg. She takes upon her bravely at first

Puc. Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's

My wit untrain'd in any kind of art. [laughter,

Heaven, and our Lady gracious, hath it pleased

To shine on my contemptible estate:

Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs,

And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,

God's mother deigned to appear to me;

And, in a vision full of majesty,

Wold me to leave my base vocation,

And free my country from calamity:

Her aid she promised, and assured success:

In complete glory she reveal'd herself;

And, whereas I was black and swart before,

With those clear rays which she infused on me,

That beauty am I bless'd with which you see.

Ask me what question thou canst possible,

And I will answer unpremeditated:

My courage try by combat, if thou dar'st,

And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.

Resolve on this*: Thou shalt be fortunate,

If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

Char. Thou hast astonish'd me with thy high

terms;

Only this proof I'll of thy valour make,—

in single combat thou shalt buckle with me;

And, if thou vanquishest, thy words are true;

Otherwise, I renounce all confidence. [sword,

Relg. I am prepared: here is my keen-edged

These women are shrewd ten

tongues.

Relg. My lord, where are y

Shall we give over Orleans, o

Puc. Why, no, I say, distr

Fight till the last gasp; I will

Char. What she says I'll

fight it out.

Puc. Assign'd am I to be the

This night the siege assuredly

Expect Saint Martin's summe

Since I have enter'd into thes

Glory is like a circle in the w

Which never ceaseth to enlar

Till, by broad spreading, it di

With Henry's death, the Eng

Dispersed are the glories it in

Now am I like that proud in

Which Caesar and his fortune

Char. Was Mahomet inspi

Thou with an eagle art inspir

Helen, the mother of great

Nor yet Saint Philip's daugh

thee.

Bright star of Venus, fail'n do

How may I reverently worsh

Alen. Leave off delays, an

siege.

Relg. Woman, do what thou

Drive them from Orleans, and

Char. Presently we'll t

away about it:

No prophet will I trust, if she

ant, is it you, whose voice I
[enter.
is: here's Gloster, that would
[thin.] Have patience, noble
may not open:
[Winchester forbids:
ive express commandment,
none of thine, shall be let in.
eard Woodville, prizest him
? chester! that haughty prelate,
our late sovereign, ne'er could

end to God, or to the king:
n, or I'll shut thee out shortly.
n the gates unto the lord pro-
[not quickly.
them open, if that you come
[ESTER, attended by a train
wants in tawny coats.
now, ambitious Humphry! what
is? priest*, dost thou command me
ut out?
hon most usurping proditor t,
stor of the king or realm.
ack, thou manifest conspirator;
triv'dst to murder our dead lord;
st whores indulgences to sin:
ee in thy broad cardinal's hat,
in this thy insolence.
tand thou back, I will not budge
us, be thou cursed Cain, [a foot;
ther Abel, if thou wilt.
not slay thee, but I'll drive thee

yes, as a child's bearing-cloth
ry thee out of this place.
hat thou darest; I beard thee to
[face I—
am I dared and bearded to my
r all this privileged place;
tawny-coats. Priest, beware
rd;
nd his Men attack the Bishop.
it, and to cuff you soundly:
I stamp thy cardinal's hat;
e or dignities of church,
eeks I'll drag thee up and down.
er, thou'lt answer this before the
[rope!—
ester goose! I cry—a rope! a
n hence! Why do you let them
[array.—
e hence, thou wolf in sheep's
oats!—out, scarlet! hypocrite!
at tumult. In the midst of it,
the Mayor of London, and
lords! that you, being supreme
ates,
lously should break the peace!
mayor; thou know'st little of
ings:

Here's Beaufort, that regards nor God nor king,
Hath here distrain'd the Tower to his use.

Win. Here's Gloster too, a foe to citizens;
One that still motions war, and never peace,
O'ercharging your free purses with large fines;
That seeks to overthrow religion,
Because he is protector of the realm;
And would have armour here out of the Tower,
To crown himself king, and suppress the prince.

Glo. I will not answer thee with words, but
blows. [Here they skirmish again.

May. Nought rests for me, in this tumultu-
ous strife.

But to make open proclamation:—

Come, officer; as loud as e'er thou canst.

Off. All manner of men, assembled here
in arms this day, against God's peace and
the king's, we charge and command you,
in his highness's name, to repair to your
several dwelling-places; and not to wear,
handle, or use, any sword, weapon, or dug-
ger, henceforward, upon pain of death.

Glo. Cardinal, I'll be no breaker of the law:
But we shall meet, and break our minds at
large. [be sure:

Win. Gloster, we'll meet; to thy dear cost,
Thy heart-blood I will have, for this day's work.

May. I'll call for clubs*, if you will not
away:—

This cardinal is more haughty than the devil.

Glo. Mayor, farewell: thou dost but what
thou may'st.

Win. Abominable Gloster! guard thy head;
For I intend to have it, ere long. [Exit.

May. See the coast clear'd, and then we will
depart.— [bear!

Good God! that nobles should such stomachs**
I myself fight not once in forty year. [Exit.

SCENE IV. France. Before Orleans.

Enter, on the Walls, the Master-Gunner
and his Son.

M. Gun. Sirrah, thou know'st how Orleans
is besieged;

And how the English have the suburbs won.

Son. Father, I know; and oft have shot at
Howe'er, unfortunate, I miss'd my aim. [them,

M. Gun. But now thou shalt not. Be thou
ruled by me:

Chief master-gunner am I of this town;
Something I must do to procure me grace††:
The prince's espials‡ have inform'd me,
How the English, in the suburbs close in-
trench'd,

Went, through a secret gate of iron bars
In yonder tower, to overpeer the city;
And thence discover how with most advantage
They may vex us, with shot, or with assault.
To intercept this inconvenience,

A piece of ordnance 'gainst it I have placed;
And fully even these three days have I watch'd,
If I could see them. Now, boy, do thou watch,
For I can stay no longer.

If thou spy'st any, run and bring me word;

o his shaven crown.
to the Bishop's habit.
of Friar.

† Traitor.

‡ Sir.

§ A trumpet.

¶ That is, for peace-officers, armed with clubs

** Favour.

†† Spies.

And thou shalt find me at the governor's. [*Exit.*]

Son. Father, I warrant you; take you no
I'll never trouble you, if I may spy them. [*care;*]

*Enter, in an upper Chamber of a Tower, the
Lords SALISBURY and TALBOT, Sir WILLIAM
GLANSDALE, Sir THOMAS GAR-
GRAVE, and Others.*

Sal. Talbot, my life, my joy, again return'd!
How wert thou handled, being prisoner?
Or by what means got'st thou to be released?
Discourse, I pray thee, on this turret's top.

Tal. The duke of Bedford had a prisoner,
Called—the brave lord Ponton de Santrallies;
For him I was exchanged and ransomed.

But with a baser man of arms, by far, [*me:*]
Once, in contempt, they would have barter'd
Which I, disdaining, scorn'd; and craved death
Rather than I would be so piled esteem'd *.

In fine, redeem'd I was as I desired. [*heart!*]
But, O! the treacherous Fastolfe wounds my
Whom with my bare fists I would execute,
If I now had him brought into my power.

Sal. Yet tell'st thou not, how thou wert en-
tertain'd. [*lions taunts.*]

Tal. With scoffs, and scorns, and contume-
In open market-place produced they me,
To be a public spectacle to all;

Here, said they, is the terror of the French,
The scare-crow that allrights our children so.
Then broke I from the officers that led me;
And with my nails digg'd stones out of the

To hurl at the beholders of my shame. [*ground,*]
My grisly countenance made others fly;
None durst come near for fear of sudden death.

Is't not so, Talbot?—
[*He looks to the people, and they shout.*]

How farest thou, mirror of all martial men!
One of thy eyes, and thy cheek's side smok
Accursed tower! accursed fatal hand, [*off!*]
That hath contrived this woful tragedy!

In thirteen battles Salisbury o'ercame;
Henry the fifth he first train'd to the wars; [*off!*]
Whilst any trump did sound, or drum beat
His sword did ne'er leave striking in the air.

Yet livest thou, Salisbury? though thy sword
doth fail,

One eye thou hast, to look to heaven for grace
The sun with one eye vieweth all the world—
Heaven be thou gracious to none alive,
If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hand!

Bear hence his body, I will help to bury it—
Sir Thomas Gargrave, hast thou any life?
Speak unto Talbot; nay, look up to him.

Salisbury, cheer thy spirit with this comfort:
Thou shalt not die, whilst—

He beckons with his hand, and smiles in my
As who should say, *When I am dead and gone*
Remember to avenge me on the French.

Plantagenet, I will; and Nero-like,
Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn.
Wretched shall France be only in my name.

[*Thunder heard; afterwards an alarm.*]
What stir is this? What tumult in the
heavens?

Whence cometh this alarm, and the mist
Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, my lord, the French are
gather'd head:

The dauphin, with one Joan la Pucelle
A holy prophetess, new risen up,

as you suffer haste to pre-

with straining of my con-
fess crack my arms un-

his high-minded strumpet-
well; thy hour is not yet
flames forthwith. [comes:
what; I scorn thy strength.
hunger-starved men;
make his testament:
many more shall be.
s the *Thorn* with Soldiers.
are whirled like a potter's

am, nor what I do:
force, like Hannibal,
ope, and conquers as she

[stench,
and doves with noisome
and houses, driven away.
merceness, English dogs;
s, we crying run away.

[A short Alarum.
either renew the fight,
t of England's coat;
give sheep in lion's stead:
so timorous from the wolf,
rom the leopard,
ir oft-subdued slaves.

um. Another Skirmish.
tire into your trenches:
nto Salisbury's death,
ke a stroke in his revenge.
to Orleans,
ight that we could do.
die with Salisbury!
ill make me hide my head.
treat. *Exeunt TALBOT*
nces, &c.

SCENE VI. *The same.*

*Enter, on the Walls, Pucelle, CHARLES,
REIGNIER, ALANÇON, and Soldiers.*

Puc. Advance our waving colours on the
walls;

Rescued is Orleans from the English wolves:—
Thus Joan la Pucelle hath perform'd her word.

Char. Divinest creature, bright Astruc's
daughter,

How shall I honour thee for this success?
Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens, [next.
That one day bloom'd, and fruitful were the
France, triumph in thy glorious prophesies!—
Recover'd is the town of Orleans:

More blessed hap did ne'er befall our state.

Reig. Why ring not out the bells throughout
the town?

Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires,
And feast and banquet in the open streets,
To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.

Alan. All France will be replete with mirth
and joy, [men.

When they shall hear how we have play'd the
Char. 'Tis Joan, not we, by whom the day
is won;

For which, I will divide my crown with her:
And all the priests and friars in my realm
Shall, in procession, sing her endless praise.

A statelier pyramid to her I'll rear,
Than Rhodope's, or Memphis', ever was:

In memory of her, when she is dead,
Her ashes, in an urn more precious

Than the rich-jewell'd coffer of Darius,
Transported shall be at high festivals

Before the kings and queens of France.

No longer on Saint Dennis will we cry,
But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint.

Come in; and let us banquet royally,
After this golden day of victory.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

ACT II.

I. *The same.*

, a French Sergeant, and
Sentinels.

your places, and be vigi-
ler, you perceive, [lant:
y some apparent sign,
dge at the court of guard.
you shall. [*Exit Sergeant.*

Thus are poor servitors
upon their quiet beds [cold.
in darkness, rain, and
OFORD, BURGUNDY, and
calling *Ladders*; their
s dead *March*.

st,—and redoubt'd Bur-

t, the regions of Artois,
dy, are friends to us,—
e Frenchmen are secure,
used and banqueted:

Embrace we then this opportunity;
As fitting best to quittance their deceit,
Contrived by art, and baleful sorcery.

Bed. Coward of France!—how much he
wronges his fame,

Despairing of his own arm's fortitude,
To join with witches, and the help of hell.

Bur. Traitors have never other company.—
But what's that Pucelle, whom they term so

Tal. A maid, they say. [pure?

Bed. A maid! and be so martial!

Bur. Pray God, she prove not masculine
ere long;

If underneath the standard of the French,
She carry armour, as she hath begun.

Tal. Well, let them practise and converse
with spirits: [name,

God is our fortress; in whose conquering
Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks.

Bed. Ascend, brave Talbot; we will follow
thee.

* *The same as guard-room.*

Tal. Not far together: better far, I guess,
That we should make our entry several ways;
For if it chance the one of us do fall,
The other yet may rise against their force.

Alen. And I'll fall to your corner.

Tal. And I to this.

Alen. And you will Talbot mount, or make

Now, stand by me, and for the right
Of England, here, shall this night appear
How much I love you and bound to both.

Tal. English to the Walls, crying St.

George! *Talbot* and all enter by

the town.

Alen. *Talbot!* Arm, arm! the enemy
Is on our backs!

Tal. French! upon the Walls in their
Shirts! *Enter, in Shirts, BASTARD,
ARAGON, ROSSIGNOL, half ready, and
others.*

Alen. How now, my lords? what, all un-
ready?

Bast. Unready, say, and glad we 'scaped so

Tal. T'was time, I trow, to wake and
arm ourselves.

Hearing drums at our chamber doors, [arms,
And, when we awoke, such first I follow'd
Never and I follow'd the enterprise

More valiantly, or desperate than this.

Bast. I think this had been a hand of hell.

Tal. It is not of hell, the heavens, sure, fa-
vour him.

Alen. Here cometh Charles; I marvel how

Enter CHARLES and LA PUCELLE.

And now there rests no other shift
To gather our soldiers, scatter'd and
And lay new platforms to endan-
Alarm. Enter an English Sold
a Talbot! a Talbot! *Tary* *at*
their Cloths behind.

Sold. I'll be so bold to take whi
The cry of Talbot serves me for a
For I have loaden me with many
Using no other weapon but his na-

SCENE II. Orleans. *Within*

Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BEE
Captain, and Others.

Bed. The day begins to break;
fled,

Whose pitchy mantle over-veil'd
Here sound retreat, and cease ear-
[*Retreat*

Tal. Bring forth the body of ok
And here advance it in the market
The middle centre of this cursed to
Now have I paid my vow unto him
For every drop of blood was drawn
There hath at least five French
And, that hereafter ages may beh
What ruin happen'd in revenge
Within their chiefest temple I'll
A tomb, wherein his corpse shall be
Upon the which, that every one
Shall be engraved the sack of Ori

The treacherous manner of his mo
And what a terror he had been to
But lords, in all our bloody

ard, despite her gentle suit.
me then; for, when a world

with all their oratory,
a kindness over-ruled:—
ver, I return great thanks;
will attend on her.—
were bear me company?
; it is more than manners

t said,—Unbidden guests
at when they are gone.
t, alone, since there's no
s lady's courtesy. [remedy,
in. *[Whispers.]*—You per-
ad.

ard; and mean accordingly,
[Exit.]

argue. *Court of the Castle.*
intens and her Porter.

remember what I gave in
to me.

ve done so, bring the keys
I will. *[Exit.]*

t is laid: if all things fall
by this exploit [out right,
yris by Cyrus' death.
r of this dreadful knight,
nts of no less account:
eyes be witness with mine

re * of these rare reports.
enger and TALBOT.

ladyship desired,
t, so is lord Talbot come.
is welcome. What! is this
it is. [the man?]
this the scourge of France?
so much fear'd abroad,
me the mothers still their
alous and false: [babes?]
have seen some Hercules,
for his grim aspect,
ion of his strong-knit limbs.
ld, a silly dwarf:
weak and writhled † shrimp
terror to his enemies.
have been bold to trouble

yahip is not at leisure,
r time to visit you.
eans he now?—Go ask him,
goes. [craves
lord Talbot; for my lady
of your abrupt departure.
that she's in a wrong belief,
Talbot's here.
Porter, with Keys.
e he, then art thou prisoner.
to whom?

To me, blood-thirsty lord;
I train'd thee to my house.
dow hath been thrall to me,
thy picture hangs:

But now the substance shall endure the like;
And I will chain these legs and arms of thine
That hast by tyranny, these many years,
Wasted our country, slain our citizens,
And sent our sons and husbands captive.

Tal. Ha, ha, ha!

Count. Laughst thou, wretch? thy mirth
shall turn to moan.

Tal. I laugh to see your ladyship so fond
To think that you have sought but Talbot's shadow
Whereon to practise your severity. [dow,

Count. Why, art not thou the man?

Tal. I am indeed.

Count. Then have I substance too.

Tal. No, no, I am but shadow of myself:
You are deceived, my substance is not here;
For what you see, is but the smallest part
And least proportion of humanity:
I tell you, madam, were the whole frame here,
It is of such a spacious lofty pitch,
Your roof were not sufficient to contain it.

Count. This is a riddling merchant for the
nonce;

He will be here, and yet he is not here:
How can these contrarities agree?

Tal. That will I show you presently.

*He winds a Horn. Drums heard; then a
Peal of Ordinance. The Gates being
forced, enter Soldiers.*

How say you, madam? are you now persuaded,
That Talbot is but shadow of himself?
These are his substance, sinews, arms, and
strength,

With which he yoketh your rebellious necks,
Razeth your cities, and subverts your towns,
And in a moment makes them desolate.

Count. Victorious Talbot! pardon my abuse:
I find, thou art no less than fame hath bruited;
And more than may be gather'd by thy shape.
Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath;
For I am sorry that with reverence

I did not entertain thee as thou art. [construe

Tal. Be not dismay'd, fair lady; nor mis-
The mind of Talbot, as you did mistake
The outward composition of his body.

What you have done hath not offended me:
No other satisfaction do I crave,
But only (with your patience) that we may
Taste of your wine, and see what cates you
have;

For soldiers' stomachs always serve them well.

Count. With all my heart: and think me
honoured

To feast so great a warrior in my house.

[Exit.]

SCENE IV. London. *The Temple Garden.*

*Enter the Earls of SOMERSET, SUFFOLK
and WARWICK; RICHARD PLANTAGENET,
VERNON, and another Lawyer.*

Plan. Great lords, and gentlemen, what
means this silence?

Dare no man answer in a case of truth?

Suff. Within the Temple hall we were too
loud;

The garden here is more convenient.

† Wrinkled. † Foolish.

For a purpose. † Announced wrongly

Law. I then say at once, If I maintain'd the
[beat]

Suff. Was wrangling Somerset in the error?
Suff. Faith, I have been a trust in the law;

And I have yet could frame my will to it;
And others one, frame the law unto my will.

Suff. But you, my lord of Warwick, then
[higher pitch,

Plan. Between two hawks, which flies the
Between two dogs, which hath the deeper
[temper,

Between two blades, which bears the better
Between two horses, which doth bear him
[eye,

Between two girls, which hath the merriest
I have, perhaps, some shallow spirit of judg-
ment:

But in these nice sharp quillets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.

Plan. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly for-
bearance:

The truth appears so naked on my side,
That any purblind eye may find it out.

Som. And on my side it is so well apparell'd,
So clear, so shining, and so evident,
That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.

Plan. Since you are tongue-ty'd, and so
loath to speak,

In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts:
Let him that is a true born gentleman,

And stands upon the honour of his birth,
It he suppose that I have pleaded truth,

Pluck off this brier pluck a white rose with me.

Som. Let him that is no coward nor no
[beat]

Law. Unless my study a
false,

The argument you held was

In sign whereof, I pluck a w

Plan. Now, Somerset, w
ment!

Som. Here, in my scab
Shall die your white rose in

Plan. Mean time, your c
feit our roses;

For pale they look with fear
The truth on our side.

Som. No
'Tis not for fear, but anger,—

Blush for pure shame, to con
And yet thy tongue will not

Plan. Hath not thy rose a
Som. Hath not thy rose

genet?

Plan. Ay, sharp and pie
Whiles thy consuming canl
hood.

Som. Well, I'll find fri
That shall maintain what I l

Where false Plantagenet da
Plan. Now, by this maid

hand,
I scorn thee and thy fashion

Suff. Turn not thy scorn
tagenet.

Plan. Proud Poole, I wi
Suff. I'll turn my part

throat.
Som. Away, away, away

, thou shalt find us ready for thee

as, by these colours, for thy foes;
my friends, in spite of thee, shall

[*rose*,
ad, by my seal, this pale and angry
ice of my blood-drinking hate,
ver, and my faction, wear;
her with me to my grave,
to the height of my degree.

forward, and be choked with thy
tion!

well, until I meet thee next. [*Exit*.
we with thee, Poole.—Farewell,
thous Richard. [*Exit*.

ow I am braved, and must perforce
re it! [*your house*,

the blot, that they object against
ped out in the next parliament,

as trace of Winchester and Gloucester:
I be not then created York,

ve to be accounted Warwick.

In signal of my love to thee,

ad Somerset, and William Poole,

thy party wear this rose:

prophecy,—This brawl to-day,

his faction, in the Temple garden,

between the red rose and the white,

souls to death and deadly night.

ood master Vernon, I am bound to

a my behalf would pluck a flower.

your behalf still will I wear the

ad so will I. [*same*.

banks, gentle sir.

a four to dinner: I dare say,

I will drink blood another day.

[*Exeunt*.

. The same. A Room in the

Tower.

RTIMER, brought in a Chair by

Two Keepers.

and keepers of my weak decaying

Mortimer here rest himself.— [*age*,

a man new haled from the rack,

limbs with long imprisonment:

gray locks, the pursuivants of death,

aged, in an age of care,

and of Edmund Mortimer. [*spent*,—

—like lamps whose wasting oil is

as drawing to their exigent:

siders, overborne with burd'ning

for,

as arms, like to a wither'd vine

s his sapless branches to the ground:

no feet—whose strengthless stay is

th,

support this lump of clay,—

ad with desire to get a grave,

I no other comfort have.—

keeper, will my nephew come?

Richard Plantagenet, my lord, will

e:

We sent unto the Temple, to his chamber;

And answer was return'd that he will come.

Mor. Enough; my soul shall then be satis-

fied.—

Poor gentleman! his wrong doth equal mine.

Since Henry Monmouth first began to reign,

(Before whose glory I was great in arms,)

This loathsome sequestration have I had;

And even since then hath Richard been ob-

scured,

Deprived of honour and inheritance:

But now, the arbitrator of despair,

Just death, kind umpire of men's miseries,

With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me

hence;

I would his troubles likewise were expired,

That so he might recover what was lost.

Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET.

I Keep. My lord, your loving nephew now

is come. [*he come?*

Mor. Richard Plantagenet, my friend? Is

Plan. Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly used,

Your nephew, late-despised Richard, comes.

Mor. Direct mine arms, I may embrace his

neck,

And in his bosom spend my latter gasp:

O, tell me, when my lips do touch his cheeks,

That I may kindly give one fainting kiss.—

And now declare, sweet stem from York's

great stock,

Why did'st thou say of late thou wert despised?

Plan. First, lean thine aged back against

mine arm;

And, in that ease, I'll tell thee my disease. [*me:*

This day, in argument upon a case,

Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset and

Among which terms he used his lavish tongue,

And did upbraid me with my father's death;

Which obloquy set bars before my tongue,

Else with the like I had requited him:

Therefore, good uncle,—for my father's sake,

In honour of a true Plantagenet,

And for alliance' sake,—declare the cause

My father, earl of Cambridge, lost his head.

Mor. That cause, fair nephew, that im-

prison'd me,

And hath detain'd me, all my flow'ring youth,

Within a loathsome dungeon, there to pine,

Was curst instrument of his decease.

Plan. Discover more at large what cause

that was;

For I am ignorant, and cannot guess.

Mor. I will, if that my fading breath permit,

And death approach not ere my tale be done.

Henry the fourth, grandfather to this king,

Deposed his nephew Richard, Edward's son,

The first-begotten, and the lawful heir

Of Edward king, the third of that descent:

During whose reign, the Percies of the north,

Finding his usurpation most unjust,

Endeavour'd my advancement to the throne:

The reason mov'd these warlike lords to this,

Was—for that (young king Richard thus re-

Leaving no heir begotten of his body) (moved,

he heralds that, fore-running death, proclaim its approach.

i. e., He who terminates or concludes misery.

|| Uneasiness, discontent.

† End.

§ Lately despised.

I was the best by birth and parentage;
 For my grandfather Edward I am
 Edward the first son of Clarence, the third son
 of the first Edward the first, where is he,
 The first son of Edward, bringing his pedigree,
 three hundred and thirty-four line.
 But think, as in this lengthy great attempt,
 How I have brought in this great line,
 I lost my liberty, and they their lives,
 Forgetting this, when Henry the fifth,—
 Successor to his father, Bolingbroke,—did reign,
 I was taken, and taken into prison, then derived
 to Edmund Mortimer, Duke of York.

Mortimer, my father's mother was,
 A poor, poor, poor, poor, poor, poor,
 I was taken, and taken into prison,
 And I was taken into prison,
 And I was taken into prison,
 And I was taken into prison,
 And I was taken into prison,
 And I was taken into prison,

Plan. O, woe, my lord, your honour is
 the last.

Mor. I have, and then I wish, that I no issue
 And that my name would do warrant death;
 I wish my name would do warrant death;
 I wish my name would do warrant death;

Plan. My grave admonishments prevail
 with me;

But yet, no think, my father's execution
 Was not less than bloody tyranny.

Mor. With silence, nephew, be thou still.
 Strong-fixed is the house of Lancaster.

And, like a mountain, not to be
 But now thy uncle is removing
 As princes do their courts, &
 cloy'd

With long continuance in a set
Plan. O, uncle, 'would you
 young years

Might but redeem the passage of
Mor. Thou dost then wrore
 slaughterer doth,

Which giveth many wounds,
 Mourning, except thou sorrow
 Only give order for my funeral
 And so farewell; and fair be.
 And prosperous be thy life, in p

Plan. And peace, no war, be
 In prison hast thou spent a pilgrim
 And like a hermit overpass'd it
 Well, I will look his counsel in
 And what I do imagine, let that
 Keepers, convey him hence: as
 Will see his burial better than I

[*Exit Keepers, bearing on*
 Here dies the dusky torch of M
 Choked with ambition of the t
 And for those wrongs, those bit
 Which Somerset hath offer'd to
 I doubt not but with honour to
 And therefore haste I to the p
 Either to be restored to my blo
 Or make my ill the advantage

Ay, lordly sir; For what are you, I
 imperious in another's throne? [pray,
 am I not the protector, sancy priest?
 And am I not a prelate of the church?
 es, as an outlaw in a castle keeps,
 it to patronage his theft.
 Unreverent Gloster!

Thou art reverent
 thy spiritual function, not thy life.
 This Rome shall remedy.

Room thither then.
 fy lord, it were your duty to forbear.
 ly, see the bishop be not overborne.
 lethinks, my lord should be religious,
 r the office that belongs to such.
 Methinks, his lordship should be
 abler;

not a prelate so to plead. [near.
 'em, when his holy state is touch'd so
 late holy, or unhallow'd, what of
 grace protector to the king? [that?
 Plantagenet, I see must hold his
 gae;

as said, *Speak, sirrah, when you
 old;* [lords?
 ur bold verdict enter talk with
 id I have a sling at Winchester.

[Aside.
 s. Uncles of Gloster, and of Win-
 ster,
 id watchmen of our English weal;
 revall, if prayers might prevail,
 ur hearts in love and amity.

scandal is it to our crown,
 such noble peers as ye should jar!
 ie, lords, my tender years can tell,
 mission is a viperous worm,
 s the bowels of the commonwealth.—
 des *within*; Down with the tawny
 oats!]
 ult's this?

An uproar, I dare warrant,
 ough malice of the bishop's men.

[A noise again; Stones! Stones!
 the Mayor of London, attended.
), my good lords,—and virtuous
 ty of London, pity us! [Henry,—
 p and the duke of Gloster's men,
 late to carry any weapon,
 d their pockets full of pebble-stones;
 ing themselves in contrary parts,
 s fast at one another's pates,
 have their giddy brains knock'd out:
 ows are broke down in every street,
 or fear, compell'd to shut our shops.
Smashing, the Retainers of GLO-
STER WINCHESTER, with bloody pates.
 . We charge you, on allegiance to
 self, [peace.
 ur slaught'ring hands, and keep the
 le Gloster, mitigate this strife.

Nay, if we be
 stones, we'll fall to it with our teeth.
 Do what ye dare, we are as resolute.
 [Skirmish again.

Glo. You of my household, leave this
 peevish broil,
 And set this unaccustomed fight aside.

s Serv. My lord, we know your grace to be
 a man

Just and upright; and, for your royal birth,
 Inferior to none, but his majesty:
 And ere that we will suffer such a prince,
 So kind a father of the commonweal,
 To be disgraced by an inkhorn mate,
 We, and our wives, and children, all will fight,
 And have our bodies slaughter'd by thy foes.

1 Serv. Ay, and the very parings of our nails
 Shall pitch a field when we are dead.

[Skirmish again.
 Glo. Stay, stay, I say!

And, if you love me, as you say you do,
 Let me persuade you to forbear a while.

K. Hen. O, how this discord doth afflict
 my soul!

Can you, my lord of Winchester, behold
 My sighs and tears, and will not once relent?
 Who should be pitiful, if you be not?
 Or who should study to prefer a peace,
 If holy churchmen take delight in broils?

War. My lord protector, yield;—yield,
 Winchester;

Except you mean, with obstinate repulse,
 To slay your sovereign, and destroy the realm.
 You see what mischief, and what murder too,
 Hath been enacted through your enmity;
 Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.

Win. He shall submit, or I will never yield.

Glo. Compassion on the king commands
 me stoop;

Or I would see his heart out, ere the priest
 Should ever get that privilege of me.

War. Behold, my lord of Winchester, the
 Hath banish'd moody discontented fury, [duke
 As by his smoothed brows it doth appear:
 Why look you still so stern and tragical?

Glo. Here, Winchester, I offer thee my hand.

K. Hen. Fie, uncle Beaufort! I have heard
 you preach,

That malice was a great and grievous sin:
 And will not you maintain the thing you teach,
 But prove a chief offender in the same?

War. Sweet king!—the bishop hath a
 kindly gird!

For shame, my lord of Winchester! relent;
 What, shall a child instruct you what to do?

Win. Well, duke of Gloster, I will yield to
 thee;

Love for thy love, and hand for hand I give.

Glo. Ay; but, I fear me, with a hollow
 heart.—

See here, my friends, and loving countrymen;
 This token serveth for a flag of truce,
 Betwixt ourselves, and all our followers:
 So help me God, as I dissemble not!

Win. So help me God, as I intend it not!

[Aside.
 K. Hen. O loving uncle, kind duke of
 Gloster,

How joyful am I made by this contract!—

namely, indecent.

† This was a term of reproach toward men of learning.

‡ Feels an emotion of kind remorse.

away, my master's trouble us no more;
But put in their ship, as your lords have done.

Edw. Content; I'll to the surgeon's.

York. And so will I.

Edw. And I will see what physic the tavern
doth afford.

Exe. *Exit Servants, Mayor, &c.*

Hen. As yet he scold, most gracious so
valiant.

Which is the right of Richard Plantagenet,
And establish to your majesty.

Edw. Well, my lord of Warwick;—

War. Sweet prince,

As you may think every circumstance,
I have your uncle's countess Richard right;

Edw. As yet the countess

is in the power of your majesty. *[force]*

Edw. As yet the countess, uncle, were of

the countess, my lord, my pleasure is,

War. Richard's blood to his blood.

Edw. I think you are related to his blood;

War. I think your wrongs be recompensed.

Edw. As yet the countess, with Winchester.

War. I think you are related to his blood;

Edw. As yet the countess, with Winchester.

War. I think you are related to his blood;

Edw. As yet the countess, with Winchester.

War. I think you are related to his blood;

Edw. As yet the countess, with Winchester.

War. I think you are related to his blood;

Edw. As yet the countess, with Winchester.

War. I think you are related to his blood;

Edw. As yet the countess, with Winchester.

Which is so plain that Exeter do
His days may finish ere that hapless

SCENE II. France Before

*Enter La Pucelle disguised,
dressed like Countrymen,
upon their backs.*

Puc. These are the city gates
Rouen,

Through which our policy must
Take heed, be wary how you pass
Talk like the vulgar sort of man
That come to gather money for
If we have entrance, as I hope
And that we find the slothful w
I'll by a sign give notice to our
That Charles the Dauphin is
them.

1 Sold. Our sacks shall be a
And we be lords and rulers over
Therefore we'll knock.

Guard. *[Within.] Qui est là.*

Puc. *Puissant, pauvres gens*
Poor market-folks, that come to

Guard. Enter, go in; the
rung.

Puc. Now, Rouen, I'll shake
to the ground.

*Enter CHARLES, Bastard of Or
gon, and Forces.*

Char. Saint Dennis bless this
gem!

And once again we'll close

visions. Enter from the Town brought in sick in a Chair, with
BURGUNDY, *and the English*
Men, enter on the Walls, LA
CHARLES, BASTARD, ALENÇON,

I morrow, gallants! want ye
r bread?

ky of Burgundy will fast,
ry again at such a rate:

larnel; do you like the taste?

on, vile fiend, and shameless
an!

g, to choke thee with thine own,
e curse the harvest of that corn.

grace may starve, perhaps, be
t time. [this treason!

no words, but deeds, revenge
will you do, good grey-beard?

lance,

at death within a chair?

lend of France, and hag of all

with thy lustful paramours!

ee to taunt his valliant age,

i cowardice a man half dead?

ave a bout with you again,

lbot perish with this shame.

you so hot, sir?—Yet, Pucelle,
y peace;

ut thunder, rain will follow.—

and the rest, consult together.
e parliament! who shall be the

field?

re come forth, and meet us in the
e, your lordship takes us then

s,

our own be ours or no.

k not to that railing Hecate,

, Alençon, and the rest;

soldiers, come and fight it out?

lor, no. [France!

or, hang!—base multiteers of

foot-boys do they keep the walls,

take up arms like gentlemen.

lans, away: let's get us from the

ians no goodness, by his looks.—

ou, my lord! we came, sir, but

ere. [to tell you

PUCELLE, &c., *from the Walls,*

ere will we be too, ere it be long,

ich be Talbot's greatest fame!—

dy, by honour of thy house,

by public wrongs, sustain'd in

the town again, or die:

re as English Henry lives,

her here was conqueror;

this late-betrayed town

Alion's heart was buried;

ar, to get the town, or die.

ows are equal prtners with thy

ere we go, regard this dying

ke of Bedford:—Come, my lord,

We will bestow you in some better place,
Pitter for sickness, and for crazy age.

Bed. Lord Talbot, do not so dishonour me:

Here will I sit before the walls of Rouën,

And will be partner of your weal, or woe.

Bur. Courageous Bedford, let us now per-

suade you. [I read,

Bed. Not to be gone from hence; for once

That stout Pendragon, in his litter, sick,

Came to the field, and vanquished his foes:

Methinks, I should revive the soldiers' hearts,

Because I ever found them as myself.

Tal. Undaunted spirit in a dying breast!—

Then be it so:—Heavens keep old Bedford

safe!—

And now no more ado, brave Burgundy,

But gather we our forces out of hand,

And set upon our boasting enemy.

[*Exeunt* BURGUNDY, TALBOT, and Forces,

leaving BEDFORD, and Others.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter Sir JOHN

FALSTOLFE, and a Captain.

Cap. Whither away, sir John Falstolfe, in

such haste? [flight;—

Falst. Whither away? to save myself by

We are like to have the overthrow again.

Cup. What! will you fly; and leave lord

Talbot?

Falst. Ay,

All the Talbots in the world to save my life.

Cup. Cowardly knight! ill fortune follow

thee! [flight;—

Retreat: Excursions. Enter from the Town,

LA PUCELLE, ALENÇON, CHARLES, &c.,

and *Exeunt, flying.*

Bed. Now, quiet soul, depart when heaven

please;

For I have seen our enemies' overthrow.

What is the trust or strength of foolish man?

They, that of late were daring with their scuffs

Are glad and fain by flight to save themselves.

[*Dies, and is carried off in his Chair.*

Alarum: Enter TALBOT, BURGUNDY, and

Others.

Tal. Lost, and recover'd in a day again!

This is a double honour, Burgundy:

Yet, heavens have glory for this victory!

Bur. Warlike and martial Talbot, Burgundy

Enshrines thee in his heart; and there erects

Thy noble deeds, as valour's monument.

Tal. Thanks, gentle duke. But where is

Pucelle now?

I think her old familiar is asleep:

Now where's the bastard's braves, and Charles

his clerks? [for grief,

What, all a-mort? Rouën hangs her head

That such a valliant company are fled.

Now will we take some order? in the town,

Placing therein some expert officers;

And then depart to Paris, to the king;

For there young Harry, with his nobles, lies.

Bur. What wills lord Talbot, pleaseth Bur-

gundy.

Tal. But yet, before we go, let's not forget

The noble duke of Bedford, late deceased.

† Quite despirited.

† Make some necessary disposition

And so, my country, * fulfill'd in Rozen;
 And his scholar never couched lance,
 And his lieutenant did never sway in court;
 And his son, though test-potatoes must die;
 And his wife, and child of human misery.

(Exeunt.)

SCENE III. *The same. The Plains near the City.*

Enter CHARLES, the Bastard, ALFONSO, LA PUCELLE, and Forces.

Puc. I am, not, princes, at this accident,
 Nor am I that Rozen is so recovered:
 Come, I am here, but rather corrosive,
 For the wound that is not to be remeand,
 Let me, I would not triumph for a while,
 For mine eyes seek sweep along his tail;
 We're pulling a pommel, and take away his train,
 If I might, in the rest, will be bet ruled.

Char. We have been guided by thee hitherto,
 And thou thy cunning, and no diffidence;
 And so, I would not, if never breed distrust,
 And thou, I would not, thy wit for secret policies,
 And we will make thee famous through the world.

Puc. Would set thy statue in some holy
 Shrine, have thee revered like a blessed saint;
 And by thee, thou sweet virgin, for our good.

Char. From this it must be; this doth Joan
 devise.

Puc. For thou, I would not, with such words,
 We will entice the duke of Burgundy

Puc. Brave Burgundy, and so
 France!

Stay, let thy humble handmaid

Sur. Speak on; but be not

Puc. Look on thy country,

France,

And see the cities and the towns

By wasting ruin of the cruel foe

As looks the mother on her low!

When death doth close his tender

See, see, the pining malady of France

Behold the wounds, the most un-
 Which thou thyself hast given

O, turn thy edged sword another

Strike those that hurt, and hurt

help!

One drop of blood, drawn from

Should grieve thee more than stre-
 gate;

Return thee, therefore, with a fl

And wash away thy country's st

Sur. Either she hath bewit-
 her words,

Or nature makes me suddenly r

Puc. Besides, all French an-
 claims on thee,

Doubting thy birth and lawful p

Who, in'st thou with, but with a

That will not trust thee, but for

When Talbot hath set footing on

And fashion'd thee that instrum

Who then, but English Henry,

SCENE IV. Paris. A Room in the Palace.
Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, and other
peers, VERNON, BASSET, &c. To them
Henry, and some of his Officers.

al. My gracious prince,—and honourable
 king of your arrival in this realm, (peers,—
 See while given truce unto my wars,
 Is my duty to my sovereign:
 Whereof, this arm—that hath reclaim'd
 His obedience fifty fortresses, (strength,
 His cities, and seven walled towns of
 And five hundred prisoners of esteem,—
 Shall his sword before your highness' feet;
 With submissive loyalty of heart,
 For the glory of his conquest got,
 Be my God, and next unto your grace.
al. Is this the lord Talbot, uncle
 of Gloster,
 That so long been resident in France?
al. Yes, if it please your majesty, my liege.
al. Welcome, brave captain, and
 victorious lord!
 As I was young, (as yet I am not old,)
 Remember how my father said,
 After champion never handled sword.
 Since we were resolved * of your truth,
 Faithful service, and your toil in war;
 Never have you tasted our reward,
 When repardon'd† with so much as thanks,
 Since till now we never saw your face:

Therefore, stand up; and, for these good
 deserts,

We here create you earl of Shrewsbury;
 And in our coronation take your place.

[**Exeunt King HENRY, GLOSTER,**
TALBOT, and Nobles.

Ver. Now, sir, to you, that were so hot at
 Disgracing of these colours that I wear (see,
 In honour of my noble lord of York.—
 Darest thou maintain the former words thou
 spak'st?

Bas. Yes, sir; as well as you dare patronage
 The envious barking of your saucy tongue
 Against my lord the duke of Somerset.

Ver. Sirrah, thy lord I honour as he is.

Bas. Why, what is he? as good a man as
 York.

Ver. Hark ye; not so: in witness, take ye
 that. (**Strikes Aim.**)

Bas. Villain, thou know'st, the law of arms
 is such,

That, whoso draws a sword, 'tis present death;
 Or else this blow should broach thy dearest
 But I'll unto his majesty, and crave (blood.
 I may have liberty to venge this wrong;
 When thou shalt see, I'll meet thee to thy cost.

Ver. Well, miscreant, I'll be there as soon
 as you;

And, after, meet you sooner than you would.
 [**Exeunt.**]

ACT IV

SCENE I. The same. A Room of State.
Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, EXETER,
York, Suffolk, Somerset, Winchester,
Warwick, Talbot, the Governor of
Paris, and Others.

al. Lord bishop, set the crown upon his
 head. (the sixth!)

al. God save king Henry, of that name
 the. Now, governor of Paris, take your
 oath.— (Governor kneels.)

Is you elect no other king but him:
 none none friends, but such as are his friends;
 none your foes, but such as shall pretend;
 seditious practices against his state:
 I shall ye do, so help you righteous God!

[**Exeunt Gov. and his Train.**

Enter Sir JOHN FASTOLFE.

Fast. My gracious sovereign, as I rode from
 haste unto your coronation, (Calais,
 letter was deliver'd to my hands,
 rht to your grace from the duke of Burgundy.
Fal. Shame to the duke of Burgundy, and
 thee! (next,

would, base knight, when I did meet thee
 tear the garter from the craven's leg,
 (Plucking it off.

(which I have done) because unworthily
 on wast installed in that high degree.—
 pardon me, princely Henry, and the rest:

This dastard, at the battle of Patay,
 When but in all I was six thousand strong,
 And that the French were almost ten to one,—
 Before we met, or that a stroke was given,
 Like to a trusty squire, did run away;
 In which assault we lost twelve hundred men;
 Myself, and divers gentlemen beside,
 Were there surprised, and taken prisoners.
 Then judge, great lords, if I have done amiss;
 Or whether that such coward's ought to wear
 This ornament of knighthood, yea, or no.

Glo. To say the truth, this fact was infamous,
 And ill becoming any common man;
 Much more a knight, a captain, and a leader.

Tal. When first this order was ordain'd, my
 lords,

Knights of the garter were of noble birth;
 Vallant, and virtuous, full of haughty courage,
 Such as were grown to credit by the wars;
 Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,
 But always resolute in most extremes.†
 He then, that is not furnish'd in this sort,
 Doth but usurp the sacred name of knight,
 Profaning this most honourable order;
 And should (if I were worthy to be judge,)
 Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain
 That doth presume to boast of gentle blood.

K. Hen. Stain to thy countrymen! thou
 hear'st thy doom:

Be packing therefore, thou that wast a knight;

* Confirmed in opinion.
 † Mean, dastardly. ‡ High.

† Rewarded. ‡ Design.
 ¶ &c., In greatest extremities.

Henceforth we banish thee, on pain of death.—

[Exit FASTOLFE.]

And now, my lord protector, view the letter sent from our uncle duke of Burgundy.

Glos. What means his grace, that he hath changed his style? [Viewing the superscription.]

No more but plain and bluntly,—*To the king?*

Hath he forgot, he is his sovereign?

Doth this childish superscription

Preferd some alteration in good will?

What's here?—*I have, upon special cause,—*

[Reads.]

Moved with compassion of my country's wreck,

Together with the pitiful complaints

Of such as your oppression feeds upon,—

Forsaken your pernicious faction,

And join'd with Charles, the rightful king of France.

Demonsious treachery! Can this be so;

That in alliance, amity, and oaths,

There should be found such false dissembling guile? [revolt]

K. Hen. What! doth my uncle Burgundy

Glos. He doth, my lord; and is become your foe. [contain]

K. Hen. Is that the worst this letter doth

Glos. It is the worst, and all, my lord, he writes. [talk with him.]

K. Hen. Why then, lord Talbot there shall

And give him chastisement for this abuse:—

My lord, how say you? are you not content?

Tal. Content, my liege! Yes; but that I am

About a certain question in the

Argued betwixt the duke of Yor

With other vile and ignominious

In confutation of which rade re

And in defence of my lord's wo

I crave the benefit of law of arm

Ver. And that is my petition,

For though he seem, with forge

To set a gloss upon his bold int

Yet know, my lord, I was provi

And he first took exceptions at

Pronouncing—that the paleness

Bewray'd the faintness of my

York. Will not this malice,

left?

Som. Your private grudge, my

Though ne'er so cunningly you

K. Hen. Good lord! what in

brain-sick men;

When, for so slight and frivolous

Such factious emulations shall a

Good cousins both, of York and

Quiet yourselves, I pray, and bes

York. Let this dissension fi

And then your highness shall com

Som. The quarrel toucheth not

Betwixt ourselves let us decide

York. There is my pledge; a

Ver. Nay, let it rest where it

Bas. Confirm it so, mine hon

Glo. Confirm it so! Confounded

And perish ye, with your audac

Presumptuous vassals! are you

With this immodest clamorous

may upbraid me with my crown,
 oath, the king of Scots is crown'd.
 rations better can persuade,
 ble to instruct or teach:
 e, as we hither came in peace,
 continue peace and love.—
 rk, we institute your grace
 ent in these parts of France:—
 lord of Somerset, unite
 of horsemen with his bands of
 [ritors,
 e subjects, sons of your proge-
 together, and digest
 holer on your enemies.
 ord protector, and the rest,
 spite, will return to Calais;
 to England; where I hope ere
 ed, by your victories, [long
 s, Alençon, and that traitorous

Exeunt King Henry, Glo.,
 Win., Bur., and Bassett.
 lord of York, I promise you the

sought, did play the orator.
 so he did; but yet I like it not,
 ars the badge of Somerset.
 if that was but his fancy, blame
 t; [harm.
 ne, sweet prince, he thought no
 , if I wist, he did,—But let it rest;
 must now be managed.

ork, Warwick, and Vernon.
 didst thou, Richard, to suppress
 ice:

passions of thy heart burst out,
 did have seen deciphr'd there
 us spite, more furious raging

be imagined or supposed.
 r, no simple man that sees
 discord of nobility,
 ng of each other in the court,
 mending of their favourites,
 th presage some ill event.
 when sceptres are in children's
 [sion;
 an envy † breeds unkind; divi-
 the ruin, there begins confusion.
 [Exit.

* France. *Before* Bourdeaux.
 Talbot, with his Forces.

the gates of Bourdeaux, trum-
 general unto the wall. [peter,
 inds a Parley. Enter, on the
 General of the French Forces,

Talbot, captains, calls you forth,
 ms to Harry, king of England;
 would,—Open your city gates,
 us; call my sovereign yours,
 cmage as obedient subjects,
 law me and my bloody power:
 wns upon this proffer'd peace,

You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
 Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing
 fire;

Who, in a moment, even with the earth
 Shall lay your stately and air-braving towers,
 If you forsake the offer of their love.

Gen. Those ominous and fearful owl of death,
 Our nation's terror, and their bloody scourge!
 The period of thy tyranny approacheth.
 On us thou canst not enter, but by death:
 For, I protest, we are well fortified,
 And strong enough to leave out and fight:
 If thou retire, the Dauphin, well appointed,
 Stands with the snares of war to tangle thee:
 On either hand thee there are squadrons
 pitch'd,

To wall thee from the liberty of flight;
 And no way canst thou turn thee for redress,
 But death doth front thee with apparent spoil,
 And pale destruction meets thee in the face.
 Ten thousand French have ta'en the sacrament,
 To rive their dangerous artillery
 Upon no Christian soul but English Talbot.
 Lo! there thou stand'st, a breathing valiant
 Of an invincible unconquer'd spirit: [man,
 This is the latest glory of thy praise,
 That I, thy enemy, owe ‡ thee withal;
 For ere the glass, that now begins to run,
 Finish the process of his sandy hour,
 These eyes, that see thee now well colour'd,
 Shall see thee wither'd, bloody, pale, and dead.
 [Drum afar off.

Hark! hark! the Dauphin's drum, a warning
 bell,

Sings heavy music to thy timorous soul;
 And mine shall ring thy dire departure out.

[*Exeunt* General, &c., from the Walls.
 Tal. He fables not, I hear the enemy;
 Out, some light horsemen, and peruse their
 wings.—

O, negligent and heedless discipline!
 How are we park'd, and bounded in a pale;
 A little herd of England's timorous deer,
 Mazed with a yelping kennel of French curs!
 If we be English deer, be then in blood †:
 Not rascal-like ¶, to fall down with a pinch;
 But rather moody-mad, and desperate stags,
 Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of steel,
 And make the cowards stand aloof at bay:
 Sell every man his life as dear as mine,
 And they shall find dear deer of us, my
 friends.— [land's right!
 God, and Saint George! Talbot, and Eng-
 lish our colours in this dangerous fight!
 [*Exeunt*.

SCENE III. Plains in Gascony.

Enter YORK, with Forces; to him a
 Messenger.

York. Are not the speedy scouts return'd
 again,
 That dogg'd the mighty army of the Dauphin?
 Mess. They are return'd, my lord; and give
 it out, [power,
 That he is march'd to Bourdeaux with his

re, or wonderful.

† spirits.

‡ Enmity.

† Unnatural.

‡ Endue, honour.

¶ A rascal deer is the term of chase for lean poor deer.

To fight with Talbot: As he march'd along,
By your espies * were discovered
Two mightier troops than that the Dauphin led;
Which join'd with him, and made their march
for Bourdeaux.

York. A plague upon that villain Somerset;
That thus delays my promised supply
Of horsemen, that were levied for this siege!
Renowned Talbot doth expect my aid;
And I am louted by a traitor villain,
And cannot help the noble chevalier:
God comfort him in this necessity!
If he miscarry, farewell wars in France.

Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY.

Lucy. Thou princely leader of our English
strength,

Never so needful on the earth of France,
Spur to the rescue of the noble Talbot;
Who now is girdled with a waist of iron,
And hemm'd about with grim destruction:
To Bourdeaux, warlike duke! to Bourdeaux,
York! [honour.

Else, farewell Talbot, France, and England's
York. O God! that Somerset—who in proud
heart

Doth stop my cornets—were in Talbot's place!
So should we save a valiant gentleman,
By forfeiting a traitor and a coward.
Mad ire, and wrathful fury, makes me weep,
That thus we die, while remiss traitors sleep.

Lucy. O, send some succour to the dis-
tress'd lord! [like word:

This expedition was by York, &
Too rashly plotted; all our gen-
Might with a sally of the very
Be buckled with: the over-dar-
Hath sullied all his gloss of for
By this unheedful, desperate w
York set him on to fight, and
That, Talbot dead, great York
name.

Off. Here is sir William Lac
Set from our o'er-match'd fore

Enter Sir WILLIAM

Som. How now, sir William
you sent? [sol

Lucy. Whither, my lord? fi
Who, ring'd about with bold
Cries out for noble York and
To beat assailing death from hi
And whiles the honourable cap
Drops bloody sweat from hi
limbs,

And, in advantage ling'ring, lo
You, his false hopes, the true
honour,

Keep off aloof with worthless
Let not your private discord k
The levied succours that shoul
While he, renowned noble ge
Yields up his life unto a world
Orleans the Bastard, Charles,
Alençon, Reignier, compass hi
And Talbot perisheth by your

wring thy father to his drooping chair,
malignant and ill-boding stars!—
as it come were a fensel of death;
and unavoided † danger: (horse;
e, dear boy, mount on my swiftest
direct thee how thou shalt escape
in flight: come, daily not, begone. [son]
Is my name Talbot? and am I your
I fly? O, if you love my mother,
is not her honourable name,
a bastard, and a slave of mine:
d will say—He is not Talbot's blood,
fly fled, when noble Talbot stood.
ly, to revenge my death, if I be slain.
He, that flies so, will ne'er return
again.

We both stay, we both are sure to die.
Then let me stay; and, father, do
as fly:

is great, so your regard † should be;
h unknown, no loss is known in me.
death the French can little boast;
they will, in you all hopes are lost.
not stain the honour you have won;
it will, that no exploit have done:
for vantage every one will swear;
how, they'll say—it was for fear.
no hope that ever I will stay.
at hear, I shrink, and run away.
my knee, I beg mortality,
can life preserved with infamy.
shall all thy mother's hopes lie in one
man? [mother's womb.]

Ay, rather than I'll shame my
upon my blessing I command thee go.
To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.
art of thy father may be saved in thee.
No part of him, but will be shame in
me. [not lose it.]

Thou never hadst renown, nor canst
Yes, your renowned name; shall
not abuse it? [from that stain.]

Thy father's charge shall clear thee
You cannot witness for me, being
be so apparent, then both fly. [slain,
and leave my followers here, to fight,
and die?]

was never tainted with such shame.
And shall my youth be guilty of such
name?

can I be severed from your side,
yourself yourself in twain divide:
do what you will, the like do I;
I will not, if my father die.
then here I take my leave of thee, fair
eclipse thy life this afternoon. [son,
de by side together live and die;
with soul from France to heaven fly.
[Exeunt.]

ENE VI. A Field of Battle.

Excursions, wherein TALBOT's Son
med about, and TALBOT rescues him.
saint George and victory! fight, sol-
ers, fight:

The regent bath with Talbot broke his word,
And left us to the rage of France his sword.
Where is John Talbot? pause, and take thy
breath;

I gave thee life, and rescued thee from death.

John. O twice my father! twice am I thy
son: [done;]

The life, thou gavest me first, was lost and
Till with thy warlike sword, despite of fate,
To my determin'd † time thou gav'st new date.

Tal. When from the Daupain's crest thy
sword struck fire,

It warm'd thy father's heart with proud desire
Of bold-faced victory. Then leaden age,
Quickened with youthful spleen, and warlike
rage,

Beat down Alençon, Orleans, Burgundy,
And from the pride of Gallia rescued thee.
The freful bastard Orleans—that drew blood
From thee, my boy; and had the maidenhood
Of thy first fight—I soon encountered;
And, interchanging blows, I quickly shed
Some of his bastard blood; and, in disgrace,
Bespoke him thus: *Contaminated, base,
And misbegotten blood I spill of thine,
Mean and right poor; for that pure blood
of mine* [brave boy:—

*Which thou didst force from Talbot, my
Here, purposing the Bastard to destroy,
Came in strong rescue. Speak, thy father's
care;* [fare?]

Art not thou weary, John? How dost thou
Wilt thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly,
Now thou art seal'd the son of chivalry?
Fly, to revenge my death, when I am dead;
The help of one stands me in little stead.

O, too much folly is it, well I wot,
To hazard all our lives in one small boat.
If I to-day die not with Frenchmen's rage:
To-morrow I shall die with mickle age:
By me they nothing gain, an if I stay,
'Tis but the short'ning of my life one day:
In thee thy mother dies, our household's name,
My death's revenge, thy youth, and England's
fame:

All these, and more, we hazard by thy stay;
All these are saved, if thou wilt fly away.

John. The sword of Orleans hath not made
me smart, [heart:]

These words of yours draw life-blood from my
On that advantage, bought with such a shame,
(To save a paltry life, and slay bright fame,)
Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly,
The coward horse, that bears me, fall and die:
And like me to the peasant boys of France;
To be shame's scorn, and subject of mischance!
Surely, by all the glory you have won,
An if I fly, I am not Talbot's son:
Then talk no more of fight, it is no boot;
If son to Talbot, die at Talbot's foot.

Tal. Then follow thou thy desperate sire of
Thou learn'st: thy life to me is sweet: [Cret,
If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's side;
And, commendable proved, let's die in pride.
[Exeunt.]

a field where death will be feasted with slaughter.
re of your own safety.

§ Ended.

† For unavoidable.

§ Like me, reduce me to a level wth
3 A 2

SCENE VII. *Another Part of the same.*

Alarum : Excursions. Enter TALBOT wounded, supported by a Servant.

Tal. Where is my other life?—mine own is gone;— *John?*

O, where's young Talbot? where is valiant
Triumphant death, smear'd with captivity *!
Young Talbot's valour makes me smile at thee;
When he perceived me shrink, and on my knee,
His bloody sword he brandish'd over me,
And, like a hungry lion, did commence
Rough deeds of rage, and stern impatience;
But when my angry guardant stood alone,
Tend'ring my ruin, and assail'd of none,
Dizzy-eyed fury, and great rage of heart,
Suddenly made him from my side to start
Into the clust'ring battle of the French:
And in that sea of blood my boy did drench
His overmounting spirit; and there died
My Icarus, my blossom, in his pride.

Enter Soldiers, bearing the Body of JOHN TALBOT.

Serv. O my dear lord! lo, where your son is borne! *[here to scorn,*

Tal. Thou antic death, which laugh'st us
Aston, from thy insulting tyranny,
Coupled in bonds of perpetuity,
Two Talbots, winged through the lither sky.
In thy despite shall 'scape mortality.—[death,
O thou whose wounds become hard-favoured
Speak to thy father, ere thou yield thy breath:

Bast. Hew them to pieces, hack
asunder;
Whose life was England's glory, G
der.'

Char. O, no; forbear: for that
During the life, let us not wrong h
*Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY, at
French Herald precedin*

Lucy. Herald,
Conduct me to the Dauphin's tent
Who hath obtain'd the glory of th

Char. On what submissive mess
sent? *[Fr*

Lucy. Submission, Dauphin!
We English warriors wet hot wh
I come to know what prisoners tho

Char. For prisoners ask'st the
But tell me whom thou seek'st.

Lucy. Where is the great Alcide
Valliant lord Talbot, earl of Shrew
Created, for his rare success in ar
Great earl of Washford, Waterfo
Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Ure
Lord Strange of Blackmere, lon
Alton,

Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, lon
The thrice victorious lord of Fale
Knight of the noble order of Sain
Worthy Saint Michael, and the g
Great marshal to Henry the sixt
Of all his wars within the realm c

ACT V.

L. London. *A Room in the Palace.*
ing HENRY, GLOSTER, and EXETER.

v. Have you perused the letters from
 be pope?

ror, and the earl of Armagnac?
 have, my lord; and their intent is this,
 ably sue unto your excellence,
 a godly peace concluded of,
 the realms of England and of France.

s. How doth your grace affect their
 motion?

means
Fell, my good lord; and as the only
 flusion of our Christian blood,
 with quietness on every side.

s. Ay, marry, uncle; for I always
 sh impious and unnatural, [thought,
 i humanity * and bloody strife
 sign among professors of one faith.
 beside, my lord,—the sooner to effect,
 r blind, this knot of amity,—
 of Armagnac—near knit to Charles,
 f great authority in France,—
 his only daughter to your grace
 lge, with a large and sumptuous
 wry.

are young;
w. Marriage, uncle! alas! my years
 r is my study and my books,
 nton dalliance with a paramour.

the ambassadors; and, as you please,
 can have their answers every one:

s well content with any choice,
 God's glory, and my country's weal.

Legate, and Two Ambassadors, with
EXETER, in a Cardinal's Habit.

What! is my lord of Winchester in-
 v into a cardinal's degree! [stall'd,
 perceive, that will be verified,
 as fifth did sometime prophesy,—

he come to be a cardinal,
the his cap co-equal with the crown.

s. My lords ambassadors, your several
 en considered and debated on. [suits
 rpose is both good and reasonable:

refore, are we certainly resolved
 conditions of a friendly peace;
 by my lord of Winchester, we mean
 transported presently to France.
 And for the proffer of my lord your
 aster,—

form'd his highness so at large
 ag of the lady's virtuous gifts,
 ity, and the value of her dower,—

Intend she shall be England's queen.

m. In argument and proof of which
 contract, [my affection.

r this jewel, [To the Amb.] pledge of
 my lord protector, see them guarded,
 ely brought to Dover; where, in-
 them to the fortune of the sea. [shipp'd,
and King HENRY and Train; GLO-
STER, EXETER, and Ambassadors.

Win. Stay, my lord legate; you shall first
 The sum of money, which I promised [receive
 Should be deliver'd to his holiness
 For clothing me in these grave ornaments.

Leg. I will attend upon your lordship's lei-
 sure.

Win. Now, Winchester will not submit, I
 Or be inferior to the proudest peer.
 Humphrey of Gloster, thou shalt well perceive,
 That, neither in birth, or for authority,
 The bishop will be overborne by thee:
 I'll either make thee stoop, and bend thy knee,
 Or sack this country with a mutiny.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II. France. Plains in Anjou.

Enter CHARLES, BURGUNDY, ALENÇON, LA
PUCELLE, and Forces, marching.

Char. These news, my lords, may cheer
 our drooping spirits:

'Tis said, the stout Parisians do revolt,
 And turn again unto the warlike French.

Alen. Then march to Paris, royal Charles
 of France,

And keep not back your powers in dalliance.

Puc. Peace be amongst them, if they turn
 Else, ruin combat with their palaces! [to us;

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Success unto our valiant general,
 And happiness to his accomplices!

Char. What tidings send our scouts? * I
 prythee speak.

Mess. The English army, that divided was
 Into two parts, is now conjoin'd in one;
 And means to give you battle presently.

Char. Somewhat too sudden, sirs, the warn-
 ing is;

But we will presently provide for them.

Bur. I trust, the ghost of Talbot is not there;
 Now he is gone, my lord, you need not fear.

Puc. Of all base passions, fear is most ac-
 cursed:— [thine;

Command the conquest, Charles, it shall be
 Let Henry fret, and all the world repine.

Char. Then on, my lords; and France be
 fortunate! [Exeunt.

SCENE III. The same. Before Angiers.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter LA PUCELLE.

Puc. The regent conquers, and the French-
 men fly.—

Now help, ye charming spells, and periapts †;
 And ye choice spirits that admonish me.

And give me signs of future accidents! [Thunder.

You speedy helpers, that are substitutes
 Under the lordly monarch of the north ‡,
 Appear, and aid me in this enterprise!

Enter Fiends.

This speedy quick appearance argues proof
 Of your accustomed diligence to me.

Now, ye familiar spirits, that are call'd

city, savageness.

† Charms sewed up.

‡ The north was supposed to be the
 particular habitation of bad spirits.

Out of the powerful regions under earth,
Help me this once, that France may get the
field.

(They walk about, and speak not.)

O, hold me not with silence over-long!
Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,
I'll lop a member off, and give it you,
In earnest of a further benefit;
So you do condescend to help me now.

(They hang their heads.)

No hope to have redress!—My body shall
Pay recompense, if you will grant my suit.

(They shake their heads.)

Cannot my body, nor blood-sacrifice,
Entreat you to your wonted furtherance?
Then take my soul; my body, soul, and all,
Before that England give the French the foil.

(They depart.)

See! they forsake me. Now the time is come,
That France must vail * her lofty-plumed crest,
And let her head fall into England's lap.
My ancient incantations are too weak,
And hell too strong for me to buckle with:
Now, France, thy glory droopeth to the dust.

(Exit.)

Alarums: Enter French and English, fighting. LA PUCELLE and YORK fight hand to hand. LA PUCELLE is taken. The French fly.

York, Damsel of France, I think I have
you fast:

Unchain your spirits now with spelling charms,
And try if they can gain your liberty.—

So doth the swan her downy cyg
Keeping them prisoners undermeas
Yet, if this servile usage once off
Go, and be free again as Suffolk?

(She turns on.)

O, stay!—I have no power to let
My hand would free her, but my
As plays the sun upon the glassy at
Twinkling another counterfeited
So seems this gorgeous beauty to.
Pain would I woo her, yet I dare
I'll call for pen and ink, and write
Fie, de la Poole! disable not thy
Hast not a tongue? is she a
prisoner?

Wilt thou be daunted at a woman
Ay; beauty's princely majesty is
Confounds the tongue, and makes
rough.

Mar. Say, earl of Suffolk,—if
What ransom must I pay before
For, I perceive, I am thy prisoner.

Suf. How canst thou tell, she
Before thou make a trial of her love?

Mar. Why speak'st thou not?
must I pay?

Suf. She's beautiful; and thou
She is a woman; therefore to be
Mar. Wilt thou accept of ransom
no?

Suf. Fond man! remember, thou
Then how can Margaret be thy prisoner?

FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI.

men have been captivate ere
[*Aside.*
before talk you so!
mercy, 'tis but *quid pro quo*.
e princess, would you not

py, to be made a queen?
sen in bondage, is more vile,
base servility;
be free.

And so shall you,
s royal king be free. [me!
t concerns his freedom unto
ike to make thee Henry's
ptre in thy hand, [queen;
crown upon thy head,
cend to be my—

What?

orthy to be Henry's wife.
madam; I unworthy am
ame to be his wife,
on in the choice myself.
lam; are you so content?
father please, I am content.
ar captains, and our colours,

our father's castle walls
ley, to confer with him.

[*Troops come forward.*
Ed. Enter REIGNIER, on
the Walls.

ignier, see, thy daughter
[prisoner.

To me.

Suffolk, what remedy?
ad unapt to weep,
fortune's fickleness.
is remedy enough, my lord:
(thy honour, give consent.)
I be wedded to my king;
ain have woo'd and won
held imprisonment [thereto;
oughter princely liberty.
uffolk as he thinks!

Fair Margaret knows,
not flatter, face*, or feign.
princely warrant, I descend,
er of thy just demand.

[*Exit. from the Walls.*
I will expect thy coming.

ded. Enter REIGNIER,
below.

t, brave earl, into our terri-

on what your honour pleases.
leignier, happy for so sweet

mpanion with a king:
es your grace unto my suit?
u dost deign to woo her little

y bride of such a lord:
may quietly [Anjou,
n, the county Maine, and

Free from oppression, or t
My daughter shall be Hen

Suf. That is her ransom
And those two counties, I
Your grace shall well and

Belg. And I again,—in H
As depnty unto that gracio
Give thee her hand, for sign

Suf. Reignier of France, I
Because this is in traffic of a
And yet, methinks, I could I
To be mine own attorney in I
I'll over then to England wi
And make this marriage to be
So, farewell, Reignier! Set this safe
In golden palaces, as it becomes.

Reig. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
The Christian prince, king Henry, were he
here, [praise, and prayers,

Mar. Farewell, my lord! Good wishes,
Shall Suffolk ever have of Margaret. [Going.

Suf. Farewell, sweet madam! But hark you,
Margaret;

No princely commendations to my king?

Mar. Such commendations as become a
A virgin, and his servant, say to him. [maid,

Suf. Words sweetly placed, and modestly
directed.

But, madam, I must trouble you again,—
No loving token to his majesty?

Mar. Yes, my good lord; a pure unspotted
Never yet taint with love, I send the king.

Suf. And this withal. [Kisses her.

Mar. That for thyself;—I will not so pre-
To send such peevish tokens to a king. [same,

[*Exit REIGNIER and MARGARET.*
Suf. O, wert thou for myself!—But, Suf-
folk, stay;

Thou may'st not wander in that labyrinth;
There Minotaurs, and ugly treasons, lurk.
Solicit Henry with her wondrous praise:
Bethink thee on her virtues that surmount;
Mad ♀, natural graces that extinguish art;
Repeat their semblance often on the seas,
That, when thou com'st to kneel at Henry's
feet, [wonder,

Thou may'st bereave him of his wits with
[Exit.

SCENE IV. *Camp of the Duke of York,*
in Anjou.

Enter YORK, WARWICK, and Others.

York. Bring forth that sorceress, condemn'd
to burn.

*Enter LA PUCELLE, guarded, and a Shep-
herd.*

Shep. Ah, Joan! this kills thy father's heart
outright!

Have I sought every country far and near,
And, now it is my chance to find thee out,
Must I behold thy timeless, cruel death!

Ah, Joan, sweet daughter Joan, I'll die with
thee!

Puc. Decrepit miser! base ignoble wretch!
I am descended of a gentler blood;

hypocrite.

† Childish.

‡ Wild.

§ Unworthy.

¶ Miser here simply means a miserable creature.

Thou art no father, nor no friend, of mine.

Shep. Out, out!—My lords, an please you,
'tis not so;

I did beget her, all the parish knows:
Her mother liveth yet, can testify,
She was the first fruit of my bachelorship.

War. Graceless! wilt thou deny thy paren-
tage?

York. This argues what her kind of life hath
Wicked and vile; and so her death concludes.

Shep. Fie, Joan! that thou wilt be so ob-
stacle!

God knows, thou art a collop of my flesh;
And for thy sake have I shed many a tear:
Deny me not, I prythee, gentle Joan.

Puc. Peasant, avaunt!—You have suborn'd
this man,

Of purpose to obscure my noble birth.

Shep. 'Tis true, I gave a noble to the priest,
The morn that I was wedded to her mother.—
Kneel down and take my blessing, good my
girl.

Wilt thou not stoop? Now cursed be the time
Of thy nativity! I would, the milk [breast,
Thy mother gave thee, when thou suck'dst her
Had been a little ratsbane for thy sake!

Or else, when thou didst keep my lambs a-field
I wish some ravenous wolf had eaten thee!
Dost thou deny thy father, cursed drab!

O, burn her, burn her; hanging is too good.

(Exit.)

York. Take her away; for she hath lived
too long.

Although 'ye hale me to a violent
York. Now heaven forefend!
with child!

War. The greatest miracle
Is all your strict preciseness co-

York. She and the Dauph
juggling:

I did imagine what would be h

War. Well, go to; we will h
Especially, since Charles must!

Puc. You are deceived; m
of his;

It was Alençon, that enjoy'd a

York. Alençon! that notori
It dies, an if it had a thousand.

Puc. O, give me leave, I hav
'Twas neither Charles, nor y

named,

But Reignier, king of Naples, t

War. A married man! that
able.

York. Why, here's a girl!

There were so many, whom she

War. It's sign, she hath be

free.

York. And, yet, forsooth, s

Strumpet, thy words condemn

Use no entreaty, for it is in vain

Puc. Then lead me hence;

leave my curse:

May never glorious sun reflex b

Upon the country where you m

But darkness and the gloomy s

FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI.

es, attended; ALLENOR, EIGNIER, and Others.

lords of England, it is thus

race shall be proclaim'd in

formed by yourselves
ons of that league must be.

Winchester; for boiling
kes

ge of my poison'd voice,
our baleful * enemies.

und the rest, it is enacted thus:

ing Henry gives consent,
ion, and of lenity.

try of distressful war,

breathe in fruitful peace,—

: true liegemen to his crown:

on condition thou wilt swear

te, and submit thyself,

sed as viceroy under him,

y regal dignity.

re then a shadow of himself?

s with a coronet†;

ance and authority,

ge of a private man†

ard and reasonless. [sees'd

wn, already that I am pos-

alf the Gallian territories,

reduced for their lawful king:

of the rest unvanquish'd,

from that prerogative,

t viceroy of the whole?

dor; I'll rather keep

, than, coveting for more,

ibility of all. [means

; Charles! hast thou by secret

to obtain a league;

ter grows to compromise,

f upon comparison?

title thou usurp'st,

eding from our king,

allience of desert,

s thee with incessant wars.

you do not well in obstinacy

urse of this contract:

ected, ten to one,

like opportunity.

ie truth, it is your policy,

ects from such massacre,

ghters, as are daily seen

g in hostility:

ie this compact of a truce,

eak it when your pleasure

[Aside, to CHARLES.

st thou, Charles? shall our

[condition stand?

ou claim no interest

ms of garrison.

ear allegiance to his majesty;

t, never to disobey,

to the crown of England,

les, to the crown of England.

he rest give tokens of fealty.

our army when ye please;

Hang up your ensigns, let your drum-
For here we entertain a solemn pei

SCENE V. London. A R—

Enter KING HENRY, in

SUFFOLK; GLOSTER;

lowing.

K. Hen. Your wondrous rare description,
noble earl,

Of beauteous Margaret hath astonish'd me:
Her virtues, graced with external gifts,
Do breed love's settled passions in my heart:
And like as rigour in tempestuous gusts
Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide;
So am I driven, by breath of her renown,
Either to suffer shipwreck, or arrive
Where I may have fruition of her love.

Suf. Tush! my good lord! this superficial
Is but a preface of her worthy praise: [tale
The chief perfections of that lovely dame,
(Had I sufficient skill to utter them.)
Would make a volume of enticing lines,
Able to ravish any dull conceit.

And, which is more, she is not so divine,
So full replete with choice of all delights,
But, with as humble lowliness of mind,
She is content to be at your command;
Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intents,
To love and honour Henry as her lord. [same.

K. Hen. And otherwise will Henry ne'er pre-
Therefore, my lord protector, give consent,
That Margaret may be England's royal queen.

Glo. So should I give consent to flatter sin.
You know, my lord, your highness is betroth'd
Unto another lady of esteem;
How shall we then dispense with that contract,
And not deface your honour with reproach?

Suf. As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths;
Or one, that, at a triumph, having vow'd
To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lists
By reason of his adversary's odds:
A poor earl's daughter is unequal odds,
And therefore may be broke without offence.

Glo. Why, what, I pray, is Margaret more
than that?

Her father is no better than an earl,
Although in glorious titles he excel.

Suf. Yes, my good lord, her father is a king,
The king of Naples, and Jerusalem;
And of such great authority in France,
As his alliance will confirm our peace,
And keep the Frenchmen in allegiance.

Glo. And so the earl of Armagnac may do,
Because he is near kinsman unto Charles.

Erec. Beside, his wealth doth warrant libe-
ral dower;

While Reignier sooner will receive, than give.

Suf. A dower, my lords! disgrace not so
your king,

That he should be so abject, base, and poor,
To choose for wealth, and not for perfect love.
Henry is able to enrich his queen,
And not to seek a queen to make him rich:
So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,

Coronet is here used for crown. † "Be content to live as the beneficiary
of a triumph then signified a public exhibition; such as a mask, or revel.

As market men for oxen, sheep, or horse.
 Marriage is a matter of more worth,
 Than to be dealt in by attorney ship*;
 Not whom we will, but whom his grace affects,
 Must be content to meet his nuptial bed:
 And therefore, lords, since he affects her most,
 To most of us these reasons bindeth us,
 In company as she should be prefer'd.
 For what is wedlock to us, but a hell,
 A cause of wars, and fearful strife!
 Where is the contrary bring with north bliss,
 And is a pattern of celestial peace. [a king,
 Whom should we match with Henry, being
 But Margaret, that is caught for to a king?
 Her peerless beauty, joined with her birth,
 Approves her fit for none but for a king;
 Her valiant courage, and undaunted spirit
 More than in many men commonly is seen,
 Shall govern us to the possession of a king;
 For Henry, grown into a conqueror,
 Is likely to beg a more conqueror,
 In with a lady of so high resolve,
 As is our Margaret, he is link'd in love.
 I say to you, my lords, and here conclude with
 me, [she.
 That Margaret shall be queen, and none but
 A. *How*. Whether it be through force of
 your report,
 My noble lord of Bedford; or for that
 my tender youth was never yet attain

With any passion of inflaming love
 I cannot tell; but this I am assur'd
 I feel such sharp dissension in my
 Such fierce alarms both of hope
 As I am sick with working of my
 Take, therefore, shipping; post,
 France;

Agree to any covenants; and prove
 That lady Margaret do vouchsafe
 To cross the seas to England, and
 King Henry's faithful and anointed
 For your expenses and sufficient
 Among the people gather up a tale
 Be gone, I say; for, till you do
 I rest perplexed with a thousand
 And you, good uncle, banish all
 If you do censure me by what I
 Not what you are, I know it will
 This sudden execution of my will.
 And so conduct me, where from
 I may revolve and ruminate my
 Glo. Ay, grief, I fear me, both
 last. [Exit GLOSTER at
 Suffolk. Thus Suffolk hath prevail'd
 he goes,

As did the youthful Paris once to
 With hope to find the like event
 But prosper better than the Trojans;
 Margaret shall now be queen, and I
 But I will rule both her, the king,

* By the discretionary agency of another.

† Judge.

SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.

tention of the two famous Houses of Yorke and Lancaster," in two parts was
to, in 1690; and the first part was entered on the Stationers' books, (as Mr.
erved,) March 12, 1593-4. On these two plays, which I believe to have been
preceding author, before the year 1590, Shakspeare formed, as I conceive,
owing drama; altering, retrenching, or amplifying, as he thought proper.
which this hypothesis is founded, I shall subjoin at large at the end of the
Henry VI*. At present, it is only necessary to apprise the reader of the
in the printing of these plays. All the lines printed in the usual manner,
original quarto plays (or at least with such minute variations as are not worth
use, I conceive, Shakspeare adopted as he found them. The lines to which
are prefixed, were, if my hypothesis be well founded, retouched, and
by him; and those with asterisks were his own original production; the
which he ornamented the coarse stuff that had been awkwardly made up for
of his contemporaries. The speeches which he new-modelled, he improved,
plification, and sometimes by retrenchment.—MALONE.

Persons represented.

SIXTH.
uke of Gloster, his uncle.
ORT, *Bishop of Winchester,*
to the King.
TAGENET, *duke of York.*
ICHARD, *his sons.*
SET,
E,
NGHAM, } *of the King's*
 } *party.*
D, *his son,*
RY, } *of the York faction.*
E, }
Governor of the Tower.
STAFFORD, *and his Brother,*
LANLEY.
Master, *and Master's Mate,*
IN WHITMORE.
prisoners with Suffolk.
X.
THWELL, *two Priests.*

BOLINGBROKE, *a conjurer. A Spirit raised*
by him.
THOMAS HORNER, *an armourer. PETER,*
his man.
Clerk of Chatbam. Mayor of St. Alban's.
SIMPCOX, *an impostor. Two Murderers.*
JACK CADE, *a rebel.*
GEORGE, JOHN, DICK, SMITH, *the weaver,*
MICHAEL, &c., *his followers.*
ALEXANDER IDEN, *a Kentish gentleman.*
MARGARET, *Queen to King Henry.*
ELEANOR, *Duchess of Gloster.*
MARGERY JOURDAIN, *a witch. Wife to*
SIMPCOX.

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants; Petition-
ers, Aldermen, a Beadle, Sheriff, and
Officers; Citizens, Prentices, Falcon-
ers, Guards, Soldiers, Messengers, &c.
Scene, dispersedly in various parts of Eng-
land.

ACT I.

ndon. A Room of State in
the Palace.
rumpets: then Houtboys.
side, King HENRY, Duke of
ISSURY, WARWICK, and
SPORT; on the other, Queen
ed in by SURVOLD; YORK,
UCKINGHAM, and Others,

ar high imperial majesty
at my depart for France,
your excellence,

To marry princess Margaret for your grace;
So, in the famous ancient city, Tours,—
In presence of the kings of France and Sicil,
The dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretagne, and
Alençon, [bishops,—
Seven earls, twelve barons, twenty reverend
I have perform'd my task, and was espoused:
And humbly now upon my bended knee,
In sight of England and her lordly peers,
Deliver up my title in the queen
To your most gracious hands, that are the sub-
Of that great shadow I did represent; [stance
The happiest gift that ever marquess gave,

* Octavo editions.

The fairest queen that ever king received.

A. Hen. Sh. York, arise.—Welcome, queen Margaret.

I am express the kinder sign of love, [life,
That does quicken.—O Lord, that lends me
Let it be a vessel replete with thankfulness!

For that which you are in this beauteous face.

* A woman's face, my blessings to my soul,

* If sympathizing love unite our thoughts.

* *Q. Hen. G.* Great king of England, and my
[honours to it]

* The fortune counterpane that my mind hath
[dreams]

* By day, by night; waking, and in my

* In country company, or at my beads,—

* With you, mine alder dearest sovereign,

* Makes me the felder to salute my king

* With tender terms; such is my wit affords,

* And overjoy of heart doth minister.

* *A. Len. Hen.* Her sight did ravish; but her
[grace in speech]

* Her words y-clad with wisdom's majesty,

* Makes me from wondering fall to weeping
[tears]

* Such is the richness of my heart's content,—

* Toads, with one cheerful voice welcome my
[happiness]

Al. Long live queen Margaret, England's

Q. Hen. W. Thank you all. *Flourish.*

Suf. My lord protector, so it please your
[grace]

Here are the articles of contracted peace,

Between our sovereign and the French king
[Charles]

* For eighteen months concluded by consent.

Cousin of York, we here discharge
I from being regent in the parts of
Till term of eighteen months be full

Thanks, uncle Winchester, Gloucester
Buckingham,

Somerset, Salisbury, and Warwick

We thank you all for this great fa-

In entertainment to my princely

Come, let us in; and with all speed

To see her coronation be perform'd

[*Exeunt. King, Queen, and*

Glo. Brave peers of England, p
state,

* To you duke Humphrey men

* Your grief, the common grief of

* What! did my brother Henry
youth,

* His valour, coin, and people, in

* Did he so often lodge in open fie

* In winter's cold, and summer's su

* To conquer France, his true inhe

* And did my brother Bedford toll

* To keep by policy what Henry g

* Have you yourselves, Somerset, B

* Brave York, Salisbury, and vict
wick,

* Received deep scars in France at

* Or hath my uncle Beaufort, and

* With all the learned council of it

* Studied so long, sat in the council

* Early and late, debating to and f

* How France and Frenchmen might

* And hath his highness in his infa

* Been crown'd in Paris, in despite

* And shall these labours, and the

Maine I myself did win them both;
vices these arms of mine did
er:

e cities, that I got with wounds,
p again with peaceful words?

[sings,
'or Suffolk's duke—may he be suf-
the honour of this warlike Isle I
sald have torn and rent my very

ould have yielded to this league.
d but England's kings have had
of gold, and dowries, with their

ng Henry gives away his own,
with her that brings no vantages.
oper jest, and never heard before,
olk should demand a whole af-

and charges in transporting her I
I have staid in France, and starved
— [in France,

y lord of Gloster, now you grow
ot;

pleasure of my lord the king.
y lord of Winchester, I know
mind;

y speeches that you do dislike,
y presence that doth trouble you.
rill out: Proudest prelate, in thy face,

ary: if I longer stay,
egin our ancient bickerings.—
wewell; and say, when I am gone,
d—France will be lost ere long.

[Exit.
there goes our protector in a rage.
to you, he is mine enemy:

e, an enemy unto you all;
rent friend, I fear me, to the king.
lords, he is the next of blood,

apparent to the English crown;
ry got an empire by his marriage,
a wealthy kingdoms of the west,

moon he should be displeased at it.
t, lords; let not his smoothing words
your hearts; be wise, and circum-

ough the common people favour him,
me—Humphrey, the good duke of
ster;

their hands, and crying with loud
main your royal excellence!
od preserve the good duke Hum-

ry!
lords, for all this flattering gloss,
e found a dangerous protector.

Why should he then protect our
reign,
of age to govern of himself?—

Somerset, join you with me,
gether—with the duke of Suffolk,—
ckly house duke Humphrey from

est. [delay;
his weighty business will not brook
duke of Suffolk presently.

[Exit.
* Skirmishings.

* Som. Cousin of Buckingham, though Hum-
phrey's pride,

* And greatness of his place be grief to us,

* Yet let us watch the haughty cardinal;

* His insolence is more intolerable

* Than all the princes in the land beside;

* If Gloster be displaced, he'll be protector.

Buck. Or thou, or I, Somerset, will be

protector,

* Despight duke Humphrey, or the cardinal.

[Exeunt BUCKINGHAM and SOMERSET.

Sol. Pride went before, ambition follows—

him. [ment,

* While these do labour for their own prefer-

* Behoves it us to labour for the realm.

* I never saw but Humphrey duke of Gloster

* Did bear him like a noble gentleman.

* Oft have I seen the haughty cardinal—

* More like a soldier, than a man o'the church,

* As stout, and proud, as he were lord of all,—

* Swear like a ruffian, and demean himself

* Unlike the ruler of a common-weal.—

* Warwick, my son, the comfort of my age!

* Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy house-

keeping, [uous,

* Hath won the greatest favour of the com-

* Excepting none but good duke Humphrey.—

* And, brother York, thy acts in Ireland,

* In bringing them to civil discipline:

* Thy late exploits done in the heart of France,

* When thou wert regent for our sovereign.

* Have made thee fear'd, and honour'd, of the

people:—

* Join we together for the public good;

* In what we can to bridle and suppress

* The pride of Suffolk, and the cardinal,

* With Somerset's and Buckingham's ambi-

tion; [deeds,

* And, as we may, cherish duke Humphrey's

* While they do tend the profit of the land.

* War. So God help Warwick, as he loves

the land,

* And common profit of his country!

* York. And so says York, for he hath

greatest cause. [unto the main.

Sol. Then let's make haste away, and look

War. Unto the main! O, father, Maine is

lost; [did win,

That Maine, which by main force Warwick

* And would have kept, so long as breath did

last: [Maine;

Main chance, father, you meant; but I meant

Which I will win from France, or else be slain.

[Exeunt WARWICK and SALISBURY.

York. Anjou and Maine are given to the

French;

* Paris is lost; the state of Normandy

* Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone:

* Suffolk concluded on the articles;

* The peers agreed; and Henry was well

pleased, [daughter

* To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair

* I cannot blame them all; What is't to them

* 'Tis thine they give away, and not their own.

* Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of

their pilings. a B

† For the ship.

- And purchase friends, and give to courtezans,
- Still reveling, like lords, till all be gone :
- While as the silly owner of the goods
- Weeps over them, and wings his hapless
- hands, [aloof,
- And shakes his head, and trembling stands
- While all is shared, and all is borne away ;
- Ready to starve, and dare not touch his own.
- So York must sit, and fret, and bite his
- tongue, [sold.
- While his own lands are bargain'd for, and
- Methinks, the realms of England, France
- and Ireland,
- Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood,
- As did the fatal brand Althea burn'd,
- Unto the prince's heart of Calydon *.
- Angon and Maine, both given unto the French!*
- Cold news for me: for I had hope of France,
- Even as I have of fertile England's soil.
- A day will come, when York shall claim his
- own ;
- And therefore I will take the Nevils' parts,
- And make a show of love to proud duke Hum-
- phrey,
- And, when I spy advantage, claim the crown,
- For that's the golden mark I seek to hit :
- Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right,
- Nor hold his sceptre in his childish fist.
- Nor wear the diadem upon his head,
- Whose church-like humours fit not for a crown.
- Then, York, be still awhile, till time do serve :
- Watch thou, and wake, when others be asleep,

' What, is't too short? I'll lengthen
 ' And, having both together he
 ' We'll both together list our be
 ' And never more abase our sh
 ' As to vouchsafe one glance w
 ' *Glo.* O Nell, sweet Nell, if
 style="padding-left: 100px;">thy lord,
 ' Banish the canker of ambitio
 ' And may that thought, when
 ' Again-t my king and nephew,
 ' Be my last breathing in this
 ' My troubles dream this night
 style="padding-left: 100px;">sad.
 ' *Duch.* What dream'd my lo
 ' With sweet rehearsal of my m
 ' *Glo.* Methought this staff
 style="padding-left: 100px;">badge in court,
 ' Was broke in twain, by whom
 ' But, as I think, it was by the
 ' And on the pieces of the brok
 ' Were placed the heads of Ed
 style="padding-left: 100px;">Somerset,
 ' And William de la Poole, fir
 style="padding-left: 100px;">folk.
 ' This was my dream; what it
 ' *Duch.* Tut, this was nothin
 style="padding-left: 100px;">ment,
 ' That he that breaks a stick of
 ' Shall lose his head for his pr
 ' But list to me, my Humph
 ' Methought, I sat in seat of maj
 ' In the cathedral church of We

a man, a duke, and next of blood,
I remove these tedious stumbling
cks, [snicks:
noth my way upon their headless
ing a woman, I will not be slack
my part in fortune's pageant.
re you there? Sir John? I say, fear
me,
done; here's none but thou, and I.

Enter HUME.

Jess preserve your royal majesty!
What say'st thou, majesty? I am
grace. [advise,

But, by the grace of God, and Hume's
son's title shall be multiplied.

What sayest thou, man? hast thou as
conferr'd

guy Jourdain, the cunning witch;
is Bellingbroke, the conjurer?
they undertake to do me good?

This they have promised,—to show
r highness

dead from depth of under ground,
it make answer to such questions,
th grace shall be propounded him.

It is enough; I'll think upon the
tions:

rom St. Albans we do make return,
e these things effected to the full.

ame, take this reward; make merry,
a,

y confederates in this weighty cause.

[*Exit* Duchess.

a. Hume must make merry with the
best gold; [Hume?

and shall. But how now, Sir John
your lips, and give no words but—
lance asketh silent secrecy. [mum!

Hume gives gold, to bring the witch:
must come amies, were she a devil.

a I gold, flies from another coast:
at say, from the rich cardinal,

in the great and new-made duke of
folk;

and it so: for, to be plain, [mour,
mowing dame Eleanor's aspiring hur-
red me to undermine the duchess,

these conjurations in her brain.
ay, A crafty knave does need no
star;

I Suffolk and the cardinal's broker.
If you take not heed, you shall go

them both—a pair of crafty knaves.
e it stands: And thus, I fear, at last,

knavery will be the duchess's wreck;
ramature will be Humphrey's fall:

w it will, I shall have gold for all.

[*Exit*.

III. The same. A Room in the Palace.

PETER, and Others, with Petitions.

My masters, let's stand close; my
master will come this way by and by,

and then we may deliver our supplications
in the quill.

2 *Pet.* Marry, the Lord protect him, for
he's a good man! Jess bless him!

Enter SUFFOLK, and Queen MARGARET.

1 *Pet.* Here 'a comes, methinks, and the
queen with him: I'll be the first, sure.

2 *Pet.* Come back, foot; this is the duke
of Suffolk, and not my lord protector.

Suf. How now, fellow? wouldst any
thing with me?

1 *Pet.* I pray, my lord, pardon me! I
took ye for my lord protector.

Q. Mar. [Reading the superscription.] To
my lord protector! are your supplications

to his lordship? Let me see them: What
is thine?

1 *Pet.* Mine is, an't please your grace,
against John Goodman, my lord cardinal's

man, for keeping my house, and lands, and
wife and all, from me.

Suf. Thy wife too? that is some wrong, in-
deed.—What's your's?—What's here! [*Reads.*

*Against the duke of Suffolk, for enclosing
the commons of Melford.*—How now, sir

knave?

2 *Pet.* Alas, sir, I am but a poor petitioner
of our whole township.

Peter. [*Presenting his petition.*] Against
my master, Thomas Horner, for saying, That

the duke of York was rightful heir to the crown.

Q. Mar. What say'st thou? Did the duke
of York say, he was rightful heir to the

crown?

Peter. That my master was? No, for-
sooth: my master said, That he was; and

that the king was an usurper.

Suf. Who is there? [*Enter Servants.*]
Take this fellow in, and send for his master

with a pursuivant presently:—we'll hear more
of your matter before the king.

[*Exit* Servants, with *PETER*.

Q. Mar. And as for you, that love to be
protected

Under the wings of our protector's grace,
Begin your suits anew, and sue to him.

[*Tears the petition.*

Away, base cullions!—Suffolk, let them go.

All. Come, let's be gone.

[*Exit* Petitioners.

Q. Mar. My lord of Suffolk, say, is this
the guise,

Is this the falcon in the court of England?
Is this the government of Britain's isle,

And this the royalty of Affton's king?
What, shall king Henry be a pupill still,

Under the curly Gloster's governance?
Am I a queen in title and in style,

And must be made a subject to a duke?
I tell thee, Poole, when in the city Tours

Thou ran'st a tilt in honour of my love,
And stol'st away the ladies' hearts of France;

I thought king Henry had resembled thee,
In courage, courtship, and proportion:

But all his mind is bent to belovance,

title frequently bestowed on the clergy. . . . † Let the same be what it will.

2. With great exactness and observance of form.

Beauchamp.

: 2 2

- To number *Arch-Merits* on his beads ;
- His champions are—the prophets and apostles ;
- His weapons, holy saws • of sacred writ ;
- His study in his tilt-yard, and his loves
- Are brazen images of canonized saints.
- I would, the college of cardinals (Rome ;
- Would choose him pope, and carry him to
- And set the triple crown upon his head ;
- That were a state fit for his holiness.
- *Suf.* Madam, be patient : as I was cause
- Your highness came to England, so will I
- In England work your grace's full content.
- *Q. Mar.* Beside the haught protector, have
- we Beaufort, [ingham,
- The imperious churchman ; Somerset, Buck-
- And grumbling York : and not the least of
- these,
- But can do more in England than the king :
- *Suf.* And he of these, that can do most of
- all, [vils :
- Cannot do more in England than the Ne-
- Salisbury, and Warwick, are no simple peers.
- *Q. Mar.* Not all these lords do vex me
- half so much,
- As that proud dame, the lord protector's wife.
- She sweeps it through the court with troops
- of ladies, [wife,
- More like an empress than duke Humphrey's
- Strangers in court do take her for the queen ;
- She bears a duke's revenues on her back,
- And in her heart she scorns her poverty ;
- Shall I not live to be avenged on her ?
- Contemptuous base-born callat as she is.

War. Whether your gra
Dispute not that : York is th
Car. Ambitions Warwick
speak.

War. The cardinal's no
Buck. All in this presen
Warwick.

War. Warwick may liv
• *Sal.* Peace, son ;— and
Buckingham,

• Why Somerset should be
• *Q. Mar.* Because the
have it so.

• *Glo.* Madam, the king is
• To give his censure] : th
matters.

• *Q. Mar.* If he be old e
• To be protector of his ex
• *Glo.* Madam, I am pro

• And, at his pleasure, will
• *Suf.* Resign it then, an
lence.

• Since thou wert king, (a
• The commonwealth hath
• The Dauphin hath prevail

• And all the peers and no
• Have been as bondmen.

• *Car.* The commons ha
clergy's bags

• Are lank and lean with t
• *Som.* Thy sumptuous
wife's attire,

• Have cost a mass of pub
• *Buck.* Thy cruelty in

SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.

ing once about the quadrangle,
talk of commonwealth affairs.
spiteful false objections,
n, and I lie open to the law:
mercy so deal with my soul,
y love my king and country!
matter that we have in hand:—
sovereign, York is meetest man
regent in the realm of France.
fore we make election, give me
ne reason, of no little force, [leave
is most unmeet of any man.
If tell thee, Suffolk, why I am un-
cannot flatter thee in pride: [meet,
be appointed for the place,
Somerset will keep me here,
is charge, money, or furniture,
be won into the Dauphin's hands.
I danced attendance on his will,
was besieged, famish'd, and lost.
at I can witness; and a fouler fact
traitor in the land commit.
ze, head-strong Warwick! [peace?
ige of pride, why should I hold my
ants of SUFFOLK, bringing in
HORNER and PETER.
ise here is a man accused of treason:
he duke of York excuse himself!
Doth any one accuse York for a
tor? [me: What are these?
What mean'st thou, Suffolk? tell
ase it your majesty, this is the man
accuse his master of high treason:
were these;—that Richard, duke
nk,
bl heir unto the English crown;
our majesty was an usurper.
Say, man, were these thy words?
shall please your majesty, I never
ught any such matter: God is my
in falsely accused by the villain.
these ten bones, my lords, [Hold-
hands,] he did speak them to me
et one night, as we were scouring
York's armour. [cal,
ase dunghill villain, and mecha-
thy head for this thy traitor's
h:—
ch your royal majesty,
ive all the rigour of the law.
t, my lord, hang me, if ever I
ords. My accuser is my pretence;
did correct him for his fault the
did vow upon his knees he would
th me: I have good witness of
re, I beseech your majesty, do
ay an honest man for a villain's
[law?
Uncle, what shall we say to this in
s doom, my lord, if I may judge.
set be regent o'er the French,
York this breeds suspicion;
se have a day appointed them
combat in convenient place:
i witness of his servant's malice:

' This is the law, and this duke Hu-
doom.

K. Hen. Then be it so. My lord of Somers-
We make your grace lord regent o'er the
French.

Som. I humbly thank your royal majesty.

Hor. And I accept the combat willingly.

Pet. Alas, my lord, I cannot fight; for
* God's sake, pity my case! the spite of man
* prevaleth against me. O Lord, have mercy
* upon me! I shall never be able to fight a
* blow: O Lord, my heart!

Glo. Sirrah, or you must fight, or else be
hang'd. [the day

K. Hen. Away with them to prison: and
Of combat shall be the last of the next month.
* Come, Somerset, we'll see thee sent away.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The same. The Duke of
Gloucester's Garden.*

*Enter MARGERY JOURDAIN, HUME, SOUTHWELL,
and BOLINGBROKE.*

* *Hume.* Come, my masters: the duchess,
* I tell you, expects performance of your
* promises.

* *Boling.* Master Hume, we are therefore
* provided: will her ladyship behold and
* hear our exorcisms?!

* *Hume.* Ay; what else? fear you not her
* courage.

* *Boling.* I have heard her reported to be
* a woman of an invincible spirit: But it shall
* be convenient, master Hume, that you be
* by her aloft, while we be busy below; and so, I
* pray you, go in God's name, and leave us.
[*Exit HUME.*] Mother Jourdain, be you
prostrate, and grovel on the earth:—* John
* Southwell, read you; and let us to our work.

Enter Duchess, above.

* *Duch.* Well said, my masters; and wel-
* come all. To this gear; the sooner the
* better. [know their times:

* *Boling.* Patience, good lady; wizards
Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night,
* The time of night when Troy was set on fire;
* The time when screech-owls cry, and ban-
dogs; howl, [graves,

* And spirits walk, and ghosts break up their
* That time best fits the work we have in hand.
* Madam, sit you, and fear not; whom we raise,
We will make fast within a hallow'd verge.

[*Here they perform the Ceremonies apper-
taining, and make the Circle; BOLING-
BROKE or SOUTHWELL reads, Conjuro te,
&c. It thunders and lightens terribly;
then the Spirit riseth.*

* *Spir.* Adsum.

* *M. Jour.* Asmath,

* By the eternal God, whose name and power
* Thou tremblest at, answer that I shall ask;

* For, till thou speak, thou shalt not pass from
hence.

* *Spir.* Ask what thou wilt:—That I had said
and done!

*Exercise Shakespeare invariably means to raise spirits, and not to lay them.
† Matter or business. ‡ Village-doga.*

Boling. *First of the king. What shall of him become?*

[Reading out of a Paper.

Spir. The duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose;

But him o'th've, and die a violent death.

[As the Spirit speaks, SOUTHWELL writes the answer.

Boling. *What fate awaits the duke of Suffolk?* [end.

Spir. By water shall he die, and take his

Boling. *What shall befall the duke of So-*

Spir. Let him shun castles; [insert!

Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains Than where castles mounted stand.

Have done, for more I hardly can endure.

Boling. Descend to darkness, and the burn-

*False friend, avoid! [fog take;

[Thunder and Lightning. Spirit descends.

Enter YORK and BUCKINGHAM hastily, with their Guards, and Others.

*York. Lay hands upon these traitors, and their trash.

*Beldame, I think, we watch'd you at an inch.

*What madam, are you there? the king and commonweal.

*Am deeply indebted for this piece of pains;

*My lord protector will, I doubt it not,

*See you well guarden'd! *for these good de-

serts. [land's king;

*Duch. Not half so bad as thou to Eng-

*Injurious duke; that threat'nt where is no

*Stafford, take her to thee.—

[Exit Duchess from above

*We'll see your trinkets here all forth-coming

*All,—Away!

[Enter Guards, with SOUTHWELL, BOLINGBROKE,

*York. Lord Buckingham, methinks you watch'd her well:

*A pretty plot, well chosen to build upon!

Now, pray, my lord, let's see the devil's web!

What have we here? [Boling.

The duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose,

But him o'th've, and die a violent death.

*Why, this is just.

*Alto te Evocata, Romanos vincere possunt.

Well, to the rest:

Tell me, what fate awaits the duke of Suffolk?

By water shall he die, and take his end.

What shall betide the duke of Somerset?

Let him shun castles;

Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains,

Than where castles mounted stand.

*Come, come, my lords;

*These oracles are hardly attain'd

*And hardly understood. [Aloud

*The king is now in progress toward

*With him, the husband of this lovely lady!

*Thither go these news, as fast as horses

carry them;

*A sorry breakfast for my lord protector!

*Buck. Your grace shall give me leave to

lord of York,

*To be the post, in hope of his reward.

SECOND PART OF KING HENRY

ly, Suffolk, England knows thine
lence.

And thy ambition, Gloucester.

I pry'thee, peace,
n; and whet not on these furious
s,

are the peacemakers on earth.
t me be blessed for the peace I
e,

s proud protector, with my sword I
th, holy uncle, 'would 'twere come
at! [Aside to the Cardinal:
arry, when thou darest. [Aside:
ake up no factious numbers for the
er,

own person answer thy abuse.
[Aside.
y, where thou darest not peep: an
on darest,
ing on the east side of the grove.

[Aside.
t. How now, my lords?
Believe me, cousin Gloucester,
your man put up the fowl so and-
y.

had more sport.—Come with thy
hand sword. [Aside to GLO.
e, uncle. [grove?
e you advised?—the east side of the
dinal, I am with you. [Aside.

Why, how now, uncle Gloucester?
flicking of hawking; nothing else,
ord,— [crown for this,
od's mother, priest, I'll shave your
fence * shall fail. [Aside.
tedice teipsum;
see to't well, protect } [Aside.
yourself.

The winds grow high; so do your
achs, lords.

ome is this music to my heart!
ch strings jar, what hope of har-
y? [strite.
my lords, let me compound this
nhabitant of Saint Albans, crying,

A Miracle!
at means this noise?
at miracle dost thou proclaim?
k miracle! a miracle!

ne to the king, and tell him what
cle. [ban's shrine,
Forsooth, a blind man at Saint Al-
half hour, hath received his sight;
t ne'er saw in his life before.

n. Now, God be praised! that to
iving sons

it in darkness, comfort in despair!
Mayor of Saint Alban's, and his
n; and SIMPcox, borne between
ons in a Chair; his Wife, and a
ultitude following.

Here come the townsmen on pro-
on,

st your highness with the man.
n. Great is his comfort in this
dy vale,

* Although by his sight his sin be m'

* Glo. Stand by, my masters, I
near the king,

* His highness' pleasure is to talk v

* K. Hen. Good fellow, tell us his
constance,

* That we for thee may glorify the Lord.
What, hast thou been long blind, and now re-
stored?

Simp. Born blind, an't please your grace.

Wife. Ay, indeed, was he.

Suf. What woman is this?

Wife. His wife, an't like your worship.

Glo. Had'st thou been his mother, thou
could'st have better told.

K. Hen. Where wert thou born?

Simp. At Berwick in the north, an't like
your grace. [been great to thee:

* K. Hen. Poor soul! God's goodness hath

* Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass,

* But still remember what the Lord hath done.

* Q. Mar. Tell me, good fellow, camest
thou here by chance,

* Or of devotion, to this holy shrine? [call'd

* Simp. God knows, of pure devotion; being

* A hundred times, and oftener, in my sleep

* By good Saint Alban; who said,—Simpcox,
come; [thee.

* Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help

* Wife. Most true, forsooth; and many time
and oft

* Myself have heard a voice to call him so.

Car. What, art thou lame?

Simp. Ay, God Almighty help me!

Suf. How camest thou so?

Simp. A fall off of a tree.

Wife. A plum-tree, master.

Glo. How long hast thou been blind?

Simp. O, born so, master.

Glo. What, and wouldst climb a tree?

Simp. But that in all my life, when I was a
youth. [very dear.

* Wife. Too true; and bought his climbing

* Glo. 'Mass, thou lov'dst plums well, that
wouldst venture so. [some damsons,

* Simp. Alas, good master, my wife desired

* And made me climb, with danger of my life.

* Glo. A subtle knave! but yet it shall not
serve.— [open them:—

* Let me see thine eyes:—wink now;—now

* In my opinion yet thou see'st not well.

* Simp. Yes, master, clear as day; I thank
God, and Saint Alban. [cloak of?

Glo. Say'st thou me so? What colour is this

Simp. Red, master; red as blood.

Glo. Why, that's well said: What colour is
my gown of?

Simp. Black, forsooth; coal-black, as jet.

K. Hen. Why, then, thou know'st what
colour jet is of?

Suf. And yet, I think, jet did he never see.

Glo. But cloaks, and gowns, before this day,
a many. [life.

* Wife. Never, before this day, in all his

Glo. Tell me, sirrah, what's my name?

Simp. Alas, master, I know not.

* *Fences is the art of defence.*

Glo. What's his name?

Simp. I know not.

Glo. Nor face?

Simp. No, my lord, master.

Glo. What's thine own name?

Simp. Samson Simpson, an if it please you, master.

Glo. Then, Samson, sit thou there, the lyingest knave.

[*blind.* In Christendom, I thou hadst been born
Thou mightst as well have known our names,
as his.]

To adorn the several colours we do wear,

So I may distinguish our colours; but suddenly
To communicate them else, 's impossible.

My master, Saint Albion, hath done a miracle;

As I would ye not think that cunning to be
That could restore this cripple to his legs?

Simp. O, master, that you could!

Glo. My masters of Saint Albion's, have you
not bediles in your town, and things called
whips?

Simp. Yes, my lord, if it please your grace,
I will then send for one presently.

Glo. Surely, go fetch the bundle hither
straight.

[*Exit on Attendant.*
Glo. Now fetch me a stool hither by and
by. *A Stool brought in.* Now, sirrah, if
you mean to save yourself from whipping, leap
me over this stool, and run away.

Simp. Alas, master, I am not able to stand.
You go about to torture me in vain. [*Alone:*

Re-enter Attendant, with the Bedile.

* A sort of naughty persons, lewdly + bent
* Under the countenance and confederacy
* Of lady Eleanor, the protector's wife,
* The ringleader and head of all this rout,
* Have practised dangerously against y
state,

* Dealing with witches; and with conjur
* Whom we have apprehended in the fact;

* Raising up wicked spirits from under grou

* Demanding of king Henry's life and deat

* And other of your highness' privy coun

* As more at large your grace shall understan

* *Car.* And so, my lord protector, by t
means

* Your lady is forthcoming; yet at London

* This news, I think, hath turn'd your weap
edge;

* 'Tis like, my lord, you will not keep y
[*Aside to Gloster*

* *Glo.* Ambitious churchman, leave to all
my heart!

* Sorrow and grief have vanquish'd all

* And, vanquish'd as I am, I yield to thee,

* Or to the meanest groom.

* *A. Hen.* O God, what mischiefs work
wicked ones;

* Heaping confusion on their own heads th

* *Q. Mar.* Gloster, see here the traitor
thy next;

* And, look, thyself be faultless, thou
best.

* *Glo.* Madam, for myself, to heaven I

* How I have loved my king, and coun
weal:

II.] SECOND PART OF KING HENRY V.

first, Edward, the Black Prince, prince of Wales; [third, second, William of Hatfield; and the third, duke of Clarence; next to whom, was John of Gaunt, the duke of Lancaster: the fifth, was Edmund Langley; duke of York; [of Gloster; the sixth, was Thomas of Woodstock, duke of Windsor was the seventh, and last. [father;

Edward, the Black Prince, died before his father, and left behind him Richard, his only son. When, after Edward the Third's death, he reign'd as king;

Henry Bolingbroke, duke of Lancaster, the eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt, was crown'd by the name of Henry the Fourth, and on the realm; deposed the rightful king;

[she came, and his poor queen to France, from whence he had him to Pomfret; where, as all you know,

the harmless Richard was murder'd traitorously. War. Father, the duke hath told the truth; he has got the house of Lancaster the crown. York. Which now they hold by force, and not by right;

Richard, the first son's heir being dead, the issue of the next son should have reign'd. Sal. But William of Hatfield died without an heir. [(from whose line York. The third son, duke of Clarence, claim the crown,) had issue—Philippe, a daughter,

[March, who married Edmund Mortimer, earl of March had issue—Roger, earl of March; Roger had issue—Edmund, Anne, and Eleanor. [broke,

Ed. This Edmund in the reign, of Bolingbroke, have read, laid claim unto the crown; but for Owen Glendower, had been king, who kept him in captivity, till he died. Sal. to the rest.

York. His eldest sister, Anne, mother being heir unto the crown, [son married Richard, earl of Cambridge; who was Edmund Langley, Edward the third's fifth son.

her I claim the kingdom: she was heir to Roger, earl of March; who was the son of Edmund Mortimer; who married Philippe, daughter unto Lionel, duke of Clarence: if the issue of the elder son succeed before the younger, I am king.

War. What plain proceedings are more plain than this? [Gaunt,

they doth claim the crown from John of Gaunt's fourth son; York claims it from the third. Lionel's issue fails, his should not reign:

it yet; but flourishes in thee, thy sons, fair slips of such a stock. War. Salisbury, kneel we both together;

his private plot*, be we the first, salute our rightful sovereign in honour of his birthright to the crown.

Both. Long live our sovereign England's king!

York. We thank you, lords.]

Till I be crown'd; and that my swo.

With heart-blood of the house of Lancaster.

And that's not suddenly to be.

But with advice, and silent

Do you, as I do, in these days

Wink at the duke of Suffolk.

At Beaufort's pride, at Somerset's

At Buckingham, and all the crew,

Till they have snared the shepherd of the flock, [phrey;

That virtuous prince, the good duke Humphrey;

'Tis that they seek; and they, in seeking that,

Shall find their deaths, if York can prophesy.

Sal. My lord, break we off; we know your mind at full, [Warwick

War. My heart assures me, that the earl of

Shall one day make the duke of York a king.

York. And, Nevil, this I do assure myself,

Richard shall live to make the earl of Warwick

The greatest man in England but the king.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III. The same. A Hall of Justice.

Trumpets sounded. Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, GLOSTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, and SALISBURY; the Duchess of Gloster, MARGERY JOURDAIN, SOUTHWELL, HUME, and BOLINGBROKE, under guard.

K. Hen. Stand forth, dame Eleanor Cobham, Gloster's wife:

In sight of God, and us, your guilt is great;

Receive the sentence of the law, for sins

Such as by God's book are adjudged to death.

You four, from hence to prison back again;

[To JOURD. &c.

From thence, unto the place of execution:

The witch in Smithfield shall be burn'd to ashes, [Howls.—

And you three shall be strangled on the gall.

You, madam, for you are more nobly born,

Despoiled of your honour in your life,

Shall, after three days' open penance done,

Live in your country here, in banishment,

With Sir John Stanley, in the isle of Man.

Duch. Welcome is banishment, welcome were my death. [Judged thee;

Glo. Eleanor, the law, thou seest, hath

I cannot justify whom the law condemns.—

[Exeunt the Duchess, and the other prisoners, guarded.

Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.

Ah, Humphrey, this dishonour in thine age

Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground!—

I beseech your majesty, give me leave to go. Sorrow would solace, and mine age would ease. [Here thou go,

K. Hen. Stay, Humphrey duke of Gloster;

Give up thy staff; Henry will to himself

Be; and God shall be my hope,

my guide, and lantern to my feet;

* Sequestered spot.

† &c.

olace, and age requires ease.

And go in peace, Humphrey; no less beloved,
Than when thou wert protector to thy king.

* *Q. Mar.* I see no reason why a king of
Should be to be protected like a child.—[years
God and king Henry govern England's helm;
Gave up your staff, and the king his realm.

* *Gen.* My staff—here, noble Henry, is my
As willingly do I the same resign. [staff]

As for thy father Henry made it mine;

And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it,

As others would and itously receive it. [gone]

Farewell, good king: When I am dead and
May honourable peace attend thy throne!

[Exit.
* *Q. Mar.* Why, now is Henry king, and
Margaret queen.

* And Humphrey, duke of Gloucester, scarce lives.

* That be as so showed a mourning two piers at

* His body bawled, and a hundred lopp'd off, and

* His staff of honour taught *—* There let it
stand,

* Where it best fits to be, in Henry's hand.

* *Ans.* Thus drops this louty pine, and
brings the day;

* Thus the queen's pearl dies in her youngest

* Yers. I have, let him go.—Please it your
majesty,

This is the day appointed for the combat;

* And ready are the appellant and defendant,

* The armorer and his man, to enter the lists.

* So please your highness to behold the fight.

* *Q. Mar.* Ay, good my lord; for purposely
therefore

thou shalt have my hammer:—and here,
take all the money that I have.—O Lord
me, I pray God! for I am never able to
with my master, he hath learnt so much
already.

Sol. Come, leave your drinking, and
blows.—Sirrah, what's thy name!

Peter. Peter, forsooth.

Sol. Peter! what more?

Peter. Thump.

Sol. Thump! then see thou thump thy
well.

Hor. Masters, I am come hither, as it
upon my man's instigation, to prove I

knave, and myself an honest man: * and

* ing the duke of York,—will take my de

never meant him any ill, nor the king a

queen: * And, therefore, Peter, have a

with a downright blow, as Bevis of South
ton tell upon Ascarpat. [gins to d

* *York.* Despatch:—this knave's tongue

* Sound trumpets, alarm to the combat

* *Alarm.* They fight, and PETER
down his master.

Hor. Hold, Peter, hold! I confess, I
the son.

* *York.* Take away his weapon:—

* Thank God, and the good wine in thy
ter's way.

* *Peter.* O God! have I overcome him

mis in this presence! O Peter, thou ha

vailed in right!

K. Hen. Go, take hence that traitor

e Duchess of Gloster, in a white with papers pinned upon her back, bare, and a taper burning in her
SIR JOHN STANLEY, a Sheriff, and

to please your grace, we'll take her in the sheriff. [pass by.

to, stir not for your lives; let her Come you, my lord, to see my open me? [gaze!

most penance too. Look how they the giddy multitude do point, their heads, and throw their eyes on

ster, hide thee from their hateful [looks :
ly closet pent up, rue my shame,

thine enemies, both mine and thine. patient, gentle Nell; forget this

if. [self :
Ab, Gloster, teach me to forget my-

I think I am thy married wife, a prince, protector of this land,

I should not thus be led along, in shame, with papers on my back;

owed with a rabble, that rejoice my tears, and hear my deep-fet

as. As flint doth cut my tender feet; u I start, the envious people laugh, ie be advised how I tread.

phrey, can I bear this shameful yoke! thou, that e'er I'll look upon the

ld; them happy, that enjoy the sun? k shall be my light, and night my

upon my pomp, shall be my hell. I'll say, I am duke Humphrey's

prince, and ruler of the land : {wife; ruled, and such a prince he was,

f by, whilst I, his forlorn duchess, le a wonder, and a pointing-stock, die rascal follower.

u mild, and blush not at my shame; nothing, till the axe of death

thee, as, sure, it shortly will. k,—he that can do all in all

that hateth thee, and hates us all,— and impious Beaufort, that false

st, imbed bushes to betray thy wings, ou how thou canst, they'll tangle

not thou, until thy foot be snared, er seek prevention of thy foes.

th, Nell, forbear; thou almost all fend, before I be attained : {awry ; I twenty times so many foes,

h of them had twenty times their ver, could not procure me any scathe \$, as I am loyal, true, and crimeless.

have me rescue thee from this reach?

' Why, yet thy scandal were not wiped away, ' But I in danger for the breach of law.

' Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle Nell :

' I pray thee, sort thy heart to patience ; ' These few days' wonder will be quickly worn.

Enter a Herald.
Her. I summon your grace to his majesty's parliament, holden at Bury the first of this next month. [fore !

Glo. And my consent ne'er ask'd herein be- This is close dealing.—Well, I will be there. [Exit Herald.

My Nell, I take my leave :—and master she- riff, [mission.

Let not her penance exceed the king's com- ' Sher. An't please your grace, here my commission stays :

' And Sir John Stanley is appointed now To take her with him to the isle of Man.

' Glo. Must you, Sir John, protect my lady here? [your grace.

' Stan. So am I given in charge, may't please

Glo. Entreat her not the worse, in that I pray You use her well; the world may laugh again ; And I may live to do you kindness, if

You do it her. And so, sir John, farewell.

Duch. What gone, my lord; and bid me not farewell? [speak.

' Glo. Witness my tears, I cannot stay to [Exitunt GLOSTER and Servants.

*' Duch. Art thou gone too? * All comfort go with thee!*

** For none abides with me : my joy is—death ; * Death, at whose name I oft have been afraid,*

** Because I wish'd this world's eternity.— Stanley, I pry'thee, go, and take me hence ;*

** I care not whither, for I beg no favour, * Only convey me where thou art commanded.*

** Stan. Why, madam, that is to the isle of Man ;*

** There to be used according to your state. * Duch. That's bad enough, for I am but reproach :*

** And shall I then be used reproachfully ? * Stan. Like to a duchess and duke Hum- phrey's lady,*

** According to that state you shall be used. * Duch. Sheriff, farewell, and better than I fare ;* [shame !

** Although thou hast been conduct of my * Sher. It is my office; and, madam, pardon me.*

** Duch. Ay, ay, farewell; thy office is dis- charged.—*

** Come, Stanley, shall we go ? * Stan. Madam, your penance done, throw off this sheet,*

** And go we to attire you for our journey. * Duch. My shame will not be shifted with my sheet :*

** No, it will hang upon my richest robes, * And shew itself, attire me how I can.*

** Go, lead the way; I long to see my prison.*

Exitunt.

are. † Wrapped up in disgrace; alluding to the sheet of penance.

shed. § Harm, mischief.

¶ For conductor.

§ i. e., The world may look again favourably

ACT III.

SCENE I. The City of London.

Enter the Duke of Gloucester, King Henry, Queen Margaret, Cardinal Beaufort, Suffolk, York, Buckingham, and others.

K. Hen. I have, my lord of Gloster is not come.

It is not his wont to be the hindmost man,
Whate'er occasion keeps him from us now.

Q. Mar. Can you not see? or will you not observe

The strangeness of his alter'd countenance?
With what a majesty he bears himself;

How insolent of late he is become,

How proud, peremptory, and unlike himself?

We know the time, since he was mild and affable;

And, if we did but glance a far-off look,

Immediately he was upon his knee,

And all the court admired him for submission;

But meet him now, and, be it in the morn,

When every one will give the time of day,

He looks his brow, and shews an angry eye,

And passeth by with stiff unbowed knee,

Disdaining duty that to us belongs.

Small ones are not regarded, when they grin;

And great men tremble when the lion roars;

And Humphrey is no little man in England.

First, note, that he is near you in descent;

By wicked means to frame our sovereign's fall.

Smooth runs the water, where the brook is deep;

And in his simple show he harbours treason.

The fox barks not, when he would seal the

No, no, my sovereign; Gloster is a man

Unsound yet, and full of deep deceit.

Cur. Did he not, contrary to form of law,

Devise strange deaths for small offences done

York. And did he not, in his protectorship,

Levy great sums of money through the realm,

For soldiers' pay in France, and never paid

By means whereof, the towns each day re-

volted.

Buck. Tut! these are petty faults to find

Which time will bring to light in smooth

duke Humphrey.

K. Hen. My lords, at once: The care ye

To mow down thorns that would annoy an

foot,

Is worthy praise: But shall I speak my

Our kinsman Gloster is as innocent

From meaning treason to our royal person

As is the sucking lamb, or harmless dove?

The duke is virtuous, mild; and too not

given,

To dream on evil, or to work my downfall.

Q. Mar. Ah, what's more dangerous than

this fond alliance!

Seems he a dove? his feathers are but

far from treason to my sovereign :
 use me ? wherein am I guilty ?
 I thought, my lord, that you took
 of France,
 protector, stayed the soldiers' pay ;
 whereof, his highness hath lost
 e. [that think it ?
 but thought so ? What are they
 b'd the soldiers of their pay,
 and one penny bribe from France.
 e God, as I have watch'd the
 — [England !
 by night,—in studying good for
 at e'er I wrested from the king,
 it I hoarded to my use,
 against me at my trial day !
 a pound of mine own proper store,
 could not tax the needy commons,
 orsed to the garrisons,
 ask'd for restitution. [so much.
 serves you well, my lord, to say
 ly no more than truth, so help me

your protectorship, you did devise
 res for offenders, never heard of,
 I was defamed by tyranny.
 'tis well known, that whiles I
 protector,
 the fault that was in me ;
 I'd melt at an offender's tears.
 words were ransom for their
 ere a bloody murderer, [fault.
 nious thief that fleeced poor pas-
 sers,
 e them condign punishment :
 seed, that bloody sin, I tortured
 felon, or what trespass else.
 ord, these faults are easy *, quickly
 r'd :
 r crimes are laid unto your charge,
 you cannot easily purge yourself.
 you in his highness' name ;
 omit you to my lord cardinal
 till your further time of trial.
 . My lord of Gloster, 'tis my spe-
 ope,
 ill clear yourself from all suspects ;
 ice tells me, you are innocent.
 gracious lord, these days are dan-
 oked with foul ambition, [gerous :
 y chased hence by rancour's hand ;
 nation is predominant,
 y exiled your highness' land.
 eir complot is to have my life ;
 death might make this island hap-
 the period of their tyranny, [py.
 pend it with all willingness :
 s made the prologue to their play ;
 nds more, that yet suspect no peril,
 onclude their plotted tragedy.
 red sparkling eyes blab his heart's
 e,
 lk's cloudy brow his stormy hate ;
 kingham unburdens with his tongue
 is load that lies upon his heart ;
 d York, that reaches at the moon,

Whose overweening arm I have pluck'd back,
 By false accuse † doth level at my life :—
 And you, my sovereign lady, with the rest,
 Causeless have laid disgraces on my head ;
 And, with your best endeavour, have stirr'd up
 My life's ‡ liege to be mine enemy :—
 Ay, all of you have laid your heads together,
 Myself had notice of your conventicles,
 I shall not want false witness to condemn me,
 Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt ;
 The ancient proverb will be well affected,—
 A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.

* *Car.* My liege, his railing is intolerable :
 If those that care to keep your royal person
 From treason's secret knife, and traitors' rage,
 Be thus upbraided, chid, and rated at,
 And the offender granted scope of speech,
 'Twill make them cool in zeal unto your grace.
Suf. Hath he not twit our sovereign lady
 here, [couch'd,
 With ignominious words, though clerkly
 As if she had suborned some to swear
 False allegations to o'erthrow his state ?

* *Q. Mar.* But I can give the loser leave to
 chide. [indeed ;—
Glo. Far truer spoke, than meant : I lose
 Beshrew the winners, for they play'd me
 false ! [speak.
 And well such losers may have leave to
 Buck. He'll wrest the sense, and hold us
 here all day :—
 Lord cardinal, he is your prisoner.

* *Car.* Sirs, take away the duke, and guard
 him sure. [crutch.
Glo. Ah, thus king Henry throws away his
 Before his legs be firm to bear his body :
 'Tis the shepherd beaten from thy side,
 And wolves are gnawing who shall gnaw thee
 first.

* Ah, that my fear were false ! ah, that it were !
 For, good king Henry, thy decay I fear.

[*Exeunt Attendants, with GLOSTER.*
K. Hen. My lords, what to your wisdoms
 seemeth best,

Do, or undo, as if ourself were here.

* *Q. Mar.* What, will your highness leave the
 parliament ? [with grief,

* *K. Hen.* Ay, Margaret ; my heart is drown'd
 Whose flood begins to flow within mine eyes ;
 My body round engirt with misery ;
 For what's more miserable than discontent ?
 Ah, uncle Humphrey ! in thy face I see
 The map of honour, truth, and loyalty ;
 And yet, good Humphrey, is the hour to
 come, [faith,

* That e'er I proved thee false, or fear'd thy
 * What low'ring star now envies thy estate,
 * That these great lords, and Margaret our
 queen,
 * Do seek subversion of thy harmless life ?
 * Thou never didst them wrong, nor no man
 wrong ;

* And as the butcher takes away the calf,
 * And binds the wretch, and beats it when it
 strays,
 * Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house ;

* For easily.

† For accusation.

‡ Dearest.

- Even so, remorseless, have they borne him hence.
- And as the dam runs lowing up and down,
- Looking the way her harmless young one went,
[loss;
- And can do nought but wail her darling's
- Even so myself bewails good Gloster's case,
- With sad unhelpful tears; and with dimm'd eyes
- Look after him, and cannot do him good;
- So mighty are his vowed enemies. [groan,
- His fortunes I will weep; and, 'twixt each
- Say—*Who's a traitor, Gloster he is none.*

[Exit.

- *Q. Mor.* Free lords, cold snow melts with the sun's hot beams.
- Henry my lord is cold in great affairs,
- Too full of foolish pity; and Gloster's show
- Beguiles him, as the mournful crocodile
- With sorrow snares relenting passengers;
- Or as the snake, roll'd in a flowering bank,
- With shining checker'd slough, doth sting a
- That, for the beauty, thinks it excellent. [child,
- Believe me, lords, were none more wise than I,
[good,]
- (And yet, herein, I judge mine own wit
- This Gloster should be quickly rid the world,
- To rid us from the fear we have of him.
- *Cur.* That he should die, is worthy policy;
- But yet we want a colour for his death:
- 'Tis meet, he be condemn'd by course of law.
- *Suf.* But, in my mind, that were no policy:
- The king will labour still to save his life;

- *Q. Mar.* Thrice noble Suffolk lately spoke.
- *Suf.* Not resolute, except I
- For things are often spoke, meant:
- But, that my heart accord
- Seeing the deed is meritorious
- And to preserve my sovereign
- Say but the word, and I will
- *Cur.* But I would have him of Suffolk,
- Ere you can take due orders
- Say, you consent, and censure
- And I'll provide his execution
- I tender so the safety of my li
- *Suf.* Here is my hand, the
- *Q. Mar.* And so say I.
- *York.* And I: and now
- It skills not greatly || who imp
- Enter a Messenger
- *Mess.* Great lords, from Ireb
- To signify—that rebels there a
- And put the Englishmen unto
- Send succours, lords, and
- betime,
- Before the wound do grow inc
- For, being green, there is grea
- *Cur.* A breach, that craves
- dient & stop!
- What counsel give you in this
- *York.* That Somerset be
- thither:
- 'Tis meet, that lucky ruler be

le York, take thou this task in hand.
I am content: Provide me soldiers,
ake order for mine own affairs.
charge, lord York, that I will see
m'd.

[*phrey.*
return we to the false duke Hum-
lo more of him; for I will deal
him;

eforth, he shall trouble us no more.
ak off; the day is almost spent:
olk, you, and I must talk of that

[*days.*
fy lord of Suffolk, within fourteen
I expect my soldiers;

I'll ship them all for Ireland.
ee it truly done, my lord of York.

[*Exeunt all but YORK.*
Now, York, or never, steel thy fear-

boughts,
ge misdoubt to resolution:

on hopest to be; or what thou art
death, it is not worth the enjoying:

aced fear keep with the mean-born
o harbour in a royal heart. [man,

an spring-time showers, comes
ht on thought;

thought, but thinks on dignity. [der,
more busy than the labouring spi-

dious snares to trap mine enemies.
les, well, 'tis politically done,

ie packing with an host of men:
you but warm the starved snake,

rish'd in your breasts, will sting
hearts.

[*me:*
I lack'd, and you will give them
ndly; yet, be well assured

arp weapons in a madman's hands,
Ireland nourish a mighty band;

up in England some black storm,
ten thousand souls to heaven, or

ell tempest shall not cease to rage
golden circuit on my head,

glorious sun's transparent beams,
he fury of this mad-bred flaw*.

minister of my intent,
need a head strong Kentishman,

of Ashford,
omotion, as full well he can,

title of John Mortimer.
Have I seen this stubborn Cade

mself against a troop of Kernes†;
it so long, till that his thighs with

ost like a sharp-quilled porcupine:
e end being rescued, I have seen

ight like a wild Morisco‡, [him
he bloody darts, as he his bells.

, like a shag-haired crafty Kerne,
nversed with the enemy;

covered come to me again,
s me notice of their villanies.

here shall be my substitute;
ohn Mortimer, which now is dead,

* In face, in gait, in speech, he doth resemble:

By this I shall perceive the commons' mind,

How they affect the house and claim of York.

Say, he be taken, rack'd, and tortured:

I know, no pain, they can inflict upon him,

Will make him say—I moved him to those

arms.

Say, that he thrive, (as 'tis great like he will),

Why, then from Ireland come I with my

strength, [*sow'd.*

And reap the harvest which that rascal

For, Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,

And Henry put apart, the next for me. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. Bury. A Room in the Palace.

Enter certain Murderers, hastily.

1 Mur. Run to my lord of Suffolk; let him
know, [*manded.*

* We have despatched the duke, as he com-
2 Mur. O, that it were to do!—What have

we done?

* Didst ever hear a man so penitent?

Enter SUFFOLK.

1 Mur. Here comes my lord.

Suff. Now, sirs, have you

Despatch'd this thing?

1 Mur. Ay, my good lord, he's dead.

Suff. Why, that's well said. Go, get you

to my house;

I will reward you for this venturous deed.

The king and all the peers are here at hand:—

Have you laid fair the bed? are all things well,

According as I gave directions?

1 Mur. 'Tis, my good lord.

Suff. Away, be gone! [*Exeunt Murderers.*

Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET,

Cardinal BEAUFORT, SOMERSET, Lords,

and Others.

K. Hen. Go, call our uncle to our presence

straight:

Say, we intend to try his grace to-day,

If he be guilty, as 'tis published.

Suff. I'll call him presently, my noble

lord. [*Exit.*

K. Hen. Lords, take your places;—And,

I pray you all,

Proceed no straiter 'gainst our uncle Gloster,

Than from true evidence, of good esteem;

He be approved in practice culpable.

* Q. Mar. God forbid any malice should

prevail,

That faultless may condemn a nobleman!

* Pray God, he may acquit him of suspicion!

* K. Hen. I thank thee, Margaret; these

words content me much.—

Re-enter SUFFOLK.

How now? why look'st thou pale? why

tremblest thou? [*Suffolk?*

Where is our uncle? what is the matter,

Suff. Dead in his bed, my lord; Gloster is

* Q. Mar. Marry, God forefend! [*dead.*

* Car. God's secret judgment:—I did

dream to-night, [*a word.*

* The duke was dumb, and could not speak

[*The King swoons.*

* A violent gust of wind.

† Irish foot-soldiers, light-armed.

‡ A Moor in a north-dance.

SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.

nt hands were laid on Hum-
life!

ct be false, forgive me, God ;
nt only doth belong to thee !

I go to chafe his paly lips

r thousand kisses, and to drain

ce an ocean of salt tears ;

ove unto his dumb deaf trunk,

y fingers feel his hand unfeeling :

ain are these mean obsequies ;

rey his dead and earthy image,

t but to make my sorrow greater !

Doors of an inner Chamber are

en, and GLOSTER is discovered

Bed ; WARWICK and Others

y it.

one hither, gracious sovereign,

is body. [is made :

That is to see how deep my grave

is soul, fled all my worldly solace ;

im, I see my life in death *.

surely as my soul intends to live

dread King that took our state

in

om his Father's wrathful curse,

that violent hands were laid

fe of this thrice-famed duke,

adful oath, sworn with a solemn

! [yow ?

ace gives lord Warwick for his

e how the blood is settled in his

en a timely-parted ghost †, [face

blance, meagre, pale, and blood-

scended to the labouring heart ;

conflict that it holds with death,

same for aidance 'gainst the

! [returneth

the heart there cools and ne'er

d beautify the cheek again.

face is black, and full of blood ;

s further out than when he lived,

hastily like a strangled man :

ear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with

ing ; [grasp'd

abroad display'd, as one that

or life, and was by strength sub-

ing ;

sheets, his hair, you see, is stick-

portioned beard made rough and

summer's corn by tempest lodged.

but he was murder'd here ;

all these signs were probable.

Warwick, who should do the

death !

Beaufort, had him in protection ;

ype, sir, are no murderers.

both of you were vow'd duke

rey's foes ; [keep :

smooth, had the good duke to

ou would not feast him like a

seen he found an enemy. [friend ;

Then yon, belike, suspect these

en

* As guilty of duke Humphrey's timeles

War. Who finds the heifer dead, an

ing fresh,

And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,

But will suspect, 'twas he that made th

slaughter ?

Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,

But may imagine how the bird was dead,

Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak ?

Even so suspicious is this tragedy.

* *Q. Mar.* Are you the butcher, Suffolk ;

where's your knife ? [lona ?

Is Beaufort term'd a kite ? where are his ta-

Suf. I wear no knife, to slaughter sleeping

men ;

But here's a vengeful sword, rusted with ease,

That shall be scour'd in his rancorous heart,

That slanders me with murder's crimson badge.

Say, if thou darest, proud lord of Warwickshire,

That I am faulty in duke Humphrey's death.

[*Exeunt Cardinal, Son, and Others.*

War. What dares not Warwick, if false

Suffolk dare him ? [spirit,

Q. Mar. He dares not calm his contumelious

Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,

Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand

times, [I say ;

War. Madam, be still ; with reverence may

For every word you speak in his behalf,

Is slander to your royal dignity.

* *Suf.* Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demean-

If ever lady wrong'd her lord so much, [our ?

Thy mother took into her blameful bed

Some stern untutor'd churl, and noble stock

Was graft with crab-tree slip ; whose fruit thou

And never of the Nevils' noble race. [art,

War. But that the guilt of murder bucklers

thee,

And I should rob the deathsmen of his fee,

Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,

And that my sovereign's presence makes me

mild,

I would, false murderous coward, on thy knee

Make thee beg pardon for thy passed speech,

And say it was thy mother that thou meant'st,

That thou thyself wast born in bastardy ;

And, after all this fearful homage done,

Give thee thy hire, and send thy soul to hell,

Pernicious bloodseeker of sleeping men !

Suf. Thou shalt be waking, while I shed

thy blood,

If from this presence thou darest go with me.

War. Away even now, or I will drag thee

hence : [thee,

* Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with

* And do some service to duke Humphrey's

ghost.

[*Exeunt SUFFOLK and WARWICK.*

* *K. Hen.* What stronger breast-plate than

a heart untainted ?

* Thrice is he arm'd, that bath his quarrel just ;

* And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,

* Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

[*A noise within.*

Q. Mar. What noise is this ?

my life destroyed or endangered by his death.

† A body become

be common course of nature, to which violence has not brought a timeless end

Re-enter SUFFOLK and WARWICK, with their Weapons drawn.

* *K. Hen.* Why, how now, lords! your wrathful weapons drawn

* Here in our presence I dare you be so bold!

* Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here!

Suf. The traitorous Warwick, with the men
Set all upon me, mighty sovereign. [*of Bury,*

Noise of a Crowd within. Re-enter SALISBURY.

* *Sal.* Sirs, stand apart; the king shall know your mind.—

[Speaking to those within.]

Dread lord, the commons send you word by me,

Unless false Suffolk straight be done to death,

Or banish'd far England's territories,

* They will by violence tear him from your

palace. [*death.*

* And torture him with grievous ling'ring

They say by him the good duke Humphrey

died; [*death;*

* They say in him they fear your highness'

And mere instinct of love, and loyalty,—

* Free from a stubborn opposite intent,

* As bring thought to contradict your liking,—

* Make them thus forward in his banishment.

* They say, in care of your most royal person,

* That if your highness should intend to sleep,

* And charge that no man should disturb your

* In painful unlikelike, or pain of death; [*rest,*

* Yet notwithstanding such a strait edict,

* Were there a serpent seen, with forked

* That stilly glided towards our majesty, [*tongue,*

* Is perch'd upon our crown, or on our shoulders,

* *Q. Mar.* O Henry, let me please
Suffolk! [*gr*

* *K. Hen.* Ungentle queen,

* No more, I say; if thou dost please

* Thou wilt but add increase unto

* Had I but said, I would have known

* But, when I swear, it is irrevocable

* If, after three days' space, thou

* On any ground that I am ruler

* The world shall not be ransom

* Come Warwick, come good

with me;

* I have great matters to impart

[Exeunt King HENRY,

Lords, &c.]

* *Q. Mar.* Mischance, and sorrow

with you!

* Heart's discontent, and sour aff

* Be playfellows to keep you company

* There's two of you; the devil

* And threefold vengeance tempt

steps!

* *Suf.* Cease, gentle queen, thou

* And let thy Suffolk take his

* *Q. Mar.* Fie, coward woman

hearted wretch!

* Hast thou not spirit to curse them

Suf. A plague upon them! who

I curse them?

Would curses kill, as doth the

* I would invent as bitter-search

* As curst, as harsh, and horrible

Deliver'd strongly through my

[With full as many curses as she

he rain of heaven wet this place,
away my woful monuments.
this kiss be printed in thy hand;

[*Kisses his hand.*]

O mightst think upon these by the
[for thee!]
whom a thousand sighs are breathed
ee gone, that I may know my grief;
armised whilst thou art standing by,
at surfeits thinking on a want.
eal thee, or, be well assured,
re to be banished myself;

ished I am, if but from thee.
lk not to me; even now be gone.—
t yet!—Even thus two friends con-
in'd [leaves,

and kiss, and take ten thousand
a hundred times to part than die.
farewell; and farewell life with thee!
as is poor Suffolk ten times banish'd,
aking, and three times thrice by thee.
he land I care for, wert thou hence;
ness is populous enough,
lk had thy heavenly company:
re thou art, there is the world itself,
ry several pleasure in the world;
re thou art not, desolation.
more:—Live thou to joy thy life;
o-joy in nought, but that thou liv'st.

Enter VAUX.

r. Whither goes Vaux so fast? what
s, I pry thee?

To signify unto his majesty,
nal Beaufort is at point of death:
plya grievous sickness took him, [air,
es him gasp and stare, and catch the
sing God, and cursing men on earth.
e he talks as if duke Humphrey's
it [king.

r his side; sometime he calls the
ers to his pillow, as to kin,
ets of his overcharged soul:
sent to tell his majesty,
a now he cries aloud for him.

r. Go, tell this heavy message to the
[*Exit VAUX.*]

what is this world? what news are
e?

efore grieve I at an hour's poor loss,
Suffolk's exile, my soul's treasure?
y, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee,
the southern clouds contend in tears;
r the earth's increase, mine for my
ows? [is coming;

thee hence: The king, thou know'st,
e found by me, thou art but dead.
f I depart from thee, I cannot live:
y sight to die, what were it else,
pleasant slumber in thy lap?

I breathe my soul into the air,
nd gentle as the cradle-babe,
h mother's dug between its lips:
om thy sight I should be raging mad,
out for thee to close up mine eyes,
hee with thy lips to stop my mouth;
st thou either turn my flying soul,

* Or I should breathe it so into thy body,
And then it lived in sweet Elysium.
To die by thee, were but to die in jest;
From thee to die, were torture more than death:
O, let me stay, befall what may befall.

* *Q. Mar.* Away, though parting be a fretful
* It is applied to a deathful wound, [corrosive,
* To France, sweet Suffolk: Let me hear from
thee;

* For wheresoe'er thou art in this world's globe,
I'll have an Iris† that shall find thee out.

Suf. I go.

* *Q. Mar.* And take my heart with thee.

Suf. A jewel, lock'd into the woful† cask
That ever did contain a thing of worth.
Even as a splitt'd bark, so sunder we;
This way fall I to death.

* *Q. Mar.*

This way for me.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE III. London. Cardinal Beaufort's
Bed-chamber.

*Enter King HENRY, SALISBURY, WAR-
WICK, and Others. The Cardinal in bed;
Attendants with him.*

* *K. Hen.* How fares my lord? speak,
Beaufort, to thy sovereign.

* *Car.* If thou be'st death, I'll give thee
England's treasure,

* Enough to purchase such another island;

* So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.

* *K. Hen.* Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,

* When death's approach is seen so terrible!

* *War.* Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks
to thee. [will.]

* *Car.* Bring me unto my trial when you
Died he not in his bed? where should he die?

* Can I make men live, wher' they will or no!—
* O! torture me no more, I will confess.—

* Alive again! then show me where he is;

* I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him.

* He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.

* Comb down his hair; look! look! it stands
upright.

* Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul!

* Give me some drink; and bid the apothecary

* Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

* *K. Hen.* O thou eternal Mover of the hea-

* Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch! [vns,

* O, beat away the busy meddling fiend,

* That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,

* And from his bosom purge this black despair!

* *War.* See, how the pangs of death do make
him grin. [ably.]

* *Sal.* Disturb him not, let him pass peace-

* *K. Hen.* Peace to his soul, if God's good
pleasure be! [bliss,

* Lord cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's

* Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.—

* He dies, and makes no sign; O God, forgive
him! [life.]

* *War.* So bad a death argues a monstrous

* *K. Hen.* Forbear to judge, for we are sin-
ners all.—

* Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close;

* And let us all to meditation. [Exeunt.]

* For wheresoe'er.

† The messenger of Juno.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Kent. *The Sea-shore near Dover.**Firin, heard at Sea. Then enter from a Boat, a Captain, a Master, a Master's-Mate, WALTER WHITMORE, and Others; with them SCOTLOK, and other Gentlemen, prisoners.*

- * *Cap.* The gaudy, blabbing, and remorse-
- Is crept into the bosom of the sea; [ful a day
- And now loud howling wolves arouse the jades
- That drag the tragic melancholy night;
- Who with their drowsy, slow, and flagging wines [jaws
- Clip dead men's graves, and from their misty
- Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.
- Therefore, bring forth the soldiers of our prize; [Downs,
- For, whilst our pinnace anchors in the
- Here shall they make their ransom on the sand, [shore.—
- Or with their blood stain this off-colour'd
- Master, this prisoner freely give I thee;—
- And thou that art his mate, make boot of this;
- The other, [*Pointing to SCOTLOK.*] Walter Whitmore, is thy share.
- *I Gent.* What is my ransom, master? let me know. [your head.
- *Mat.* A thousand crowns, or else lay down
- *Mate.* And so much shall you give, or off

- Therefore, when merchant-like
- Broke be my sword, my arms faced,
- And I proclaim'd a coward [Lays hold o
- *Suf.* Stay, Whitmore; for t a prince,
- The duke of Suffolk, William de
- *Whit.* The duke of Suffolk, rags!
- *Suf.* Ay, but these rags are n
- Jove sometime went disguised, A
- *Cap.* But Jove was never slain be. [H
- *Suf.* Obscure and lowly
- The honourable blood of Lancast
- Must not be shed by such a jad
- Hast thou not kiss'd thy hand, i stirrup?
- Bare-headed plodded by my foc
- And thought thee happy when head?
- How often hast thou waited at
- Fed from my trencher, kneel'd board,
- When I have feasted with quee
- Remember it, and let it mal fall'n;
- Ay, and allay this thy abortive
- How in our voiding lobby hast

Anjou and Maine were sold to us:

revolting Normans, thorough thee,
call us lord; and Picardy
their governors, surprised our forts,
the ragged soldiers wounded home.
sly Warwick, and the Nevils all,—
sadful swords were never drawn in
thee, are rising up in arms: [vats,—
the house of York—thrust from the
u,
ful murder of a guiltless king,
proud encroaching tyranny,—
th revenging fire; whose hopeful
urs

our half-faced sun, striving to shine,
s which is writ—*Invidis nubibus*.
mons here in Kent are up in arms:
onclude, reproach, and beggary,
sto the palace of our king,
y thee:—Away! convey him hence.
that I were a god, to shoot forth
der

se palky, servile, abject drudges!
ups make base men proud: 'this
in here,
tain of a pinnacle*, threatens more
rules the strong Illyrian pirate.
ck not eagles' blood, but rob bee-
mable, that I should die [hives.
lowly vassal as thyself. [me :
s move rage, and not remorse, in
assage from the queen to France;
thee, waft me safely cross the
alter,— [channel.

Come, Suffolk, I must waft thee to
leath. [thee I fear.
glidus timor occupat artus:—'tis
Thou shalt have cause to fear, be-
[leave thee. [stoop?
ye daunted now? now will ye
My gracious lord, entreat him,
s him fair. [rough,
folk's imperial tongue is stern and
ommand, untanght to plead for fa-

we should honour such as these
ble suit: no, rather let my head
be block, than these knees bow to

re God of heaven, and to my king;
er dance upon a bloody pole,
d uncover'd to the vulgar groom.
ity is exempt from fear:—

I bear, than you dare execute.
ale him away, and let him talk no
[can,
ome, soldiers, show what cruelty ye
my death may never be forgot!—
n oft die by vile hezonians†:
sworder and banditto slave,
sweet Tully; Brutus' bastard hand
'time Caesar; savage islanders,
the Great: and Suffolk dies by pi-
h.
Ent *Suf. with Whit. and Others.*

Org. And as for these whose ransome we
have set,

It is our pleasure, one of them depart:—

Therefore come you with us, and let him go.

[*Exeunt all but the first Gentleman.*

*Re-enter WHITMORE, with SUFFOLK'S
Body.*

'*Whit.* There let his head and lifeless body
lie,

'Until the queen his mistress bury it. [*Exit.*

'*1 Gent.* O barbarous and bloody spectacle!

'His body will I bear unto the king:

'If he revenge it not, yet will his friends;

'So will the queen, that living held him
dear. [*Exit with the Body.*

SCENE II. Blackheath,

Enter GEORGE BEVIS and JOHN HOLLAND.

'*Geo.* Come, and get thee a sword, though
'made of a lath; they have been up these
'two days.

'*John.* They have the more need to sleep
'now then.

'*Geo.* I tell thee, Jack Cade, the clothier,
'means to dress the commonwealth, and turn
'it, and set a new nap upon it.

'*John.* So he had need, for 'tis threadbare.
Well, I say, it was never merry world in
England, since gentlemen came up.

'*Geo.* O miserable age! Virtue is not re-
'garded in handicrafts-men.

'*John.* The nobility think scorn to go in
'leather aprons.

'*Geo.* Nay more, the king's council are no
good workmen.

'*John.* True; And yet it is said—Labour
'in thy vocation: which is as much to say,
'as,—let the magistrates be labouring men;
'and therefore should we be magistrates.

'*Geo.* Thou hast hit it: for there's no better
'sign of a brave mind, than a hard hand.

'*John.* I see them! I see them! There's
'Best's son, the tanner of Wingham;—

'*Geo.* He shall have the skins of our ene-
mies, to make dog's leather of.

'*John.* And Dick, the butcher,—

'*Geo.* Then is sin struck down like an ox,
'and iniquity's throat cut like a calf.

'*John.* And Smith, the weaver:—

'*Geo.* Argo, their thread of life is spun.

'*John.* Come, come, let's fall in with them.

*Drum. Enter CADE, DICK, the Butcher,
SMITH, the Weaver, and Others in great
number.*

'*Cade.* We John Cade, so termed of our
'supposed father,—

'*Dick.* Or rather, of stealing a cade of her-
rings; [*Aside.*

'*Cade.* — for our enemies shall fall before
'us, inspired with the spirit of putting down
'kings and princes,—Command silence.

Dick. Silence!

'*Cade.* My father was a Mortimer,—

'*Dick.* He was an honest man, and a good
bricklayer. [*Aside.*

'*Cade.* My mother a Plantagenet,—

we then signified a ship of small burthen,

‡ Low men.

‡ A barrel of herrings

* *Dick*. I knew her well, she was a mid-

* wife. [Aside.]

* *Cade*. My wife descended of the Lacies.—

* *Dick*. She was, indeed, a pedlar's daughter, and sold many laces. [Aside.]

* *Smith*. But, now of late, not able to travel

* with her furred pack, she washes bucks here

* at home. [Aside.]

* *Cade*. Therefore am I of an honourable

* house.

* *Dick*. Ay, by my faith, the field is honour-

* able; and there was he born, under a hedge;

* for his father had never a house, but the cage. [Aside.]

* *Cade*. Valiant I am.

* *Smith*. A must needs; for beggary is va-

* liant. [Aside.]

* *Cade*. I am able to endure much.

* *Dick*. No question of that; for I have seen him

* whipped three market-days together. [Aside.]

* *Cade*. I fear neither sword nor fire.

* *Smith*. He need not fear the sword, for his

* coat is of proof. [Aside.]

* *Dick*. But, methinks, he should stand in fear

* of fire, being burnt i' the hand for stealing of

* sheep. [Aside.]

* *Cade*. Be brave then; for your captain is

* brave, and vows reformation. There shall be,

* in England, seven half penny loaves sold for

* a penny: the three-hooped pot shall have ten

* hoops; and I will make it felony to drink

* small beer: all the realm shall be in common,

* and in Cheapside shall my palfry go to grass.

Clerk. Emmanuel.

* *Dick*. They use to write it o

* letters;—'Twill go hard with you

* *Cade*. Let me alone:—Dost

* write thy name? or hast thou a

* self, like an honest plain-dealing

* *Clerk*. Sir, I thank God, I

* well brought up, that I can write

* *All*. He hath confessed: aw!

* he's a villain, and a traitor.

* *Cade*. Away with him, I

* with his pen and inkhorn about

* [Exeunt some way

* Enter MICHAEL.

* *Mich*. Where's our general?

* *Cade*. Here I am, thou partic

* *Mich*. Fly, fly, fly! sir Hamp

* and his brother are hard by, wi

* forces.

* *Cade*. Stand, villain, stand, c

* down: He shall be encountere

* as good as himself: He is but a

* *Mich*. No.

* *Cade*. To equal him, I will m

* knight presently; Rise up, sir

* mer. Now have at him.

* Enter SIR HUMPHREY STA

* WILLIAM his Brother, with

* Forces.

* *Staf*. Rebellious hinds, the

* of Kent,

* Mark'd for the gallows, lay y

* Home to your cottages, forsake

Staf. Ay, marry, will we; therefore get ye

Staf. Jack Cade, the duke of York hath taught you this.

Cade. He lies, for I invented it myself. Go to, sirrah, Tell the king from me, —for his father's sake, Henry the fifth, in these time boys went to span-counter for such crowns, —I am content he shall reign; I'll be protector over him.

Dick. And, furthermore, we'll have the king's head, for selling the dukedom of

Cade. And good reason; for thereby is the land maimed, and fain to go with a staff, that my puissance holds it up. Fellow go, I tell you, that that lord Say hath sold the commonwealth, and made it an heap; and more than that, he can speak

back, and therefore he is a traitor.

Staf. O gross and miserable ignorance!

Nay. Answer, if you can: The common are our enemies: go to then, I ask

this: Can he that speaks with the tongue to enemy, be a good counsellor, or no?

All. No, no; and therefore we'll hiv, his [not urevail,

Staf. Well, seeing gentle words will not prevail, we'll hiv them with the army of the king.

Staf. Herald away: and, throughout every town,

claim them traitors that are up with Cade; and those which fly before the battle ends,

even in their wives' and children's sight,

hang'd up for example at their doors: — You, that be the king's friends, follow me.

Enter the two STAFFORDS, and Forces.

Cade. And you, that love the commons, follow me.

Staf. show yourselves men, 'tis for liberty.

Cade. will not leave one lord, one gentleman: none, but such as go in clouted shoon*,

they are thrifty honest men, and such would (but that they dare not) take our parts.

Staf. They are all in order, and march on.

Cade. But then are we in order, when we are out of order. Come, march forward. [Exit.

SCENE III. Another Part of Blackheath.

Staf. The two Parties enter and fight, and both the STAFFORDS are slain.

Cade. Where's Dick, the butcher of Ashford?

Dick. Here, sir.

Cade. They tell before thee like sheep and thou behavedst thyself as if thou wert in thine own slaughter-house: when wilt I reward thee, —The Lent as long again as it is; and thou shalt be able to kill for a hundred lacking

ten.

Dick. Here, sir.

Cade. They tell before thee like sheep and thou behavedst thyself as if thou wert in thine own slaughter-house: when wilt I reward thee, —The Lent as long again as it is; and thou shalt be able to kill for a hundred lacking

ten.

Dick. Here, sir.

Cade. They tell before thee like sheep and thou behavedst thyself as if thou wert in thine own slaughter-house: when wilt I reward thee, —The Lent as long again as it is; and thou shalt be able to kill for a hundred lacking

ten.

Dick. I desire no more.

Cade. And, to speak truth, thou deservest no less. This monument of the victory will I bear; and the bodies shall be dragged at my horse's heels, till I do come to London, where we will have the mayor's sword borne before us.

Dick. If we mean to thrive and do good, break open the gaols, and let out the prisoners.

Cade. Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come, let's march towards London. [Exit.

SCENE IV. London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King HENRY, reading a Supplication; the Duke of Buckingham, and Lord SAY with him: at a distance, Queen MARGARET, mourning over Suffolk's head.

Q. Mar. Oft have I heard—that grief softens the mind,

And makes it fearful and degenerate;

Think therefore on revenge, and cease to weep. [this?

But who can cease to weep, and look on Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast:

But where's the body that I should embrace?

Buck. What answer makes your grace to the rebels' supplication?

K. Hen. I'll send some holy bishop to entreat:

For God forbid, so many simple souls Should perish by the sword! And I myself,

Rather than bloody war shall cut them short,

Will parley with Jack Cade their general.— But stay, I'll read it over once again.

Q. Mar. Ah, barbarous villains! hath this lovely face

Ruled, like a wandering planet, over me;

And could it not enforce them to relent,

That were unworthy to behold the same?

K. Hen. Lord Say, Jack Cade hath sworn to have thy head. [have his.

Say. Ay, but I hope, your highness shall

K. Hen. How now, Madam? Still lamenting, and mourning for Suffolk's death;

I fear, my love, if that I had been dead,

Thou wouldst not have mourn'd so much for me. [but die for thee.

Q. Mar. No, my love, I should not mourn, Enter a Messenger.

K. Hen. How now! what news? why comest thou in such haste?

Mess. The rebels are in Southwark; Fly, my lord!

Jack Cade proclaims himself lord Mortimer, Descended from the duke of Clarence's house;

And calls your grace usurper, openly,

And vows to crown himself in Westminster.

His army is a ragged multitude Of hinds and peasants, rude and merciless;

Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother's death [caud:

Hath given them heart and courage to pro-

All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,

Prevalent irresistibly over my passions; as the planets over those born under their influence.

* They call—false caterpillars, and intend their death, [what they do.

* *K. Hen.* O graceless men! they know not

* *Buck.* My gracious lord, retire to Kenelworth,

* Until a power be raised to put them down.

* *Q. Mar.* Ah! were the duke of Suffolk now alive, [ceased,

* These Kentish rebels would be soon ap-

* *K. Hen.* Lord Say, the traitors hate thee,

* Therefore away with us to Kenelworth.

* *Say.* So might your grace's person be in danger;

* The sight of me is odious in their eyes:—

And therefore in this city will I stay,

* And live alone as secret as I may.

Enter another Messenger.

* *2 Mess.* Jack Cade hath gotten London-bridge; the citizens

* Fly and forsake their houses:

* The rascal people, thirsting after prey,

* Join with the traitor; and they jointly swear,

* To spoil the city, and your royal court.

* *Buck.* Then linger not, my lord; away, take horse, [will succour us.

* *K. Hen.* Come, Margaret; God, our hope,

* *Q. Mar.* My hope is gone, now Suffolk is deceased.

* *K. Hen.* Farewell, my lord; [To Lord Say] trust not the Kentish rebels.

* *Buck.* Trust nobody, for fear you be betray'd.

* *Say.* The trust I have is in mine innocence.

Enter a Soldier, r.

Sol. Jack Cade! Jack Cade!

Cade. Knock him down!

* *Smith.* If this fellow be

* call you Jack Cade more;

* very fair warning.

Dick. My lord, there's a

together in Smithfield.

Cade. Come then, let's go

But, first, go and set London

and, if you can, burn down

Come, let's away.

SCENE VII. *The same*

Alarm. *Enter, on one side*

Company; on the other,

King's Forces, headed

Gough. They fight: the

routed, and MATTHEW G

Cade. So, sirs:—Now go

down the Savoy; others to t

down with them all.

Dick. I have a suit unto y

Cade. Be it a lordship, t

for that word.

* *Dick.* Only, that the law

* come out of your mouth.

* *John.* Mass, 'twill be so

* he was thrust in the mouth

* 'tis not whole yet.

* *Smith.* Nay, John, it will

* for his breath stinks wi

that usually talk of a noun, and such abominable words, as no man can endure to hear. Thou hast stices of peace, to call poor men about matters they were not wiser. Moreover, thou hast put on; and because they could not stand hanged them; when, indeed, at cause they have been most vexed. Thou dost ride on a foot-throne not! *His dog stings him* off that! *ry*, thou oughtest not to let thy cloak, when honest men than in hose and doublets. *and take* and work in their shirt too; as example, that any a butcher: men of Kent,— it say you of Kent? hing but this: 'Tis *bona terra*, say with him, away with him! *ation*. [where you will. or me but speak, and bear me commentaries Caesar writ, the civilst place of all this isle: country, because full of riches; liberal, valiant, active, wealthy; as me hope you are not void of *above*, I lost not Normandy; ver them, would lose my life. i favour have I always done; d tears have moved me, gifts ever. I ought exacted at your hands, stain, the king, the realm, and you! ave I bestow'd on learned clerks, book prefer'd me to the king: ignorance is the curse of God, the wing wherewith we fly to be possess'd with devilish spirits, but forbear to murder me. hath parley'd unto foreign kings hoof,— t! when struckst thou one blow as men have reaching hands: oft never saw, and struck them dead. onstrous coward! what, to come folks! [for your good, te cheeks are pale for watching ve him a box o' the ear, and that in red again. [causes e sitting to determine poor men's e full of sickness and diseases, e shall have a hempen candle e pap of a hatchet. y dost thou quiver, man? [me. palsy, and not fear; provoketh y, he nods at us; as who should ven with you. I'll see if his head

will stand steadier on a pole, or no: Take him away, and behead him. [most? * Say. Tell me, wherein I have offended? * Have I affected wealth, or honour? speak? * Are my chests fill'd up with extorted gold? * Is my apparel sumptuous to behold? * Whom have I injured, that ye seek my death? * These hands are free from guiltless blood-shedding. [thoughts. * This breast from harbouring foul deceitful O, let me live! * Cade. I feel remorse in myself with his words; but I'll bridle it; he shall die, an it be but for pleading so well for his life. Away with him! he has a familiar under his tongue; he speaks not o' God's name. * Go, take him away, I say, and strike off his head presently; and then break into his son-in-law's house, sir James Cromer, and strike off his head, and bring them both upon two poles hither. * All. It shall be done. [your prayers. * Say. Ah, countrymen! if when you make God should be so obdurate as yourselves, * How would it fare with your departed souls? * And therefore yet relent, and save my life. * Cade. Away with him, and do as I command ye. [Exeunt some, with Lord SAY. * The proudest peer in the realm shall not wear a head on his shoulders, unless he pay me tribute; there shall not a maid be married, but she shall pay to me her maidenhead ere they have it: Men shall hold of me in capite; and we charge and command, that their wives be as free as heart can wish, or tongue can tell. * Dick. My lord, when shall we go to the upside, and take up commodities upon our hills? * Cade. Marry, presently. * All. O brave! Re-enter Rebels, with the Heads of Lord SAY and his Son-in-law. * Cade. But is not this braver!—Let them kiss one another, for they loved well, when they were alive. Now part them again, lest they consult about the giving up of some more towns in France. Soldiers, defer the spoil of the city until night: for with these borne before us, instead of maces, will we ride through the streets; and at every corner have them kiss.—Away! [Exeunt. SCENE VIII. Southwark. Alarm. Enter CADE, and all his Retiement. * Cade. Up Fish-street! down Saint Magnus' corner! kill and knock down! throw them into Thames!— [A Parley sounded, then a Retreat.] What noise is this I hear? * Dare any be so bold to sound retreat or parley, when I command them *all*? Enter BUCKINGHAM, and Old CLIFFORD, with Forces. * Buck. Ay, here they be that dare and will, disturb thee:

y were hanged because they could not claim the benefit of clergy. 1 A foot-
ind of hoarding, which covered the body of the horse. 2 In consequence of.
hands are free from shedding guiltless or innocent blood. 3 A demon who
do attend at call.

Know, Cade, we come ambassadors from the king

Unto the commons whom thou hast misled;
And here pronounce free pardon to them all,
That will forsake thee, and go home in peace.

Clif. What say ye, countrymen? will ye relent,

And yield to mercy, whilst 'tis offered you;
Or let a rabble lead you to your deaths?

Who loves the king, and will embrace his pardon,

Fling up his cap, and say—God save his ma-
Who hateth him, and honours not his father,
Henry the fifth, that made all France to quake,
Shake he his weapon at us, and pass by.

All. God save the king! God save the king!

Cade. What, Buckingham, and Clifford,
are ye so brave?—And you, base peasants, do

ye believe him? will you needs be hanged
with your pardons about your necks? Hath my

sword therefore broke through London Gates,
that you should leave me at the White Hart

in Southwark? I thought ye would never
have given out these arms, till you had re-

covered your ancient freedom: but you are
all recreants, and dastards; and delight to

live in slavery to the nobility. Let them
break your backs with burdens, take your

houses over your heads, ravish your wives
and daughters before your faces: For me, I

will make shift for one; and so—God's curse
light upon you all!

All. We'll follow Cade, we'll follow Cade.

Clif. Is Cade the son of Henry the fifth,

and heavens and honour be witness

no want of resolution in me, but of
followers' base and ignominious
makes me betake me to my heels.

Buck. What, is he fled? go soon
follow him;

And he, that brings his head unto the
Shall have a thousand crowns for his

[Exeunt some]
Follow me, soldiers; we'll devise
To reconcile you all unto the king.

[Exeunt some]

SCENE IX. Kenelworth Castle.

Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET,
SOMERSET, on the Terrace of the

K. Hen. Was ever king that
earthly throne,

And could command no more content
No sooner was I crept out of my crown

But I was made a king, at nine months
Was never subject long'd to be a king

As I do long and wish to be a subject
Enter BUCKINGHAM and CLIFFORD

Buck. Health, and glad tidings,
majesty!

K. Hen. Why, Buckingham, is the
Cade, surprised?

Or is he but retired to make him
Enter, below, a great number of

Followers, with Halters about
Necks.

Clif. He's fled, my lord, and all his
And humbly thus, with halters on the

ask him, what's the reason of these arms.
 If him, I'll send duke Edmund to the
 Tower;—
 and, Somerset, we will commit thee thither,
 until his army be dismiss'd from him.
Som. My lord,
 I yield myself to prison willingly,
 unto death, to do my country good.
K. Hen. In any case, be not too rough in
 terms; [usage.
 he is fierce, and cannot brook hard lan-
 guage.
Buck. I will, my lord; and doubt not so
 to deal,
 all things shall redound unto your good.
K. Hen. Come, wife, let's in, and learn to
 govern better;
 yet may England curse my wretched
 reign. [Exeunt.

SCENE X. Kent. Iden's Garden.

Enter CADR.

Cade. Pile on ambition! lie on myself;
 I have a sword, and yet am ready to
 perish! These five days have I hid me in
 these woods; and durst not peep out, for all
 the country is lay'd for me; but now am I
 hungry, that if I might have a lease of my
 life for a thousand years, I could stay no
 longer. Wherefore, on a brick-wall have I
 climbed into this garden; to see if I can eat
 meat, or pick a salliet another while, which
 salet amiss to cool a man's stomach this hot
 weather. And, I think, this word salet was
 given to do me good: for, many a time, but
 a salet*, my brain-pan had been cleft
 with a brown bill; and, many a time, when
 I have been dry, and bravely marching, it
 hath served me instead of a quart-pot to drink
 from; and now the word salet must serve me
 to feed on.

Enter IDEN, with Servants.

Iden. Lord, who would live turmoiled in
 the court,
 may enjoy such quiet walks as these! I
 have small inheritance, my father left me,
 contenteth me, and is worth a monarchy.
 I seek not to wax great by others' waning;
 I gather wealth, I care not with what envy;
 I seeketh, that I have maintains my state,
 and sends the poor well pleased from my
 gate.
Cade. Here's the lord of the soil come to
 see me for a stray, for entering his fee-
 simple without leave. Ah, villain, thou wilt
 betray me, and get a thousand crowns of the
 king for carrying my head to him; but I'll
 like thee eat iron like an ostrich, and swal-
 low my sword like a great pin, ere thou and
 thy lord shall see me.

Iden. Why, rude companion, whatso'er
 thou be, [thee?
 thou art not; Why then should I betray
 thee enough, to break into my garden,
 like a thief, to come to rob my grounds,

Climbing my walls in spite of me the owner,
 But thou wilt brave me with these sassy
 terms?

Cade. Brave thee? ay, by the best blood
 that ever was broached, and beard thee too.
 Look on me well: I have eat no meat these
 five days; yet, come thou and thy five men,
 and if I do not leave you all as dead as a door
 nail, I pray God, I may never eat grass more.

Iden. Nay, it shall ne'er be said, while
 England stands,

That Alexander Iden, an esquire of Kent,
 Took odds to combat a poor famish'd man.

* Oppose thy steadfast-gazing eyes to mine.

* See if thou canst outface me with thy looks.

* Set limb to limb, and thou art fir the lesser;

* Thy hand is but a finger to my fist; [con;

* Thy leg a stick, compared with this trunch-

* My foot shall fight with all the strength thou
 hast;

* And if mine arm be heaved in the air,

* Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth.

* As for more words, whose greatness answers
 words, [bears.

* Let this my sword report what speech for-

* *Cade.* By my valour, the most complete

* champion that ever I heard.—Steel, if thou

* turn the edge, or cut not out the burly-boned

* clown in chimes of beef ere thou sleep in thy

* sheath, I beseech God on my knees, thou

* mayst be turned to hobnails. [They fight.

* *CADR falls.* O, I am slain! famine, and no

* other, hath slain me: let ten thousand devils

* come against me, and give me but the ten

* meals I have lost, and I'd defy them all.

* Withier, garden; and be henceforth a bury-

* ing-place to all that do dwell in this house,

* because the unconquered soul of Cade is
 fled.

* *Iden.* Is't Cade that I have slain, that mon-

* strous traitor?

* Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed,

* And hang thee o'er my tomb, when I am dead:

* Ne'er shall this blood be wiped from thy
 point;

* But thou shalt wear it as a herald's coat,

* To emblaze the honour that thy master got.

* *Cade.* Iden, farewell; and be proud of thy
 victory: Tell Kent for me, she hath lost her
 best man, and exhort all the world to be
 cowards; for I, that never feared any, am
 vanquished by famine, not by valour. [Dies.

* *Iden.* How much thou wrong'st me,
 heaven be my judge,

* Die, damned wretch, the curse of her that
 bare thee!

* And as I thrust thy body in with my sword,

* So wish I, I might thrust thy soul to hell.

* Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels

* Unto a dunghill, which shall be thy grave,

* And there cut off thy most ungracious head;

* Which I will bear in triumph to the king,

* Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon.

[Exit, dragging out the Body.

* A kind of helmet.

* I. e., in supposing that I am proud of my victory.

ACT V.

SCENE 1. *The same. Fields between Dartford and Blackheath.*

The King's Camp on one side. On the other, enter York attended, with Drum and Colours: his Forces at some distance.

* York. From Ireland thus comes York, to claim his right,

* And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's

* Ring, bells, aloud; burn, bonfires, clear and bright,

* To entertain great England's lawful king.

* Ah, *sancta majestas!* who would not buy thee dear?

* Let them obey, that know not how to rule;

* His hand was made to handle nought but

* I cannot give due action to my words, [gold:

* Except a sword, or sceptre, balance it *.

* A sceptre shall it have, have I a soul;

* On which I'll toss the flower-de-luce of France.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

* Whom have we here? Buckingham, to disturb me? [seemle.

* The king hath sent him, sure: I must dis-

* Buck. York, if thou meanest well, I greet thee well. [thy greeting.

* York. Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept

* Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure?

* Buck. A messenger from Henry, our dread liege,

Buck. Upon mine honour,

* York. Then, Buckingham my powers.—

* Soldiers, I thank you all:

* Meet me to-morrow in Saint

* You shall have pay, and e wish.

* And let my sovereign, virtue

* Command my eldest son,—

* As pledges of my fealty and

* I'll send them all as willing

* Lords, goods, horse, armour

* Is his to use, so Somerset

* Buck. York, I commend

mission:

* We twain will go into his bi

Enter King Henry, &

* K. Hen. Buckingham, do

no harm to us.

* That thus he marcheth with t

* York. In all submission a

* York doth present himself

ness.

* K. Hen. Then what inte

* York. To heave the traito

hence;

* And fight against that monst

* Who since I heard to be disc

Enter Iden, with Cates

* Iden. If one so rede, and

* May pass into the presence of

Let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.
 I endure the sight of Somerset?—[me,
 king! why hast thou broken faith with
 how hardly I can brook abuse?
 Did I call thee? no, thou art not king;
 at to govern and rule multitudes, [tor.
 I dare not, no, nor canst not rule a traitor.
 head of thine doth not become a crown,
 hand is made to grasp a palmer's staff,
 not to grasp an awful princely sceptre.
 gold must round enircle these brows of
 thine,
 and frown, like to Achilles' spear,
 with the change to kill and cure.
 is a hand to hold a sceptre up,
 with the same to act controlling laws.
 place; by heaven, thou shalt rule no
 more
 him whom heaven created for thy ruler!
 O monstrous traitor!—I arrest thee,
 York,
 capital treason 'gainst the king and crown:
 audacious traitor! kneel for grace.
 York. Wouldst have me kneel? first let
 me ask of thee,
 can brook I bow a knee to man.—
 call in my sons to be my bail;
 [Exit an Attendant.
 are they will have me go to ward*,
 'll pawn their swords for my enfranchise-
 ment. [come again,
 Mer. Call hither Clifford; bid him
 say, if that the bastard boys of York
 will be the surety for their traitor father.
 York. O blood-bespotted Neapolitan,
 of Naples, England's bloody scourge!
 of York, thy betters in their birth,
 be their father's bail; and bane to those
 my surety will refuse the boys.
 EDWARD and RICHARD PLANTAGENET,
 with Forces, at one side; at the
 other, with Forces also, old CLIFFORD
 his Son.
 where they come; I'll warrant they'll
 make it good. [their bail.
 Mer. And here comes Clifford, to deny
 my health and all happiness to my lord
 the king! [Kneels.
 York. I thank thee, Clifford: Say, what
 news with thee?
 y, do not fright us with an angry look:
 are thy sovereign, Clifford, kneel again;
 thy mistaking so, we pardon thee. [take;
 Alf. This is my king, York, I do not mis-
 take him mistak'nt me much, to think I do:—
 bedlam with him! is the man grown mad?
 Hen. Ay, Clifford; a bedlam and ambi-
 tious humor
 him oppose himself against his king.
 He is a traitor; let him to the
 tower,
 chop away that factions pate of his.
 Mer. He is arrested, but will not obey;
 us, he says, shall give their words for
 York. Will you not, sons?

Edw. Ay, noble father, if our words will
 serve. [weapons shall.
 Rich. And if words will not, then our
 swords. Why, what a brood of traitors have
 we here!
 York. Look in a glass, and call thy image
 I am thy king, and thou a falseheart traitor.
 Call hither to the stake my two brave best,
 That, with the very shaking of their chains,
 They may astonish these fell-looking curs;
 Bid Salisbury, and Warwick, come to me.
 Drums. Enter WARWICK and SALISBURY,
 with Forces.
 Alf. Are these thy bears? we'll bait thy
 bears to death,
 And manacle the bear-ward? in their chains.
 If thou dar'st bring them to the bailing-place.
 Rich. O, have I seen a hot o'erweening cur
 Run back and bite, because he was witheld;
 Who, being suffer'd with the bear's fell paw,
 Hath clapp'd his tail between his legs, and
 cry'd:
 And such a piece of service will you do,
 If you oppose yourselves to match lord War-
 wick. [gested lamp,
 Alf. Hence, heap of wrath, foul lad-
 As crooked in thy manners as thy shape!
 York. Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly
 anon. [burn yourselves.
 Alf. Take heed, lest by your heat you
 A. Hen. Why, Warwick, hath thy knee
 forgot to bow?—
 Old Salisbury,—shame to thy silver hair,
 Thou mad misleader of thy brain-sick son!—
 What wilt thou on thy death-bed play the
 ruffian,
 And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles?
 O, where is faith? O, where is loyalty?
 If it be banish'd from the frosty head,
 Where shall it find a harbour in the earth?
 Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,
 And shame thine honourable age with blood?
 Why art thou old, and want'st experience?
 Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it?
 For shame! in duty bend thy knee to me,
 That bows unto the grave with mickle age.
 Sal. My lord, I have consider'd with my-
 self the title of this most renowned duke; [self
 And in my conscience do repent his grace
 The rightful heir to England's royal seat.
 K. Hen. Hast thou not sworn allegi-
 ance unto me?
 K. Hen. Canst thou dispense with heaven
 for such an oath?
 Sal. It is great sin, to swear unto a sin;
 But greater sin, to keep a sinful oath.
 Who can be bound by any solemn vow
 To do a murderous deed, to rob a man,
 To force a spotless virgin's chastity,
 To leave the orphan of his patrimony,
 To wring the widow from her customary right;
 And have no other reason for this wrong,
 But that he was bound by a solemn oath?
 Q. Mar. A subtle traitor needs no sophis-
 ter.

Clifford, confinement.

* The Nevils, earls of Warwick, had a bear and ragged staff
 for their crest.

† Bear-keeper.

* *K. Hen.* God Buckingham, and I do here
arm in arms.

* *Y. Ric.* God Buckingham, and all the friends
I am resolv'd to death, or dignity.

* *Clif.* The first I warrant thee, if dreams
prove true.

* *Hen.* You were best to go to bed, and
to keep thee from the tempest of the field.

* *Clif.* I am resolv'd to bear a greater storm
than any troop can confine up to day,
And that I'll write upon thy burgonet.

* *Hen.* I but know thee by thy new-held badge.

* *Hen.* Now, by my father's badge, old we
will'st crest.

The rampart be a chain'd to the ragged staff,
This day I'll wear aloft my burgonet,

* As on a mountain-top the cedar shows,
That keeps his leaves in spite of any storm,

Even to the top, tiller with the view thereof.

* *Clif.* And from thy burgonet I'll read thy
name.

And tread it under foot with all contempt,
Despightful to the ward that protects the bearer.

* *Y. Clif.* And so to me, victorious father,
To quell the rebels, and their complainers.

* *Hen.* Fie! charity, not shame! speak not
in spite,

For you shall sup with *Jesus Christ* to-night.

* *Y. Clif.* Foul stigmater, that's more
than thou canst tell.

* *Rich.* If not in heaven, you'll surely sup in
hell.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

* *Clif.* Nor should thy prowess want praise
and esteem.

* But that 'tis shown ignobly, and in treason
* *York.* So let it help me now against thy
sword.

* As I in justice and true right express it!

* *Clif.* My soul and body on the action bet

* *York.* A dreadful lay!—address thee
stantly.

[*They fight, and CLIFFORD falls.*]

* *Clif.* *Ja fin vouronne les ongles.* [*He*]

* *York.* Thus war hath given thee peace,
thou art still.

* Peace with his soul, heaven, if it be thy will

[*He*]

Enter Young CLIFFORD.

* *Y. Clif.* Shame and confusion! all in
the rout;

* Fear frames disorder, and disorder wound
* Where it should guard. O war, thou art
hell,

* Whom angry heavens do make their maled

* Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part

* Hot coals of vengeance!—Let no soldier

* He that is truly dedicate to war,

* Hath no self-love; nor he that loves himself

* Hath not essentially, but by circumstan

* The name of valour.—O, let the vile war

end, [Seeing his Father's

* And the promised flames of the last day

* Kuit earth and heaven together!

* Now let the general trumpet blow him his

and, hold thy temper; heart, be wretched still:

ests, pray for enemies, but princes, kill.

[Exit.

ums: *Excursions. Enter King HENRY, een MARGARET, and Others, retreating.*

Mar. Away, my lord! you are slow; for shame, away!

Hen. Can we outrun the heavens? good Margaret, stay. [not fight, nor fly:]

Mar. What are you made of? you'll w is it manhood, wisdom, and defence, give the enemy way: and to secure us what we can, which can no more but fly.

[Alarm afar off.

on be ta'en, we then should see the bottom all our fortunes: but if we haply 'scape,

(well we may, if not through our neglect,) shall to London get, where you are loved;

d where this breach, now in our fortunes y readily be stopp'd.

Enter young CLIFFORD.

Y. Cliff. But that my heart's on future mischief set,

ould speak blasphemy ere bid you fly; d fly you must; incurable discomfit

signs in the hearts of all our present parts. say, for your relief! and we will live

see their day, and them our fortune give: say, my lord, away! [Exeunt.

ENE III. *Fields near Saint Albans.*

ums: *Retreat. Flourish; then enter DRK, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, WAR-*

TON, and Soldiers with Drum and

shouts. [him:] York. Of Salisbury, who can report of

in parties. † i. e., The gradual detrition of time.

flow of a hill is its summit. § i. e., We have not secured that which we have acquired.

¶ Being enemies that are likely so soon to rally and recover themselves from this defeat.

* That winter lion, who, in rage forgets

* Aged contusions and all brush of time;†

* And like a gallant in the brow of youth;‡

* Repairs him with occasion? This happy day

* Is not itself, nor have we won one foot,

* If Salisbury be lost.

Rich.

My noble father,

Three times to-day I help him to his horse,

Three times bestrid him, thrice I led him off,

Persuaded him from any further act: [him;]

But still, where danger was, still there I met

And like rich hangings in a homely house,

So was his will in his old feeble body.

But, noble as he is, look where he comes.

Enter SALISBURY.

Sal. Now, by my sword, well hast thou fought to-day: [Richard:]

By the mass, so did we all.—I thank you,

God knows how long it is I have to live; [day]

And it hath pleased him, that three times to-

you have defended me from imminent death.

Well, lords, we have not got that which we have §:

* 'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,

* Being opposites of such repairing nature ¶.

York. I know our safety is to follow them;

For, as I hear, the king is fled to London,

To call a present court of parliament.

Let us pursue him, ere the writs go forth:—

What says lord Warwick? shall we after them? [app.]

War. After them! nay, before them, if we

Now, by my faith, lords, 'twas a glorious day:

Saint Albans' battle, won by famous York,

Shall be eternized in all age to come.—

Sound, drums and trumpets: and to London

And more such days as these to us befall! [all:]

[Exeunt.

THIRD PART OF
KING HENRY VI.

Persons represented.

[illegible]

Sir JOHN MORTIMER, } *uncle to the Duke*
 Sir HUGH MORTIMER, } *of York*
 HENRY, *Earl of Richmond, a youth*
 Lord RIVERS, *brother to Lady Grey*
 WILLIAM STANLEY, *Sir JOHN HUN-*
 GOMERY. Sir JOHN SOMERSET, *bro-*
 ther to Rutland. Mayor of York. *He*
tenant of the Tower. A Nobleman. He
keepers. A Huntsman. A Soldier who
killed his father. A Father that had
his son.

QUEEN MARGARET.
Lady GREY, afterwards Queen to Edward
BONA, sister to the French Queen.

*Soldiers, and other Attendants on
Henry and King Edward, Monks
Watchmen, &c.*

*Scene, during part of the third act,
France; during all the rest of the play,
in England.*

Hen. Armed as we are, let's stay within this house. *[called]*
War. The bloody parliament shall this be-
 low Plantagenet, duke of York, be king;
 the lawful Henry deposed, whose cowardice
 he made us by words to our enemies.
York. Then leave me not, my lords; be
 reboints;
 to take possession of my right. *[beat]*
War. Neither the king, nor he that loves him
 preadest he that holds up Lancaster,
 a wing, if Warwick shake his bells.
York. Plantagenet, root him up who
 takes thee, Richard; claim the English
 crown. *[crown]*
**Warwick leads YORK to the Throne, who
 seats himself.**
**Warwick. Enter King HENRY, CLIFFORD,
 NORTHUMBERLAND, WESTMORELAND,
 WARWICK, and Others, with red Roses in
 their Hats.**
Hen. My lords, look where the sturdy
 rebel sits,
 in the chair of state! Belike he means,
 by the power of Warwick, that false
 peer,
 to sit upon the crown, and reign as king.—
 Northumberland, he slew thy father;—
 this, lord Clifford; and you both have
 vowed revenge
 on him, his sons, his favourites, and his friends.
North. If I be not, heavens, be revenged
 on me! *[in steel]*
War. The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn
 West. What, shall we suffer this, let's pluck
 him down:
 heart for anger burns, I cannot brook it.
Hen. Be patient, gentle earl of West-
 moreland. *[he]*
War. Patience is for polltroons, and such as
 must not sit there had your father lived.
 A gracious lord, here in the parliament
 to assail the family of York. *[it so]*
North. Well hast thou spoken, cousin; be
 revenged.
Hen. Ah, know you not, the city favours
 them, *[beck]*
 they have troops of soldiers at their
 heels. But when the duke is slain, they'll
 quickly fly.
Hen. Far be the thought of this from
 Henry's heart,
 to make a shambles of the parliament-house!
 of Exeter, frowns, words, and threats,
 shall be the war that Henry means to use.—
[They advance to the Duke.]
 Obedient duke of York, descend my throne,
 and kneel for grace and mercy at my feet;
 thy sovereign.
York. Thou art deceived, I am thine.
 For shame, come down; he madeth thee
 duke of York. *[was]*
War. 'Twas my inheritance, as the earldom
 Thy father was a traitor to the crown.
Exeter, thou art a traitor to the crown,
 sowing this usurping Henry.

Cliff. Whom should he follow, but his natu-
 ral king? *[duke of York]*
War. True, Clifford; and that's Richard,
 K. Hen. And shall I stand, and thou sit
 in my throne? *[thyself]*
York. It must and shall be so. *[Content]*
War. Be duke of Lancaster, let him be king.
West. He is both king and duke of Lanca-
 ster! *[tain]*
 And that the lord of Westmoreland shall main-
 War. And Warwick shall disprove it. You
 forget, *[field]*
 That we are those, which chased you from the
 And slew your fathers, and with colours spread
 March'd through the city to the palace gates.
North. Yes, Warwick, I remember it to
 my grief! *[rue it]*
 And, by his soul, thou and thy house shall
 West. Plantagenet, of thee, and these thy
 sons, *[lives]*
 Thy kinsmen, and thy friends, I'll have more
 Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.
Cliff. Urge it no more; lest that, instead
 of words,
 I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger,
 As shall revenge his death, before I stir.
War. Poor Clifford! how I scorn his
 worthless threats!
York. Will you we show our thanks?
 If not, our swords shall plead it in thy face.
K. Hen. What title hast thou, traitor,
 the crown?
 Thy father was, as thou art, duke of York;
 Thy grandfather, Roger Mortimer, earl of
 I am the son of Henry the fifth, *[March]*
 Who made the Dauphin and the French to
 stoop,
 And seized upon their towns and provinces.
War. Talk not of France, sith thou hast
 lost it all. *[not I]*
K. Hen. The lord protector lost it, and
 When I was crown'd, I was but nine months
 old. *[methinks, you lose]*
Rich. You are old enough now, and yet,
 Father, tear the crown from the usurper's head.
Edw. Sweet father, do so; set it on your
 head, *[lov'd and honour'd arms]*
Mont. Good brother, *[To York]* as thou
 Let's fight it out, and not stand cavilling thus.
Rich. Sound drums and trumpets, and the
 York. Sons, peace! *[king will fly]*
K. Hen. Peace thou! and give king Henry
 leave to speak. *[him, lords]*
War. Plantagenet shall speak first:—hear
 And be you silent and attentive too,
 For he, that interrupts him, shall not live.
K. Hen. Think'st thou, that I will leave
 my kingly throne,
 Wherein my grandsire, and my father, sat?
 No: first shall war unpeople this my realm;
 Ay, and their colours—often borne in France:
 And now in England, to our heart's great sor-
 row,—
 Shall be my winding sheet.—Why faint you,
 lords?

How he had sometimes little bells hung on them, perhaps to dare the birds; that is, to fright them from rising. † Since.

My title's good, not better far than his.

War. But prove it, Henry, and thou shalt
be king. [the crown.

K. Hen. Henry the fourth by conquest got
York. 'Twas by rebellion against his king.

K. Hen. I know not what to say; my title's
weak.

Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir?

York. What then? [king;

K. Hen. As it be may, then am I lawful

For Richard, in the view of many lords,

Resign'd the crown to Henry the fourth;

Whose heir my father was, and I am his.

York. He rose against him, being his sove-

reign,

And made him to resign his crown perforce.

War. Suppose, my lords, he did it uncon-

strain'd,

Think you, 'twere prejudicial to his crown?

Ecc. No; for he could not so resign his

crown, [reign.

But that the next heir should succeed and

K. Hen. Art thou against us, duke of Exe-

ter? [doe me.

Ecc. His is the right, and therefore par-

* *York.* Why whisper you, my lords, and

answer not? [king.

Ecc. My conscience tells me he is lawful

K. Hen. All will revolt from me, and turn

to him. [lay'st,

North. Plantagenet, for all the claim thou

Think not, that Henry shall be so deposed.

War. Deposed he shall be, in despite of

West. Base, fearful, and despair

* *Clif.* How hast thou injured
and us!

West. I cannot stay to hear the

North. Nor I.

Clif. Come, cousin, let us tell
these news.

* *West.* Farewell, faint-hearted

* In whose cold blood no spark

bides.

North. Be thou a prey unto th

Clif. In dreadful war may'st th

come!

Or live in peace, abandoned and d

[*Exeunt NORTH., CLIF.*

* *War.* Turn this way, Henry,

them not.

Ecc. They seek revenge, and th

K. Hen. Ah, Exeter!

War. Why should you sig

K. Hen. Not for myself, lo

but my son,

Whom I unnaturally shall disinhe

But, be it as it may:—I here enta

* The crown to thee and to thi

Conditionally, that here thou take

To cease this civil war, and, whil

To honour me as thy king and so

* And neither by treason, nor ho

To seek to put me down, and r

York. This oath I willingly ta

perform. [*Coming from*

felt that pain which I did for him once;
murder'd him, as I did with my blood;
woudst have left thy dearest heart-
blood there, [heir,
nor than made that savage duke thine
I disinherited thine only son.

Edw. Father, you cannot disinheret me:
can be king, why should not I succeed?
[Heir. Pardon me, Margaret;—pardon
me, sweet son;—

Mar. Of Warwick, and the duke, enforced
Edw. Enforced thee! art thou king, and
wilt be forced? [wretch!

me to hear thee speak. Ah, timorous
heart undone thyself, thy son, and me;
given unto the house of York such head,
thou shalt reign but by their sufferance,
until him and his heirs unto the crown,
not is it, but to make thy sepulchre,
I creep into it far before thy time!

Edw. Is chancellor, and the lord of
Calais; [seas;

Paulconbridge commands the narrow
lake is made protector of the realm;
yet shalt thou be safe? * such safety finds
trembling lamb, environed with wolves.
I been there, which am a silly woman,
soldiers should have toss'd me on their
pikes,

Edw. I would have granted to that act.
thou prefer'st thy life before thine
honour:

Edw. seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself,
from thy table, Henry, and thy bed,
that act of parliament be repeal'd,
every my son is disinherited.

Edw. northern lords, that have forsworn thy
colours, [spread:

Edw. follow mine, if once they see them
spread they shall be, to thy foul disgrace,
utter ruin of the house of York.

Edw. do I leave thee:—Come, son, let's away;
army's ready; come, we'll after them.

Hen. Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear
me speak. [get thee gone.

Mar. Thou hast spoke too much already;
Hen. Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay
with me?

Mar. Ay, to be murder'd by his enemies.
Edw. When I return with victory from
the field,

Edw. as your grace: till then, I'll follow her.

Mar. Come, son, away; we may not
linger thus.

Enter Queen MARGARET, and the Prince.

Hen. Poor queen! how love to me,
and to her son,

Edw. he made her break out into terms of rage!
raged may she be on that hateful duke;

Edw. how haughty spirit, winged with desire,
he cost my crown, and, like an empty eagle,

Edw. * on the flesh of me, and of my son!
loss of those three lords torments my
heart: [fair:—

Edw. I write unto them, and entreat them
me, cousin, you shall be the messenger.

* Mrs. And I, I hope, shall reconcile them
all. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. A Room in Sandal Castle, near
Wakefield, in Yorkshire.

Enter EDWARD, RICHARD, and MONTAGUE.

* Rich. Brother, though I be youngest, give
me leave.

Edw. No, I can better play the orator.
Mont. But I have reasons strong and forcible.

Enter YORK.

* York. Why, how now, sons and brother,
at a strife?

* What is your quarrel? how began it first?
Edw. No quarrel, but a slight contention.

* York. About what? [grace, and us;

* Rich. About that which concerns your
The crown of England, father, which is yours.

* York. Mine, boy? not till king Henry be
dead. [or death.

* Rich. Your right depends not on his life,
Edw. Now you are heir, therefore enjoy
it now: [breaths,

* By giving the house of Lancaster leave to
It will offend you, father, in the end. [reign.

* York. I took an oath; that he should quietly
Edw. But, for a kingdom, any oath may be
broken:

* I'd break a thousand oaths to reign.

* Rich. No; God forbid, your grace
be forsworn.

* York. I shall be, if I claim by oath.

* Rich. I'll prove the contrary if you'll hear
me speak.

* York. Thou canst not, son; it is impossible.
Rich. An oath is of no moment, being not

* Before a true and lawful magistrate, [took
That hath authority over him that swears:

* Henry had none, but did usurp the place;
Then, seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,

* Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.
Therefore, to arms. * And, father, do but
think,

* How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown;
Within whose circuit is Elysium,

* And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.
Why do we linger thus? I cannot rest,

* Until the white rose, that I wear, be dyed
Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart.

* York. Richard, enough; I will be king, or
die.—

* Brother, thou shalt to London presently,
And whet on Warwick to this enterprise.—

* Thou, Richard, shalt unto the duke of Norfolk,
And tell him privily of our intent.—

* You, Edward, shall unto my lord Cobham,
With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise:

* In them I trust; for they are soldiers,
Witty† and courteous, liberal, full of spirit.—

* While you are thus employ'd, what resteth
But that I seek occasion how to rise; [more,

* And yet the king not privy to my drift,
Nor any of the house of Lancaster?

Enter a Messenger.

* But, stay; What news? Why comest thou in
such post?

* Peck:

† Disposed judgment.

- * *Mont.* The queen with all the northern earls
and London.
* *Enter* I have taken you in your castle;
* She is hurt by wounds of my thousand men;
* And the children of your lord, my lord.
* *York.* Ay, with my sword. What! think'st
thou that we fear them?—
* I swear, Good Rut, I would all stay with me;
* My brother Mortimer shall post to London;
* Let come Warwick, Gloucestre, and the rest;
* When we have better protectors of the king;
* With powerful peers strong than themselves,
* Not trust a simple Henry, nor his oaths.
* *Mont.* Brother, I go; I'll win them, fear
it not;
* And thus most humbly I do take my leave.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Sir JOHN and Sir HUGH MORTIMER.
York. Sir John, and Sir Hugh Mortimer,
mine uncles!

- * You are come to Sandal in a happy hour;
The army of the queen mean to besiege us.
* *Sir John.* She shall not need, we'll meet her
in the field.

* *York.* What, with five thousand men?

* *Rich.* Ay, with five hundred, father, for a
need.

A woman's general! What should we fear?

[*A March afar off.*]

* *Edw.* I hear their drums; let's set our men
in order;

* And issue forth, and bid them battle straight.

* *York.* Five men to twenty!—though the
odds be great,

Sweet Clifford, hear me speak before
I am too mean a subject for thy wrath
Be thou revenged on men, and let

Clif. In vain thou speak'st, for
father's blood

Hath stopp'd the passage where
Rut. Then let my father's blood
again;

He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with

Clif. Had I thy brethren here,
Were not revenge sufficient for me

No, if I dige'd up thy father's
And hung their rotten collars up

It could not shake mine ire, nor ease
The sight of any of the house of

Is as a fury to torment my soul;
And till I root out their accurs'd

And leave not one alive, I live not
Therefore—*[Exit Rut.]*

Rut. O, let me pray before I tal
To thee I pray; Sweet Clifford,

Clif. Such pity as my rapier's
* *Rut.* I never did thee harm
thou slay me?

Clif. Thy father hath.

Rut. But 'twas ere
Thou hast one son, for his sake p

Lest, in revenge thereof,—sith—
He be as miserably slain as I.

Ab, let me live in prison all my days
And when I give occasion of off

Then let me die, for now thou ha
Clif. No cause!

Thy father slew my father; then

edged, again; as I have seen a swan
bootless labour swim against the tide,
used her strength with ever-matching
waves. (A short Alarm within.
[The fatal-followers do pursue;
I am faint, and cannot fly their fury:
I strong I would not shun their fury:
They are number'd, that make up my
fury.]

Yet I stay, and here my life must end.
For Queen MARGARET, CLIFFORD,
and NORTHAMBERLAND, and Soldiers.
O bloody Clifford, rough Northumber-
land,—

O your quenchless fury to more rage;
your bait, and I abide your shot.
Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.

Ay, to such mercy, as his ruthless arm,
downright payment, show'd unto my
father.

Death hath tumbled from his car,
this evening at the noontide prick.
O my ashes, as the Phoenix, may bring
forth

that will revenge upon you all:
in that hope, I throw mine eyes to
heaven,
ing whate'er you can afflict me with.

come you not? what! multitudes, and
fear! [no further;

So cowards fight, when they can fly
loves do peck the falcon's piercing ta-
lons;

parted thieves, all hopeless of their lives,
to out invectives 'gainst the officers.

O, Clifford, but bethink thee once
again,

in thy thought o'er-run my former time:
if thou canst for blushing, view this
face;

thy tongue, that slanders him with
his frown hath made thee faint and fly
from this. [word;

I will not bandy with thee word for
blow with the blows, twice two for one.

[Draws.

Mar. Hold, valiant Clifford! for a thou-
sand causes,

to prolong awhile the traitor's life:—
makes him deaf: speak thou, Northum-
berland. [so much,

Hold, Clifford; do not honour him
with thy finger, though to wound his heart:
valour were it, when a cur doth grin,

to thrust his hand between his teeth,
the might spur him with his foot away?
the prize to take all vantages;

to one is no impeachment of valour.

lay hands on YORK, who struggles.

Ay, ay, so strives the woodcock with
the gin.

So doth the coney struggle in the net.
[YORK is taken prisoner.

York. So triumph thieves upon their con-
quer'd booty; [match'd.

So true men? yield, with robbers so o'er-
North. What would your grace have done
unto him now? [Northumberland.

O Mar. Brave warriors, Clifford; and
Come make him stand upon this molehill here!
That rang'd; at mountains with outstretched
arms.

Yet parted but the shadow with his hand.—
What I was if you, that would be England's
king?

Wast thou that reveal'd in our parliament,
And made a proclamation of your high descent?
Where are your mess of sons to back you now?
The wanton Edward, and the lusty George?
And where's that valiant crook-back prodigy,
Dicky your boy, that, with his grumbling
voice,

Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?
Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rut-
land? [blood

Look, York; I stain'd this napkin with the
That valiant Clifford, with his rapier's point,
Made issue from the bosom of the boy:

And, if thine eyes can water at his death,
I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.

Alas, poor York! but that I hate thee deadly,
I should lament thy miserable state.

I prythee, grieve, to make me merry, York;
Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and
dance. [truth,

What, hath thy fiery heart so parch'd thine en-
That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death?

Why art thou patient, man? thou shouldst
be mad; [thus.

And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee
Thou would'st be fed'd, I see, to make me
sport;

York cannot speak, unless he wear a crown.
A crown for York;—and, lords, bow low to
him.—

Hold up his hands, whilst I do set it on.—
[Putting a paper Crown on his Head.

Ay, marry, sir, now looks he like a king!
Ay, this is he that took king Henry's chair;

And this is he was his adopted heir.—
But how is it that great Plantagenet

Is crown'd so soon, and broke his solemn oath?
As I bethink me, you should not be king,

Till our king Henry had shook hands with
death.

And will you pale your head in Henry's glory
And rob his temples of the diadem,

Now in his life, against your holy oath?
O, 'tis a fault too unpardonable!—

Off with the crown; and, with the crown,
his head; [dead.

And, whilst we breathe, take time to do him
City. That is my office, for my father's sake.

O Mar. Nay, stay; let's hear the erisons
he makes.

York. She-wolf of France, but worse than
wolves of France,

• i. e., We bogged, made bad, or bungling work of our attempt to rally.

• Noontide point on the dial.

• Honest men.

• Reached.

Hinderchief.

• Impale, encircle with arrows.

• Kill him.

Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's
How ill becoming is it in thy sex, [tooth]
To triumph like an Amazonian troll,
'Tis you fair wees, whom fortune captivates!
But that thy face is, visor-like, unchanging,
Made impervious with use of evil deeds,
I would have said, proud queen, to make thee blush:
To tell thee whence thou comest, of whom de-

scended, [not shameless]
Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou
Flax-white as the type of king of Naples,
Or blacker than the Souds, and Jerusalem;
Yet not so woefully as an English yeoman.
Hath that poor peasant might ought thee to insult?
It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud

queen;
Unless the adage must be verified,—
That beggars, mounted, run their horse to
death.

'Tis beauty that doth oft make women proud;
But, God be known, thy share thereof is small;
'Tis virtue that doth make them most admired;
The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at:
'Tis government that makes them seem di-

vine;
The want thereof makes thee abominable:
Thou art as opposite to every good,
As the Antipodes are unto us,
Or as the south to the septentrion†.
O, tiger's heart, wrapp'd in a woman's hide!
How could'st thou drain the life-blood of the
To bid the father wipe his eyes withal, [child,
And yet be seen to hear a woman's face?
Woman is soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible.

North. Besbrow me, but his pe-
me so,

That hardly can I cleek my eyes
York. That face of his the huns
Would not have touch'd, won
stain'd with blood:

But you are more inhuman, more
O, ten times more,—than tigers
See, ruthless queen, a hapless fad
This cloth thou dipp'dst in blood
boy,

And I with tears do wash the bl
Keep thou the napkin, and go to
[*He gives back the Hi*

And, if thou tell'st the heavy sto
Upon my soul, the hearers will s
Yea, even my foes will shed fast
And say,—Alas, it was a pitious
There, take the crown, and, wi

my curse;
And, in thy need, such comfort c
As now I reap at thy too cruel h
Hard-hearted Clifford, take m
world;

My soul to heaven, my blood upon
North. Had he been slaughte
my kin,

'I should not for my life but we
To see how inly sorrow gripes hi
Q. Mar. What, weeping-rip
Northumberland?

Think but upon the wrong he di
And that will quickly dry thy me
Cliff. Here's for my oath, &c.

A morning opens her golden gates,
 or farewell of the glorious sun!
 resembles it the prime of youth,
 like a youngster, prancing to his

side mine eyes, or do I see three
 glorious suns, each one a per-
 m;
 id with the racking clouds,
 in a pale clear-shining sky. [his,
 key join, embrace, and seem to
 w'd some league inviolable:
 ey but one lamp, one light, one
 eaven figures some event. [sun.
 is wondrous strange, the like yet
 heard of.

us us, brother, to the field;
 sons of brave Plantagenet,
 already blazing by our meeds;
 withstanding, join our lights toge-

hine the earth, as this the world.
 t bodes, henceforward will I bear
 get three fair shining suns.
 Nay, bear three daughters;—by
 save I speak it.

he breeder better than the male.
Enter a Messenger.
 rt thou, whose heavy looks foretel
 ifal story hanging on thy tongue;
 one that was a woful looker on,
 noble duke of York was slain,
 sly father, and my loving lord.
 speak no more! for I have heard

ach. [all.
 y how he died, for I will hear it.
 avironed he was with many foes;
 against them as the hope of Troy;
 Greeks, that would have entered

les himself must yield to odds;
 strokes, though with a little axe,
 and fell the hardest timber'd oak.
 sands your father was subdued;
 slaughter'd by the ireful arm
 day Clifford, and the queen:
 and the gracious duke in high de-

his face; and, when with grief he
 e queen gave him, to dry his
 eeped in the harmless blood,
 rough Rutland, by rough Clifford

many scorns, many foul taunts,
 his head, and on the gates of York
 e same; and there it doth remain,
 e spectacle that e'er I view'd.
 at duke of York, our prop to lean

art gone, we have no staff, no
 - [slain
 - belist'rous Clifford, thou hast
 of Europe for his chivalry;
 srouly hast thou vanquish'd him,

as for a time her farewell of the sun, when she dismisses him to his diurnal course.
 clouds in rapid tumultuary motions.

For, hand to hand, he would have vanquish'd
 thee!—

Now my soul's palace is become a prison:
 Ah, would she break from hence! that this
 my body

'Might in the ground be cloied up to rest:
 'For never henceforth shall I joy again,
 'Never, O never, shall I live more joy.

'*Rich.* I cannot weep; for all my body's
 moisture

Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning
 'Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great
 burden;

• For self-same wind, that I should speak
 • Is kindling coals, that fire all my breast,
 • And burn me up with flames, that tears
 would quench.

• To weep, is to make less the depth of grief
 • Tears, then, for babes; blows, and revenge
 for me!—

'Richard, I bear thy name, I'll vengeance thy death
 'Or die renowned by attempting it.

Edw. His name that valiant Duke hath left
 with thee;

'His dukedom and his chair with me is left.
Rich. Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's

bird,
 Show thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun:

For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom
 say;

Either that is thine, or else thou wert not his.

*March. Enter WARWICK and MONTAGUE,
 with Forces.*

War. How now, fair lords? What fare?
 what news abroad? [recount

'*Rich.* Great lord of Warwick, if we should
 Our baleful news, and, at each word's deliver-
 ance,

Stab poniards in our flesh till all were told,
 The words would add more anguish than the
 wounds.

O valiant lord, the duke of York is slain.

Edw. O Warwick! Warwick! that Plan-
 tagenet, [fiction,
 Which held thee dearer, as his soul's redemp-
 is by the stern lord Clifford done to death!]

War. Ten days ago I drown'd these news
 in tears:

And now, to add more measure to your woes,
 I come to tell you things since then befall'n.
 After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,
 Where your brave father breathed his latest
 gasp,

Tidings, as swiftly as the posts could run,
 Were brought me of your loss, and his depart.
 I then in London, keeper of the king,
 Muster'd my soldiers, gather'd flocks of friends
 And very well appointed, as I thought,
 March'd towards Saint Alban's to intercept
 the queen,

Bearing the king in my behalf along:
 For by my scouts I was advertis'd,
 That she was coming with a full intent
 To dash our late decree in parliament,

• *Merth.* • *Hector.* • *Killed.*

* Touching king Henry's oath, and your succession.

Short tale to make,—we at Saint Alban's met,
Our battles joined, and both sides fiercely fought:

But, whether 'twas the coldness of the king,
Who look'd full gently on his warlike queen;
That robb'd my soldiers of their hated spleen;
Or whether 'twas report of her success;
Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigour,
* Who thunders to his captives—blood and death
I cannot judge: but, to conclude with truth,
Their weapons like to lightning came and went;
Our soldiers—like the night owl's lazy flight,
* Or like a lazy thrasher with a fall,—
Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.

I cheered them up with justice of our cause,
With promise of high pay, and great rewards:
But all in vain; they had no heart to fight,
And we, in them, no hope to win the day,
So that we fled; the king, unto the queen;
Lord George, your brother, Norfolk, and myself,
In haste, post-haste, are come to join with you;
For in the marches here, we heard, you were,
Making another head to fight again.

* *Edw.* Where is the duke of Norfolk, gentle Warwick?

And when came George from Burgundy to

* *War.* Some six miles off the duke is with the soldiers:

And for your brother,—he was lately sent
From your kind aunt, duchess of Burgundy,

To frustrate both his oath, and
May make against the house of
* Their power, I think, is strong:

Now, if the help of Norfolk, and
With all the friends that thou,
March,

Amongst the loving Welshmen
* Will but amount to five and ten
Why, *Via!* to London will we
And once again bestride our fo
* And once again cry—Charge
But never once again turn back

Rich. Ay, now, methinks,
Warwick speak:

Ne'er may he live to see a sun
* That cries—Retire, if Warwick

Edw. Lord Warwick, on th
I lean;

* And when thou fall'st, (as C
Must Edward fall, which peril
fend!

War. No longer earl of Mar

* The next degree is, England's
For king of England shalt thou

In every borough as we pass al
And he that throws not up his

* Shall for the fault make forfei
King Edward, valiant Richard,

Stay we no longer dreaming of
* But sound the trumpets, and

* *Rich.* Then, Clifford, wert
hard as steel,

be-lucking George's mouth, blotting
out his spot upon her back.

Woman, full-sure, being trodden
will peck, in safeguard of their

old lord at thy crown,
while he knit his angry brows

te, would have his son a king,
leene, like a loving fire;

king, blest with a goodly son,
desert to disinherit him,

and thee a most unloving father.
crouches feed their young:

son's face be fearful to their eyes,
tion of their tender ones,

ot seen them (even with these
time they have need with fearful

th that climb'd unto their
own lives in their young's de-

ry liege, make them your prey;
ity that this goodly boy

is birthright by his father's fault;
easter say unto his child,—

at grandfather and grandchild
'ather fondly gave away his

ame were this! Look on the
anly face, which promiseth

time, steel thy melting heart,
own, and leave thine own with

all well hath Clifford play'd the
ments of mighty force.

d, tell me, didst thou never
I get had ever bad success?

I ways was it for that son,
for his hoarding went to hell?

son my virtuous deeds behind;
my father had left me no more!

it is held at such a rate,
thousand-fold more easy to keep,

session any jot of pleasure. [know,
ork I 'would thy best friends did

grieve me that thy head is here!
My lord, cheer up your spirits;

ware sigh, [faint.
t courage makes your followers

ed knighthood to our forward son;
your sword, and dub him pre-

ard, kneel down.
dward Plantagenet, arise a knight;

th lesson,—Draw thy sword in
leave,

ly gracious father, by your kindly
apparent to the crown,

jarrel use it to the death. [prince,
that is spoken like a toward

Enter a Messenger.
ral commanders, be in readiness:

hand of thirty thousand men,
wick, backing of the duke of

sway as they do march along,
in king, and many fly to him:

my battie, for they are at hand.

Cliff. I would, your highness would depart
the field!

The queen hath best success when you are ab-

Q. Mar. Ay; good my lord, and bless us to
our fortune. [fore I'll stay.

K. Hen. Why, that's my fortune too; there-
North. Be it with resolution then to fight.

Prince. My royal father, cheer these noble
lords,

And hearten those that fight in your defence:
Unsheath your sword, good father; cry, Saint

George!

March. Enter EDWARD, GEORGE, RICH-
ARD, WARWICK, NORFOLK, HERTFORD,

and Soldiers.
Edw. Now, perjured Henry! wilt thou kneel

And set thy diadem upon my head; for grace,
Or hide the mortal stroke of the field?

Q. Mar. Go, rate thy minions, proud in-
sulting boy!

Becomes it then to be thus held in terms;
Before thy sovereign, and thy lawful king?

Edw. I am his king, and he should bow his
I was adopted heir by his consent:

Since when, kinship is broke; for, as I hear,
You—that availing, though he do wear the

crown,—
Edw. ceased him, by new act of parliament,

To blot out me, and put his own son in.
Cliff. And reason too;

Who should succeed the father, but the son?
Rich. Are you there, betcher?—O, I can-

not speak! [swear thee,
Cliff. Ay, crook-back; here I stand, to an-

Or any be the proudest of thy sort.
Rich. 'Twas you that kill'd young Rutland,

was it not? [fled.
Cliff. Ay, and old York, and yet not satis-

Rich. For God's sake, lords, give signal to
the fight. [yield the crown?

War. What say'st thou, Henry, wilt thou
Q. Mar. Why, how now, long-tongued

Warwick? dare you speak?
When you and I met at Saint Alban's last,

Your legs did better service than your hands.
War. Then 'twas my turn to fly, and now

'tis thine. [you fled.
Cliff. You said so much before, and yet

War. 'Twas not your valour, Clifford, drove
me thence. [make you stay.

North. No, nor your manhood, that durst
Rich. Northumberland, I hold thee re-

verently;—
Break off the parle; for sooner I can refrain

The execution of my big-sworn heart.
Upon that Clifford, that cruel child-killer.

Cliff. I slew thy father: Call't thou him a
child? [coward,

Rich. Ay, like a bastard, and a treacherous
As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland;

But ere thou'st, I'll make thee curse the deed.
K. Hen. Have done with words, my lords,

and hear me speak. [thy lips.
Q. Mar. Defy them then, or else hold close

K. Hen. I prythee, give no limits to my
tongue.

flably.

t & c., Arrange your host, put your host in order.

That ne'er shall dine, unless thou yield the crown.

War. If thou deny, their blood upon thy
For York in justice puts his armour on.

* *Prince.* If that be right, which Warwick
says is right,

There is no wrong, but every thing is right.

Rich. Whoever got thee, there thy mother
stands;

For, well I wot, thou hast thy mother's tongue.

Q. Mar. But thou art neither like thy sire,
But like a foul misshapen stigmatic; [nor dam;
Mark'd by the destinies to be avoided,

* As venom toads, or lizards' dreadful stings,

Rich. Iron of Naples, hid with English gilt,

Whose father bears the title of a king,

(As if a channel should be call'd the sea,)

* Shamest thou not, knowing whence thou art
extraught,

* To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart ||

Edw. A wisp of straw were worth a thou-
sand crowns,

To make this shameless callet know herself.—

* Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,

* Although thy husband may be Menelaus**;

* And ne'er was Agamemnon's brother
wrong'd

* By that false woman, as this king by thee.

* His father revell'd in the heart of France,

And tamed the king, and made the Dauphin
stoop;

And, had he match'd according to his state,
He might have kept that glory to this day:

But, when he took a beggar to his bed,

And graced thy poor sire with his bridal day;

* Even then that sunshine brew'd a shower for
him

[France,
* That wash'd his father's fortunes forth of
And heap'd sedition on his crown at home.

* For what hath broach'd this tumult, but thy
pride?

Towton and Sax
Alarums: Excursions

* *War.* Forspent with

I lay me down a little

For strokes received,

Have robb'd my strength,

* And, spite of spite, n

Enter Edw.

Edw. Smile, gentle
gentle death!

* For this world frow

War. How now, m

hope of good?

Enter

* *Geo.* Our hap is
despair;

* Our racks are broke,

* What counsel give y

* *Edw.* Bootless is
with wings;

* And weak we are, as

Enter R

* *Rich.* Ah, Warwi
drawn thyself

* Thy brother's blood

* Broach'd with the at
lance:

* And, in the very pain

* Like to a dismal clan

* *Warwick, retires!*
death!

* So underneath the be

* That stain'd their fe
blood,

* The noble gentleman

* *War.* Then let the
our blood:

I'll kill my horse, beca

* Why stand we like so

* Wailing our losses, w



aching thee,—if with thy will it stands,
to my foes this body must be prey,—
that thy brazen gates of heaven may ope,
I give sweet passage to my sinful soul!—
O, lords, take leave until we meet again,
ere-e'er it be, in heaven, or on earth.
Rich. Brother, give me thy hand;—and,
gentle Warwick,

we embrace thee in my weary arms:—
I did never weep, now melt with woe,
I winter should cut off our spring-time so.
Far. Away, away! Once more, sweet
lords, farewell.

Rich. Yet let us all together to our troops,
I give them leave to fly that will not stay;
call them pillars, that will stand to us;
if they thrive, promise them such re-
wards

victors wear at the Olympian games:
I may plant courage in their qualling
breasts;
yet in hope of life, and victory.—
Rich. slow! no longer, make we hence again.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The same. Another Part of
the Field.*

Alarums. Enter RICHARD and CLIFFORD.

Rich. Now, Clifford, I have singled thee
alone:

suppose, this arm is for the duke of York,
and this for Rutland; both bound to re-
venge,

yet thou environ'd with a brazen wall.

Rich. Now, Richard, I am with thee here
alone:

is the hand, that stabb'd thy father York;
this the hand that slew thy brother Rut-
land;

[*death,*
here's the heart, that triumphs in their
cheers these hands, that slew thy sire and
accuse the like upon thyself; [brother,
so, have at thee.

[*They fight. WARWICK enters;
CLIFFORD flies.*]

Rich. Nay, Warwick, single out some
other chase;

I myself will hunt this wolf to death.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Another Part of the Field.*

Alarums. Enter King HENRY.

K. Hen. This battle fares like to the
morning's war.

[*light;*
then dying clouds contend with growing
heat time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
is neither call it perfect day, nor night.

ways it this way, like a mighty sea,
by the tide to combat with the wind;

ways it that way, like the self-same sea
to retire by fury of the wind: [wind;

we, the flood prevails; and then the
we the better; then, another best;

going to be victors, breast to breast,
then conqueror, nor conquered:

So is the equal poise of this fell war.

* Here on this molehill will I sit me down.

* To whom God will, there be the victory!

* For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too,

* Have chid me from the battle; swearing both,

* They prosper best of all when I am thence.

* Would I were dead! if God's good will

were so:

* For what is in this world, but grief and woe?

* O God! methinks, it were a happy life,

* To be no better than a homely swain;

* To sit upon a hill, as I do now,

* To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,

* Thereby to see the minutes how they run:

* How many make the hour full complete,

* How many hours bring about the day,

* How many days will finish up the year,

* How many years a mortal man may live.

* When this is known, then to divide the times:

* So many hours must I tend my flock;

* So many hours must I take my rest;

* So many hours must I contemplate;

* So many hours must I sport myself;

* So many days my ewes have been with

young;

* So many weeks ere the poor fools will yearn;

* So many years ere I shall shear this fleece:

* So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and

years,

* Pass'd over to the end they were created,

* Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.

* Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how

lovely!

* Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade

* To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,

* Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy

* To kings, that fear their subjects' treachery?

* O, yes it doth; a thousand fold it doth.

* And to conclude,—the shepherd's homely

cards,

* His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,

* His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,

* All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,

* Is far beyond a prince's delicacies,

* His viands sparkling in a golden cup,

* His body couched in a curious bed, [him.

* When care, mistrust, and treason wait on

Alarums. Enter a Son that has killed his

Father, dragging in the dead Body.

Son. He blows the wind, that profits no-

body.—

* This man, whom hand to hand I slew in fight,

* May be possessed with some store of crowns:

* And I, that haply take them from him now,

* May yet ere night yield both my life and them

* To some man else, as this dead man doth me.

* Who's this?—O God! it is my father's face,

* Whom in this conflict I unware have kill'd.

* O heavy times, begetting such events!

* From London by the king was I press'd forth;

* My father, being the earl of Warwick's man,

* Came on the part of York, press'd by his

master;

* And I, who at his hands received my life,

* Have by my hands of life bereaved him.—

* Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did!

* *Sliding into dejection.*

* *To fore-draw is to be dilatory, to louter.*

And pardon, father, for I knew not thee!—

* My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks; [their fill]

* And no more words, till they have flow'd
* *K. Hen.* O piteous spectacle! O bloody times!

Whilst lions war, and battle for their deas,

* Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity.—

* Weep, wretched man, I'll aid thee tear for tear;

* And let our hearts, and eyes, like civil war,

* Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharged with grief.

Enter a Father, who has killed his Son, with the Body in his Arms.

* *Fath.* Thou that so stontly hast resisted me,

* Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold;

* For I have bought it with an hundred blows.

* But let me see:—is this our foreman's face?

* Ah, no, no, no, it is mine only son!—

* Ah, boy, if any life be left in thee, [arise,

* I throw up thine eye; see, see, what showers

* Blown with the windy tempest of my heart,

* Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart!—

* O, pity, God, this miserable age!—

* What stratagems*, how fell, how butcherly,

* Erroneous, malicious, and unnatural,

* This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!—

* O Loy, thy father gave thee life too soon,

* And hath bereft thee of thy life too late!

* *K. Hen.* Woe above woe! grief more than

* Sad for the loss of thee, have!

* As Priam was for all his val!

* I'll bear thee hence; and let t

* For I have murdered where I

[Exit, s

* *K. Hen.* Sad-hearted men,

with care,

* Here sits a king more woul!

Alarums: Excursions. Ent

GARRET, Prince of Wales, a

* *Prince.* Fly, father, fly

friends are fled,

* And Warwick rages like a ch

* Away! for death doth hold:

* *Q. Mar.* Mount yoe, my

Berwick post again!

* Edward and Richard, like:

* Having the fearful flying har

* With fiery eyes, sparkling fo

* And bloody steel grasp'd in th

* Are at our backs; and therefo

* *Exe.* Away! for vengeance

with them;

* Nay, stay not to expostulate,

Or else come after, I'll away b

* *K. Hen.* Nay, take me

sweet Exeter;

* Not that I fear to stay, but lo

* Whither the queen intend

away!

SCENE VI. *The*

Aloud Alarums. Enter CLIVE



THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI.

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effuse of blood doth make me
[rest;
and Richard, Warwick, and the
your father's bosoms, split my
[He faints.
Retreat. Enter EDWARD,
RICHARD, MONTAGUE, WAR-
wick, and Soldiers.
ow breathe we, lords; good for-
bids us pause,
th the frowns of war with peace-
bbs.—
ops pursue the bloody-minded
[king,
alm Henry, though he were a
sail, fill'd with a fretting gale,
in argosy to stem the waves. [them?
son, lords, that Clifford fled with
'tis impossible he should escape:
before his face I speak the words,
or Richard mark'd him for the
[king,
eso'er he is, he's surely dead.
[Clifford groans, and dies.
one soul is that which takes her
leave? [departing.
eadly groan, like life and death's
who fit it: and now the battle's
foe, let him be gently used.
levoke that doom of mercy, for
ifford;
ontented that he lopp'd the branch
Rutland when his leaves put forth,
murdering knife unto the root,
rice that tender spray did sweetly
[king,
r princely father, duke of York,
om' off the gates of York fetch
the head, [there:
r's head, which Clifford placed
herof let this supply the room;
measure must be answered.
ing forth that fatal screech-owl to
ouse,
ing sang but death to us and ours;
I shall stop his dismal threatening
[king,
-boding tongue no more shall speak.
ndants bring the Body forward.
dunk his understanding is bereft:
ford, dost thou know who speaks
[life,
y death o'ershades his beams of
sees, nor hears us what we say,
would he did! and so, perhaps,
th;
a policy to counterfeit,

Because he would avoid such bitter taunts,
Which in the time of death he gave our
father. [words?
Geo. If so thou think'st, vex him with eager
Rich. Clifford, ask mercy, and obtain no
grace].
Edw. Clifford, repent in bootless penitence.
War. Clifford, devise excuses for thy faults.
Geo. While we devise fell tortures for thy
faults. [to York.
Rich. Thou didst love York, and I am son
Edw. Thou pitied'st Rutland, I will pity
thee. [you now?
Geo. Where's Captain Margaret, to fence
War. They mock thee, Clifford! swear as
thou wast wont.
Rich. What, not an oath? nay, then the
world goes hard. [oath:—
When Clifford cannot spare his friends an
I know by that he's dead; And, by my soul,
If this right hand would buy two hours' life,
That I in all despite might rail at him,
This hand should chop it off; and with the
issuing blood
Stife the villain, whose unstaunched thirst
York and young Rutland could not satisfy.
War. Ay, but he's dead; off with the tra-
tor's head.
And rear it in the place your father stands.—
And now to London with triumphant march,
There to be crowned England's royal king.
From whence shall Warwick cut the sea to
France,
And ask the lady Bona for thy queen:
So shalt thou shew both these landstogether;
And, having France thy friend, thou shalt
not dread
The scatter'd foe, that hopes to rise again;
For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,
Yet look to have them buz, to offend thine
First, wilt I see the coronation; [years.
And then to Brittany I'll cross the sea.
To effect this marriage, so it please my lord.
Edw. Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick,
let it be:
For on thy shoulder do I build my seat;
And never wilt I undertake the thing,
Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting.
Richard, I will create thee duke of Gloster;
And George, of Clarence;—Warwick, as
ourselves,
Shall do, and undo, as him pleaseth best.
Rich. Let me be duke of Clarence; George,
of Gloster;
For Gloster's dukedom is too ominous.
War. Tut, that's a foolish observation;
Richard, be duke of Gloster: now to London,
To see these honours in possession. [Exeunt.

* For separation. † Sour words; words of aspersion.
‡ Favour

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A Chase in the North of England.*

Enter Two Keepers, with Cross-bows in their Hands.

* 1 *Keep.* Under this thick grown brake
we'll shroud ourselves; [come;
' For through this land anon the deer will
' And in this covert will we make our stand,
' Culling the principal of all the deer.

* 2 *Keep.* I'll stay above the hill, so both
may shoot. [cross-bow

* 1 *Keep.* That cannot be; the noise of thy
Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost.
Here stand we both, and aim we at the best;
And, for the time shall not seem tedious,
I'll tell thee what befel me on a day.

* In this self place where now we mean to
stand. [be be past.

* 2 *Keep.* Here comes a man, let's stay till
Enter King HENRY, disguised, with a Prayer-book.

K. Hen. From Scotland am I stol'n, even
of pure love, [sight.

' To greet mine own land with my wishful
' No, Harry, Harry, 'tis no land of thine;

* Thy place is fill'd, thy sceptre wrung from
thee, [anointed;

* Thy balm wash'd off, wherewith thou wast
No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now,

' No humble suitors press to speak for right,
' No, not a man comes for redress of thee.

He, on his right, asking a wife for
She weeps, and says—her Henry
He smiles, and says—his Edward
* That she, poor wretch, for grief
no more:

* Whiles Warwick tells his title
* Inferreth arguments of might

* And, in conclusion, wins the
* With promise of his sister, and

* To strengthen and support his
place.

* O Margaret, thus 'twill be; and
* Art then forsaken, as thou wast

2 *Keep.* Say, what art thou,
kings and queens? [1

* *K. Hen.* More than I seem,
' A man at least, for less I should

And men may talk of kings, and
* 2 *Keep.* Ay, but thou talk
wert a king. [1

* *K. Hen.* Why, so I am, is
2 *Keep.* But, if thou be a king

thy crown?

* *K. Hen.* My crown is in my
Not deck'd with diamonds,

stones,

* Nor to be seen: ' my crown
' A crown it is, that seldom kin

* 2 *Keep.* Well, if you be a
with content,

Your crown content, and you,
' To go along with us, for as yet

We are true subjects to the king; Edward.

So would you be again to Henry, seated as king Edward is.

I charge you, in God's name, and mine,

as unto the officers. In God's name, lead; your king's be obey'd:

God will, then let your king per-

se will, I humbly yield unto, *(Exit.)*

London. A Room in the Palace. EDWARD, GLOSTER, CLARENCE, and Lady GREY.

Brother of Gloster, at Saint Albans

husband, sir John Grey, was slain,

seized on by the conqueror:

now, to repossess these lands;

in justice cannot well deny,

in right of the house of York,

gentleman did lose his life.

highness shall do well, to grant

honour, to deny it her.

I were no less; but yet I'll make

it is it so? *(a pause.)*

hath a thing to grant,

now will grant her humble suit.

knows the game; how true be

the wind? *(Aside.)*

ce! *(Aside.)*

Widow, we will consider of your

some other time, to know our

Right gracious lord, I cannot

delay: *(now;)*

se your highness to resolve me

our pleasure is, shall satisfy me.

de.] Ay, widow? then I'll war-

as all your lands,

pleases him, shall please you,

to, or, good faith, you'll catch a

me her not, unless she chance to

and forbid that! for he'll take van-

(Aside.)

How many children hast thou,

I tell me.

Oh, he means to beg a child of her.

(Aside.)

Whip me then; he'll rather give

no. *(Aside.)*

Three, my most gracious lord.

shall have four, if you'll be ruled

by. *(Aside.)*

'Twere pity they should lose

either's land. *(then.)*

Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it

lords, give us leave; I'll try this

it's wit. *(have leave,)*

and leave? have you; for you will

Till youth take leave, and leave you to the

crutch. *(Gloster and Clarence retire to the other side.)*

* K. Edw. Now tell me, madam, do you

love your children? *(sail.)*

* L. Grey. Ay, 'all as dearly as I love my-

* K. Edw. And would you not do much, to

do them good? *(tain some harm.)*

* L. Grey. To do them good, I would an-

* K. Edw. Then get your husband's lands,

to do them good. *(Justy.)*

* L. Grey. Therefore I came unto your ma-

* K. Edw. I'll tell you how these lands are

to be got. *(highness' service.)*

* L. Grey. So shall you bind me to your

* K. Edw. What service wilt thou do me,

if I give them? *(in me to do.)*

* L. Grey. What you command, that rests

* K. Edw. But you will take exceptions to

my book. *(L. Grey.)*

* L. Grey. No, gracious lord, except I can-

* K. Edw. Ay but thou canst do what I

mean to ask. *(grace commands,)*

* L. Grey. Why, then I will do what your

* Glo. He pities her hard, and much rain

wears the marble. *(Aside.)*

* Cl. As red as fire! say, then her wax

must melt. *(Aside.)*

* L. Grey. Why stops my lord? shall I not

hear my task?

* K. Edw. An easy task; 'tis but to love a king.

* L. Grey. That's soon perform'd, because I

am a subject. *(freely give thee.)*

* K. Edw. Why then, thy husband's lands I

* L. Grey. I take my leave with many thou-

sand thanks. *(court'ry.)*

* Glo. The match is made; she seals it with a

* K. Edw. But stay thou, 'tis the fruits of love

I mean. *(loving liege,)*

* L. Grey. The fruits of love I mean, my

* K. Edw. Ay, but, I fear me, in another

sense. *(What love, think'st thou, I sue so much to get?)*

* L. Grey. My joys till death, my humble

thanks, my prayers; *(grants.)*

That love, which virtue begs, and virtue

* K. Edw. No, by my troth, I did not mean

such love. *(thought you did.)*

* L. Grey. Why, then you mean not as I

* K. Edw. But now you partly may per-

ceive my mind. *(I perceive)*

* L. Grey. My mind will never grant what

* Your highness aims at, if I am aright.

* K. Edw. To tell thee plain, I aim to lie with

thee. *(in prison.)*

* L. Grey. To tell you plain, I had rather lie

* K. Edw. Why, then thou shalt not have thy

husband's lands. *(my dower;)*

* L. Grey. Why, then mine honesty shall be

For by that loss I will not purchase them.

* K. Edw. Therein thou wrong'st thy chil-

dren mightily. *(them and me.)*

* L. Grey. Herein your highness wrongs both

But, mighty lord, this merry inclination

* This phrase implies readiness of tongue.

* Accord not with the sadness • of my suit ;
 * For ye shall find me, either with ay, or no.

A. *Edm.* Ay ; if thou wilt say ay, to my
 * request :

No ; if thou dost say no, to my demand.

L. *Greg.* Then, no, my lord. My suit is at
 * an end.

* Cde. The widow likes him not, she knits
 * her brows. [*Exit.*]

Cde. He is the bluntest wooer in Christen-
 * dom. [*Enter.*]

* A. *Edm.* [*Aside.*] Her looks do argue her
 * repete with modesty ;

* Her wits do show her wit incomparable ;

* All her perfections challenge sovereignty :

One way, or other, she is for a king :

And she shall be my love, or else my queen.—

Say, that King L. would take thee for his queen ?

L. *Greg.* 'Tis better said than done, my
 * gracious lord :

I am a subject fit to jest withal.

But far unfit to be a sovereign.

A. *Edm.* Sweet widow, by my state I swear
 * to thee,

I speak no more than what my soul intends ;

And that is, to enjoy thee for my love.

L. *Greg.* And that is more than I will yield
 * unto :

* I know, I am too mean to be your queen ;

And yet too good to be your concubine.

A. *Edm.* You cavil, widow ; I did mean,
 * my queen.

L. *Greg.* 'Twill grieve your grace, my
 * sons should call you—father.

* To question of his apprehension.—

* Widow, go you along ;—Lords
 * honourable.

[*Exit King Edward, L.*
 * CLARENCE, and Lord.

Glos. Ay, Edward will use won-
 * ably.

* Would he were wasted, marrow,
 * all,

* That from his loins no hopeful

* To cross me from the golden time

* And yet, between my soul's dear

* (The lustful Edward's title buried

* Is Clarence, Henry, and his son

* And all the unlook'd-for issue of

* To take their rooms, ere I can pl.

* A cold premeditation for my purpose

* Why, then I do but dream on so

* Like one that stands upon a prom

* And spies a far-off shore where
 * to tread,

* Wishing his foot were equal with

* And chides the sea that sunden
 * thence,

* Saying—he'll lade it dry to have

* So do I wish the crown, being so

* And so I chide the means that
 * from it ;

* And so I say—I'll cut the causes

* Flattering me with impossibility

* My eyes too quick, my heart o'
 * much,

* Unless my hand and strength

* Well, say there is no kingdom

the thorns, and is rent with the
ray, and straying from the way;
is how to find the open air,
desperately to find it out,—
yourself to catch the English crown:
but torment I will free myself,
way out with a bloody axe.
mild, and murder while I smile;
stent to that which grieves my

y cheeks with artificial tears,
my face to all occasions. [shall:
more sailors than the mermaid
or gazers than the basilisk;
orator as well as Nestor,
we slyly than Ulysses could,
Sinon, take another Troy:
ours to the camaleoon;
ies, with Proteus, for advantages,
murderous Machiavel to school.
and cannot get a crown?
is further off, I'll pluck it down.

[Exit.

II. France. A Room in the
Palace.

Enter Lewis the French King,
BONA, attended; the King takes
Then enter Queen MARGARET,
WARD her son, and the Earl of

Fair queen of England, worthy
ret, [Rising.
ish us; it ill befits thy state,
that thou shouldst stand, while
doth sit. [Margaret

No, mighty king of France; now
s her sail, and learn a while to

ge command. I was, I must con-
on's queen in former golden days:
dis honour hath trod my title down,
dishonour laid me on the ground;
not take like seat unto my fortune,
humble seat conform myself.

Why, say, fair queen, whence
is this deep despair?

From such a cause as fills mine
with tears, [in care.

My tongue, while heart is drown'd
White'er it be, be thou still like
I,

is by our side: yield not thy neck
[Seats her by him.

's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind
a triumph over all mischance.

Queen Margaret, and tell thy grief;
wrest, if France can yield relief.

Those gracious words revive my
day thoughts, [speak.

My tongue-tied sorrows leave to
stare, be it known to noble Lewis,

Y, sole possessor of my love,
to become a banish'd man,

to live in Scotland a forlorn;
and ambitious Edward, duke of

York, [York,

Of England's true-anointed lawful king.

This is the cause that I, poor Margaret,—

With this my son, prince Edward, Henry's
heir,—

Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid;

And, if thou fail us, all our hope is done;

Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help;

Our people and our peers are both misled;

Our treasure seized, our soldiers put to flight;

And, as thou seest, ourselves in heavy plight.

K. Lew. Renowned queen, with patience

calm the storm,

While we bethink a means to break it off.

Q. Mar. The more we stay, the stronger

grows our foe. [succour thee.

K. Lew. The more I stay, the more I'll

Q. Mar. O, but impatience waiteth on

true sorrow: [sorrow:

And see, where comes the breeder of my

Enter WARWICK, attended.

K. Lew. What's he, approacheth boldly to

our presence? [greatest friend.

Q. Mar. Our earl of Warwick, Edward's

K. Lew. Welcome, brave Warwick! What

brings thee to France?

[Descending from his State, Queen MARGARET rises.

Q. Mar. Ay, now begins a second storm

to rise;

For this is he that moves both wind and tide.

War. From worthy Edward, king of

Albion,

My lord and sovereign, and thy vowed friend;

I come, in kindness and unfeigned love,

First, to do greetings to thy royal person;

And, then, to crave a league of amity;

And, lastly, to confirm that amity

With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafest to grant

That virtuous lady Bona, thy fair sister,

To England's king in lawful marriage.

Q. Mar. If that go forward, Henry's hope

is done. [in our king's behalf,

War. And, gracious madam, [To BONA.]

I am commanded, with your leave and favour,

Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue

To tell the passion of my sovereign's heart;

Where fame late entering at his heedful ears,

Hath placed thy beauty's image, and thy virtue.

Q. Mar. King Lewis, and lady Bona, hear

me speak,

Before you answer Warwick. His demand

Springs not from Edward's well-meant honest

But from deceit, bred by necessity; [love,

For how can tyrants safely govern home,

Unless abroad they purchase great alliance?

To prove him tyrant, this reason may suf-

fice,—

That Henry liveth still: but were he dead,

Yet here prince Edward stands, king Hen-

ry's son. [and marriage

Look therefore, Lewis, that by this league

Thou draw not on thy danger and dishonour

For though usurpers sway the rule a while,

Yet heavens are just and time apprehendeth

War. Injurious Margaret! [proceed.

Prince. And why not queen?

War. Because thy father Henry did marry:

And thou art more art prince than she is queen.

When I have heard your king's desert
And ear hath tempted judgment to desire.

And, after John of Gaunt, Henry the fourth,
Whose wisdom was a mirror to the wisest;
And, after that wise prince, Henry the fifth,
Who by his prowess conquered all France;
From there our Henry lineally descends.

War. Oxford, how hap'st thou in this smooth
discourse,

You told not how Henry the sixth hath lost
All that which Henry the fifth had gotten;
Methinks, these peers of France should smile
But for the rest,—you tell a pedigree [at that,
Of threescore and two years; a silly time
To make prescription for a kingdom's worth.

Oxf. Why, Warwick, canst thou speak
against thy lineage,

Whom thou obeyedst thirty and six years,
And not bewray thy treason with a blush?

War. Can Oxford, that did ever fence the
Now huckler falsehood with a pedigree? [right,
For shame, leave Henry, and call Edward king.

Oxf. Call him my king, by whose injurious
doubt

My elder brother, the lord Aubrey Vere,
Was done to death; and more than so, my
father,

Even in the downfall of his mellow'd years,
When nature brought him to the door of death?
No, Warwick, no; while life upholds this arm,
This arm upholds the house of Lancaster.

War. And I the house of York.

When I have heard your king's desert
And ear hath tempted judgment to desire.

* *K. Lew.* Then, Warwick, thou shalt
ter shall be Edward's;

* And now forthwith shall articles be drawn
Touching the jointure that your king
make

* Which with her dowry shall be
Draw near, queen Margaret, and be
That Bohun shall be wife to the English

Prince. To Edward, but not to the
king.

* *Q. Mar.* Deceitful Warwick! it was
By this alliance to make void my marriage.

* Before thy coming, Lewis was Henry's
king.

* *K. Lew.* And still is friend to
Margaret:

* But if your title to the crown be void,
As may appear by Edward's good name.

* Then 'tis but reason that I be released
From giving aid, which late I promised.

* Yet shall you have all kindness at my
That your estate requires, and shall
yield.

War. Henry now lives in Scotland,
Where having nothing, nothing he can
And as for you yourself, our queen
You have a father able to maintain you
And better 'twere, you troubled
France.

* *Q. Mar.* Peace, impudent and
Proud set-to-up and puller-down of kings!

* I will not hence, till with my talk
I have won you to my side.

re, and Warwick's
[of heaven,
e protest,—in sight
heavenly bliss,—
indeed of Edward's,
dishonours me;
did see his shame.—
use of York
o his death?
oe to my niece?
regal crown?
native right;
he last with shame?
y desert is honour.
r lost for him,
I return to Henry:
er grudges pass,
ue servant;
o lady Bona,
ormer state,
these words have
ve;
orget old faults,
meat king Henry's
[friend,
d, ay, his unfeign'd
afe to furnish us
osen soldiers,
n on our coast,
his seat by war.
e shall succour him:
my letters tell me,
fall from him;
wanton lust shan.
[try.
safety of our coun-
how shall Bona be
tressed queen?
ince, how shall poor
rom foul despair?
this English queen's
[with yours.
: lady Bona, Julius
ish hers, and thine,
am resolved
humble thanks for
[in post;
s messenger, return

And tell false Edward, thy supposed king:
That Lewis of France is sending over embassers,
To reveal it with him and his new brides [withal.
Thou seest what's past; go dear thy king
Bona: Tell him, in hope he'll prove a wi-
dower shortly,
I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.
Q. Mar. Tell him, my mourning weeds are
And I am ready to put armour on. [Exit aside.
Mer. Tell him from me, that he hath done
me wrong:
And therefore I'll uncrown him ere't be long.
There's thy reward; be gone. [Exit Mess.
K. Lew. But, Warwick, thou,
And Oxford, with five thousand men, [battle:
Shall cross the seas, and bid false Edward
And, as occasion serves, this noble queen:
And prince shall follow with a fresh supply.
Yet, ere thou go, but answer me one doubt;
What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty?
Mer. This shall ensure my constant loyalty:
That if our queen and this young prince agree,
I'll join mine eldest daughter, and my joy,
To him forthwith in holy wedlock bands.
Q. Mar. Yes, I agree, and thank you for
your mother's—
Son Edward, she is fair and virtuous, [twink;
Therefore delay not, give thy hand to War-
And, with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable,
That only Warwick's daughter shall be thine.
Prince. Yes, I accept her, for she well
deserves it;
And here, to pledge my vow, I give my hand.
[He gives his hand to Warwick.
K. Lew. Why stay we now? These sol-
diers shall be levied,
And thou, lord Bourbon, our high admiral,
Shall waft them over with our royal fleet.—
I long till Edward fall by war's mischance,
For mocking marriage with a dame of France.
[Exeunt all but Warwick.
War. I came from Edward as ambassador,
But I return his sworn and mortal foe:
Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,
But dreadful war shall answer his demand.
Had he none else to make a state, but me?
Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.
I was the chief that raised him to the crown,
And I'll be chief to bring him down again:
Not that I pity Henry's misery.
But seek revenge on Edward's mockery. [Exit.

ACT IV.

om in the Palace.
ENCK, SOMERSET,
t Others.
ther Clarence, what
h the lady Grey?
is a worthy choice?
tis far from hence

How could he stay till Warwick made return?
Som. My lords, forbear this talk; here
comes the king.
Flourish. Enter King EDWARD, attended;
Lady GREY, as Queen; PEMBROKE, STAN-
FORD, HASTINGS, and Others.
Alc. And his well-chosen bride.
Clar. I mind to tell him plainly what I
think. [like you our choice
K. Edg. Now, brothers of Clarence, he

† Fright.

† A stalking horse, a pretence.

Glo. And you shall have your will, because
 Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well.
K. Edw. Yea, brother Richard, are you of
Glo. Not I: [feared too!
 No; God forbid, that I should wish them
 sever'd [twere pity
 Whom God hath join'd together: ay, and
 To sunder them that yoke so well together.
K. Edw. Setting your scorns, and your mis-
 like, aside,
 Tell me some reason, why the lady Grey
 Should not become my wife, and England's
 queen:—
 And you too, Somerset, and Montague,
 Speak freely what you think. [Lewis
Clar. Then this is my opinion,—that king
 Becomes your enemy, for mocking him
 About the marriage of the lady Bona. [charge,
Glo. And Warwick, doing what you gave in
 Is now dishonoured by this new marriage.
K. Edw. What, if both Lewis and Warwick
 be appeased,
 By such invention as I can devise?
Mont. Yet to have join'd with France in
 such alliance, [monwealth
 Would more have strengthen'd this our com-
 'Gainst foreign storms, than any home-bred
 marriage. [itself
Hast. Why, knows not Montague, that of
 England is safe, if true within itself?
 • *Mont.* Yes; but the safer, when 'tis back'd
 with France. [ing France:
 • *Hast.* 'Tis better using France, than trust.
 • Let us be back'd with God, and with the seas,
 • Which he hath given for fence impregnable,
 • And with their helps only defend themselves;

And not be tied unto
 • *Q. Eliz.* My lords,
 • To raise my state to
 • Do me but right, and
 • That I was not ignobl
 • And meaner than my
 • But as this title hono
 • So your dislikes, to
 • Do cloud my joys w
 row.
 • *K. Edw.* My love
 • What danger, or what
 • So long as Edward is
 • And their true sove
 obey?
 • Nay, whom they sha
 • Unless they seek for
 • Which if they do, yet
 • And they shall feel the
 • *Glo.* I hear, yet sa
 the more.
 Enter a l
 • *K. Edw.* Now, me
 From France?
 • *Mess.* My sovereign
 few words,
 • But such as I, without
 Dare not relate.
 • *K. Edw.* Go to, w
 fore, in brief,
 • Tell me their words
 • What answer, make
 letters!
 • *Mess.* At my depa
 Go tell false Edward
 That Lewis of Fra

le, more incensed against your
my rest, discharged me with these
not me, that he hath done me
ng, I'll uncrown him, ere't be
al durst the traitor breathe out so
d words?

arm me, being thus forewarn'd:
have wars, and pay for their pre-
son.

Warwick friends with Margaret?
gracious sovereign; they are so
friendship, [Warwick's daughter,
prince Edward marries War-
ke, the elder; Clarence will have
younger.

er kin, farewell, and sit you fast,
meets Warwick's other daughter;
th I want a kingdom, yet in mar-
rove inferior to yourself.—[riage
re me and Warwick, follow me.
ANCE, and SOMERSET follows.

is aim at a further matter; I
r love of Edward, but the crown,
[Aside.

Clarence and Somerset both gone
Warwick!

arm'd against the worst can hap-
needful in this desperate case—
and Stafford, you in our behalf
n, and make prepare for war;
easily, or quickly will be lauded:
erson will straight follow you.

INT PEMBROKE and STAFFORD,
o, Hastings,—and Montague,—
doubt. You twain of all the rest,
o Warwick, by blood, and by
acc;

on love Warwick more than me?
ben both depart to him;
h you foes, than hollow friends;
mind to hold your true obedience,
urance with some friendly vow,
never have you in aspect.

God help Montague, as he proves
[Cause!

Hastings, as he favours Edward's
Now, brother Richard, will you
y us?

nd despite of all that shall with-
hy so; then am I sure of vic-
[hour.

fore let us hence, and lose no
Warwick with his foreign power.
[Exeunt.

.. A Plain in Warwickshire.
RICK and OXFORD, with French
and other Forces.

t me, my lord, all hitherto goes

people by numbers swarm to us.
ARBENCK and SOMERSET.

Somer set and Clarence come.
, my lords, are we all friends?
t that, my lord.

War. Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto
Warwick?

And welcome, Somerset:—I hold it cowardice,
To rest mistrustful where a noble heart
Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love;
Else might I think that Clarence, Edward's
brother,

Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings:
But welcome, Clarence; my daughter shall
be thine.

And now what rests, but, in night's coverture,
Thy brother being carelessly encamp'd,
His soldiers lurking in the towns about,
And but attended by a simple guard,
We may surprise and take him at our plea-
sure?

Our scouts have found the adventure very
• That as Ulysses, and stout Diomedes, [tents,
• With sleight and manhood stole to Rhesus'
• And brought from thence the Thracian fatal
steeds;

• So we, well cover'd with the night's black
mantle,

• At unawares may beat down Edward's guard,
• And seize himself; I say not—slaughter him,
• For I intend but only to surprise him.—

• You, that will follow me to this attempt,
• Applaud the name of Henry, with your leader.

[They all cry, Henry!
Why, then, let's on our way in silent sort:

For Warwick and his friends, God and Saint
George!

[Exeunt.

SCENE III. Edward's Camp, near Warwick.

Enter certain Watchmen, to guard the
King's Tent.

• 1 Watch. Come on, my masters, each
man take his stand;

• The king, by this, is set him down to sleep.

• 2 Watch. What, will he not to-bed?

• 1 Watch. Why, no: for he hath made a
solemn vow

• Never to lie and take his natural rest,

• Till Warwick, or himself, be quite sup-
press'd.

• 2 Watch. To-morrow then, belike, shall be
[the day,

• If Warwick be so near as men report.

• 3 Watch. But say, I pray, what noble-
man is that,

• That with the king here resteth in his tent?

• 1 Watch. 'Tis the lord Hastings, the king's
chiefest friend.

• 2 Watch. O, is it so? But why commands
the king,

• That his chief followers lodge in towns about
him,

• While he himself keepeth in the cold field?

• 3 Watch. 'Tis the more honour, because
more dangerous.

• 2 Watch. Ay; but give me worship and
[quietness,

• I like it better than a dangerous honour.

• If Warwick knew in what estate he stands,

• 'Tis to be doubted, he would watch him.

• 1 Watch. Unless our halberds did shut
his passage.

• 2 Watch. Ay; wherefore else guard
his person from night to

who fly, crying—Arm! Arm! WAR-
WICK, and the rest, following them.

The Drum beating, and Trumpets sound-
ing. Re-enter WARWICK, and the rest,
bringing the King out in a Gown, sitting
in a Chair; GLOSTER and HASTINGS fly.
Som. What are they that fly there?

War. Richard and Hastings: let them go,
here's the duke.

K. Edw. The duke! why, Warwick, when
we parted last,

Thou call'dst me king!

War. Ay, but the case is alter'd:

When you disgraced me in my embassy,

Then I degraded you from being king,

And come now to create you duke of York.

Alas! how should you govern any kingdom,

That know not how to use ambassadors;

Nor how to be contented with one wife;

Nor how to use your brothers brotherly;

Nor how to study for the people's welfare;

Nor how to shrowd yourself from enemies!

K. Edw. Yea, brother of Clarence, art

thou here too?

Nay, then I see, that Edward needs must

down,—

Yet, Warwick, in despite of all mischance,

Of thee thyself, and all thy complices,

Edward will always bear himself as king:

Though fortune's malice overthrow my state,

My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.

War. Then, for his mind * be Edward Eng-

land's king: [Takes off his Crown.

But Henry now shall wear the English crown,

And be true king indeed; thou but the sha-

dow.—

* Q. Eliz. No, but

Ric. Then is my

* Q. Eliz. Ay, alms

prisoner;

Either betray'd by f

Or by his foe surpris

And, as I further ha

Is new committed to

Fell Warwick's brot

Ric. These news,

of grief:

Yet, gracious madam

Warwick may lose,

day.

* Q. Eliz. Till thes

And I the rather we

For love of Edward

This is it that makes

And bear with mildne

Ay, ay, for this I d

And stop the rising

Least with my sighs

King Edward's frui

crown.

* Ric. But, madam

* Q. Eliz. I am inf

wards London,

To set the crown onc

Guess thou the rest

must down.

But, to prevent the

(For trust not him

I'll hence forthwith

To save at least the

There shall I rest

fraud.

the colour of his usual game. [men, here find his friends, with horse and in free from his captivity.]

King Edward, and a Huntsman.

This way, my lord; for this way the game. [the huntsmen stand.—] Nay, this way, man; see, where other of Gloster, lord Hastings, and rest, [deer] on thus close, to steal the bishop's brother, the time and case requireth it;

He stands ready at the park corner. But whither shall we then? To Lynn, my lord; and ship from thence to Flanders. [was my meaning. Well guess'd, believe me; for that Mr. Stanley, I will requite thy forgiveness. [to talk.]

But wherefore stay we? 'tis no time for. Huntsman, what say'st thou? It thou go along? [hang'd.] Better do so, than tarry and be Come then, away; let's have no more delay. [from Warwick's frown:]

He. Bishop, farewell: shield thee that I may repossess the crown. [Exeunt.]

ACT VI. A Room in the Tower.

Enter HENRY, CLARENCE, WARWICK, and, young RICHMOND, OXFORD, and, Lieutenant of the Tower, and others.

Hen. Master lieutenant, now that God I friends taken Edward from the regal seat; and my captive state to liberty; to hope, my sorrows unto joys; enlargement what are thy due fees? Subjects may challenge nothing of his sovereigns;

in humble prayer may prevail, crave pardon of your majesty.

Hen. For what, lieutenant? for welling me? [ness,]

thou sure, I'll well requite thy kindness made my imprisonment a pleasure: it a pleasure as incaged birds

see, when, after many moody thoughts, by notes of household harmony, ite forget their loss of liberty.—

Warwick, after God, thou set'st me free, freely, therefore, I thank God, and thee; the author, thou the instrument.

Hen. that I may conquer fortune's spite, as low, where fortune cannot hurt me; at the people of this blessed land

it be punish'd with my thwarting stars; it, although my head still wear the sign my government to thee, [crown,]

art fortunate in all thy deeds. Your grace hath still been fained for rious;

we may seem as wise as virtuous, as, and avoiding, fortune's malice,

* For few men rightly temper with the stars* ; * Yet in this one thing let me blame your grace,

* For choosing me, when Clarence is in place* .

* Clar. No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway,

* To whom the heavens, in thy nativity,

* Adjudged an olive branch, and laurel crown

* As likely to be blest in peace and war ;

* And therefore I yield thee my free consent.

* War. And I choose Clarence only for protector. [both your hands ;

* K. Hen. Warwick, and Clarence, give me now join your hands, and with your hands,

your hearts,

* That no dissension hinder government ;

* I make you both protectors of this land ;

* While I myself will lead a private life,

* And in devotion spend my latter days,

To sin's rebuke, and my Creator's praise.

War. What answers Clarence to his sovereign's will? [consent ;

* Clar. That he consents, if Warwick yield

* For on thy fortune I repose myself.

* Ifar. Why then, though loath, yet must I be content :

* We'll yoke together, like a double shadow

* To Henry's body, and supply his place ;

* I mean, in bearing weight of government,

* While he enjoys the honour, and his ease.

* And, Clarence, now then it is more than needful, [traitor,

* Forthwith that Edward be pronounced a

* And all his lands and goods be confiscate.

Clar. What else? and that succession be determined. [his part.

* War. Ay, therein Clarence shall not want

* K. Hen. But, with the first of all your chief affairs,

* Let me entreat, (for I command no more,) * That Margaret your queen, and my son Edward, [speed:]

* Be sent for, to return from France with

* For, till I see them here, by doubtful fear

* My joy of liberty is half eclipsed. [all speed.]

Clar. It shall be done, my sovereign, with

* K. Hen. My lord of Somerset, what youth is that,

* Of whom you seem to have so tender care?

* Som. My liege, it is young Henry, earl of Richmond. [secret powers

* K. Hen. Come hither, England's hope: If [Lays his Hand on his Head,

* Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,

* This pretty lad: will prove our country's

* His looks are full of peaceful majesty; [bliss,

* His head by nature framed to wear a crown,

* His hand to wield a sceptre; and himself

* Likely, in time, to bless a regal throne.

Make much of him, my lords; for this is he,

* Must help you more than you are hurt by me.

Enter a Messenger.

* War. What news, my friend? [brother,

* Mess. That Edward is escaped from your

* And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.

* War. Unsavoury news: But how, and how escape?

we conform their temper to their destiny, † Forward. ‡ Afterward Henry V

- *Alar.* He was convey'd by Richard duke of Gloucester.

An' the lord Hastings, who attended him
In a secret ambush on the forest side,

Was by the host's porter taken rescued him;

For long he was his duty ever use [charge.—

- *Host.* My brother was too careless of his
But let us leave, my sovereign, to provide
As he shall think so best, it may be time.

[*Enter KING HENRY, WAR., CLAR.,
FLORENCE, and Attendants.*]

- *Som.* My lord, I like not of this flight of
Edward's. [help;

- *Flor.* O, no, no, Burgundy will yield him

And we shall have more wars, before't be

As Henry's late persigling prophecy [long.

Had given my heart, with hope of this young
Richmond; [thinks

So doth my heart misgive me, in these con-

What may befall him, to his harm, and ours;

- Therefore, lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,

- Forthwith we'll send him hence to Britany,

- Till storms be past of civil enmity. [crown,

• *Oxf.* Ay; for, if Edward repossess the

- 'Tis like, that Richmond with the rest shall

down,

• *Som.* It shall be so; he shall to Britany.

- Come, therefore, let's about it speedily.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. Before York.

Enter KING EDWARD, GLOSTER, HASTINGS,

and Forces.

• *K. Edw.* Now, brother Richard, lord

• *K. Edw.* Why, and I chalk
but my dukedom;

- As being well content with this

• *Glo.* But, when the fox hath
his nose

• He'll soon find means to me
follow.

• *Hast.* Why, master mayor
you in a doubt?

Open the gates, we are king Hei

• *May.* Ay, say you so? the g-

be open'd. [*Exeunt*

• *Glo.* A wise stout captain, I
soon!

• *Hast.* The good old man w

• So 'twere not 'long of him

enter'd,

• I doubt not, I, but we shall so

• Both him, and all his brothers

Re-enter the Mayor and Two
below.

• *K. Edw.* So, master mayor
must not be shut,

• But in the night, or in the time

• What! fear not, man, but yin

keys; [*Tu*

• For Edward will defend the to

• And all those friends that deign

Drum. Enter MONTGOMERY
marching.

Glo. Brother, this is sir John

Our trusty friend, unless I be d

• *K. Edw.* Welcome, sir Jo

Them be it as you will; for
right,
but usurps the diadem.
Now my sovereign speaketh like

I be Edward's champion.
Id, trumpet; Edward shall be
admir'd:—

[*Non-
v soldier, make thou proclama-
tion him a Peer. Flourish.
ds.*] Edward the fourth, by
God, King of England and
lord of Ireland, &c.

I whose'er guises king Ed-
right,
lunge him to single fight.

[*Throws down his Guntlet.*
Ive Edward the fourth I
Thanks, brave Montague;—
nks unto you all.

ve me, I'll requite this kindness.
is night, let's harbour here in

[*car*
the morning sun shall raise his
order of this horizon,
rd towards Warwick, and his

ot*, that Henry is no soldier.—
Clarence!—how evil it seems

earry, and forsake thy brother I
ay, we'll meet both thee and
ck.—

[*day;*
rave soldiers; doubt not of the
nce gotten, doubt not of large
[*Exeunt.*

II. London. A Room in the Palace.

HENRY, WARWICK, CLARENCE,
IS, EXETER, and OXFORD.

it counsel, lords! Edward from

ermans, and blunt Hollanders,
safety through the narrow seas,
s troops doth march again to
lon;

iddy people flock to him.
s levy men, and beat him back

de fire is quickly trodden out;
suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.
arwickshire I have true hearted

,
in peace, yet bold in war;
naster up:—and thou, son Cle-

Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent,
and gentlemen to come with

er Montague, in Buckingham,
n, and in Leicestershire, shalt

[*mand'et:*
clined to hear what thou com-
re Oxford, wondrous well be-

[*mand'et:*
And, lords, towards Coventry bend we
course,

Whose presumptuous Warwick now renews

Is Oxfordshire shall muster up thy friends.

My sovereign, with the loving citizens—

* [Like to his island, girt in with the ocean,

* Or modest Dian, circled with her nymphs,

Shall rest in London, till we come to him.

Fair lords, take leave, and stand not to reply.

Farewell, my sovereign.

K. Hen. Farewell, my Hector, and my

Troy's true hope. [*new hand.*

* Clar. In sign of truth I kiss your high-

* K. Hen. Well-minded Clarence, be thou

fortunate! [My leave.

* Mont. Comfort, my lord;—and so I take

* Oxf. And thus [Kissing Henry's hand]

I seal my truth, and bid adieu.

* K. Hen. Sweet Oxford, and my loving

Montague, [well]

And all at once, once more a kind fare-

War. Farewell, sweet lords; let's meet at

Coventry.

[*Exeunt WAR., CLAR., OXF., and MONT.*

* K. Hen. Here at the palace will I rest

a while.

* Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your lord-

ship? [Felt.

* Methinks, the power, that Edward hath in

* Should not be able to encounter mine,

* Exe. The doubt is, that he will seduce the

rest.

* K. Hen. That's not my fear, my mood

hath got me fame.

* I have not stopp'd mine ears to their de-

mands, [lays:

* Nor posted off their suits with slow de-

* My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,

* My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs,

* My mercy dry'd their water-flowing tears:

* I have not been desirous of their wealth,

* Nor much oppress'd them with great subdi-

dies; [err'd;

* Nor forward of revenge, though they much

* Then why should they love Edward more

than me?

* No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace:

* And, when the lion fawns upon the lamb,

* The lamb will never cease to follow him.

[*Shout within. A Lancaster! A Lancaster!*

Exe. Hark, hark, my lord! what shouts

are these?

Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, and

Soldiers.

* K. Edw. Seize on the shame-faced Henry,

bear him hence,

* And once again proclaim us king of Eng-

land.—

* You are the foist, that makes small brooks

to flow;

* Now stops thy spring, my son shall suck

them dry. [*ebb.—*

* And swell so much the higher by their

* Hence with him to the Tower; let him not

speak.

[*Exeunt some with King Henry.*

* And, lords, towards Coventry bend we
course,

Whose presumptuous Warwick now renews

* Know.

* Mark.

- The sun shines hot, and if we use delay.
- Cold biting winter nips our hoped-for bay.
- *Glo.* Away betimes, before his forces join,
- And take the great-grown traitor
- Brave warriors, march against Coventry.

ACT V.

SCENE I. Coventry.

Enter, upon the Walls, WARWICK, the Mayor of Coventry, Two Messengers, and Others.

War. Where is the post, that came from valiant Oxford? low!

How far hence is thy lord, mine honest fellow?
1 Mess. By this at Dunsmore, marching hitherward. [*Exit*]

War. How far off is our brother Montague? When is the post that came from Montague?

2 Mess. By this at Daintry, with a puissant troop.

Enter Sir JOHN SOMERVILLE.

War. Say, Somerville, what says my loving son? [*Now*]

And, by the guess, how nigh is Clarence?

Som. At Southam I did leave him with his forces.

And do expect him here some two hours hence. [*Drum heard*]

War. Then Clarence is at hand, I hear his drum. [*Dies*]

Som. It is not his, my lord; here Southam

The drum your honour hears, marcheth from Warwick. [*Look'd for friends*]

War. Who should that be? belike, no

War. Thou art no Atlas weight;

And, weakling, Warwick takes And Henry is my king, War!

K. Edw. But Warwick's a prisoner:

And, gallant Warwick, do but What is the body, when the

Glo. Alas, that Warwick forecast,

But, whilst he thought to steal The king was slyly fingered too

You left poor Henry at the bid And, ten to one, you'll meet his

K. Edw. 'Tis even so; yet you still. [*Down*]

Glo. Come, Warwick, take Nay, when? strike now, or else

War. I had rather chop th And with the other fling it at

Than bear so low a sail, to see *K. Edw.* Sail how thou can

and tide thy friend;

This band, fast wound about Shall, whilst the head is war

off,

Write in the dust this sen

re the third, if this sword hold
on, with *Brain and Colours*.
o, where George of Clarence
long,
to bid his brother battle;
an upright zeal to right prevails,
nature of a brother's love:
ice, come; thou wilt, if War-
[this means?
of Warwick, know you what
g the red Rose out of his Cap.
throw my infamy at thee:
a my father's house, [gether,
blood to mine: the stones to-
uncaster. Why, throw'st thou,
t,
is so harsh, so blunt, unnatural
instruments of war [ral,
rother, and his lawful king?
wilt object my holy oath:
oath, were more impiety [ter-
is, when he sacrificed his daugh-
for my trespass made,
we well at my brother's hands,
im myself thy mortal foe;
on, whereso'er I meet thee,
set thee, if thou stir abroad,
se for thy foul misleading me.
hearted Warwick, I defy thee,
her turn my blushing cheeks.—
Edward, I will make amends;
I do not frown upon my faults,
nevertheless be no more unconstant.
Now welcome more, and ten
ore beloved,
ever hadst deserved our hate.
me, good Clarence; this is bro-
[just!
ming; traitor, perjured, and un-
hat, Warwick, wilt thou leave
n, and fight?
at the stones about thine ears?
a, I am not coop'd here for de-
wards Barnet presently, [fence:
battle, Edward, if thou darest.
me, Warwick, Edward dares,
do the way:—
aid; Saint George and victory.
[March. *Exeunt*.
A Field of Battle near Barnet.
id. Excursions. Enter King
ing in WARWICK wounded.
lie thou there: die thou, and
fear;
k was a bug, that feared || us all,
agree, sit fast; I seek for thee,
k's bones may keep thine com-
[Brit.
who is nigh? come to me, friend
he is victor, York or Warwick?
at? my mangled body shows,
my want of strength, my sick
hows,

That I must yield my body to the earth,
And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe.
Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept;
Whose top-branch overpeer'd Jove's spreading
tree, [wind,
• And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful
• These eyes, that now are dimmed with death's
black veil,
• Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun,
• To search the secret treasons of the world:
The wrinkles in my brows, now filled with
Were likend oft to kingly sceptres; [blood,
For who lived king, but I could dig his grave?
And who durst smile, when Warwick bent his
brow?
Lo, now my glory, smear'd in dust and blood!
My parks, my walks, my mansions that I had,
Even now forsake me; and, of all my lands,
Is nothing left me, but my body's length!
Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and
dust?
And, live we how we can, yet die we must.
Enter OXFORD and SOMERSET.
• Som. Ah, Warwick, Warwick! wert thou
as we are,
• We might recover all our loss again!
• The queen from France hath brought a puis-
sant power; [thou fly!
• Even now we heard the news: Ah, couldst
• War. Why, then I would not fly.—Ah,
Montague,
[hand,
• If thou be there, sweet brother, take my
• And with thy lips keep in my soul a while?
• Thou lovest me not; for, brother, if thou
didst, [blood,
• Thy tears would wash this cold congeal'd
• That glews my lips, and will not let me
speak.
• Come quickly, Montague, or I am dead.
• Som. Ah, Warwick, Montague hath breath'd
his last; [wick,
• And to the latest gasp, cried out for War-
• And said—Command me to my valiant bro-
ther. [spoke,
• And more he would have said; and more he
• Which sounded like a cannon in a vault,
• That might not be distinguish'd; but, at last,
• I well might hear deliver'd with a groan,—
O, farewell, Warwick!
War. Sweet rest to his soul!—
Fly, loads, and save yourself; for Warwick
bids
You all farewell, to meet again in heaven.
[Dis.
Off, away, away, to meet the queen's great
power!
[Exeunt, bearing off WARWICK'S BODY.
SCENE III. *Another Part of the Field.*
Flourish. Enter King EDWARD in triumph,
with CLARENCE, GLOSTER, and the rest.
• K. Edw. Thus far our fortune keeps an
upward course,

ment. † Stupid, insensible of paternal fondness. † Eminent, exalted.
§ Bugbear. § Tortured.

And we are graced with wreaths of victory.
 But, in the midst of this bright-shining day,
 A heavy, ominous, threatening cloud,
 As if warring counter with our glorious sun,
 Upraised from the casual western bed:

I mean, my lords, those powers, that the
 goddess

Hath raised in Gallia, have arrived our coast,
 And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.

* *Cl.* A little gale will soon disperse that
 cloud, [came:]

* And blow it to the source from whence it

* Fly: very beams will dry these vapours up;

* For every cloud engenders not a storm.

* *Al.* The queen is valued thirty thousand
 strong,

And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her;

* If she have time to breathe, be well assured,
 For factum will be not as strong as ours.

* *K. Rich.* We are advertised by our loving
 friends, [bury:]

That they do hold their course toward Tewks-

* And being now the best at Barnet field,

* And further straight, For willingness fills
 way; [augmented]

And, as we march, our strength will be
 In every county as we go along.—

Strike up the drum; cry—Courage! and away.
 [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. *Plains near Tewksbury.*

*March. Enter Queen MARGARET, Prince
 EDWARD, SOMERSET, OXFORD, and Sol-
 diers.*

* *O. Mar.* Great lords, wise men never sit

* And Richard, but a ragged fatal

* All these the enemies to our pos-

* Say, you can swim; alas, 'tis but

* Tread on the sand; why, there
 sink:

* Bestride the rock; the tide will

* Or else you tamish, that's a thrice

* This speak I, lords, to let you u-

* In case some one of you would

* That there's no hoped-for me-
 brothers,

* More than with ruthless waves,

* Why, courage, then, what can we

* Twice childish weakness to lam-

* *Prince.* Methinks, a woman
 liant spirit

* Should, if a coward heard her

* Infuse his breast with magnan-

* And make him, naked, foil a m-

* I speak not this, as doubting an-

* For, did I but suspect a fearful

* He should have leave to go awa-

* Lest, in our need, he might inte-

* And make him of like spirit to I

* If any such be here, as God for

* Let him depart, before we need

* *Oxf.* Women and children
 courage!

And warriors faint! why, 'twere

* O, brave young prince! thy fa-

ther

Doth live again in thee: Long

To bear his image, and renew his

* *Som.* And he, that will not sit

hope

our to the foe; his state usurp'd,
 him a slaughterhouse; his subjects slain;
 states cancell'd, and his treasure spent;
 order is the wolf, that makes this spoil.
 ght in justice: then, in God's name,
 hunt, and give signal to the fight. [Lords,
 {*Exeunt both Armies.*}

RE V. *Another part of the same.*

*is: Excursions: and afterwards a
 act. Then enter King EDWARD,
 UGGE, GLOSTER, and Forces; with
 MARGARET, OXFORD, and SOMER-
 set-prisoners.*

Edw. Now, here a period of tumult-
 nous broils. [straight:

with Oxford to Hammes' castle
 heret, off with his guilty head. [speak.
 ur them hence; I will not hear them
 For my part, I'll not trouble thee with
 words. [fortune.

Now I, but steep with patience to my
 and OXFORD and SOMERSET, guarded.
Mar. So part we sadly in this troublous
 with joy in sweet Jerusalem. [world,
Edw. Is proclamation made,—that,
 who finds Edward,
 have a high reward, and he his life?
 It is: and, lo, where youthful Ed-
 ward comes.

Soldiers, with Prince EDWARD.

Mar. Bring forth the gallant, let us hear
 him speak:

I can so young a thorn begin to prick?
 What satisfaction canst thou make,
 wing arms, for stirring up my subjects,
 In the trouble thou hast turn'd me to?
Edw. Speak like a subject, proud ambi-
 tious York!

that I am now my father's mouth;
 By chair, and where I stand, kneel thou,
 Propound the selfsame words to thee,
 Tutor, thou wouldst have me answer
 a. [solved!

Mar. Ah, that thy father had been so re-
 That you might still have worn the
 piteous, [easter.

For have stolen the breech from Lan-
 ce. Let *Esop*: fable in a winter's night;
 Fish riddles sort not with this place.

By heaven, brat, I'll plague you for
 his word. [to men.

Mar. Ay, thou wast born to be a plague
 For God's sake, take away this captive
 child. [back rather.

Edw. May, take away this scolding crook-
 ed. Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm
 thy tongue.

Unstor'd lad, thou art too malapert.
 I know my duty; you are all unda-
 ling.

th Edward, and thou perjured George,
 misshapen Dick,—I tell ye all,
 be better, traitors as ye are;—

* And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.

K. Edw. Take that the likeness of this raller
 here. [Stabs him.

* *Glo.* Sprawl'st thou? take that to end thy
 agony. [Glo. stabs him.

* *Clar.* And there's for twitting me with
 perjury. [Clar. stabs him.

Q. Mar. O, kill me too!

Glo. Marry, and shall. [Offers to kill her.

* *K. Edw.* Hold, Richard, hold for we have
 done too much. [with words:]

Glo. Why should she live, to fill the world

* *K. Edw.* What! doth she swoon? use means
 for her recovery. [brother:

Glo. Clarence, excuse me to the king, my
 I'll hence to London on a serious matter:

* Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some news.

Clar. What? what?

* *Glo.* The Tower, the Tower! [Exit.

* *Q. Mar.* O, Ned, sweet Ned! speak to thy
 mother, boy!

* Canst thou not speak? O traitors! murderers!
 They, that stabb'd Caesar, shed no blood at all,
 Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,

* If this foul deed were by to equal it.

* He was a man; this, in respect, a child;

And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.

* What's worse than murderer, that I may
 name it?

* No, no; my heart will burst, as if I speak:—

* And I will speak, that so my heart may burst.

* Butchers and villains, bloody cannibals!

* How sweet a plant have you untimely
 clogg'd!

* You have no children, butchers! If you had,

* The thought of them would have stirr'd up
 remorse!

* But, if you ever chance to have a child,

Look in his youth to have him so cut off,

* As, deathsmen! you have rid this sweet young
 prince! [perforce.

K. Edw. Away with her; go, bear her hence.

Q. Mar. Nay, never bear me hence, de-
 spatch me here; [death:

Here sheath thy sword, I'll pardon thee my
 What! wilt thou not?—then, Clarence, do it
 thou. [ease.

Clar. By heaven, I will not do thee so much

Q. Mar. Good Clarence, do; sweet Clarence,
 do thou do it. [not do it.

Clar. Didst thou not hear me swear, I would

Q. Mar. Ay, but thou wast to forswear thy-

Thas sin before; but now 'tis charity. [self;

* What! wilt thou not? where is that devil's
 butcher, [thou?

Hard-favour'd Richard? Richard, where art
 Thou art not here: Murder is thy aim-deed;
 Positioners for blood thou ne'er putt'st back.

* *K. Edw.* Away, I say; I charge ye, bear
 her hence.

Q. Mar. So come to you, and yours, as to
 this prince! [Exit, led out forcibly.

K. Edw. Where's Richard gone? [guess,

* *Clar.* To London, all in post; and, as I

castle in Picardy.

I will compel you to be as silent as if you were deprived of speech by enchantment.

† *Diocletian, an historian.*

‡ The Prince calls Richard, for his crookedness, *Esop*.

§ She alludes to the desertion of Clarence.

KING HENRY is discovered *sitting, with a book in his hand, the Lieutenant attending.* *Enter GLOSTER.*

Glo. Good day, my lord! What, at your book so hard? [should say rather;

K. Hen. Ay, my good lord: My lord, 'Tis sin to flatter, good was little better:

Good Gloster, and good devil, were alike, [lord.

• **And both preposterous; therefore, not good**

• **Glo.** Sirrah, leave us to ourselves: we must confer. [Exit Lieutenant.

• **K. Hen.** So flies the reckless shepherd from the wolf: [fleece,

• So first the harmless sheep doth yield his

• **And next** his throat unto the butcher's knife:

What scene of death hath Roscius now to act?

Glo. Suspicion always haunts the guilty

The thief doth fear each bush an officer. [mind;

• **K. Hen.** The bird that hath been limed in a bush, [bush;

• With trembling wings misdoubteth every

And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird;

Have now the fatal object in my eye,

Where my poor young was limed, was caught, and kill'd. [of Crete,

• **Glo.** Why, what a peevish fool was that

• That taught his son the office of a fowl?

• **And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd.**

• **K. Hen.** I, Daedalus; my poor boy, Icarus;

Thy father, Minos, that denied our course; [boy,

• **The son, that scar'd the wings of my sweet**

• **Thy brother Edward; and thyself, the sea,**

• **Whose envious gulf did swallow up his life.**

• **Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words!**

• **My breast can better brook thy dagger's point,**

Than can my ears that tragic history.— [life!

• **But wherefore dost thou come? is't for my**

• **Glo.** Think'st thou I am an executioner?

• **K. Hen.** A messenger; I come, that will

Teeth hadst thou in thy
To signify,—thou came
And, if the rest be true

Thou comest—

Glo. I'll hear no more
thy speech!

For this, amongst the rest

K. Hen. Ay, and for

after this.

O God! forgive my sins,

Glo. What, will the

caster

Sink in the ground? I

See, how my sword we

death!

O, may such purple to

From those that wish

• If any spark of life be y

Down, down to hell;

thither,

I, that have neither pity

Indeed, 'tis true, that H

For I have often heard

I came into the world—

Had I not reason, think

And seek their ruin th

The midwife wonder'd;

O, Jesus bless us, he i

And so I was; which

That I should snarl, and

Then, since the heavens

Let hell make crook'd m

I have no brother, I am

And this word—love,

Be resident in men like

And not in me; I am n

Clarence, beware; thou

But I will sort a pitch

For I will box abroad a

That Edward shall be

d with the blood of enemies.
t foe-men, like to autumn's corn,
ow'd down, in tops of all their

of Somerset, thousand renown'd
nd undoubted champions:

s, as the father and the son:
rthumberland; two braver men
d their coursers at the trumpet's
:

[and Montague,
, the two brave bears, Warwick
choke, fetter'd the kingly lion,
w'st trouble when they roar'd.
e swept suspicion from our seat,
ar footstool of security.—

Bea, and let me kiss my boy—
further, thine uncles, and myself,
armours watch'd the winter's night,
foot in summer's scalding heat,
g'd to possess the crown in peace;
shows thou shalt reap the gain.
dent his harvest, if your head were
a net look'd on in the world. [aid;
r was ordain'd so thick, to heave;
t shall, some weight, or break my
—
the way,—and thou shalt execute.

[Aside.
Clarence, and Gloster, love my
queen;

And kiss your princely nephew, brothers both.

Clor. The duty, that I owe unto your ma-
jesty,

I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe.

K. Edw. Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy
brother, thanks. [thou sprang'st,

Clor. And, that I love the tree from whence
Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit:—

To say the truth, so Judas kiss'd his
master; [mean't—all harm. [Aside.

And cried—all hail! when as he
K. Edw. Now am I seated as my soul de-
lights,

Having my country's peace, and brothers'
loves. [with Margaret?

Clor. What will your grace have done
Reiguler, her father, to the king of France
Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Jerusalem,
And hither have they sent it for her ransom.

K. Edw. Away with her, and waft her
hence to France. [time,

And now what rests, but that we spend the
With stately triumphs*, mirthful comic
shows,

Such as befit the pleasures of the court—
Sound, drums and trumpets!—farewell, your
annoy!

For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy.
[Exeunt.

* Public shows.

parts of King HENRY VI. are suspected, by Mr. Theobald, of being suppositi-
v declared, by Dr. Warburton, to be certainly not Shakspeare's. Mr. Theobald's
from some obsolete words: but the phraseology is like the rest of our author's
words, of which however I do not observe more than two, can conclude

gives no reason, but I suppose him to judge upon deeper principles and
own views, and to draw his opinion from the general effect and spirit of the
which he thinks inferior to the other historical plays.

inferiority nothing can be inferred; in the productions of wit there will be in-
sometimes judgment will err, and sometimes the matter itself will defeat the critic.
her's works one will be the best, and one will be the worst. The colours are not
sing, nor the attitudes equally graceful, in all the pictures of Titian or Reynolds.
side of style and heterogeneity of sentiment, may sufficiently show that a work
ly belong to the reputed author. But in these plays no such marks of spurious-
nd. The diction, the versification, and the figures, are Shakspeare's. These plays,
without regard to characters and incidents, merely as narratives in verse, are more
ceived, and more accurately finished than those of King JOHN, RICHARD II. or
ones of King HENRY IV. and V. If we take these plays, from Shakspeare,
to they be given? What author, of that age, had the same easiness of expression and
numbers?

three plays I think the second the best. The truth is, that they have not sufficient
tion, for the incidents are too often of the same kind; yet many of the characters
terminated. King Henry, and his Queen, King Edward, the Duke of Gloster,
of Warwick, are very strongly and distinctly painted.—Lambert.

LIFE AND DEATH OF KING RICHARD III.

Persons represented.

King EDWARD the FOURTH.		Sir WILLIAM CATESBY. Sir JAMES
EDWARD, Prince of Wales, afterwards King EDWARD V.	} Sons to the King.	Sir JAMES BLOUNT. Sir WALTER
RICHARD, Duke of York.		Sir ROBERT BRAKENBURY, then the Tower.
GEORGE, Duke of Clarence.	} Brothers to the King.	CHRISTOPHER URSWICK, a priest.
RICHARD, Duke of Gloucester, afterwards King RICHARD III.		Lord Mayor of London. Shrewsbury.
A Young Son of CLARENCE.		
HENRY, Earl of Richmond, afterwards King Henry VII.		ELIZABETH, queen of king EDWARD
Cardinal FOUCHER, Archbishop of Canterbury.		MARGARET, widow of king HENRY
THOMAS ROGERHAM, Archbishop of York.		Duchess of YORK, mother to king
JOHN MORLEY, Bishop of Ely.		IV., Clarence, and Gloucester.
Duke of BUCKINGHAM.		Lady ANNE, widow of EDWARD,
Duke of NORFOLK, Earl of SURREY, his son.		Wales, son to king HENRY I
EARL RIVERS, brother to king EDWARD's queen.		wards married to the duke
Marquis of DORSET, and Lord GREY, her [sons.]		A Young Daughter of CLARENCE
Earl of OXFORD, Lord HASTINGS, Lord STANLEY, Lord GENTY.		Lords, and other Attendants; Men, Pursuivants, Serjeants
Sir THOMAS VAUGHAN. Sir RICHARD RATCLIFF.		Murderers, Messengers, G. diers, &c.

Scene,—England.

infamy hath come instant;
be new christen'd in the Tower
matter, Clarence? may I know?
Richard, when I know; for, I
t: But, as I can learn, [protest,
her prophecies, and dreams;
ross-row plucks the letter G,
izard told him, that by G
erited should be;
me of George begins with G,
s thought that I am he:
n, and such like toys * as these,
is highness to commit me now.
his it is, when men are ruled by

that sends you to the Tower;
his wife, Clarence, 'tis she
im to this extremity.
and that good man of worship,
ville, her brother there,
send lord Hastings to the Tower;
his present day he is deliver'd!
e, Clarence, we are not safe.
aven, I think there is no man
[heralds
a kindred, and night-walking
etwixt the king and mistress

what an humble suppliant
was to her for his delivery?
y complaining to her deity,
samberlain his liberty,
at,—I think it is our way,
in favour with the king,
and wear her livery:
r-worn widow, and herself t,
brother dubb'd them gentlewo-
slips in this monarchy. [men,
sch your graces both to pardon
h straitly given in charge, [me;
all have private conference,
so ever, with his brother.
so? an please your worship,
ity,
ke of any thing we say: [king
treason, man!—We say, the
tuous; and his noble queen
years; fair, and not jealous:
shore's wife hath a pretty foot,

passing pleasing tongue;
kindred are made gentlefolks:
br? can you deny all this?
this, my lord, myself have
do. [I tell thee, fellow,
to do with mistress Shore?
ght with her, excepting one,
It secretly, alone.
one, my lord?
band, knave:—Would'at thou
e? [and, withal,
sch your grace to pardon me;
ference with the noble duke.
now thy charge, Brakenbury,
obey. [obey.
the queen's abjects, and must

Brother, farewell: I will unto the king;
And whatsoever you will employ me in,—
Were it to call king Edward's widow—dinner,
I will perform it to enfranchise you.
Mean time, this deep disgrace in brotherhood,
Touches me deeper than you can imagine.

Clar. I know it pleaseth neither of us well.
Glo. Well, your imprisonment shall not be
I will deliver you, or else lie for you: [long;
Mean time, have patience.

Clar. I must perforce; farewell!
[Exit CLARENCE, BRAKENBURY,
and GUARD.

Glo. Go, tread the path that thou shalt ne'er
return,
Simple, plain Clarence!—I do love thee so,
That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,
If heaven will take the present at our hands.
But who comes here? the new-deliver'd Hast-
ings?

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast. Good time of day unto my gracious
lord! [lain!

Glo. As much unto my good lord chamber-
Well are you welcome to this open air.
How hath your lordship brook'd imprison-
ment? [sooner must:

Hast. With patience, noble lord, as pri-
But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks,
That were the cause of my imprisonment.

Glo. No doubt, no doubt; and so shall Cla-
rence too;

For they, that were your enemies, are his,
And have prevail'd as much on him, as you.

Hast. More pity that the eagle should be
mew'd,

While kites and buzzards prey at liberty.

Glo. What news abroad? [home;—

Hast. No news so bad abroad as this at
The king is sickly, weak, and melancholy,
And his physicians fear him mightily. [Indeed.

Glo. Now, by Saint Paul, this news is bad
O, he hath kept an evil diet long,
And over-much consumed his royal person;
'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.

What, is he in his bed?

Hast. He is.

Glo. Go you before, and I will follow you.

[Exit HASTINGS.

He cannot live, I hope; and must not die,
Till George be pack'd with posthorne up to
heaven.

I'll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence,
With lies well steel'd with weighty arguments
And, if I fail not in my deep intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live:
Which done, God take king Edward to his
mercy,

And leave the world for me to bustle in!
For then I'll marry Warwick's youngest
daughter: [father?

What though I kill'd her husband, and her
The readiest way to make the wench amends,
Is—to become her husband, and her father:
The which will I; not all so much for love,
As for another secret close intent,

By marrying her, which I must reach unto.
But yet I run before my horse to market;
Clarence still breathes: Edward still lives, and

reigns:
When they are gone, then must I count my
gains. [Exit.]

SCENE II. *The same. Another Street.*

*Enter the corpse of King HENRY the Sixth,
borne in an open coffin, Gentlemen bear-
ing halberds, to guard it, and Lady ANNE
as mourner.*

Anne. Set down, set down your honourable
load,—

If honour may be shrouded in a hearse,—
Whilst I a while obsequiously lament
The untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster.
Poor key-maid figure of a holy king!
Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster!
Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood!
Be it lawful that I invoke thy ghost,
To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,
Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughter'd son,
Stab'd by the self-same hand that made these
wounds!

O, in these windows, that let forth thy life,
I pour my motherless brain of my poor eyes:—
O, cursed be the hand that made these holes!
Cursed the heart, that had the heart to do it!
Cursed the blood, that let this blood from hence!
More dreadful hap betide that hated wretch,
That makes us wretched by the death of thee,
Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,

Alas, I blame you not; for you
And mortal eyes cannot endure.
Avaunt, thou dreadful minister!
Thou hadst but power over his
Hiss on! thou canst not have; then

Glo. Sweet saint, for charity,
Anne. Foul devil, for God's
and trouble us not;

For thou hast made the happy
Fill'd it with cursing cries, and
If thou delight to view thy being
Behold this pattern of thy being

O, gentlemen, see, see! dead
Open their congeal'd mouths, and
Blush, blush, thou imp of foul
For 'tis thy presence that exhal
From cold and empty veins, w
Thy deed, inhuman and unnatural
Provokes this deluge most unna
O God, which this blood mad

death!
O earth, which this blood dri
Either, heaven, with lightning
derer dead,

O, earth, gape open wide, and
As thou dost swallow up this goo
Which his hell-govern'd arm ha

Glo. Lady, you know no rel
Which renders good for bad,
curses.

Anne. Villain, thou know'st
No beast so fierce, but knows
pity.

provoked by her scornful
[darts
]ilt upon my gallless cheek;
[darts
]ast provoked by thy bloody

me on aught but butcheries:
[darts
]ill this king?

I grant ye,
[darts
]ast me, hedge-hog! then, God
[darts
]too,
[darts
]damned for that wicked deed!
[darts
]t, mild, and virtuous,
[darts
]r, for the King of heaven that

[never come.
]in heaven, where thou shalt
[never come.
]thank me, that help to send
[never come.
]er;

for that place than earth.
[never come.
]on unfit for any place but hell:
[never come.
]place else, if you will hear
[never come.
]language.

[me name it.
]Your bed-chamber.
[me name it.
]I betide the chamber where
[me name it.
]it, madam, till I lie with you.
[me name it.
]: so.

so.—But, gentle lady Anne,
[me name it.
]an encounter of our wits,
[me name it.
]hat into a slower method;—
[me name it.
]r of the timeless deaths
[me name it.
]genets, Henry, and Edward,
[me name it.
]the executioner?
[me name it.
]wast the cause, and most ac-
[me name it.
]fect.

[effect;
]eauty was the cause of that
[effect;
]sieb did haunt me in my sleep,
[effect;
]ie death of all the world,
[effect;
]one hour in your sweet bosom.
[effect;
]ought that, I tell thee, homi-

[my cheeks.
]ould rend that beauty from
[my cheeks.
]eyes could not endure that
[my cheeks.
]wreck;
[my cheeks.
]bleish it, if I stood by:

I is cheered by the sun,
[my cheeks.
]is my day, my life.
[my cheeks.
]night o'ershade thy day, and
[my cheeks.
]life!

ot thyself, fair creature: thou

ld I were, to be revenged on
[my cheeks.
]uarrel most unnatural, [thee.
[my cheeks.
]on him that loveth thee.

quarrel just and reasonable,
[my cheeks.
]d on him that kill'd my hus-
[my cheeks.
]band,

at bereft thee, lady, of thy
[my cheeks.
]hee to a better husband.
[my cheeks.
]etter doth not breathe upon the
[my cheeks.
]he could.

ea, that loves you better than

s him.
[my cheeks.
]Plantagenet.
[my cheeks.
]Why, that was he.
[my cheeks.
]f same name, but one of better
[my cheeks.
]re is he?

[nature.

Glo. Here I, the spite of him,

Why dost thou spit at me? [sneer]

Anne. Would it were mortal poison for thy
Glo. Never came poison from so sweet a

place.
Anne. Never hang poison on a fouler tooth

Out of my sight! thou dost infect mine eyes.
Glo. Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected

mine. [thee dear!]
Anne. Would they were basilisks, to strike

Glo. I would they were, that I might die at

once;

For now they kill me with a living death.
Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn such

tears, [drops]
Shamed their aspects with store of childish

These eyes, which never shed remorseful tears,
Not, when my father York and Edward wept,
To hear the piteous moan that Richard made,
When black-faced Clifford shook his sword

at him:
Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,

Told this sad story of my father's death;
And twenty times made pause, to sob, and

weep,
That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,

Like trees bedash'd with rain: in that and time,
My many eyes did scorn an humble tear;
And what these sorrows could not thence ex-
hale, [weeping,

Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with
I never sued to friend, nor enemy; [word;

My tongue could never learn sweet soothing
But now thy beauty is proposed my foe,

My proud heart aces, and prompts my tongue
to speak. [She looks scornfully at him.

Teach not thy lip such scorn; for it was made
For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.

If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,
Lo! here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword;

Which if thou please to hide in this true breast,
And let the soul forth that adorns thee,

I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,
And humbly beg the death upon my knee.

[He lays his breast open; she offers at
it with his sword.

Nay, do not pause; for I did kill king Henry,
But 'twas thy beauty that provoked me.

Nay, now despatch; 'twas I that stabb'd young
Edward!—

[She again offers at his breast.
But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on.

[She let's fall the sword.
Take up the sword again, or take up me.

Anne. Arise, dissembler: though I wish thy
I will not be thy executioner. [death,

Glo. Then bid me kill myself, and I will do
Anne. I have already. [it.

Glo. That was in thy rage:
Speak it again, and, even with the word,

This hand, which, for thy love, did kill thy love,
Shall, for thy love, kill a far truer love;

To both their deaths shalt thou be accessory.
Anne. I would I knew thy heart.

Glo. 'Tis signed in my tongue.
Anne. I fear me, both are false.

Glo. Then man was never true.

Anne. Well, well, put up your sword.

Glo. Say thou my peace is made.

Anne. That shall you know hereafter.

Glo. But will I live in hope?

Anne. And men, I hope, live so.

Glo. You never to wear this ring.

Anne. To take is not to give.

[She puts on the ring.]

Glo. Look, how this ring encompasseth thy finger,

Even so thy love doth encompasseth my poor heart;

Ne'er be I of them, for both of them are thine.

And if thy poor devoted servant may

But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,

Thou dost continue his happiness for ever.

Anne. What is it? *[designs]*

Glo. That it may please you leave these sad

To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,

And presently repair to Crosby-place?

Anne. I will. I have solemnly bid to'd,

At her death's hour to let this noble king,

And wet his cheeks with my repentant tears,—

I will with a repentant only see you:

For unknown reasons, I beseech you,

Grant me this boon. *[me too]*

Anne. With all my heart; and much it joys

To see you are become so penitent.

Glo. And Berkeley, go along with me.

Glo. And me fare well. *[serve:]*

Anne. 'Tis more than you deserve.

But since you teach me how to flatter you,

Imagine I have said farewell already.

My dukedom to a beggarly der

I do mistake my person and the

Upon my life, she finds, altho

Myself to be a marvellous pro

I'll be at charges for a looking

And entertain a score or two o

To study fashions to adorn my

Since I am crept in favour with

I will maintain it with some li

But, first, I'll turn you' fellow

And then return lamenting to

Shine out, fair sun, till I have

That I may see my shadow as

SCENE III. *The same. A*

Palace.

Enter Queen ELIZABETH, Lou

Lord GRAY.

Ric. Have patience, madam,

doubt his majesty

Will soon recover his accustom

Gray. In that you brook it

worse:

Therefore, for God's sake ente

And cheer his grace with qu

words.

Q. Eliz. If he were dead, w

Gray. No other harm, but lo

Q. Eliz. The loss of such a

harms.

Gray. The heavens have bl

to be your comforter, when t

Q. Eliz. Ah, he is young; a

are * them to his royal presence.
Would all were well!—But that
ever be;—

appears is at the height.
ran, Hastings, and Donser.
do me wrong, and I will not en-

—, that complain unto the king,
th, am stern, and love them not?
th, they love his grace but lightly,
as with such dimensionless rumours.
not flatter, and speak fair,
's faces, smooth, deceitful, and cog,
rench nods and slyish courtesy,
ed a rancorous enemy.

is man live, and think no harm,
simple truth must be abused
y, insinuating Jacks?

whom in all this presence speaks
ace?

ee, that hast nor honesty, nor

[wrong?—
I injured thee? when done thee
thee?—or any of your faction?
a you all! His royal grace,—
preserve better than you would

let scarce a breathing-while,
it trouble him with lewd† com-

[the matter:
brother of Gloster, you mistake
his own royal disposition,

oked by any snitor else;
e, at your interior hatred,
outward action shows itself,

hildren, brothers, and myself,
send; that thereby he may gather
f your ill-will, and so remove it.

not tell.—The world is grown an

[perch:
may prey where eagles dare not

ack; became a gentleman,

a gentle person made a Jack.

me, come, we know your mean-

brother Gloster;

advancement, and my friends;

e never may have need of you!

time, God grants that we have

of you:

s imprison'd by your means,

iced, and the nobility

empt; while great promotions

en, to ennoble those

ome two days since, were worth

—\$. [ful height

— Him, that raised me to this care-

ntented hap which I enjoy'd,

ense his majesty

uke of Clarence, but have been

locate to plead for him.

do me shameful injury,

ow me in these vile suspects.

may deny that you were not the

Hastings' late imprisonment.

Ric. She may, my lord; for—

Glo. She may, lord Rivers?—why, who
knows not so?

She may do more, sir, than denying that;
She may help you to many fair preferments;
And then delay her sly hand therein,
And lay those honours on your high desert.

What may she not? She may,—ay, marry, may

Ric. What, marry, may she? [she,—

Glo. What, marry, may she? marry with a

A bachelor, a handsome stripling to: [king,

I wis, your grandam had a worser match.

Q. Ric. My lord of Gloster, I have too long

borne

Your blunt upbraidings, and your bitter scoffs:

By heaven, I will acquaint his majesty,

Of those gross taunts I often have endured.

I had rather be a country servant-maid,

Than a great queen, with this condition—

To be so baited, scorn'd, and storm'd at:

Small joy have I in being England's queen.

Enter Queen MARGARET, behind.

Q. Mar. And less'n'd be that small, God, I

beseech thee!

Thy honour, state, and seat, is due to me.

Glo. What? threat you me with telling of

the king?

Tell him, and spare not: look, what I have said

I will avouch, in presence of the king:

I dare adventure to be sent to the Tower,

'Tis time to speak, my pains^q are quite forgot.

Q. Mar. Out, devil! I remember them too

well:

Thou kill'dst my husband Henry in the Tower,

And Edward, my poor son, at Tewksbury.

Glo. Ere you were queen, ay, or your hus-

band king,

I was a pack-horse in his great affairs;

A weeder-out of his proud adversaries,

A liberal rewarder of his friends;

To royalize^o his blood, I spilt mine own.

Q. Mar. Ay, and much better blood than his,

or thine. [band Grey,

Glo. In all which time, you and your hus-

band were factions for the house of Lancaster;—

And, Rivers, so were you:—Was not your

husband

In Margaret's battle at Saint Alban's slain?

Let me put in your minds, if you forget, [are;

What you have been ere now, and what you

Withal, what I have been, and what I am.

Q. Mar. A mindless villain, and so still

thou art. [Warwick,

Glo. Poor Clarence did forsake his father

Ay, and forswore himself,—Which Jesu par-

Q. Mar. Which God revenge! [front—

Glo. To fight on Edward's party, for the

crown; [up:

And, for his meed^{††}, poor lord, he is me with[‡]

I would to God, my heart were flint like Ed-

ward's,

Or Edward's soft and pitiful, like mine

I am too childish-to lish for this world.

Q. Mar. Hie thee to hell for shame, and

leave this world,

† Rude, ignorant.
‡ Labour.

‡ Low fellow.
o Make royal.

‡ A coin rated at 6s. 8d.
‡ Reward
‡ Conced.

Thou'rt a villain! I dare thy kingdom is.

Edw. My son of Gloster, in these busy days,
Which busy us to fight to prove us enemies;

We follow'd thee our lord, our lawfull king;
So should we yet, if you should be our king.

Glo. If I should be,—I had rather be a
poor man.

For he that's rich, he wanteth little though, thereof!

Q. Mar. As you say, yet, how is you suppose
Yon son of Gloster, as you call him, a country's king?

As I tell you, may you call him so.
But I have seen him, and I have heard of him.

Q. Mar. And he is not such a plain there,
For I have seen him, and I have heard of him.

Edw. I have seen him, and I have heard of him,
For I have seen him, and I have heard of him.

Edw. I have seen him, and I have heard of him,
For I have seen him, and I have heard of him.

Edw. I have seen him, and I have heard of him,
For I have seen him, and I have heard of him.

Edw. I have seen him, and I have heard of him,
For I have seen him, and I have heard of him.

Edw. I have seen him, and I have heard of him,
For I have seen him, and I have heard of him.

Edw. I have seen him, and I have heard of him,
For I have seen him, and I have heard of him.

Edw. I have seen him, and I have heard of him,
For I have seen him, and I have heard of him.

Edw. I have seen him, and I have heard of him,
For I have seen him, and I have heard of him.

Edw. I have seen him, and I have heard of him,
For I have seen him, and I have heard of him.

Edw. I have seen him, and I have heard of him,
For I have seen him, and I have heard of him.

Edw. I have seen him, and I have heard of him,
For I have seen him, and I have heard of him.

Edward, thy son, that now is pr

For Edward, my son, that was pr

Die in his youth, by like untim

Thy: If a queen, for me that wa

Outlive thy glory, like my wret

Long may'st thou live, to wait

And see another, as I see thee

Deek'd in thy rights, as thou art

Long die thy happy days before

And, after many lengthen'd bo

Die neither mother, wife, nor E

Rivers,—and Dorset,—you were

And so wast thou, lord Hastin

son

Was stab'd with bloody dagger

That none of you may live you

But by some unlook'd accident

Glo. Have done thy charm

wither'd hag. [thou

Q. Mar. And have out thee!

If heaven have any grievous pl

Exceeding those that I can wis

O, let them keep it, till thy sin

And then hurl down their insig

On thee, the troubler of the poor

The worm of conscience still be

thy friends suspect for traito

livest,

And take deep traitors for thy d

No sleep close up that deadly e

Unless it be while some tormen

Alights thee with a hell of ugl

Thou elvish-mark'd, abortive, r

Thou that wast seal'd in thy na

well, and teach yourselves that duty.
pate not with her, she is frantic.

Peace, master marquis, you are
pert:

swamp of honour is scarce cur-
young nobility could judge,
e to lose it, and be miserable!
stand high, have many blasts to
them;

ly fall, they dash themselves to
d counsel, marry;—learn it, learn
rquis.

ouches you, my lord, as much as
and much more: But I was born
bulldeth in the cedar's top; so high,
with the wind, and scorns the sun.
And turns the sun to shade;—alas!

son, now in the shade of death;
ht out-shining beams thy cloudy
nal darkness folded up. [wrath
bulldeth in our sister's nest:—
see'st it, do not suffer it;

in with blood, lost be it so. [charity.
ace, peace, for shame, if not for
Urge neither charity nor shame to
y with me have you dealt, [me;
lly by you my hopes are butcher'd.
Is outrage, like my shame,—
shame still live my sorrow's rage!
ave done, have done. [hand,
O princely Buckingham, I kiss thy
agne and amity with thee;
fal thee, and thy noble house!
ts are not spotted with our blood,
lthin the compass of my curse.
or no one here; for curses never

bore that breathe them in the air.
I'll not believe but they ascend

ly, wake God's gentle-sleeping peace.
an, beware of yonder dog; [bites,
he fawns, he bites; and, when he
ooth will rattle to the death;
dowith him, beware of him; [him;
and hell have set their marks on
ministers attend on him. [ingham?
it doth she say, my lord of Buck-
thing that I respect, my gracious
gentle counsel?

What, dost thou scorn me for my
re devil that I warn thee from?
ember this another day,
It split thy very heart with sorrow;
or Margaret was a prophetess.—
you the subjects to his hate,
rs, and all of you to God's! [Exit.
hair doth stand on end to hear
uses. [at liberty.
go doth mine; I muse, why she's
not blame her, by God's holy
r;
I too much wrong, and I repent
eaf, that I have done to her.

st created marquis of Dorset.
Put in a sty.

Q. Eliz. I never did her any, to my know-
ledge.

Glo. Yet you have all the vantage of her
I was too hot to do some body good.

That is too cold in thinking of it now.
Marry, as for Clarence, he is well repaid;
He is frank'd up to fattening for his pains;—
God pardon them that are the cause thereof!

Bas. A virtuous and a christian-like con-
clusion.

To pray for them that have done scath to us.
Glo. So do I ever, being well advised;—
For had I cursed now, I had cursed myself.

[Aside.

Enter CATESBY.
Cates. Madam, his majesty doth call for you,
And for your grace, and you, my noble lords.

Q. Eliz. Catesby, I come:—Lord, will
you go with me?

Riv. Madam, we will attend upon your
grace. [Exeunt all but GLOSTER.

Glo. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.
The secret mischiefs that I set abroad,
I lay unto the grievous charge of others.
Clarence,—whom I, indeed, have laid in dark-
I do beweepe to many simple gulls; [ness,—
Namely, to Stanley, Hastings, Buckingham;
And tell them—'tis the queen and her allies.
That stir the king against the duke my brother.
Now they believe it; and withal what me
To be revenged on Rivers, Vaughan, Grey;
But then I sigh, and, with a piece of scripture,
Tell them—that God bids us do good for evil:
And thus I clothe my naked villainy
With old odd ends, stol'n forth of holy writ;
And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.

Enter Two Murderers.
But soft, here come my executioners.—
How now, my hardy, stout resolved mates?
Are you now going to despatch this thing?

1 Murd. We are, my lord; and come to
have the warrant.

That we may be admitted where he is.

Glo. Well thought upon, I have it here
about me: [Gives the Warrant.
When you have done, repair to Crosby-place.
But, sirs, be sudden in the execution,
Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead;
For Clarence is well spoken, and, perhaps
May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.

1 Murd. Tut, tut, my lord, we will not
stand to prate,

Talkers are no good dogs; be assured,
We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.

Glo. Your eyes drop mill-stones, which fools'
eyes drop tears:

I like you, lads:—about your business straight;
Go, go, despatch.

1 Murd. We will, my noble lord. [Ex.

SCENE IV. The same. A Room in the
Tower.

Enter CLARENCE and BRAKENBURY.

Brak. Why looks your grace so heavily
to-day?

1 Non. 1 Wonder. 1 Advancing.
1 Harm.

Clar. O, I have passed a miserable night,
So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,
That, as I am a christ in falshood man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days;
So full of dismal terror was the time.

Brak. What was your dream, my lord? I
pray you, tell me. [the Tower,

Clar. Methought, that I had broken from
And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy;
And, in my company, my brother Gloster,
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches; thence we look'd toward

England,
And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster
That had befall'n us. As we paced along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought, that Gloster stumbled; and, in
falling,

Struck me, that thought to stay him, over-
Into the tumbling billows of the main. [board,
O Lord! methought, what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!

What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!
Methought, I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
A thousand men, that fishes gnaw'd upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea, [holes
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and, in those
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
(As 'twere in scorn of eyes,) reflecting gems,
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep, [by.
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd

Such hideous cries, that, with the
I trembling wak'd, and, for a while
Could not believe but that I was
Such terrible impression made

Brak. No marvel, lord, thou
you!

I am afraid, methinks, to hear

Clar. O, Brakenbury, I have
things—

That now give evidence against
For Edward's sake; and, see, I
me!—

O God! if my deep prayers
But thou wilt be avenged on me!
Yet execute thy wrath on me!

O, spare my guiltless wife, and
I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay
My soul is heavy, and I fain w

Brak. I will, my lord; God
good rest!—

[*CLARENCE reposes himself*
Sorrow breaks seasons, and re
Makes the night morning, and
night.

Princes have but their titles for
An outward honour for an inward
And, for unfelt imaginations,
They often feel a world of rest
So that, between their titles, as
there's nothing differs but the

Enter the Two Murd
1 Murd. Ho! who's here!

Brak. What wouldst thou
how camest thou hither?

1 Murd. I would speak with



I back to the duke of Gloucester,
ry, I prythee, stay a little: I
humour of mine will change;
hold me but while one would

How dost thou feel thyself now?
With some certain drops of con-
science within me.
Remember our reward, when the

me, he dies; I had forgot the

here's thy conscience now?
The duke of Gloucester's purse.
When he opens his purse to give
thy conscience flies out.

Is no matter; let it go; there's
will entertain it.

But, if it come to thee again?

I'll not meddle with it, it is a

regret, it makes a man a coward; a

man, but it accuseth him; a man

but it checks him; a man can-

neighbour's wife, but it detects

aching shame-faced spirit, that

man's bosom; it fills one full of

sadness me once restore a purse of

hance I found; it beggars any

it: it is turned out of all towns

a dangerous thing; and every

one to live well, endeavours to

, and live without it.

Sounds, it is even now at my

ling me not to kill the duke.

He the devil in thy mind, and

not: he would insinuate with

like thee sigh.

I am strong-framed, he cannot

poke like a tail^d fellow, that

putation. Come, shall we fall

he him over the costard^d with

sword, and then throw him into

out, in the next room.

Excellent device! and make a

off! he wakes.

rike.

Yes, we'll reason with him.

Art thou, keeper? give me a

wine. [Lord, anon.]

Thou shall have wine enough, my

lord's name, what art thou?

Man, as you are.

Not, as I am, royal.

Or you, as we are, loyal.

Voice is thunder, but thy looks

able. [Looks mine own.]

My voice is now the king's, my

darkly, and how deadly dost

speak!

Sentence me: Why look you pale?

Whither? Wherefore do you come?

To, to, to,—

[Cler. To murder me?]

Both Murd. Ay, ay.

[Use so,
Cler. You scarcely have the hearts to kill
And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.
Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?]

1 Murd. Offended as you have not, but the
king.

Cler. I shall be reconciled to him again.

2 Murd. Never, my lord; therefore pre-
pare to die. [Of men,

Cler. Are you call'd forth from out a world
To slay the innocent? What is my offence?

Where is the evidence that doth accuse me?

What lawful quest^d have given their verdict up

Unto the frowning judge? or who pronounced

The bitter sentence of poor Clarence's death?

Before I be convict by course of law,

To threaten me with death is most unlawful.

I charge you, as you hope for any goodness,

By Christ's dear blood shed for our grievous

sins,

That you depart, and lay no hands on me;

The deed you undertake is damnable.

1 Murd. What we will do, we do upon

command. [Our king.]

2 Murd. And he, that hath commanded, is

Cler. Erroneous vassal! the great King of

kings

Hath in the table of his law commanded,

That thou shalt do no murder; Wilt thou then

Spurn at his edict, and fulfil a man's?

Take heed; for he holds vengeance in his hand,

To hurl upon their heads that break his law.

2 Murd. And that same vengeance doth he

hurl on thee,

For false forswearing, and for murder too:

Thou didst receive the sacrament, to fight

In quarrel of the house of Lancaster.

1 Murd. And, like a traitor to the name of

God, [Our blade,

Didst break that vow; and, with thy treacher-

Unrip'dst the bowels of thy sovereign's son.

2 Murd. Whom thou wast sworn to cherish

and defend. [Set law to us,

1 Murd. How canst thou urge God's dread-

When thou hast broke it in such dear degree?

Cler. Alas! for whose sake did I that ill

deed?

For Edward, for my brother, for his sake:

He sends you not to murder me for this;

For in that sin he is as deep as I.

If God will be avenged for the deed,

O, know you, that he doth it publicly;

Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm;

He needs no indirect nor lawless course,

To cut off those that have offended him.

1 Murd. Who made thee then a bloody

minister,

When gallant-springing, brave Plantagenet,

That princely novice^d, was struck dead by thee?

Cler. My brother's love, the devil, and my

rage. [Thy fault,

1 Murd. Thy brother's love, our duty, and

Provokes us hither now to slaughter thee.

Cler. If you do love my brother, hate not

I am his brother, and I love him well. [Use,

Clar. Tell him, when that our princely
father York
Bless'd his three sons with his victorious arm,
And charged us from his soul to love each other,
He little thought of this divided friendship:
Bid Gloster think on this, and he will weep.

1 Murd. Ay, mill-stones; as he lesson'd us
to weep.

Clar. O, do not slander him, for he is kind.

1 Murd. Right, as snow in harvest.—Come,
you deceive yourself;

'Tis he that sends us to destroy you here.

Clar. It cannot be; for he bewept my for-
tune,

And hug'd me in his arms, and swore, with
That he would labour my delivery. [you

1 Murd. Why, so he doth, when he delivers
From this earth's thralldom to the joys of
heaven. [must die, my lord.

2 Murd. Make peace with God, for you

Clar. Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soul,
To counsel me to make my peace with God,

And art thou yet to thy own soul so blind,
That thou wilt war with God, by murdering

Ah, sirs, consider, he, that set you on [me f—
To do this deed, will hate you for the deed.

2 Murd. What shall we do?

O, if mine eye be not a bat
Come thou on my side, and
As you would beg, were y

A begging prince what beg

2 Murd. Look behind y

1 Murd. Take that, and
not do,

I'll drown you in the main [4

2 Murd. A bloody deed
despatch'd!

How fain, like Pilate, wou
Of this most grievous guilty

Re-enter first

1 Murd. How now? v
that thou help'st me

By heaven, the duke sh
you have been.

2 Murd. I would he kne
Take thou the fee, and tell

For I repent me that the d

1 Murd. So do not I;
Well, I'll go hide the body

Till that the duke give orde
And when I have my mee
For this will out, and then

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The same. A Room in the
Palace.*

*Enter King EDWARD, (led in sick,) Queen
ELIZABETH, DORSET, RIVERS, HASTINGS,
BUCKINGHAM, GREY, and Others.*

K. Edw. Why, so:—now have I done a
good day's work;—

You peers, continue this united league:

Riv. And I, as I love
heart!

K. Edw. Madam, yours
Nor your son Dorset,—Be

You have been factious or
Wife, love lord Hastings

And what you do, do it us

Q. Eliz. There, Hasti
more remember



KING RICHARD III.

627

from, and full of guile;
to I beg of heaven,
ere, to you, or years.
Showering Rivers, &c.
g cordial, princely Back-

my sickly heart.
my brother Gloucester here,
period of this peace.
id time, here comes the

GLOSTER.
to my sovereign king.

a happy time of day!
Indeed, as we have spent

in deeds of charity;
y, fair love of hate,
ng wrong-incensed peers.
our, my most sovereign

heap, if any here,
or wrong surmise,

my rage,
id that is hardly borne
ice, I desire
friendly peace:
e at enmity;
all good men's love.—
at true peace of you,
hase with my dutious

ousin Buckingham,
ere lodged between us;—
and, lord Grey, of you,—
t have frown'd on me;
entlemen; indeed, of all.
nglishman alive,
is any jot at odds,
that is born to-night;
my humility. [after.—
y shall this be kept here—
strifes were well com-

do beseech your highness
Clarence to your grace.
I, have I offer'd love for
is royal presence? [this,
the gentle duke is dead?
[They all start.

scorn his corse.
rws not he is dead! who
[this!

heaven, what a world is
pale, lord Dorset, as the
[presence,
lord; and no man in the
th forsook his cheeks.
ices dead? the order was

[died,
man, by your first order
ercury did bear;
ore the countermand,
see him buried:—
less noble, and less loyal,
ghs, and not in blood,

Deserve not worse than wretched Clarence did,
And yet go current from suspicion.

Enter STANLEY.

State. A boon my sovereign, for my service
done! [of sorrow.

K. Edw. I pry thee, peace; my soul is full
Stan. I will not rise, unless your highness
hear me. [repeated.

K. Edw. Then say at once, what is it thou
Stan. The forfeit, sovereign, of my servant's
Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman, [life;
Lately attendant on the duke of Norfolk.

K. Edw. Have I a tongue to deem my
brother's death,

And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave?
My brother kill'd no man, his fault was thought,
And yet his punishment was bitter death,
Who sued to me for him? who, in my wrath,
Kneel'd at my feet, and bade me be advised?
Who spoke of brotherhood? who spoke of
love?

Who told me, how the poor soul did forsake
The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me?
Who told me, in the field at Tewkesbury,
When Oxford had me down, he rescued me,
And said, *Dear brother, live, and be a king?*
Who told me, when we both lay in the field,
Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me
Even in his garments; and did give himself,
All thin and naked, to the numb-cold night?
All this from my remembrance brutish wrath
Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you
Had so much grace to put it in my mind.
But when your quarters, or your waiting-vassals,
Have done a drunken slaughter, and defaced
The precious image of our dear Redeemer,
You straight are on your knees for pardon,
pardon;

And I, unjustly too, must grant it you?—
But for my brother, not a man would speak,
Nor I (ungracious) speak unto myself
For him, poor soul.—The proudest of you all
Have been beholden to him in his life;
Yet none of you would once plead for his life.
O God! I fear, thy justice will take hold
On me, and you, and mine, and yours, for this.
Come, Hastings, help me to my closet. O,
Poor Clarence!

[Exeunt King, Queen, Hastings,
Rivers, Dorset, and Grey.

Glo. This is the fruit of rashness!—Marked
you not,
How that the guilty kindred of the queen
Looked pale, when they did hear of Clarence'
death?

O! they did urge it still unto the king:
God will revenge it. Come, lords; will you go,
To comfort Edward with our company?

Buck. We wait upon your grace. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. The same.

Enter the Duchess of York, with a Son and
Daughter of Clarence.

Son. Good grandmother, will you, & our father
Duch. No, boy. [Exit Son.]

Daugh. Why do you weep so oft and look
your brow?

And cry—O Clarence, my unhappy son!

Son. Why do you look on us, and shake
Your heads?

Ans. You are ciphers, wretches, cast-aways,
I that our mother father be alive! both;

Duch. My pretty cousins, you mistake me
I do lament the sickness of the king,
As loath to lose him, not your father's death;
It were lost sorrow, to wail one that's lost.

Son. Then, grandam, you conclude that he
is dead.

The king my uncle is to blame for this:
God will revenge it; whom I will importune
With earnest prayers all to that effect.

Daugh. And so will I.

Duch. Peace, children, peace! the king
doth love you well:

Incapable and shallow innocents,
You cannot guess who caused your father's
death.

Son. Grandam, we can: for my good uncle
Told me, the king, provoked to't by the queen,
Devised impeachments to imprison him:

And when my uncle told me so, he wept,
And pitied me, and kindly kiss'd my cheek;

Bade me rely on him, as on my father,
And he would love me dearly as his child.

Duch. Ah, that deceit should steal such
gentle shapes,

And with a virtuous visor hide deep vice!

He is my son, ay, and therein my shame,

Yet from my hugs he drew not this deceit.

Son. Think you, my uncle did dissemble.

Duch. Ay, boy.

[grandam?]

Clarence, and Edward. O, what
(Thine being but a moiety of my)

To overgo thy plaints, and drown
Son. Ah, aunt! you wept not for

death;

How can we aid you with our li

Daugh. Our fatherless distress
moan'd,

Your widow-dolour likewise be

Q. Eliz. Give me no help in l

I am not barren to bring forth in

All springs reduce their currents

That I, being govern'd by the w

May send forth plenteous tears

world!

Ah, for my husband, for my dear

Chil. Ah, for our father, for

Clarence!

Duch. Alas, for both, both n

Q. Eliz. What stay had I, but

he's gone.

Chil. What stay had we, but

Duch. What stays had I, b

they are gone.

Q. Eliz. Was never widow

Chil. Were never orphans, had

Duch. Was never mother had

Alas! I am the mother of these,

Their woes are parcell'd t, mine

Sae for an Edward weeps, and t

I for a Clarence weep, so doth t

These babes for Clarence weep,

I for an Edward weep, so do

Mark. You cloudy princes, and heart-sor-
rowing peers,
Bear this mutual heavy load of moan,
Show each other in each other's love:
We have spent our harvest of this king,
And to reap the harvest of his son.

Mark. The ransom of your high-swain hearts,
Safely spited, knit, and join'd together,
Must be preserved, cherish'd, and kept:
Smooth good, that, with some little train,
Fetch from Ladow the young prince be-
stow'd

To London, to be crown'd our king.
Why with some little train, my lord of
Buckingham?

Mark. Marry, my lord, lest by a multitude,
New-heard wound of malice should break
out;

It would be so much the more dangerous,
How much the estate is green, and yet un-
govern'd:

For every horse bears his commanding reins,
May direct his course as please himself,
And the fear of harm, as harm apparent,
Of opinion, ought to be prevented. [of us;
I hope the king made peace with all
The compact is firm, and true, in me.

Mark. And so in me; and so, I think, in all:
Since it is but green, it should be put
To apparent likelihood of breach, [urged:
Haply, by much company might be
Before I say, with noble Buckingham,
It is meet so few should fetch the prince.
Mark. And so say I.

Mark. Then be it so; and go we to determine
They shall be that straight shall post to
Ladow.

Mark.—and you, my mother,—will you go
To your censures in this weighty business?
[**Exeunt all but BUCKINGHAM and**

GLOSTER. [prince,
Mark. My lord, whoever journeys to the
Duke's sake, let not us two stay at home:
By the way, I'll sort occasion,

Next to the story we late talk'd of, [prince.
But the queen's proud kindred from the
In. My other self, my counsel's constatory,
Hence, my prophet!—My dear cousin,
A child, will go by thy direction.
And Ladow then, for we'll not stay be-
hind. [**Exeunt.**

SCENE III. The same. A Street.
Enter two Citizens, meeting.

Cit. Good morrow, neighbour: Whither
away so fast? [self:

Cit. I promise you, I scarcely know my-
self the news abroad?

Cit. Yes; the king's dead.
Cit. Ill news, by'r lady; seldom comes the
better:

Cit. I fear, 'twill prove a giddy world.
Enter another Citizen.

Cit. Neighbours, God speed!
Cit. Give you good morrow, sir.
Cit. Doth the news hold of good king Ed-
ward's death?

2 Cit. Ay, sir, it is too true; God help, the
while!

2 Cit. Then, masters, look to see a troublous
world. [shall reign.

1 Cit. No, no; by God's good grace, his son

2 Cit. Woe to that land, that's govern'd by
a child!

2 Cit. In him there is a hope of government;
That, in his monage, council under him,]

And, in his full and ripen'd years, himself,
No doubt, shall then, and till then, govern well.

1 Cit. So stood the state, when Henry the
sixth

Was crown'd in Paris but at nine months old.

2 Cit. Stood the state so? no, no, good
friends, God wot;

For then this land was famously enrich'd
With politic grave counsel; then the king
Had virtuous uncles to protect his grace.

1 Cit. Why, so hath this, both by his father
and mother. [father;

2 Cit. Better it were they all came by his
Or, by his father, there were none at all:

For emulation now, who shall be nearest,
Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.

O, full of danger is the Duke of Gloster;
And the queen's sons, and brothers, haught and
proud:

And were they to be ruled, and not to rule,
This sickly land might solace as before.

1 Cit. Come, come, we fear the worst; all
will be well. [on their cloaks;

2 Cit. When clouds are seen wise men put
When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand;

When the sun sets, who doth not look for night?
Untimely storms make men expect a dearth:

All may be well; but, if God sort it so,
'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect. [fear:

2 Cit. Truly, the hearts of men are full of
You cannot reason; almost with a man

That looks not heavily, and full of dread. [so:

2 Cit. Before the days of change, still is it
By a divine instinct, men's minds mistrust

Rising danger; as, by proof, we see
The water swell before a bolst'rous storm.

But leave it all to God! Whither away?
2 Cit. Marry, we were sent for to the justices.

2 Cit. And so was I; I'll bear you company.
[**Exeunt.**

**SCENE IV. The same. A Room in the
Palace.**

**Enter the Archbishop of York, the young
Duke of York, Queen ELIZABETH, and the
Duchess of York.**

Arch. Last night, I heard, they lay at Stony-
Stratford;

And at Northampton they do rest to-night:
To-morrow, or next day, they will be here.

Duch. I long with all my heart to see the
prince;

I hope, he is much grown since last I saw him.
Q. Eliz. But I hear, no; they say, my son of

Hath almost overtaken him in his growth. [York
York. Ay, mother, but I would not have it so.

Duch. Why, my young cousin; it is good to
grow.

York. Come, then, one night, as we did sit at supper.

Mess. Lord Rivers told how I did grow.

Mess. That day together; My quoth my uncle

Quoth, *poor creature*

Small he is, yet great he needs no ground

For such chances, I would not grow so fast,

For these sweet flowers are slow, and weeds

Grow so fast. *poor creature* I did not hold

Duch. God bless the good fifth, the saying

Is that did set thee free to thee:

He was the witch that flatter'd, when he was

young, and growing, and so fast to grow, *young*

And, if his words were true, he should be great

Madam. *poor creature*

Duch. And so, no doubt he is, my gracious

Duch. He speaks as; but yet let mothers

dear be'd, *poor creature*

York. Now, by my mother, if I had been re-

I could have given him more than a flout,

To tell him more than he touch'd

me hear it. *poor creature*

Duch. How, my dear York? I pray thee let

York. My uncle says, my uncle grew so

fast,

I at the age of two years old;

I was not two years old, I could get a tooth.

Great lord, that we have been a laughing jest.

Duch. I pray thee, pretty York, who told

York. Grandam, his nurse. *poor creature* (thou this?)

Duch. His nurse? why, she was dead ere

thou wast born. *poor creature* (told me.)

York. If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who

Mess. Well, madam, and in health

Duch. *poor creature* What is it?

Mess. Lord Rivers, and lord Grey

to Pontefract.

With them sir Thomas Vaughan, &

Duch. Who hath committed the

Mess. *poor creature* The mis-

Gloster and Buckingham.

Q. Eliz. *poor creature* For what?

Mess. The sum of all I can, I have

Why, or for what, the nobles were;

Is all unknown to me, my gracious

Q. Eliz. Ah me, I see the ruin of

The tiger now hath seized the gentle

Insulting tyranny begins to jut

Upon the innocent and aweless throne

Welcome, destruction, blood, and

I see, as in a map, the end of all.

Duch. Accursed and unquiet war

How many of you have mine eyes

My husband lost his life to get the

And often up and down my sons

For me to joy and weep their gain

And being seated, and domestic be

Clean over-blown, themselves, the

Make war upon themselves; brothe

Blood to blood, self 'gainst self:

terous

And frantic courage, end thy dam

Or let me die, to look on death no

Q. Eliz. Come, come, my boy,

sanctuary.—

Madam, farewell.



Is come, my lord : What, with our
come ! [not I,
what occasion, God he knows,
another, and your brother York,
military : the tender prince
we come with me to meet your

that was perforce withheld
what an indirect and peevish

! Lord cardinal, will your grace
king to send the duke of York
my brother presently ?
lord Hastings, go with him,
jealous arms pluck him perforce.
and of Buckingham, if my weak

another with the duke of York,
am here : But if she be obdurate
then, God in heaven forbid
ring the holy privilege
ctuary ! not for all this land,
titty of so deep a sin.

are too senseless-obstinate, my
us, and traditional : [lord,
with the grossness of this age,
sanctuary in seizing him.

proof is always granted [place,
se dealings have deserved the
have the wit to claim the place :
ath neither claim'd it, nor det ;

in mine opinion, cannot have it :
m from thence, that is not there,
privilege nor charter there.

rd of sanctuary men ;
children ne'er till now. [for once.
rd, you shall o'er-rule my mind
Hastings, will you go with me ?
my lord.

od lords, make all the speedy
a may.

cardinal and HASTINGS.
ster, if our brother come,
e sojourn till our coronation ?

it seems best unto your royal
el you, some day, or two, [self.
shall repose you at the Tower :
a please, and shall be thought

health and recreation. [place :
o not like the Tower, of any
sar build that place, my lord ?
my gracious lord, begin that

succeeding ages have re-edified.
t upon record, or else reported
om age to age he built it ?
a record, my gracious lord.

t say, my lord, it were not re-
; [age,

truth should live from age to
it'd to all posterity,
neral all-ending day.

re so young, they say, do ne'er
; [Aside.

Prince. What say you, uncle ?

Glo. I say, without characters, some lives
long.

Then, like the formal vice, Iniquity, }
I moralize two meanings in one word. } [Aside.

Prince. That Julius Caesar was a famous
With what his valour did enrich his wit, [man ;
His wit set down to make his valour live :
Death makes no conquest of this conqueror ;
For now he lives in fame, though not in life.

I'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham.—

Buck. What, my gracious lord ?

Prince. As if I live until I be a man,
I'll win our ancient right in France again,
Or die a soldier, as I lived a king.

Glo. Short summers lightly have a for-
ward spring. [Aside.

Enter YORK, HASTINGS, and the Cardinal.

Buck. Now, in good time, here comes the
duke of York. [leaving brother ?

Prince. Richard of York ! how fares our
York. Well, my dread lord ; so I must call
you now. [you're :

Prince. Ay, brother, to our grief, as it is
Too late ! he died, that might have kept that
title,

Which by his death hath lost much majesty.

Glo. How fares our cousin, noble lord of
York ? [lord,

York. I thank you, gentle uncle. O, my
You said, that idle weeds are fast in growth :

The prince my brother hath outgrown me fast.
Glo. He hath, my lord.

York. And therefore is he idle ?

Glo. O, my fair cousin, I must not say so.

York. Then is he more beholden to you
than I.

Glo. He may command me as my sovereign ;
But you have power in me, as in a kinsman.

York. I pray you, uncle, then, give me this
dagger. [heart.

Glo. My dagger, little cousin ? with all my

Prince. A beggar, brother ? [give ;

York. Of my kind uncle, that I know will
And, being but a toy, which is no grief to give ;

Glo. A greater gift than that I'll give my
cousin. [it ?

York. A greater gift ! O, that's the sword to

Glo. Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.

York. O then, I see, you'll part but with
light gifts ;

In weightier things you'll say a beggar, nay.
Glo. It is too weighty for your grace to wear.

York. I weigh it lightly were it heavier.

Glo. What, would you have my weapon,
little lord ? [you call me.

York. I would, that I might thank you as

Glo. How ?

York. Little. [talk :-

Prince. My lord of York will still be cross in
Uncle, your grace knows how to bear with him.

York. You mean to hear me, not to hear
with me :—

Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me ;
Because that I am little, like a weep, [shoulders.
He thinks that you should bear me on your

Vice, the balloon in the old plays.

to Sonnetto.

Lately.

Buck. With what a sharp-provided wit he reasons!

To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle,
He prettily and aptly taunts himself:
So cunning, and so young, is wonderful.

Glo. My gracious lord, will't please you
pass along?

Myself, and my good cousin Buckingham,
Will to your mother, to entreat of her
To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.

York. What, will you go unto the Tower,
my lord? [it so.]

Prince. My lord protector needs will have
York. I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.

Glo. Why, sir, what should you fear?

York. Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry
ghost;

My grandam told me he was murder'd there.

Prince. I fear no uncles dead.

Glo. Nor none that live, I hope.

Prince. And if they live, I hope I need not
fear.

But come, my lord, and, with a heavy heart,
Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.

[*Exeunt Prince, YORK, HASTINGS, Car-*
dinal, and Attendants.]

Buck. Think you, my lord, this little prating
Was not incensed * by his subtle mother, [York
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?

Glo. No doubt, no doubt: O, 'tis a parlous
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable; [boy;
He's all the mother's, from the top to toe.

Buck. Well, let them rest,—

Buck. Good Catesby, go, af-
ness soundly.

Cate. My good lords both, with

Glo. Shall we hear from you,

Cate. You shall, my lord.

Glo. At Crosby-place, there's
us both. [Exit Catesby.]

Buck. Now, my lord, what do
we perceive

Lord Hastings will not yield to

Glo. Chop off his head, man
we will do:—

And, look, when I am king, claim
The earldom of Hereford, and all

Whereof the king my brother will

Buck. I'll claim that promise
hand.

Glo. And look to have it yet

Come, let us sup betimes; that

We may digest our complements

SCENE II. Before Lord Hastings

Enter a Messenger

Mess. My lord, my lord!

Hast. [Within.] What?

Mess. One from

Hast. [Within.] What is't of?

Mess. Upon the stroke of four

Enter HASTINGS

Hast. Cannot thy master sleep
nights?

Mess. So it should seem, by

*Enter CATSBY.*

my good morrows to my noble lord!
 good morrow, Catesby; you are early
 long;

[*Starts.*]
 a, what news, in this our tottering
 in a reeling world, indeed, my lord;
 leave, will never stand upright,
 I wear the garland of the realm.
 low! wear the garland! dost thou
 y, my good lord. [mean the crown?]
 I have this crown of mine cut from
 shoulders,

see the crown so foul misplaced.
 thou guess that he doth aim at it?
 y, on my life; and hopes to find
 forward

warty, for the gain thereof: [news,—
 upon, he sends you this good
 news very day, your enemies,
 al of the queen, must die at Pomfret.
 Indeed, I am no mourner for that

as,
 ay have been still my adversaries:
 'I give my voice on Richard's side,
 master's heirs in true descent,
 as, I will not do it, to the death.

od keep your lordship in that gra-
 mind! [month hence,
 But I shall laugh at this a twelve-
 who brought me in my master's hate,
 ok upon their tragedy.

esby, ere a fortnight make me older,
 me pe king, that yet think not 'a't.
 Is a v thing to die, my gracious

are unprepared, and look not for it.
 monstrous, monstrous! and so falls
 at [do

as, Vaughan, and Grey: and so 'twill
 men else, who think themselves as
 I; who, as thou know'st, are dear
 ly Richard, and to Buckingham.

he princes both make high account
 'on,—
 account his head upon the bridge.

[*Aside.*
 I know they do; and I have well
 craved it.

Enter STANLEY.

come on, where is your boar-spear,
 at
 the boar, and go so unprovided?
 My lord, good-morrow; and good
 row, Catesby:—

Just on, but, by the holy rood*,
 like these several councils, I.

My lord, I hold my life as dear as
 r, in my life, I do protest, [yours;
 re precious to me than 'tis now:

I, but that I know our state secure,
 e so triumphant as I am?

he lords at Pomfret, when they rode
 in London, [sure,
 and, and supposed their states were
 indeed, had no cause to mistrust;

But yet, you see, how soon the day e'er-cast.
 This sudden stab of rancour I misdoubt;

Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward!
 What, shall we toward the Tower? the day is

spent. [you what, my lord?

Hast. Come, come, have with you.—Wot't
 To-day, the lords you talk of are beheaded.

Stan. They, for their truth, might better
 wear their heads,

Than some, that have accused them, wear their
 But come, my lord, let's away. [hats.

Enter a Pursuivant.

Hast. Go on before, I'll talk to this good
 fellow. [*Exeunt STAN. and CATSBY.*

How now, sirrah? how goes the world with
 thee? [to ask

Purs. The better, that your lordship please

Hast. I tell thee, man, 'tis better with me
 now, [meet:

Than when thou met'st me last where now we
 Then I was going prisoner to the Tower,

By the suggestion of the queen's allies;
 But now I tell thee, (keep it to thyself.)

This day those enemies are put to death,

And I in better state than e'er I was. [content!

Purs. God hold it, to your honour's good

Hast. Gramercy, fellow! There, drink that
 for me. [*Throwing him his purse.*

Purs. I thank your honour.

*[Exit Pursuivant.]**Enter a Priest.*

Pr. Well met, my lord; I am glad to see
 your honour. [my heart.

Hast. I thank thee, good sir John, with all
 I am in your debt for your last exercise;

Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buck. What, talking with a priest, lord
 chamberlain? [priest;

Your friends at Pomfret, they do need the
 Your honour hath no shriving; work in hand.

Hast. Good faith, and when I met this holy
 man,

The men you talk of came into my mind.
 What, go you toward the Tower? [there:

Buck. I do, my lord; but long I cannot stay
 I shall return before your lordship thence.

Hast. Nay, like enough, for I stay dinner
 there.

Buck. And supper too, although thou
 know'st it not. [*Aside.*

Come, will you go?

Hast. I'll wait upon your lordship.
 [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Pomfret. *Before the Castle.*

*Enter RATCLIFF, with a guard, conducting
 RIVERS, GRAY, and VAUGHAN, to execution.*

Rat. Come, bring forth the prisoners.

Riv. Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee
 To-day shalt thou behold a subject die, [this,—

For truth, for duty, and for loyalty. [of you!

Gray. God keep the princes from all the pack
 A knot you are of damned blood-suckers.

* Cross.

† Know,

; Confusion.

Edw. 4. You live that shal cry woe for this
to matter.

R. 2. Despatch; the limit of your lives is
lost. O Pontreux, Pontreux! O thou bloody
Fate, out of this prison pierce! [prison,
Within the guilty conscience of my walls,
I heard the sound, there was knock'd to death:
And for to be shap'd to thy dismal seat,
We have been upon a less blood to drink.

Edw. 4. Now Mortimer's curse is fallen upon
you both.

Why should I curse you? You Hastings, you, and I,
To stand on thy wrongs and to stifle her son.

R. 2. Then curs'd she Hastings, then curs'd
she Buckingham,

Then curs'd she Richard:—O, remember, God,
To hear her prayers for them, as now for us!
And for my sister, and her princely sons,—
Be satisfied, dear God, with our true bloods,
Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt!

But. Make haste, the hour of death is ex-
pate.

Ely. Come, Grey,—come, Vaughan,—let us
Farewell, until we meet again in heaven.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. London. A Room in the Tower.

BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, the
Bishop of Ely, CATESBY, LOVEL, and
Others, sitting at a Table: Officers of the
Council attending.

Hast. Now, noble peers, the cause why we
Is to determine of the coronation: [are met

I mean, your voice,—for crowning of th
Glo. Than my lord Hastings, no m
be holder;

His lordship knows me well, and he
My lord of Ely, when I was last in his
I saw good strawberries in your garden
I do beseech you send for some of them
Ely. Marry, and will, my lord, with
heart.

Glo. Cousin of Buckingham, a ve
you.

[*Takes his*
Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our b
And finds the testy gentleman so hot,

That he will lose his head, ere give us
His master's child, as worshipfully he
Shall lose the royalty of England's th
Buck. Withdraw yourself awhile
with you.

[*Exeunt GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM.*
Stan. We have not yet set down a
triumph.

To-morrow, in my judgment, is too
For I myself am not so well provided
As else I would be, were the day pro

Re-enter Bishop of Ely.

Ely. Where is my lord protector
For these strawberries.

Hast. His grace looks cheerfully at
this morning;

There's some conceit of or other like
When he doth bid good morrow to
spirit.

I think, there's ne'er a man in Chri



line until I see the man.—
Catesby, look that it be done;
it love me, rise, and follow me.
And Council, with GLOSTER and
BUCKINGHAM.

For, woe, for England! not a whit
me;

load*, might have prevented this:
dreams the Bear did raise his helm;
he'd it, and did seem to fly.

to-day my foot-cloth horse did
ble,

d, when he look'd upon the Tower,
hear me to the slaughter-house.

rant the priest that spake to me:
me I told the perjurant,

upping, how mine enemies,
Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,

ed secure in grace and favour.
st, Margaret, now thy heavy curse

a poor Hastings' wretched head.
despatch, my lord, the duke would

at dinner;
rt shrift, he longs to see your head.

momentary grace of mortal men,
more hunt for than the grace of

his hope in air of your fair looks,
a drunken sailor on a mast;

th every nod, to tumble down
al bowels of the deep.

me, come, despatch; 'tis bootless
claim. [land]

bloody Richard!—miserable Eng-
the fearfull'st time to thee,

wretched age hath look'd upon.—
me to the block, bear him my head;

at me, who shortly shall be dead.
[Exeunt.]

* The same. The Tower-walls.

OSTER and BUCKINGHAM, in
mour, marvellous ill-favoured.

me, cousin, canst thou quake, and
ge thy colour?

breath in middle of a word,—
gain begin, and stop again,

wert distraught, and mad with
w? [gedian]

ut, I can counterfeit the deep tra-
look back, and pry on every side,

ad start at wagging of a straw,
deep suspicion: ghastly looks

service, like enforced smiles;
re ready in their offices,

e, to grace my stratagems,
is Catesby gone? [along]

le; and see, he brings the mayor
As Lord Mayor and CATESBY.

et me alone to entertain him.—
I mayor,—

ok to the draw-bridge there.
Hark, hark! a drum.

laby, o'erlook the walls.
ord mayor, the reason we have sent

on.—

Glo. Look back, defend thee, here are ene-
mies.

Buck. God and our innocence defend and
guard us!

Enter LOVEL and RATCLIFF, with
HASTINGS's head.

Glo. Be patient; they are friends; Ratcliff,
and Lovel.

Lov. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.

Glo. So dear I loved the man, that I must
weep.

I took him for the plainest harmless't creature,
That breathed upon the earth a christian;

Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded
The history of all her secret thoughts:

So smooth he dash'd his vice with show of
virtue,

That, his apparent open guilt omitted,—
I mean, his conversation with Shore's wife,—

He lived from all attainder of suspect.
Buck. Well, well, he was the chancier's

shelter'd traitor
That ever lived.—Look you, my lord mayor,

Would you imagine, or almost believe,
(Wer't not, that by great preservation

We live to tell it you,) the subtle traitor
This day had plotted in the council-house;

To murder me, and my good lord of Gloster?
May. What! had he so? [doh!]

Glo. What! think you we are Turks, or infi-
Or that we would, against the form of law,

Proceed thus rashly in the villain's death;
But that the extreme peril of the case,

The peace of England, and our persons' safety,
Enforced us to this execution?

May. Now, fair befall you! he deserved his
death: [ceded]

And your good graces both have well pro-
To warn false traitors from the like attempts.

I never look'd for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with mistress Shore.

Buck. Yet had we not determined he should
die,

Until your lordship came to see his end;
Which now the loving haste of these our

friends, [ed]:
Somewhat against our meaning, hath prevent-

Because, my lord, we would have had you
heard

The traitor speak, and timorously confess
The manner and the purpose of his treasons;

That you might well have signified the same
Unto the citizens, who, haply, may

Misconstrue us in him, and wall his death.
May. But, my good lord, your grace's word

shall serve,
As well as I had seen, and heard him speak:

And do not doubt, right noble princes both,
But I'll acquaint our dutieous citizens

With all your just proceedings in this case.
Glo. And to that end we wish'd your lord-

ship here,
To avoid the censures of the carking world.

Buck. But since you came too late of our
intent,

Yet witness what you hear we did intend:
And so, my good and mayor, we bid farewell.
[Exit Lord Mayor.]

Glo. Go after, after, cousin Buckingham.
The mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all
post:—

There, at your meetest vantage of the time,
Infer the bastardy of Edward's children:
Tell them, how Edward put to death a citizen,
Only for saying—he would make his son
Heir to the Crown, meaning, indeed, his house,
Which, by the sign thereof was termed so.
Moreover, urge his hateful luxury,
And bestial appetite in change of lost;
Which stretch'd unto their servants, daugh-

ters, wives,
Even where his raging eye, or savage heart,
Without control, list'd to make his prey.
Nay, for a need, thus far come near my per-
son:—

[child
Tell them, when that my mother went with
Of that insatiate Edward, noble York,
My princely father, then had wars in France;
And, by just computation of the time,
Found, that the issue was not his begot;
Which well appeared in his lineaments,
Being nothing like the noble duke my father:
Yet touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off;
Because, my lord, you know, my mother lives.

Buck. Doubt not, my lord; I'll play the
orator,
As if the golden fee, for which I plead,
Were for myself; and so, my lord, adieu.

Glo. If you three will, bring them to me.

That cannot see this palpable devil
Yet who so bold, but says—he sees
Bad is the world; and all will come
When such bad dealing must be seen

SCENE VII. *The same. Court of
Castle.*

Enter GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM.

Glo. How now, how now! what
citizens?

Buck. Now by the holy mother—
The citizens are mad, say not a word.

Glo. Touch'd you the bastardy of
children?

Buck. I did; with his contract
And his contract by deputy in France
The insatiate greediness of his dead
And his enforcement of the city with
His tyranny for trifles; his own ba-
As being got, your father then in France
And his resemblance, being not like
Withal, I did infer your lineament
Being the right idea of your father
Both in your form and nobleness
Laid open all your victories in France
Your discipline in war, wisdom in
Your bounty, virtue, fair humility
Indeed, left nothing, fitting for you
Untouch'd, or slightly handled, in
And, when my oratory grew to an
I bade them, that did love their country
Cry—*God save Richard, England's*
Glo. And did they not?



Stand between two churches, good my lord;

What good I'll make a holy descent:
What easily won to our requests; (it
The maid's part, still answer may, and take
Go; and if you plead as well for them,
On my way to thee for myself,
We'll bring it to a happy issue.

Go, go, up to the leads; the lord
Shall ever knock. [Exit GLOSTER.

The Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and
Citizens.

My lord; I dance attendance here;
The duke will not be spoke withal.—
Enter, from the Castle, CATESBY.

Catesby! what says your lord to my re-
quest? [Lord,

His doth entreat your grace, my noble
Shall to-morrow, or next day:

With two right reverend fathers,
To best to meditation;

The worldly suit would he be moved,
To turn him from his holy exercise. [duke;

Return, good Catesby, to the gracious
The, myself, the mayor and aldermen,

The designs, in matter of great moment,
The importing than our general good,

Shall to have some conference with his
Grace.

He'll signify so much unto him straight.
[Exit.

Ah, ha, my lord, this prince is not an
Toll on a lewd day-bed*, [Edward!

On his knees at meditation;
Sitting with a brace of courtizans,

Meditating with two deep divines;
Sleeping, to engross† his idle body,

Sleeping, to enrich his watchful soul:
If we were England, would this virtuous

Shall himself the sovereignty thereof; [prince
Hence, I fear, we shall ne'er win him to it.

Marry, God defend, his grace should
Say as nay! [again;—

He. I fear he will: Here Catesby comes
Re-enter CATESBY.

Catesby, what says his grace? [sembled
He. He wonders to what end you have as-

troops of citizens to come to him,
Grace not being warn'd thereof before,

My lord, you mean no good to him.
He. Sorry I am, my noble cousin should

Meet me, that I mean no good to him:
Hence, we come to him in perfect love;

Shall once more return and tell his grace.
[Exit CATESBY.

My holy and devout religious men.
At their beads, 'tis hard to draw them

From their zealous contemplation. [thence;
Enter GLOSTER, in a Gallery above, between

Two Bishops. CATESBY returns.
He. See, where his grace stands 'tween two

clergymen! [prince,
He. Two props of virtue for a christian

Shall him from the fall of vanity:
He. See, a book of prayer in his hand;

Comments to know a holy man.—

Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince,
Lend favourable ear to our requests;

And pardon us the interruption
Of thy devotion, and right christian zeal.

Glo. My lord, there needs no such apology;
I rather do beseech you pardon me,

Who, earnest in the service of my God,
Neglect the visitation of my friends.

But, leaving this, what is your grace's pleasure?
Buck. Even that, I hope, which pleaseth

God above,
And all good men of this ungovern'd isle.

Glo. I do suspect I have done some offence,
That seems disgracious in the city's eye;

And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.
Buck. You have, my lord; Would it might

please your grace,
On our entreaties to amend your fault!

Glo. Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian
land?

Buck. Know, then, it is your fault, that you
reign

The supreme seat, the throne majestic,
The sceptred office of your ancestors,

Your state of fortune, and your due of birth,
The lineal glory of your royal house,

To the corruption of a blemish'd stock:
Whilst, in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts,

(Which here we waken to our country's good,)
The noble isle doth want her proper limbs;

Her face defaced with scars of infamy,
Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants,

And almost shouler'd‡ in the swallowing gulf
Of dark forgetfulness and deep oblivion.

Which to recure§, we heartily solicit
Your gracious self to take on you the charge

And kingly government of this your land:
Not as protector, steward, substitute,

Or lowly factor for another's gain:
But as successively, from blood to blood,

Your right of birth, your empery, your own.
For this, consorted with the citizens,

Your very worshipful and loving friends,
And by their vehement instigation,

In this just suit come I to move your grace.
Glo. I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,

Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,
Best fitteth my degree, or your condition:

If, not to answer,—you might haply think,
Tongue-tied ambition, not replying, yielded

To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty,
Which fondly you would here impose on me;

If to reprove you for this suit of yours,
So season'd with your faithful love to me,

Then, on the other side, I check'd my friends.
Therefore,—to speak, and to avoid the first;

And, then in speaking, not to incur the last,—
Definitively thus I answer you.

Your love deserves my thanks; but my desert
Unmeritable, shuns your high request.

First, if all obstacles were cut away,
And that my path were even to the crown,

As the ripe revenue and due of birth;
Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,

So mighty, and so many, my defects, [nam,—
That I would rather hide me from my great.

* A couch.

† Fatten.

‡ Thrust into.

§ Recover.

| Empery.

Plunge a sword to break no mighty sea,—
 That your own eyes may revel to be hid,
 And in the view of my glory smother'd.
 But, God be true, there is no need of me;
 (And may I live to see you, it need were;)—
 For you are the emperor's royal son;
 When I am old, I'll bestow hours of time,
 Well worn, to counsel you in modesty,
 And make you worthy to supply his reign.
 Obedience may I wish to lay on me,
 For my own sake, and my happy stars;—
 Which, God be true, that I shall wrong from
 your grace;

Re-enter Duke of Gloucester, with a paper.
 But this respects the conscience and trivial,
 All circumstances well considered.
 You say that Edward is your brother's son;
 So say we too, but not by Edward's wife:
 For first he was contract to lady Lucy,
 Your mother lives a witness to his vow;
 And afterwards by substitute betroth'd
 To Bona, sister to the king of France.
 These both put by, a poor petitioner,
 A care-crazed mother to a many sons,
 A beauty-waning and distressed widow,
 Even in the afternoon of her best days,
 Made prize and purchase of his wanton eye,
 Seduced the pitch and height of all his thoughts
 To base declension and loath'd bigamy:
 By her, in his unlawful bed, he got [prince.
 This Edward, whom our manners call—the
 More bitterly could I expostulate,
 Save that, for reverence to some alive,

Buck. If you refuse it,—as in k
 Loath to depose the child, your b
 As well we know your tendernes
 And gentle, kind, effeminate reu
 Which we have noted in you to y
 And equally, indeed, to all estate
 Yet know, wher' you accept our
 Your brother's son shall never rei
 But we will plant some other in y
 To the disgrace and downfall of y
 And, in this resolution, here we
 Come, citizens, we will entreat o
 [Re-enter BUCKINGHAM a
Cate. Call them again, sweet p
 their suit;

If you deny them, all the land w
Glo. Will you enforce me to a w
 Well, call them again; I am not m
 But penetrable to your kind ear

[Re-enter BUCKINGHAM and
 Albeit against my conscience and
Re-enter BUCKINGHAM and
 Cousin of Buckingham,—and sage
 Since you will buckle fortune on
 To bear her burden, wher' I will,
 I must have patience to endure th
 But if black scandal, or foul-faced
 Attend the sequel of your imposi
 Your mere enforcement shall acqu
 From all the impure blots and sti
 For God he knows, and you may
 How far I am from the desire of
May. God bless your grace! w

K. Rich. O bitter consequence,
That Edward still should live,—true, noble
prince!—

Cousin, thou wast not wont to be so dull :—
Shall I be plain ? I wish the bastards dead ;
And I would have it suddenly performed.
What say'st thou now ? speak suddenly, be
brief.

Buck. Your grace may do your pleasure.

K. Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kind-
ness freezes :

Say, have I thy consent, that they shall die ?

Buck. Give me some breath, some little
pause, dear lord,

Before I positively speak in this :

I will resolve your grace immediately.

[*Exit* BUCKINGHAM.]

Cate. The king is angry ; see, he gnaws his
lip.

K. Rich. I will converse with iron-witted
fools, [*Aside.*]

And unrespective boys* : none are for me,
That look into me with considerate eyes :—
High-reaching Buckingham grows circum-
boy, — [*spect.*—

Page. My lord. [*rupting gold*

K. Rich. Know'st thou not any, whom cor-
Would tempt unto a close exploit of death ?

Page. I know a discontented gentleman,
Whose humble means match not his haughty
Gold were as good as twenty orators, [*mind :*
And will, no doubt, tempt him to any thing.

K. Rich. What is his name ?

Page. His name, my lord, is—Tyrrel.

K. Rich. I only know the man : Go, call

Re-enter Page, with Tyrrel.

Is thy name—Tyrrel ?

Tyr. James Tyrrel, and your

K. Rich. Art thou, indeed ?

Tyr. Prove me, my

K. Rich. Darest thou resolve
of mine ?

Tyr. Please you ; but I had

K. Rich. Why, then thou hast
enemies,

Foes to my rest, and my sweet

Are they that I would have thee

Tyrrel, I mean those bastards in

Tyr. Let me have open meat
them,

And soon I'll rid you from the

K. Rich. Thou sing'st sweet
come hither, Tyrrel ;

Go, by this token :—Rise, and

There is no more but so :—Say,

And I will love thee, and prefer

Tyr. I will despatch it straight

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buck. My lord, I have consid-

The late demand that you did so

K. Rich. Well, let that rest

to Richmond.

Buck. I hear the news, my lord

K. Rich. Stanley, he is your

Well, look to it.

Buck. My lord, I claim the

For which your honour and

pawn'd ;

The earldom of Hereford, and



Rich. Well, let it strike.
Why let it strike?
Rich. Because that, like a Jack*, thou
 hast at the stroke
 thy bagging and my meditation.
 In the giving vein to-day.
Why, then, resolve me who's you will
 [the vein]
Rich. Thou troublest me; I am not in
 the King RICHARD, and *Tyrrel*.
 And is it thus? repays he my deep
 [this]
 contempt? made I him king for
 to think on Hastings; and be gone
 smother†, while my fearful head is on.
 [Exit.]

SCENE III. *The same.*

Enter TYRREL.

Thy tyrannous and bloody act is done;
 A arch deed of piteous massacre,
 For yet this land was guilty of.
 And Forrest, whom I did suborn
 To place of ruthless butchery,
 They were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,
 With tenderness and mild compassion,
 The two children, in their death's sad
 [the]
 Dighton, lay the gentle babes,—
 Quoth Forrest, girdling one another
 Their alabaster innocent arms:
 Two were four red roses on a stalk,
 In their summer beauty, kiss'd each
 Prayers on their pillow lay: [other]
 Quoth Forrest, almost changed
 By mind;
 The devil—there the villain stopp'd;
 Dighton thus told on,—we smother'd
 The replenish'd sweet work of nature,
 From the prime creation, e'er she
 [the]

Both are gone with conscience and re-
 [both]
 could not speak; and so I left them
 By this tidings to the bloody king.

Enter King RICHARD.

As he comes:—All health, my sovereign
 [news]
Rich. Kind Tyrrel! am I happy in thy
 If to have done the thing you gave in
 Your happiness, be happy then, [charge]
 Is done.
Rich. But didst thou see them dead?
 I did, my lord.
Rich. And buried, gentle Tyrrel?
 The chaplain of the Tower hath buried
 them;
 Here, to say the truth, I do not know.
Rich. Come to me, Tyrrel, soon, at after
 Supper,
 When shalt tell the process of their death.
 Time, but think how I may do thee good,
 In inheritor of thy desire.
 Well, till then!

Tyr. I humbly take my leave. [Exit.]
K. Rich. The sun of Clarence have I penn'd
 up close;
 His daughter meanly have I match'd in mar-
 The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom,
 And Anne my wife hath bid the world good
 night.
 Now, for I know the Bretagne; Richmond
 At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,
 And, by that knot, looks proudly on the crown,
 To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

Enter CATBY.

Cate. My lord,— [In so bluntly]
K. Rich. Good news or bad, that thou comest
Cate. Bad news, my lord: Morton is fled
 to Richmond;
 And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy
 Is in the field, and still his power increaseth.
K. Rich. Ely with Richmond troubles me
 more near,
 Than Buckingham, and his rash-levied strength.
 Come,—I have learn'd, that fearful comment
 Is leaden servitor to dull delay; [ing]
 Delay leads impotent and snail-paced beggary:
 Then fiery expedition be my wing,
 Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king!
 Go, muster men: my counsel is my shield;
 We must be brief when traitors brave the field.
 [Exit.]

SCENE IV. *The same. Before the Palace.*

Enter Queen MARGARET.

Q. Mar. So, now prosperity begins to mel-
 And drop into the rotten mouth of death. [low,
 Here in these confines sily have I lurk'd,
 To watch the waning of mine enemies.
 A dire induction I am I witness to,
 And will to France; hoping the consequence
 Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical.
 Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret! who
 comes here?

Enter Queen ELIZABETH and the Duchess
of York.

Q. Eliz. Ah, my poor princes! ah, my ten-
 der babes!
 My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets!
 If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,
 And be not fix'd in doom perpetual,
 Hover about me with your airy wings,
 And hear your mother's lamentation! [for right]
Q. Mar. Hover about her; say, that right
 Hath dimm'd your infant morn to aged night.
Duch. So many miseries have crazed my
 voice,
 That my woo-wearied tongue is still and mute.
 Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?
Q. Mar. Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet,
 Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.
Q. Eliz. Wilt thou, O God, fly from such
 gentle lambs,
 And throw them in the entrails of the wolf?
 When didst thou sleep when such a deed was
 done? [sweet son]
Q. Mar. When holy Harry died, and my

* image like those at St. Dunstan's church in Fleet-street. † His castle in Wales.
 ‡ Merciless. § The country in which Richmond had taken refuge.
 ¶ Bishop of Ely. † Introduction.

Duch. Dead life, blind sight, poor mortal-
living ghost, [life usurp'd,
Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due by
Brief abstract and record of tedious days,
Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth,

[*Sitting down.*
Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood!

Q. Eliz. Ah, that thou wouldst as soon afford
As thou canst yield a melancholy seat; [a grave,
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them
here!

Ah, who hath any cause to mourn, but we?
[*Sitting down by her.*

Q. Mar. If ancient sorrow be most reverent,
Give mine the benefit of seniority;
And let my griefs frown on the upper hand.
If sorrow can admit society,

[*Sitting down with them.*
Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine:—
I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;
I had a husband, till a Richard kill'd him;
Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;
Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him.

Duch. I had a Richard too, and thou didst
kill him;

I had a Rutland too, thou help'st to kill him.

Q. Mar. Thou hadst a Clarence too, and
Richard kill'd him.

From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept
A hell-hound, that doth hunt us all to death:
That dog, that had his teeth before his eyes,
To worry lambs, and lap their gentle blood;
That foul defacer of God's handy-work;

That bottled spider, that foul be

Q. Mar. I call'd thee, then,
my fortune;

I call'd thee, then, poor shadow
The presentation of but what

The flattering index of a din
One heaved a-high, to be hurl'd

A mother only mock'd with
A dream of what thou wast, to

To be the aim of every dange
A sign of dignity, a breath, a

A queen in jest, only to fill th
Where is thy husband now

brothers?

Where be thy two sons? where
Who sues, and kneels, and sa

queen?

Where be the bending peers th
Where be the thronging troo

thee?

Decline all this, and see what
For happy wife, a most distres

For joyful mother, one that s
For one being sued to, one th

For queen, a very caitiff crow
For one that scorn'd at me, ne

For one being fear'd of all, ne
For one commanding all, ob

Thus hath the course of justice
And left thee but a very prey

Having no more but thought o
To torture thee the more, bel
Thou didst usurp my place, n



—be copious in exclaims.
[**RICHARD**, and **His Train**,
marching.

he intercepts me in my exped-
[**thet**,
as that might have intercepted
thee in her accursed womb,
sighers, wretch, that thou hast
golden crown,
lost thou that forehead with a
be branded, & that right were
[**crowns**,
of the prince that owed* that
leath of my poor sons and bro-
[**thren**?
illain-slave, where are my chil-
dren?—
tend, thou tend, where is thy
Clarence?

Plantagenet, his son?
ere is the gentle Rivers, Vough-
re is kind Hastings? [an, Grey?
fourish, trumpets!—strike ala-
rms!

vens hear these tell-tale women
rd's anointed: Strike, I say.—
[**Flourish. Alarums.**

nt, and entreat me fair,
unorous report of war
own your exclamations.

hon my son? [yourself.
; I thank God, my father, and
patiently bear my impatience.
adam, I have a touch of your
at,

ok the accent of reproof.
t me speak.

Do, then; but I'll not hear.
be mild and gentle in my words.
d brief, good mother; for I am

[**thee**,
how so hasty? I have staid for
torment and in agony. [you?
d came I not at last to comfort
y the holy rood †, thou know'st

[**hell**.
n earth to make the earth my
den was thy birth to me;
ayward was thy infancy;

a frightful, desperate, wild, and
[**turons**;
sanhood, daring, bold, and ven-
rm'd, proud, subtle, sly, and

[**hatred**:
st yet more harmful, kind in
ble hour canst thou name,
d me in thy company?

th, none, but Humphrey Hoar,
'd your grace
se, forth of my company.

actions in your sight,
n, and not offend you, madam.
trum.

I prythee hear me speak.
as speak too bitterly.

Hear me a word;

nd.
‡ Disposition.
/ Unavoidable.

For I shall never speak to thee again.

[**K. Rich.** So.

[**ordinance**,
Duch. Either thou wilt die by God's just
ere from this war thou turn a conqueror;
Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish,
And never look upon thy face again.

Therefore, take with thee my most heavy carae;
Which, in the day of battle, fire thee more,
Than all the compleats armour that thou wear'st!

My prayers on the adverse party fight;
And there the little souls of Edward's children
Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,
And promise them success and victory.

Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end;
Shame serves thy life, and doth thy death
attend. [Exit.

Q. Eliz. Though far more cease, yet much
less spirit to curse
Abides in me; I say amen to her. [Going.

K. Rich. Stay, madam, I must speak a word
with you. [blood.

Q. Eliz. I have no more sons of the royal
For thee to murder: for my daughters,
Richard,— [queens;

They shall be praying nuns, not weeping
And therefore level not to hit their lives.

K. Rich. You have a daughter call'd—
Elizabeth,

Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious. [her live,
Q. Eliz. And must she die for this? O, let
And I'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty;

Slander myself, as false to Edward's bed;
Throw over her the veil of infamy;
So she may live unscarr'd of bleeding slaughter,

I will confess she was not Edward's daughter.
K. Rich. Wrong not her birth, she is of
royal blood. [not so.

Q. Eliz. To save her life, I'll say—she is
K. Rich. Her life is safest only in her birth.

Q. Eliz. And only in that safety died her
brothers. [opposite.

K. Rich. Lo, at their births good stars were
Q. Eliz. No, to their lives bad friends were
contrary. [destiny.

K. Rich. All unavoided ‡ is the doom of
Q. Eliz. True, when avoided grace makes
destiny:

My babes were destined to a fairer death,
If grace had bless'd thee with a fairer life.
K. Rich. You speak as if that I had slain
my cousins. [cozen'd.

Q. Eliz. Cousins, indeed; and by their uncle
Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.
Whose hands soever lanced their tender hearts,

Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction:
No doubt the murderous knife was dull and
blunt,

Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,
To revel in the entrails of my lambs.
But that still † use of grief makes wild grief
tame, [boys,

My tongue should to thy ears not name my
Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes;
And I, in such a desperate bay of death,
Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling reft,

‡ Cross.
† Constant.
§ Toughy, fretful.

Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom. [prise,

K. Rich. Madam, so thrive I in my enter-
And dangerous success of bloody wars,
As I intend more good to you and yours,
Than ever you or yours by me were harm'd !

Q. Eliz. What good is cover'd with the face
of heaven,
To be discover'd, that can do me good ?

K. Rich. The advancement of your children,
gentle lady. [their heads]

Q. Eliz. Up to some scaffold, there to lose

K. Rich. No, to the dignity and height of
fortune,

The high imperial type of this earth's glory *.

Q. Eliz. Flatter my sorrows with report of it ;
Tell me, what state, what dignity, what honour,
Canst thou devise to any child of mine ?

K. Rich. Even all I have ; ay, and myself
Will I withal endow a child of thine ; [and all,
So in the Lethe of thy angry soul [wronga,
Thou drown the sad remembrance of those
Which thou supposest I have done to thee.

Q. Eliz. Be brief, lest that the process of
thy kindness

Last longer telling than thy kindness' date.

K. Rich. Then know, that from my soul, I
love thy daughter. [her soul.

Q. Eliz. My daughter's mother thinks it with

K. Rich. What do you think ?

Q. Eliz. That thou dost love my daughter,
from thy soul : [brothers ;

So, from thy soul's love, didst thou love her

And, from my heart's love, I do thank thee

Q. Eliz. There is

Unless thou couldst put on so

And not be Richard that hath

K. Rich. Say, that I did all
her !

Q. Eliz. Nay, then indeed, it
Having bought love with such

K. Rich. Look, what is done
amended :

Men shall deal unadvisedly as

Which after-hours give leisure

If I did take the kingdom from

To make amends, I'll give it to

If I have kill'd the issue of you

To quicken your increase, I will

Mine issue of your blood upon

A grandam's name is little less

Than is the doting title of a man

They are as children, but one is

Even of your mettle, of your valour

Of all one pain,—save for a while

Endured of her, for whom you

Your children were vexation

But mine shall be a comfort to

The loss you have is but a son

And, by that loss, your daughter

I cannot make you what amends

Therefore accept such kindness

Dorset, your son, that, with a

Leads discontented steps in fortune

This fair alliance quickly shall

To high promotions and great

The king, that calls your best

Tell her, the king, that may command
[King forbids.]
That at her hands, which the king's
Say, she shall be a high and mighty

To wait the title, as her mother doth.
Say, I will love her everlastingly.
But how long shall that title, ever,
[end.]

Sweetly in force unto her fair life's
But how long fairly shall her sweet
last? [lengthens it.]

As long as heaven and nature
As long as hell, and Richard, likes
[ject low.]

Say, I, her sovereign, am her sub-
But she, your subject, loaths such
fidelity.

Be eloquent in my behalf to her.
An honest tale speeds best, being
truly told. [loving tale.]

Then, in plain terms tell her my
Plain, and not honest, is too harsh a
[too quick.]

Your reasons are too shallow and
O, no, my reasons are too deep and
[graves.]

And dead, poor infants, in their
Harp not on that string, madam;
[strings break.]

Harp on it still shall I, till heart-
Now, by my George, my garter †,
[third usurp'd.]

Profaned, dishonour'd, and the
I swear—

By nothing; for this is no oath.
Profaned, hath lost his holy
[virtue:]

Sworn, blemish'd, pawn'd his knightly
usurp'd, disgraced his kingly glory:
[that thou wouldst swear to be believed,

Now by something that thou hast not
Now by the world,— [wrong'd.]
[Tis full of thy foul wrongs.]

My father's death,—

Thy life hath that dishonour'd.

Then, by myself,—

Thyself is self-misused.

Why then, by God,—

God's word is most of all.

hadst fear'd to break an oath by him,

by the king thy brother made,

hath broken, nor my brother slain,

hadst fear'd to break an oath by him,

serial metal, circling now thy head,

used the tender temples of my child;

in the princes had been breathing here,

now, two tender bed-fellows for dust,

been faith hath made a prey for worms.

must thou swear by now?

By the time to come.

That thou hast wronged in the time

far-past;

myself have many tears to wash

my time, for time past, wrong'd by thee.

The children live, whose parents thou hast
slaughter'd,—

Ungovern'd youth, to well it in their age.

The parents live, whose children thou hast
butcher'd—

Old barren plants, to wait it with their age.

Swear not by time to come; for that thou hast

Misused ere used, by times ill-used o'erpast.

K. Rich. As I intend to prosper, and repent,

So thrive I in my dangerous attempt

Of hostile arms; myself myself confound;

Heaven, and fortune, bar me happy hours;

Day, yield me not thy light; nor, night, thy

Be opposite all planets of good luck [rest

To my proceeding, if, with pure heart's love,

Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,

I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter

In her consists my happiness, and thine;

Without her, follows to myself, and thee,

Herself, the land, and many a christian soul,

Death, desolation, ruin, and decay:

It cannot be avoided, but by this;

It will not be avoided, but by this.

Therefore, dear mother, (I must call you so,) [rest

Be the attorney of my love to her.

Plead what I will be, not what I have been;

Not my deserts, but what I will deserve:

Urge the necessity and state of times,

And be not peevish † found in great designs.

Q. Eliz. Shall I be tempted of the devil thus?

K. Rich. Ay, if the devil tempt thee to do

good.

Q. Eliz. Shall I forget myself, to be myself?

K. Rich. Ay, if your self's remembrance

wrong yourself.

Q. Eliz. But thou didst kill my children.

A. Rich. But in your daughter's womb I

bury them;

Where, in that nest of spicery ‡, they shall

Selves of themselves, to your recomforture.

Q. Eliz. Shall I go win my daughter to thy

will? [deed.]

K. Rich. And be a happy mother by the

Q. Eliz. I go.—Write to me very shortly,

And you shall understand from me her mind.

K. Rich. Bear her my true love's kiss, and

so farewell.

[Kissing her. Exit Q. ELIZABETH.]

Relenting fool, and shallow, changing woman

How now? what news?

Enter RATCLIFF; CATESBY following.

Rat. Most mighty sovereign, on the western

Rideth a puissant navy; to the shore [coast

Throng many doubtful hollow hearted friends,

Unarm'd, and unresolved to beat them back:

'Tis thought, that Richmond is their admiral;

And there they burl, expecting but the aid

Of Buckingham, to welcome them ashore.

K. Rich. Some light-foot friend post to the

duke of Norfolk:—

Ratcliff, thyself,—or Catesby; where is he?

Cates. Here, my good lord.

K. Rich. Catesby, say to the duke.

Cates. I will, my lord, with all convenient

speed.

the Levitical Law, Chap. xviii. 14.

† Foolish.

‡ The cushions of the Order of the Garter.
§ The chamber's nest.

K. Rich. Ratcliff, come hither: Post to Salisbury.

When thou comest thither,—Dull unmindful villain.

[To CATESBY.] Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the duke?

Cateb. For't, mighty liege, tell me your highness' pleasure, what news you give I shall deliver to him.

A. Rich. O, true, good Catesby;—Bid him levy straight

The greatest strength and power he can make, And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.

Cateb. I go. *[Exit.]*

Rat. What, may it please you, shall I do at Salisbury?

K. Rich. Why, what wouldst thou do there, before I go?

Rat. Your highness told me, I should post before.

Enter STANLEY.

K. Rich. My mind is changed.—Stanley, what news with you?

Stan. None good, my liege, to please you with the hearing;

Nor none so bad, but well may be reported.

K. Rich. Heyday, a riddle! neither good nor bad!

What need'st thou run so many miles about, When thou may'st tell thy tale the nearest way?

Once more, what news?

Stan. Richmond is on the seas.

K. Rich. There let him sink, and be the seas on him!

What wouldst thou suggest, what doth he chase?

Where, and what time, your please.

K. Rich. Ay, ay, thou wouldst join with Richmond:

I will not trust you, sir.

Stan. Most might

You have no cause to hold me doubtful;

I never was, nor never will be so.

K. Rich. Well, go, muster me you, leave behind

Your son, George Stanley; lose Or else his head's assurance is but

Stan. So deal with him, as I you. *[Exit.]*

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My gracious sovereign vonshire,

As I by friends am well advertised Sir Edward Courtney, and the

Bishop of Exeter, his elder brother With many more confederates, are

Enter another Messenger.

2 Mess. In Kent, my liege, they are in arms;

And every hour more competitors Flock to the rebels, and their

Enter another Messenger.

3 Mess. My lord, the army of ingham—

K. Rich. Out on ye, owls! songs of death! *[He]*

There take thou that, all thou

mighty power^a landed at Milford,
 but yet they must be told.

Away towards Salisbury; while
 they march here,

They might be won and lost:—

For a while, Buckingham be brought
 to the foot march on with me.

[*Exeunt.*]

W. A Room in Lord Stanley's
 House.

Stanley and Sir CHRISTOPHER
 UNSWICK.

Christopher, tell Richmond this
 day:—

Any of this most bloody war,
 Stanley is frank'd up in hold;

That young George's head;
 That withholds my present aid.

Where is princely Richmond

Chris. At Pembroke, or at Harford west,
 in Wales.

Stan. What men of name resort to him?

Chris. Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned
 soldier;

Sir Gilbert Talbot, sir William Stanley;
 Oxford, redeemed Pembroke, the famous

Blunt,

And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew;
 And many other of great fame and worth:

And towards London do they bend their
 course,

If by the way they be not fought withal.

Stan. Well, his thee to thy lord; commend
 me to him;

Tell him, the queen hath heartily consented
 He shall espouse Elizabeth her daughter.

These letters will resolve him of my mind.
 Farewell.

[*Gives papers to Sir CHRISTOPHER.*
 [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

Salisbury. *An open Place.*

The Sheriff, and Guard, with
 BUCKINGHAM, led to execution.

Will not king Richard let me speak
 with him?

A, my good lord: therefore be pa-
 tient.

[*Rivers, Grey,*

Plantagenet, and Edward's children,

Mowbray, and thy fair son Edward,

and all that have miscarried

and corrupted foul injustice;

and many discontented souls

in the clouds behold this present

day, which mock my destruction!

My day, fellows, is it not?

A, my lord. [*doomsday.*]

Then All-Souls' day is my body's
 day, which, in king Edward's time,

might fall on me, when I was found
 a child, or his wife's allies:

My day, wherein I wish'd to fall
 in faith of him whom most I trusted;

My day, which to my fearful soul,
 seemed respite of my wrongs.

My day, which I dallied with,
 and my feigned prayer on my head,

in earnest what I begg'd in jest.
 He force the swords of wicked men

on their own points on their masters'
 backs:

My day, whose curse falls heavy on my neck,
 which she, *shall split thy heart*

in two,
Margaret was a prophetess.—
sway me to the block of shame:
not wrong, and blame the due of

[*Exeunt BUCKINGHAM, &c.*]

SCENE II. *Plain near Tamworth.*

Enter, with Drum and Colours, RICHMOND,
OXFORD, Sir JAMES BLUNT, Sir WALTER
HERBERT, and Others, with Forces,
marching.

Richm. Fellows in arms, and my most loving
 friends,

Bruised underneath the yoke of tyranny,
 Thus far into the bowels of the land

Have we march'd on without impediment;
 And here receive we from our father Stanley

Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.
 The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar,

That spoil'd your summer fields, and fruitful
 vines,

Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes
 his trough

In your embowell'd bosoms, this foul swine
 Lies now even in the centre of this isle,

Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn
 From Tamworth thither, is but one day's

march.

In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends,
 To reap the harvest of perpetual peace

By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

Oxf. Every man's conscience is a thousand
 swords,

To fight against that bloody homicide.

Herb. I doubt not but his friends will turn
 to us.

Blunt. He hath no friends, but who are
 friends for fear;

Which, in his dearest need, will fly from
 him.

Richm. All for our vantage. Then, in God's
 name, march: [*drums*]

True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's
 wings. It strikes gods, and smites craven
 kings.

[*Exeunt.*]

^a Force.

^b Chaplain to the countess of Richmond.

^c A day in which hogs are set apart for fattening. ^d Injurious practices.

SCENE III. Bosworth Field.

Enter King RICHMOND, and Forces; the Duke of NORFOLK, Lord of SURREY, and others.

K. Rich. Here pitch our tents, even here in Bosworth field.

My lord of Surrey, why look you so sad?

Nor. My heart is lighter, lighter than my
K. Rich. My lord of Norfolk, — looks.

Nor. Here, most gracious liege.

K. Rich. Now, liege, we must have knocks;
He's not to be won.

Nor. We must both give and take, my lov-
ing lord.

K. Rich. I will have tent. Here will I lie
A. Ratcliff, &c. set up the King's tent.

But where to meet with? — Well, all's one for
that.

Which do describe the number of the traitors?

Nor. Six or seven thousand is their utmost
power.

K. Rich. Why, then, but he troubles that ac-
count.

Be it so, but King Richard is a man of strength,
Who, if they fight, will never be won want.

I, with the best of men, to a gentleman,

Let us survey the advantage of the ground;

Can't we some better place find than this?

Let's wait here a while, make no delay;

For, lords, tomorrow is a busy day.

[Exeunt.]

*Enter, on the other side of the field, RICH-
MOND, Sir WILLIAM BRANDON, OXFORD,
and other Lords. Some of the soldiers*

Let us consult upon to-morrow
In to my tent, the air is raw.

[They withdraw.]

Enter, to his Tent, King RICHMOND,

FOLE, RATCLIFF, and

K. Rich. What is't o'clock?

Cate. It's supper

It's nine o'clock.

K. Rich. I will be

Give me some ink and paper

What, is my beaver easier than

And all my armour laid into

Cate. It is, my liege; and

readiness.

K. Rich. Good Norfolk,

Use careful watch, choose true

Nor. I go, my lord.

K. Rich. Stir with the lark!

Nor. I warrant you, my lord.

K. Rich. Ratcliff, —

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. Send out a party

To Stanley's regiment; bid him

Before sun-rising, lest his son

Into the blind cave of eternity

Fill me a bowl of wine. — Give

Saddle white Surrey for the

Look that my staves be so

Ratcliff, —

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. Saw'st thou the

Rat. Thomas the earl of Su-

this doubtful shock of arms;
I may not be too forward,
thy brother, tender George,
his father's sight!
ease and the fearful time
unions vows of love,
rechange of sweet discourse,
sunder'd friends should dwell

are for these rites of love!
Be valiant, and speed
[ment:
lords, conduct him to his regi-
coubled thoughts to take a nap;
aber peise* me down to-mor-

nount with wings of victory!
d night, kind lords and gentle-
st Lords, &c., with STANLEY,
captain I account myself,
ces with a gracious eye;
ds thy bruising-irons of wrath,
rush down with a heavy fall
lmetts of our adversaries!
nisters of chastisement,
aise thee in thy victory!
mend my watchful soul,
e windows of mine eyes;
aking, O defend me still!

[Sleeps.

ince EDWARD, son to HENRY
res between the two tents.

ie sit heavy on thy soul to-
[To KING RICHARD.
n stabb'dst me in my prime of

Despair therefore, and die!—
shmond; for the wronged souls
rines fight in thy behalf;
sue, Richmond, comforts thee.
ling HENRY the Sixth rises.

I was mortal, my anointed
[To KING RICHARD.
nched full of deadly holes:
'ower, and me; Despair and

i bids thee despair and die.—
ly, be thou conqueror!

[To RICHMOND.
phes'd thou should'st be king,
thee in thy sleep; Live, and

ist of CLARENCE rises.

ne sit heavy on thy soul to-
[To KING RICHARD.
r'd to death with falsome wine,
by thy guile betray'd to death!
be battle think on me,
less sword; Despair, and die!
of the house of Lancaster.

[To RICHMOND.
irs of York do pray for thee:
guard thy battle! Live and

The Ghosts of RIVERS, GREY, and
VAUGHAN, rise.

Riv. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-mor-
row, [To KING RICHARD.

Rivers, that died at Pomfret! Despair and die!
Grey. Think upon Grey, and let thy son
despair! [To KING RICHARD.

Vaugh. Think upon Vaughan; and with
guilty fear,

Let fall thy lance! Despair, and die!—
[To KING RICHARD.

All Awake! and think our wrongs in
Richard's bosom [To RICHMOND.

Will conquer him;—awake, and win the day!
The Ghost of HASTINGS rises.

Ghost. Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake;
[To KING RICHARD.

And in a bloody battle end thy days!
Think on lord Hastings; and despair, and die!

Quiet untroubled soul, awake, awake!
[To RICHMOND.

Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's
sake!

The Ghosts of the two young Princes rise.

Ghosts. Dream on thy cousins another'd in
the Tower:

Let us be lead within thy bosom, Richard,
And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and
death!

Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair, and die.
Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace, and wake
in joy;

Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy!
Live, and beget a happy race of kings!
Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

The Ghost of Queen ANNE rises.

Ghost. Richard, thy wife, that wretched
Anne thy wife,

That never slept a quiet hour with thee,
Now fills thy sleep with perturbations:
To-morrow in the battle think on me,

And fall thy edgeless sword; Despair, and die!
Thou, quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet sleep;

[To RICHMOND.
Dream of success and happy victory;
Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

The Ghost of BUCKINGHAM rises.

Ghost. The first was I, that help'd thee to
the crown; [To KING RICHARD.

The last was I that felt thy tyranny:
O, in the battle think on Buckingham,

And die in terror of thy guiltiness! (death;
Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and
Fainting, despair; despairing, yield thy breath.

I died for hope, ere I could lend thee aid:
[To RICHMOND.

But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dis-
may'd: [slide]

God, and good angels fight on Richmond's
And Richard falls in height of all his pride.

[The Ghosts vanish. KING RICHARD
starts out of his dream, (my wounds

K. Rich. Give me another horse.—And no
Have mercy, Jesu!—So!—I did but dream.

O downward conscience, how dost thou afflict
me!

The lights burn blue.—It is now dead mid-
[night.
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling
flask.

What do I fear? myself? there's none else by:

Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.

Is there a murderer here? No;—Yes; I am:

Then fly,—What, from myself? Great reason;
Why?

Lest I revenge. What? Myself on myself?

I love myself. Wherefore? for any good,

That I myself have done unto myself?

O, no: alas, I rather hate myself,

For hateful deeds committed by myself.

I am a villain: Yet I lie, I am not. [flatter.

Fool, of thyself speak well:—Fool, do not

My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,

And every tongue brings in a several tale,

And every tale condemns me for a villain.

Perjury, perjury, in the highest degree;

Murder, stern murder, in the direst degree;

All several sins, all used in each degree,

Throng to the bar, crying all,—Guilty! guilty!

I shall despair. There is no creature loves me;

And, if I die, no soul will pity me:— [self

Nay, wherefore should they? since that I my-

self find in myself no pity to myself.

Methought, the souls of all that I had murder'd

Came to my tent: and every one did threat

To-morrow's vengeance on the head of

Richard.

Methought their souls, whose hearts
murder'd,

Came to my tent, and cried—O

I promise you, my heart is very

In the remembrance of so fair a

How far into the morning is it!

Lords. Upon the stroke of five

Richm. Why, then 'tis time to

direction. [*He advances*

More than I have said, loving of

The leisure and enforcement of

Forbids to dwell on: Yet remember

God, and our good cause, fight

The prayers of holy saints, and

Like high-rear'd bulwarks, stand

faces;

Richard except, those whom we

Had rather have us win, than hit

For what is he they follow? truly

A bloody tyrant, and a homicid

One raised in blood, and one

One that made means to com

hath,

And slaughtered those that were

A base foul stone, made precious

Of England's chair*, where he

One that hath ever been God's

Then, if you fight against God's

God will, in justice, ward you

If you do sweat to put a tyrant

You sleep in peace, the tyrant

If you do fight against your con



KING RICHARD III.

651

ill to be to somebody.
 it
 is sun will not be seen to-day;
 down and lower upon our army:
 dewy tears were from the
 y! Why, what is this to me,
 Richmond? for the self-same

a me, looks sadly upon him.

Enter NORFOLK.

arm, my lord; the foe vaunts
 eld. [son my horse;—
 come, bustle, bustle;—Capari-
 anley, bid him bring his power:
 in my soldiers to the plain,
 battle shall be ordered:—
 shall be drawn out all in length,
 ally of horse and foot;
 tall be placed in the midst:
 Norfolk, Thomas earl of Surrey,
 leading of this foot and horse.
 cted, we ourself will follow
 ttle; whose puissance on either

winged with our chiefest horse.
 George to boot! What think'st
 forfolk?

id direction, warlike sovereign.
 in my tent this morning.

[Giving a scroll.
 sads.] *Jokey of Norfolk, be not*

thy master is bought and sold.
 ed by the enemy.—

every man unto his charge:
 bbling dreams affright our souls;
 but a word that cowards use,
 st to keep the strong in awe;
 as be our conscience, a sword our

in bravely, let us to't pell-mell;
 en, then hand in hand to bell.—
 say more than I have infer'd?
 hom you are to cope withal;—
 rabonds, rascals, and run-aways,
 tagnes, and base lackey peasants,
 yer-cloyed country vomits forth
 rentures and assured destruction.
 safe, they bring you to unrest;
 inds, and blessed with beauteous

estrain the one, distain the other.
 b lead them, but a paltry fellow,
 Bretagne at our mother's cost?
 ne that never in his life

cold as over-shoes in snow?
 see stragglers o'er the seas again;
 eese over-weening rags of France,
 id beggars, weary of their lives;
 dreaming on this fond exploit,
 means, poor rats, had hang'd
 ives.

If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us,
 And not these bastard Breagnes; whom our
 fathers

Have in their own land beaten, bob'd, and
 And, on record, left them the heirs of shame.
 Shall these enjoy our lands? lie with our wives?
 Ravish our daughters?—Hark, I hear their
 drum.

Drum afar off.
 Fight, gentlemen of England! fight, bold yeo-
 men!

Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head!
 Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in
 blood!

Amaze the welkin with your broken staves!
Enter a Messenger.

What says lord Stanley? will he bring his
 power?

Mess. My lord, he doth deny to come.

K. Rich. Off instantly with his son George's
 head.

Nor. My lord, the enemy is pass'd the
 After the battle let George Stanley die.

K. Rich. A thousand hearts are great with-
 in my bosom!

Advance our standards, set upon our foes;
 Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint
 George,

Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!
 Upon them! Victory sits on our helms.

Excunt.

SCENE IV. *Another part of the field.*

*Alarum: Excursions. Enter NORFOLK,
 and Forces; to him CATSBY.*

Cate. Rescue, my lord of Norfolk, rescue,
 rescue!

The king enacts more wonders than a man,
 Daring an opposite to every danger;
 His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,
 Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death;
 Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost!

Alarum. Enter King RICHARD.

K. Rich. A horse! a horse! my kingdom for
 a horse!

Cate. Withdraw, my lord, I'll help you to
K. Richm. Slave, I have set my life upon a

And I will stand the hazard of the die! [cast,
 I think, there be six Richmonds in the field;

Five have I slain to-day, instead of him:—
 A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

Excunt.

*Alarums. Enter King RICHARD and RICH-
 MOND; and exeunt fighting. Retreat,
 and flourish. Then enter RICHMOND,
 STANLEY, bearing the crown, with divers
 other Lords, and Forces.*

Rich. God, and your arms, be praised, vic-
 torious friends;

The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.

Stan. Courageous Richmond, well hast thou
 acquit thee!

Lo, here, this long-usurped royalty,
 From the dead temples of this bloody wretch
 Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal;
 Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it.

*The ancient familiarisation of Richard.
 1 Fight the slaves with the shivers of your lances.*

2 K. R.

Richm. Great God of heaven say, amen
to all.

Richm. But too much lost, is young George Stanley
living? [town;

Stan. He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester
Whither, if it please you, we may now with-
draw us. [either side]

Richm. What men of name are slain on
Stan. John duke of Norfolk, Walter lord
Ferrers, [Brandon.

Sir Robert Brakenbury, and sir William

Richm. Inter their bodies as becomes their
Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled, [births.
That in submission will return to us;

And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament,

We will unite the white rose with the red:—

Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction,

That long hath frown'd upon their enmity!—

What traitor hears me, and says not,—amen?

England hath long been mad, and scarr'd herself;

The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,

The father rashly slaughter'd his own son,
The son, compell'd, been butcher to the

All this divided York and Lancaster,

Divided, in their dire division.

O, now, let Richmond and Elizabeth

The true successors of each royal house,

By God's fair ordinance conjoin together!

And let their heirs (God, if thy will be)

Enrich the time to come with smooth-

peace,

With smiling plenty, and fair prosperous;

Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,

That would reduce these bloody divisions;

And make poor England weep in smooth

blood!

Let them not live to taste this leaf of

That would with treason wound this fair

peace!

Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace

That she may long live here, God say—

This is one of the most celebrated of our author's performances; yet I know not that
has not happened to him as to others, to be praised most, when praise is not most due.
That this play has scenes noble in themselves, and very well contrived to strike in the
bition, cannot be denied. But some parts are trifling, others shocking, and some improve
—JOHNSON.



KING HENRY VIII.

Persons represented.

IN THE EIGHTH.
 CLARY. Cardinal CAMBRIDGE,
 ambassador from the Emperor.
 Archbishop of Canterbury.
 IFFOLK. Duke of BUCKINGHAM.
 FOLK. Earl of SURREY.
 WILKIN. Lord Chancellor.
 Bishop of Winchester.
 ANCOLN. Lord ABERGAVENNY.
 ENDS.
 GUILDFOURD. Sir THOMAS LO-
 NY DENNY. Sir NICHOLAS
 Wolsey.
 servant to Wolsey.
 gentleman-usher to Queen Ka-
 Gentlemen.
 ra, physician to the King.

GARTER, King of Arms.
 Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.
 BRANSON, and a Sergeant at Arms.
 Doorkeeper of the Council-chamber. Pos-
 ter, and his Man.
 Page to Gardiner. A Clerk.
 Queen KATHERINE, wife to King Henry,
 afterwards divorced.
 ANNE BULLEN, her maid of honour, after-
 wards Queen.
 An old Lady, friend to Anne Bullen.
 PATIENCE, woman to Queen Katherina.
 Several Lords and Ladies in the dumb
 shows; Women attending upon the
 Queens; Spirits which appear to her;
 Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other
 Attendants.
 Scene,—chiefly in London and Westmin-
 ster; once at Kimbolton.

PROLOGUE.

Be more to make you laugh;
 now,
 righty and a serious brow,
 ad working, full of state and woe,
 ceases as draw the eye to flow;
 sent. Those that can pity, here
 think it well, let fall a tear;
 still deserve it. Such as give
 out of hope they may believe;
 d truth too. Those that come to
 or two, and so agree
 pass, if they be still, and willing,
 e, may set away their shilling
 o' short hours. Only they,
 hear a merry, bawdy play,
 rgets; or to see a fellow
 they coat, guarded with yellow,

Will be deceived: for, gentle hearers, know,
 To rank our chosen truth with such a show
 As fool and fight is, beside forbidding
 Our own brains, and the opinion that we bring,
 (To make that only true we now intend,)
 Will leave us never an understanding friend.
 Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you are
 known
 The first and happiest hearers of the town,
 Be sad as we would make ye: Think, ye see
 The very persons of our noble history,
 As they were living; think, you see them great,
 And follow'd with the general throng, and
 sweet
 Of thousand friends; then, in a moment, see
 How soon this mightiness meets misery!
 And, if you can be merry then, I'll say,
 A man may weep upon his wedding-day.

ACT I.

London. An Antechamber in
 the Palace.
 nke of NORFOLK, at one door;
 er, the Duke of BUCKINGHAM,
 ord ABERGAVENNY.
 ord morrow, and well met. How
 : saw in France? (have you done,
 I thank your grace,
 ad ever since a fresh admirer
 w there.
 An untimely agree

Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber, when
 Those snus of glory, those two lights of men,
 Met in the vale of Arde.
 Nor.
 I was then present, saw them salute on horse-
 back; [clang
 Beheld them, when they lighted, how they
 In their embracement, as they grew together;
 Which had they, what four throned ones could
 Such a compounded one? [have weigh'd
 Buck. All the whole time
 I was my chamber's prisoner.

1. Pretend
 2. Henry VIII. and Francis I. King of France.
 3 K 2

Nor. Then you lost
The view of earthly glory : Men might say,
Till this time, Pomp was single ; but now
married

To one above itself. Each following day
Became the next day's master, till the last
Made former wonders its. To-day, the French,
All clinkant *, all in gold, like heathen gods,
Shone down the English : and, to-morrow, they
Made Britain, India ; every man that stood
Show'd like a mine : their dwarfish pages
As cherubims, all gilt : the madams too, [were
Not used to toil, did almost sweat to bear
The pride upon them, that their very labour
Was to them as a painting. Now this mask
Was cry'd incomparable ; and the ensuing
night

Made it a fool, and beggar. The two kings
Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,
As presence did present them ; him in eye,
Still him in praise : and, being present both,
*Twas said they saw but one ; and no discerners
Durst wag his tongue in censure†. When these
sons [challenged
(For so they phrase them) by their heralds
The noble spirits to arms, they did perform
Beyond thought's compass ; that former fabu-
lous story,

Being now seen possible enough, got credit—
That Devils ; was believed.

Buck. O, you go far.

Nor. As I belong to worship, and affect

A place next to the king.

Aber. I cannot
What heaven hath given him, let
Pierce into that ; but I can see him
Peep through each part of him :
If not from hell, the devil is a nigro
Or has given all before, and he be
A new hell in himself.

Buck. Why the
Upon this French going-out, took
Without the privy o' the king,
Who should attend on him ?
the file††

Of all the gentry ; for the most ;
Too, whom as great a charge as
He meant to lay upon : and his o
The honourable board of council
Must fetch him in the papers.

Aber.
Kinsmen of mine, three at the l
By this so sickn'd their estates,
They shall abound as formerly.

Buck. O
Have broke their backs with lay
For this great journey. What d
Bat minister communication of
A most poor issue†

Nor. Grievingly I
The peace between the Frenc
The cost that did conclude it.

Buck. E
After the hideous storm that fol



al WOLSEY, (the purse borne
certain of the guard, and two
with papers. The Cardinal in
fixeth his eye on BUCKING-
BUCKINGHAM on him, both full

lake of Buckingham's surveyor?
amination? [ha?

Here, so please you,
in person ready!

Ay, please your grace,
we shall then know more; and
his big look. [Buckingham
[Escunt WOLSEY, and Train.
butcher's cur* is venom-mouth'd,

[best
power to muzzle him; therefore,
m in his slumber. A beggar's
noble's blood, [book

What, are you chafed?
temperance; that's the appliance
disease requires. [only,

I read in his looks
t me; and his eye reviled
ect object: at this instant
with some trick: He's gone to
d out-stare him. [the king;

Stay, my lord,
reason with your choler question
go about: To climb steep hills,
pace at first: Anger is like
se; who being allow'd his way,
es him. Not a man in England
e like you: he to yourself
to your friend.

I'll to the king;
mouth of honour quite cry down
fellow's insolence; or proclaim,
face in no persons.

Be advised;
races for your foe so hot
ge yourself: We may outrun,
litness, that which we run at,
ver-running. Know you not,
nouns the liquor till it run o'er,
angment it, wastes it? Be ad-
ere is no English soul [vised:
r to direct you than yourself;
p of reason you would quench,
the fire of passion.

Sir,
to you; and I'll go along [low,
ription:—but this top-proud fel-
the flow of gall I name not, but
motions,) by intelligence,
clear as founts in July, when
rain of gravel, I do know
and treasonous.

Say not treasonous.
the king I'll say't; and make my
as strong
ack. Attend. This holy fox,
oth, (for he is equal ravenous,
e; and as prone to mischief,
rform it: his mind and place
another, yea, reciprocally.)

Only to show his pomp as well in France
As here at home, suggests; the king our master
To this last costly treaty, the interview, [glass
That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a
Did break i' the rinsing.

Nor. 'Faith, and so it did.
Buck. Pray, give me favour, sir. This cun-
ning cardinal

The articles o' the combination drew,
As himself pleased; and they were ratified,
As he cried, Thus let be; to as much end,
As give a crutch to the dead: But our count-
cardinal

Has done this, and 'tis well; for worthy Wol-
Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows,
(Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
To the old dam, treason,) Charles the emperor,
Under pretence to see the queen his aunt,
(For 'twas, indeed, his colour; but he came
To whisper Wolsey,) here makes visitation:
His fears were, that the interview betwixt
England and France might, through their
amity,

Breed him some prejudice; for from this league
Peep'd harms that menaced him: He privily
Deals with our cardinal; and, as I trow,
Which I do well—for, I am sure, the emperor
Paid ere he promised, whereby his suit was
granted

Ere it was ask'd; but when the way was made,
And paved with gold, the emperor thus desired;
That he would please to alter the king's course,
And break the foresaid peace. Let the king
know,

(As soon he shall by me,) that thus the cardinal
Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,
And for his own advantage.

Nor. I am sorry
To hear this of him; and could wish, he were
Something mistaken in't.

Buck. No, not a syllable;
I do pronounce him in that very shape
He shall appear in proof.

Enter BRANDON; a Sergeant at Arms before
him, and two or three of the Guard.

Bran. Your office, sergeant; execute it.
Serg. Sir,

My lord the duke of Buckingham, and earl
Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I
Arrest thee of high treason in the name
Of our most sovereign king.

Buck. Lo you, my lord,
The net has fall'n upon me; I shall perish
Under device and practice.

Bran. I am sorry
To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on
The business present: 'Tis his highness' pleasure
You shall to the Tower.

Buck. It will help me nothing,
To plead mine innocence; for that dye is on me,
Which makes my whitest part black. The
will of heaven

Be done in this and all things!—I obey.—
O my lord Abergarny, fare you well.

Bran. Nay, he must bear you company:—
The king [To ABERGARNY.

as the son of a butcher.

Stake.

2. Buckton.

3. Under a

Bran. *He.*
Buck. My surveyor is false; the o'er-great cardinal *[ready]*
 Hath show'd him gold: my life is spann'd* all
 I am the shadow of poor Buckingham;
 Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,
 By dark'ning my clear sun.—My lord, fare-
 well. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II. *The Council-Chamber.*
Cornets. Enter King HENRY, Cardinal
 WOLSEY, the Lords of the Council, Sir
 THOMAS LOVELL, Officers, and Attendants. The King enters, leaning on the
 Cardinal's shoulder.
K. Hen. My life itself, and the best heart
 of it, *[level]*
 Thanks you for this great care: I stood 't the
 Of a full-charged confederacy, and give thanks
 To you that choked it.—Let be call'd before us
 That gentleman of Buckingham's: in person
 I'll hear him his confessions justify;
 And point by point the treasons of his master
 He shall again relate.
*The King takes his state. The Lords of
 the Council take their several places.*
*The Cardinal places himself under the
 King's feet, on his right side.*
A noise within, crying, Room for the Queen.
*Enter the Queen, ushered by the Dukes of
 NORFOLK and SUFFOLK: she kneels. The
 King riseth from his state, takes her up,
 kisses, and placeth her by him.*
Q. Kath. Nay, we must longer kneel; I am
 a suitor. *[Half your suit]*
K. Hen. Arise, and take place by us:—
 Never name to us; you have half our power:
 The other moiety, ere you ask, is given;
 Hearest you not well?

During the event of
 And danger serves
K. Hen.
 Wherein? and who
 You that are blamed
 Know you of this tax
Wol.
 I know but of a sin
 Pertains to the state.
 Where others tell us
Q. Kath.
 You know no more
 Things, that are kno
 wholesome
 To those which wou
 Performs be their a
 tions,
 Whereof my sover
 Most pestilent to the
 The back is sacrific
 They are devised by
 Too hard an exclaim
K. Hen.
 The nature of it? In
 Is this exaction?
Q. Kath. I a
 Intempting of your
 Under your promist
 grief
 Comes through com
 The sixth part of his
 Without delay; and
 Is named, your war
 bold mouths:
 Tongues spit their d
 Allegiance in them;
 Live where their pr
 That mouth is chaf

y actions, in the fear
alicious censurers; which ever,
fishes, do a vessel follow
trimm'd; but benefit no further
longing. What we oft do best,
rpreters, once weak ones, is
not allow'd; what worst, as oft,
mer quality, is cried up
act. If we shall stand still,
r motion will be mock'd or
lat,
like root here where we sit, or sit
only.

Things done well,
are, exempt themselves from fear;
without example, in their issue
h'd. Have you a precedent
mission? I believe, not any.
I send our subjects from our laws,
in our will. Sixth part of each
contribution! Why, we take,
tree, lop, bark, and part o' the
r; [hack'd,
we leave it with a root, thus
drink the sap. To every county,
question'd, send our letters, with
to each man that has denied
this commission: Pray, look to't;
our care.

A word with you.
(To the Secretary.)
 letters writ to every shire,
 grace and pardon. The grieved
 ons
 eive of me: let it be noised,
 our intercession, this revokement
 comes; I shall anon advise you
 e proceeding. *(Exit Secretary.)*
Enter Surveyor.
 I am sorry, that the duke of Buck-
 displeasure. [Ingham

It grieves many :
 an is learn'd, and a most rare
 one more bound ; his training
 urlish and instruct great teachers,
 seek for aid out of himself.

so noble benefits shall prove
 sposed, the mind growing once
 it, (ugly
 vicious forms, ten times more
 ey were fair. This man so com-
 when we,
 nroll'd 'mongst wonders,
 ravis'd list'ning, could not find
 peech a minute; he, my lady,
 nstrous habits put the graces
 re his, and is become as black
 'd in hell. Sit by us; you shall hear
 gentleman in trust,) of him
 ke honour sad.—Did him recount
 ted practices; whereof
 cel too little, hear too much.
 d forth; and with bold spirit
 what you.

Most like a careful subject, have collected
Out of the Duke of Buckingham's

K. Hen. Speak freely.

Surv. First, it was usual with him, every day.

It would infect his speech, That if the king
Should without issue die, he'd carry it so
To make the sceptre his : These very words
I have heard him utter to his son-in-law,
Lord Abergavenny ; to whom by oath he menaced
Revenge upon the cardinal.

Wol. Please your highness, note
This dangerous conception in this point.

Not friendly by his wish, to your high person
His will is most malignant; and it stretches
Beyond you, to your friends.

Q. Kath. My learn'd lord cardinal,
Deliver all with charity.

K. Hen. Speak on:
How gounded he his title to the crown,
Upon our fall? to this point hast thou heard
At any time speak aught? [him]

Surv. He was brought to this
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins.

K. Hen. What was that Hopkins?

Surv. Sir, a Chartreux friar,
His confessor; who fed him every minute
With words of sovereignty.

K. Hen. How know'st thou this?

Surv. Not long before your highness sped to France.

The duke being at the Rose⁷, within the parish
Saint Lawrence Poultney, did of me demand
What was the speech amongst the Londoners
Concerning the French journey : I replied,
Men fear'd, the French would prove perfidious,
To the king's danger. Presently the duke
Said, 'Twas the fear, indeed ; and that he
doubted.

*'Twould prove the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy monk; That oft, says he,
Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Court, my chaplain, a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of some moment :
Whom after under the confessor's seal
He solemnly had sworn, that, what he spoke,
My chaplain to no creature living, but
To me, should utter, with demure confidence
This pausingly ensued,—Neither the king,
nor his heirs, {strict
(Tell you the duke) shall prosper: bid him
To gain the love of the commonalty; the duke
Shall govern England.*

Q. Kath. If I know you well,
You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your
office [heed,

On the complaint o' the tenants: Take good
You charge not in your spleen a noble person,
And spoil your nobler soul! I say, take heed;
Yes, heartily beseech you.

K. Hen. Let him on :—
Go forward.

Surv. On my soul, I'll speak but truth.
I told my lord the duke. By the devil's ill-

The monk might be deceived; and that two

To ruminate on this so far, until
It forged him some design, which, being be-
lieved,

It was much like to do: He answer'd, *Tush!*
It can do me no damage: adding further,
That, had the king in his last sickness fail'd,
The cardinal's and sir Thomas Lovell's heads
Should have gone off.

K. Hen. Hal! what, so rank? Ah, ha!
There's mischief in this man:—Canst thou

Narr. I can, my liege. [say further]

K. Hen. Proceed.

Narr. Being at Greenwich,
After your highness had reproved the duke
About sir William Blomer,—

K. Hen. I remember,
On such a time:—Being my servant sworn,
The duke retain'd him his.—But on;
What hence? [committed]

Narr. If, quoth he, *I for this had been*
As to the Tower, I thought,—I would have
play'd

The part my father meant to act upon
The usurper Richard; who, being at Salis-
bury, [granted]

Made suit to come in his presence; which if
As he made semblance of his duty, would
Have put his knife into him.

K. Hen. A giant traitor!
Hol. Now, madam, may his highness live
And this man out of prison? [in freedom.]

Q. Kath. God mend all!

K. Hen. There's something more would out

Sands. They have all be-
ones; one would take
That never saw them pace by
A springhalt; reign'd among
Cham.

Their clothes are after such;
That, sure, they have worn
What news, sir Thomas Lov-
Enter Sir Thomas

Lov.
I hear of none, but the new
That's clapp'd upon the count
Cham.

Lov. The reformation of
lants,
That fill the court with qu-
Cham. I am glad, 'tis the
pray our monsieurs

To think an English courtier
And never see the Louvre?
Lov.

(For so run the conditions,
nants

Of fool, and feather, that the
With all their honourable p-
Pertaining thereunto, (as figl
Abusing better men than the
Out of a foreign wisdom,) r
The faith they have in ten-
ings,

Short blister'd breeches, a
And understand again like l
Or pack to their old playfell



that is the land that feeds us ;
every where.

No doubt, he's noble ;
his mouth, that said other of him.
May, my lord, he has wherewith-
him, (trine :
d show a worse sin than ill doc-
ry should be most liberal,
here for examples.

True, they are so ;
give so great ones. My barge
; shall along :—Come, good sir
ite else : which I would not be,
ike to, with sir Henry Guildford,
be controllers.

I am your lordship's.

[*Exeunt.*]

*The Presence-Chamber in
York-Place.*

*A small table under a state for
d, a longer table for the guests.
one door ANNE BULLEN, and
ds, Ladies, and Gentlewomen,
; at another door, enter Sir
ILD FORD.*

lies, a general welcome from his
: This night he dedicates [grace
t, and you : none here, he hopes,
ble bevy t, has brought with her
oad ; he would have all as merry
company, good wine, good wel-
[are tardy ;

od people.—O, my lord, you
Chamberlain, Lord SANDS, and
ir THOMAS LOVELL.
ight of this fair company
st to me.

are young, sir Harry Guildford.
Thomas Lovell, had the cardinal
lay-thoughts in him, some of
[ed.

a running banquet ere they rest-
l better please them : By my life,
et society of fair ones.
at your lordship were but now
of these ! [confessor

I would, I were ;
and easy penance.

'Faith, how easy ?
easy as a down-bed would afford
[Sir Harry,
et ladies, will it please you sit
side, I'll take the charge of this :
ent'ring.—Nay, you must not
; [ther :—
placed together makes cold wea-
th, you are one will keep them
een these ladies. [waking ;

By my faith,
your lordship.—By your leave,
ladies :
himself between ANNE BULLEN
and another Lady.

If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me ;
I had it from my father.

Anne. Was he mad, sir ? [too :

Sands. O very mad, exceeding mad, in love
But he would bite none ; just as I do now,
He would kiss you twenty with a breath.

[*Kisses her.*]

Cham. Well said, my lord.—

So, now you are fairly seated :—Gentlemen,
The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies
Pass away frowning.

Sands. For my little care,

Let me alone.

*Hautboys. Enter Cardinal WOLSEY, at-
tended, and takes his state.*

Wol. You are welcome, my fair guests ; that
noble lady,

Or gentleman, that is not freely merry, [come ;
is not my friend : This, to confirm my wel-
And to you all good health. [Drinks.

Sands. Your grace is noble :—
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,
And save me so much talking.

Wol. My lord Sands,
I am beholden to you : cheer your neighbours.—
Ladies, you are not merry ;—Gentlemen,
Whose fault is this ?

Sands. The red wine first must rise
In their fair cheeks, my lord ; then we shall
have them

Talk us to silence.

Anne. You are a merry gamester,
My lord Sands.

Sands. Yes, if I make my play s.
Here's to your ladyship ; and pledge it, madams,
For 'tis to such a thing,—

Anne. You cannot show me. [anon.

Sands. I told your grace, they would talk
[*Drum and Trumpets within : Cham-
bers discharged.*]

Wol. What's that ?

Cham. Look out there, some of you.

[*Exit a Servant.*]

Wol. What warlike voice ?
And to what end is this ?—Nay, ladies, fear
By all the laws of war you are privileged. [not ;

Re-enter Servant.

Cham. How now ? what is't ?

Serv. A noble troop of strangers ;
For so they seem : they have left their barge,
and landed ;

And hither make, as great ambassadors
From foreign princes.

Wol. Good lord chamberlain,
Go, give them welcome, you can speak the
French tongue ; [them

And, pray, receive them nobly, and conduct
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them : Some attend him.

[*Exit Chamberlain, attended. All arise,
and Tables removed.*]

You have now a broken banquet, but we'll
mend it.

A good digestion to you all : and, once more,
I shower a welcome on you ;—Welcome all.

er is at Bridewell, and the cardinal's house was at Whitehall.
s Chair. s. Cheese my grace. s. Rump. capone.

1 Company.

Flourish. Enter the King, and twelve
others, as Musketeers, habited like Shep-
herds, with sixteen Torch-bearers ;
usher'd by the Lord Chamberlain. They
pass directly before the Cardinal, and
gracefully salute him.

A noble company ! what are their pleasures ?
Cham. Because they speak no English, thus
they playM

I tell your grace ;—That, having heard by
the French noble and so fair assembly,

As might to meet here, they could do no less,

On so the great respect they bear to beauty,

Not leave their flocks ; and, under your fair
conduct,

Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat
an hour's travels with them.

Hol. Say, lord chamberlain,
They have done my poor house grace ; for
which I pay them

A thousand thanks, and pray them take their
pleasures.

*As follows chosen for the dance. The
King chooses ANN BULLEN.*

K. Hen. The fairest hand I ever touch'd !
O beauty,

I know I never knew thee. [*Music. Dance.*
Hol. My lord,—

Your grace ?

Hol. Pray, tell them thus much from me :

There should be one amongst them, by his
person,

More worthy this place than myself ; to whom,

I but knew him, with my love and duty
I would surrender it.

There is, indeed ; which the
Find out, and he will take it.

Wol. Let

[*Comes.*

By all your good leaves, get

My royal choice.

K. Hen. You have found

You hold a fair assembly ; so

You are a churchman, or, I'll t

I should judge now unhappily

Wol.

Your grace is grown so pleas

K. Hen. My lo

Pr'ythee, come hither : What

Cham. An't please your gr

Bullen's daughter,

The viscount Rochford, one

K. Hen. By heaven, she is

Sweet-heart,

I were unmannerly, to take y

And not to kiss you.—A heal

Let it go round.

Wol. Sir Thomas Lovell,

I the privy chamber ?

Lov. Yes, m

Wol.

I fear, with dancing is a little

K. Hen. I fear, too much.

Wol. There's fres

In the next chamber.

K. Hen. Lead in your lady

I must not yet forsake you :—

Good my lord cardinal, I ha

healths



KING HENRY VIII.

661

And in agony, he sweat extremely;
 Nothing spoke to cheer, ill, and hasty:
 And to himself again, and, sweetly,
 He just shew'd a most noble patience.

Edw. I do not think, he fears death.
Gr. Save, he does not,
 Or was so womanish; the cause
 's a little grieve at.

Edw. Certainly,
 That is the end of this.

Edw. The worthy,
 Spectators: First, Kildare's offender,
 Duke of Ireland; who removed,
 They was sent thither, and in haste too,
 Should help his father.

Edw. That trick of state
 Deep avenges one.

Edw. At his return,
 He, he will requite it. This is noted,
 Hereby; whoever the king favours,
 Shall instantly find employment,
 Though from court too.

Edw. All the commons
 Impetuously, and, o' my conscience,
 Had ten fathom deep: this duke as much
 See and do to; call him, bounteous
 Not of all courtesy;— [Buckingham,
Edw. Stay there, sir,

Is the noble ruin'd man you speak of.

Buckingham from his arraignment;
Edw. Before him, the axe with the

Edw. Towards him; halberds on each side:

Edw. And, Sir Thomas Lovell, Sir
 Edw. Vaux, Sir William Sands,
 Common people.

Edw. Let's stand close, and behold him.

Edw. All good people,
 Let this far have come to pity me,

Edw. And I say, and then go home and lose me.
 This day received a traitor's judgment,
 That name must die; Yet, heaven bear

Edw. witness,
 I have a conscience, let it sink me,
 If the axe falls, if I be not faithful!

Edw. I bear no malice for my death,
 None, upon the premises, but justice:

Edw. That sought it, I could wish more
 Stridans:

Edw. If they will, I heartily forgive them:

Edw. them look they glory not in mischief,
 And their evils on the graves of great men;

Edw. as my guiltless blood must cry against
 Their life in this world I never hope, [them.

Edw. If I see, although the king have mer-
 cies

Edw. I dare make faults. You few that
 re be bold to weep for Buckingham,

Edw. His friends, and fellows, whom to leave
 Better to him, only dying.

Edw. And, like good angels, to my end;

Edw. The long divorce of steel falls on me
 If your prayers one sweet sacrifice,

Edw. My soul to heaven.—Lead on, o' God's
 Name.

Edw. Forereth your grace, for charity,
 My malice in your heart

Were his against me, how to forgive me frankly.

Edw. Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive
 As I would be forgiven: I forgive all; [you,

There cannot be those numberless offences
 'Gainst me, I can't take place with: no black

Edw. envy [grace;
 Shall make my grave.—Commend me to his

Edw. And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray, tell
 him, [prayers

You met him half in heaven: my vows and
 Yet are the king's; and, till my soul forsake me,

Shall cry for blessings on him: May he live
 Longer than I have time to tell his years!

Ever beloved, and loving, may his rule be!
 And, when old time shall lead him to his end,

Goodness and he fill up one monument! [grace;
Edw. To the water side I must conduct you

Then give my charge up to sir Nicholas Vaux,
 Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there,
 The duke is coming: see, the barge be ready;

And fit it with such furniture, as suits
 The greatness of his person.

Buck. Nay, sir Nicholas,
 Let it alone; my state now will but mock me.

When I came hither, I was lord high constable,
 And duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward

Yet I am richer than my base accusers, [Edw.:

That never knew what truth meant: I now
 seal it; [groan for't.

And with that blood will make them one day
 My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,

Who first raised head against usurping Richard,
 Flying for succour to his servant Banister,

Being distressed, was by that wretch betray'd,
 And without trial fell; God's peace be with him!

Henry the seventh succeeding, truly pitying
 My father's loss, like a most royal prince,

Restored me to my honours, and, out of ruins,
 Made my name once more noble. Now his son,

Henry the eighth, life, honour, name, and all
 That made me happy, at one stroke has taken

For ever from the world. I had my trial, [me
 And, must needs say, a noble one; which makes

A little happier than my wretched father:
 Yet thus far we are one in fortunes,—Both

Fell by our servants, by those men we loved
 A most unnatural and faithless service! [most;

Heaven has an end in all: Yet, you that bear
 This from a dying man receive as certain: [me,

Where you are liberal of your loves, and
 counsels, [make friends,

Be sure, you be not loose; for these you
 And give your hearts to, when they once per-

The least rub in your fortunes, fall away [leave
 Like water from ice, never found again [ple,

But where they mean to sink ye. All good peo-
 Pray for me! I must now forsake ye; the last

Of my long weary life is come upon me. [hour
 Farewell!

And when you would say something that is sad,
 Speak how I fell.—I have done; and God for-

give me! [Exeunt Buck. and Train.
1 Gent. O, this is full of pity!—Sir, it calls,

I fear, too many curses on their heads,
 That were the authors

Richm. Great God of heaven say, amen
to all.
But tell me first, is young George Stanley
living? {town;
Stan. He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester
Weather, if it please you, we may now with-
draw us. {either side
Richm. What men of name are slain on
Stan. John duke of Norfolk, Walter lord
Fitzers, {Brandon.
Sir Robert Brakenbury, and sir William
Richm. Inter their bodies as becomes their
Pronounce a pardon to the soldiers fled, {births.
That in submission will return to us;
And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament,
We will unite the white rose with the red:—
Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction,
That long hath frown'd upon their enmity!—
What traitor hears me, and says not,—amen?
England hath long been mad, and scarr'd herself;
The brother bludily shed the brother's blood,

The father rashly slaughter'd his
The son, compell'd, been butcher'd
All this divided York and Lanc
Divided, in their dire division.
O, now, let Richmond and Elin
The true succeeders of each roy
By God's fair ordinance conjoin
And let their heirs (God, if thy
Enrich the time to come with
peace,
With smiling plenty, and fair po
Abate the edge of traitors, grad
That would reduce these bloody
And make poor England weep
blood!
Let them not live to taste this
That would with treason wound
peace!
Now civil wounds are stopp'd
That she may long live here, G

This is one of the most celebrated of our author's performances; yet I know
has not happened to him as to others, to be praised most, when praise is not.
That this play has scenes noble in themselves, and very well contrived to stri-
cation, cannot be denied. But some parts are trifling, others shocking, and son

—JOHNSON.



KING HENRY VIII.

Persons represented.

BY THE EIGHTH.

CLARY. Cardinal CAMPIUS.
ambassador from the Emperor

Archbishop of Canterbury.

WOLFE. Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

WOLFE. Earl of SURREY.

WOLFE. Lord Chancellor.

WOLFE. Bishop of Winchester.

WOLFE. Lord ABERGAVENNY.

WOLFE.

GUILDFOED. Sir THOMAS LO-

ONY DENNY. Sir NICHOLAS

de Wolsey.

L. servant to Wolsey.

gentleman-usher to Queen Ka-

r. Gentlemen.

ryn, physician to the King.

GARTER, King at arms.

Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.

BRANDON, and a Sergeant at Arms.

Doorkeeper of the Council-chamber. Pon-

ter, and his Man.

Page to Gardiner. A Officer.

Queen KATHERINE, wife to King Henry,

afterwards divorced.

ANNE BULLEN, her maid of honour, after-

wards Queen.

An old Lady, friend to Anne Bullen.

PATIENCE, woman to Queen Katherine.

Several Lords and Ladies in the dumb

shows; Women attending upon the

Queen; Spirits which appear to her;

Scrubbers, Officers, Guards, and other

Attendants.

Scene,—chiefly in London and Westmin-

ster; once at Kimbolton.

PROLOGUE.

So more to make you laugh;
I now

weighty and a serious brow,

and working, full of state and woe,

scenes as draw the eye to flow;

want. Those that can pity, here

think it well, let fall a tear;

will deserve it. Such as give

out of hope they may believe;

ad truth too. Those that come to

or two, and so agree

pass, if they be still, and willing,

ke, may set away their shilling

in short hours. Only they,

to hear a merry, bawdy play,

argets; or to see a fellow

otley coat, guarded with yellow,

Will be deceived: for, gentle hearers, know,
To rank our chosen truth with such a show

As fool and fight is, beside forgetting

Our own brains, and the opinion that we bring,

(To make that only true we now intend.)

Will leave us never an understanding friend.

Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you are

known

The first and happiest hearers of the town,

Be sad as we would make ye: Think, ye see

The very persons of our noble history,

As they were living; think, you see them great,

And follow'd with the general throng, and

swent

Of thousand friends; then, in a moment, see

How soon this mightiness meets misery!

And, if you can be merry then, I'll say,

A man may weep upon his wedding-day.

ACT I.

London. An Antechamber in
the Palace.

Duke of NORFOLK, at one door;
her, the Duke of BUCKINGHAM,

Lord ABERGAVENNY.

odd morrow, and well may. How

te saw in France? (have you done)

I thank your grace,

and ever since a fresh admirer

aw there.

An untimely age

ed. 1 Preced

Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber, when
Those sons of glory, those two lights of man's,

Met in the vale of Arde.

Nor.

I was then present, saw them salute on horse-

back;

Beheld them, when they lighted, how they

In their embracement, as they grew together;

Which had they, what four throned ones could

Such a compounded one? (have weigh'd

Back.

I was my chamber's prisoner.

And Friends I. King of France

3 K 3

Nor. then you lost
The view of earthly glory : Men might say,
Till this time, Pomp was single ; but now
married

To one above itself. Each following day
Became the next day's master, till the last
Made former wonders its. To-day, the French,
All conqu'ring, all in gold, like heathen gods,
Shone down the English ; and, to-morrow, they
Made Britain, India ; every man that stood
Show'd like a mine : their dwarfish pages
As cherubims, all gilt : the madams too, [were
Not used to toil, did almost sweat to bear
The pride upon them, that their very labour
Was to them as a painting. Now this mask
Was cry'd incomparable ; and the ensuing
night

Made it a fool, and beggar. The two kings
Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,
As presence did present them ; him in eye,
Still him in praise : and, being present both,
'Twas said they saw but one ; and no discernor
Durst wag his tongue in censure. When these

sons [challenged
(For so they phrase them) by their heralds
The noble spirits to arms, they did perform
Beyond thought's compass ; that former fabu-
lous story,

Being now seen possible enough, got credit—
That *Buck* ; was believed.

Buck. O, you go far.

Nor. As I belong to worship, and affect
In honour honest, the tract of every thing

A place next to the king.

Aber. I can
What heaven hath given him,
Pierce into that ; but I can se
Peep through each part of his
If not from hell, the devil is an
Or has given all before, and h
A new hell in himself.

Buck. Why t
Upon this French going out, t
Without the privacy o' the ki
Who should attend on him
the file t

Of all the gentry ; for the mo
Too, whom as great a charge
He meant to lay upon ; and h
The honourable board of cou
Must fetch him in the papers

Aber.
Kinsmen of mine, three at th
By this so sicken'd their exis
They shall abound as former

Buck.
Have broke their backs with
For this great journey. Whi
But minister communication
A most poor issue ?

Nor. Grieving
The peace between the Fr
The cost that did conclude i

Buck.
After the hideous storm that
A thing inspired ; and, not c



lual WOLSEY, (*the quires borne
n, certain of the guard, and two
with papers. The Cardinal in
goes forth his eye on BUCKING-
HAM on him, both full*

lake of Buckingham's surveyor?
examination? (as)

Here, so please you.
e in person ready?

Ay, please your grace.
ll, we shall then know more; and
this big look. (Buckingham

[*Exeunt WOLSEY, and Train.*
is butcher's car^s is venom-mouth'd,

[best
power to muffle him; therefore,
him in his slumber. A beggar's
a noble's blood. (book

What, are you chafed?
r temperance; that's the appliance
r disease requires. (only,

I read in his looks
at me; and his eye reviled
bject object: at this instant
ne with some trick: He's gone to
and out-stare him. (the king;

Stay, my lord,
r reason with your choler question
on go about: To climb steep hills,
ow pace at first: Anger is like
orse; who being allow'd his way,
ires him. Not a man in England
ne like you: be to yourself
ld to your friend.

I'll to the king;
month of honour quite cry down
h fellow's insolence; or proclaim
rence in no persons.

Be advised;
urnace for your foe so hot
nge yourself: We may outrun,
witness, that which we run at,
over-running. Know you not,
mounts the liquor till it run o'er,
to augment it, wastes it? Be ad-
there is no English soul (vised:
er to direct you than yourself;
tap of reason you would quench,
, the fire of passion.

Sir,
ul to you; and I'll go along (low,
scription:—but this top-proud fel-
n the flow of gall I name not, but
e motions,) by intelligence,
as clear as founts in July, when
grain of gravel, I do know
pt and treasonous.

Say not treasonous.
the king I'll say't; and make my
as strong
rock. Attend. This holy fox,
both, (for he is equal ravenous,
tle; and as prone to mischief,
perform it: his mind and place
e another, yea, reciprocally.)

Only to show his pomp as well in France
As here at home, suggests; the king our master
To this last costly treaty, the interview, (glass
That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a
Did break i' the rinsing.

Nor. 'Faith, and so it did.
Buck. Pray, give me favour, sir. This can-
ning cardinal

The articles o'the combination drew,
As himself pleas'd; and they were ratified,
As he cri'd, Thus let be: to as much end,
As give a crutch to the dead: But our count-
cardinal (sey,

Has done this, and 'tis well; for worthy Wol-
Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows,
(Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
To the old dam, treason,) Charles the emperor,
Under pretence to see the queen his aunt,
(For 'twas, indeed, his colour; but he came
To whisper Wolsey,) here makes visitation:
His fears were, that the interview betwixt
England and France might, through their
amity,

Breed him some prejudice; for from this league
Peep'd harms that menaced him: He privily
Deals with our cardinal; and, as I trow,
Which I do well—for, I am sure, the emperor
Paid ere he promis'd, whereby his suit was
granted

Ere it was ask'd; but when the way was made,
And paved with gold, the emperor thus desired;
That he would please to alter the king's course,
And break the foresaid peace. Let the king
know,

(As soon he shall by me,) that thus the cardinal
Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,
And for his own advantage.

Nor. I am sorry
To hear this of him; and could wish, he were
Something mistaken in't.

Buck. No, not a syllable;
I do pronounce him in that very shape
He shall appear in proof.

*Enter BRANDON; a Sergeant at Arms before
him, and two or three of the Guard.*

Bran. Your office, sergeant; execute it.
Serg. Sir,

My lord the duke of Buckingham, and earl
Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I
Arrest thee of high treason in the name
Of our most sovereign king.

Buck. Lo you, my lord,
The net has fall'n upon me; I shall perish
Under device and practice.

Bran. I am sorry
To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on
The business present: 'Tis his highness' pleasure
You shall to the Tower.

Buck. It will help me nothing,
To plead mine innocence; for that dye is on me,
Which makes my whitest part black. The
will of heaven

Be done in this and all things!—I obey.—
O my lord Abergavenny, fare you well.

Bran. Nay, he must bear you company:—
The king (To ABERGAVENNY.

was the son of a butcher.

† Stabs.

‡ Executes.

§ Unfair stratagem.

Is pleased, you shall to the Tower, till you
How he determines further.

Abes. As the duke said,
The will of heaven be done, and the king's
By me obey'd.

Bras. Here is a warrant from [bodies
The king, to attach lord Montacute; and the
Of the duke's confessor, John de la Court,
Our Gilbert Peck, his chancellor,—

Buck. So, so;
There are the limbs of the plot: no more, I

Bras. A monk o' the Chaitreux. [hope.

Bras. O, Nicholas Hopkins!

Bras. He.

Buck. My surveyor is false; the o'er-great
cardinal [ready:

Hath show'd him gold: my life is spann'd* al-
I am the shadow of poor Buckingham;

Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on;
By dark'ning my clear sun.—My lord, fare-
well. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *The Council-Chamber.*

Cornets. Enter King HENRY, Cardinal
WOLSEY, the Lords of the Council, Sir
THOMAS LOVELL, Officers, and Attend-
ants. The King enters, leaning on the
Cardinal's shoulder.

K. Hen. My life itself, and the best heart
of it, [level

Thanks you for this great care: I stood i' the
Of a foul-charg'd confederacy, and give thanks
To you that choked it.—Let be call'd before us
That gentleman of Buckingham's: in person

Of these exactions, yet the king
(Whose honour heaven shield fr
he escapes not

Language unmannerly, yea, such
The sides of loyalty, and almost
In loud rebellion.

Nor. Not almost

It doth appear; for, upon these
The clothiers all, not able to ma
The many to them 'longing, hat
The spinsters, carders, fullers, u
Unfit for other life, compell'd b
And lack of other means, in des
Daring the event to the teeth, an
And danger, serves among them

K. Hen.

Wherein? and what taxation?
You that are blamed for it alike;
Know you of this taxation?

Wol. Ple

I know but of a single part, in
Pertains to the state; and front

Where others tell steps with me

Q. Kath.

You know no more than others,
Things, that are known alike;
wholesome

To those which would not know
Perforce be their acquaintanc
tions,

Whereof my sovereign would b
Most pestilent to the hearing; an
The back is sacrifice to the load

ry actions, in the fear
malicious censurers; which ever,
fishes, do a vessel follow
trimm'd; but benefit no further
lougling. What we oft do best,
erpreters, once t weak ones, is
not allow'd; what worst, as oft,
user quality, is cried up
t act. If we shall stand still,
ir motion will be mock'd or
d at,
ake root here where we sit, or sit
s only.

Things done well,
are, exempt themselves from fear;
without example, in their fasce
sard. Have you a precedent
mission? I believe, not any.
t tend our subjects from our laws,
em in our will. Sixth part of each
contribution! Why, we take,
tree, lop, bark, and part o' the
r; [huck'd,
h we leave it with a root, thus
driuk the sap. To every county,
s question'd, send our letters, with
t to each man that has denied
this commission: Pray, look to't;
our care.

A word with you.
[To the Secretary.
letters writ to every shire,
s grace and pardon. The griev'd
ions
ceive of me: let it be noised,
h our intercession, this revokement
comes; I shall anon advise you
be proceeding. [Exit Secretary.
Enter Surveyor.

I am sorry, that the duke of Buck-
ur displeasure. [Ingham
It grieves many:
nan is learn'd, and a most rare
er, [such,
none more bound; his training
furnish and instruct great teachers,
seek for aid out of himself.

so noble benefits shall prove
isposed, the mind growing once
pt, [ugly
o vicious forms, ten times more
ey were fair. This man so coun-
when we,
sroll'd 'mongst wonders, and
ravish'd list'ning, could not find
speech a minute; he, my lady,
oustrous habits put the graces
ere his, and is become as black
r'd in hell. Sit by us; you shall hear
s gentleman in trust,) of him
ike honour sad.—Bid him recount
lited practices; whereof
eel too little, hear too much.
ad forth; and with bold spirit
what you,

Most like a careful subject, have collected
Out of the Duke of Buckingham.

K. Hen. Speak freely.

Surr. First, it was usual with him, every
day

It would infect his speech, That if the king
Should without issue die, he'd carry it so
To make the sceptre his: These very words
I have heard him utter to his son-in-law,
Lord Abergavenny; to whom by oath he menaced
Revenge upon the cardinal.

Ifol. Please your highness, note

This dangerous conception in this point.

Not frightened by his wish, to your high person
His will is most malignant; and it stretches
Beyond you, to your friends.

Q. Kath. My learn'd lord cardinal,
Deliver all with charity.

K. Hen. Speak on:

How grounded he his title to the crown,
Upon our fall? to this point hast thou heard
At any time speak aught? [him

Surr. He was brought to this

By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins.

K. Hen. What was that Hopkins?

Surr. Sir, a Chartreux friar,
His confessor; who fed him every minute
With words of sovereignty.

K. Hen. How know'st thou this?

Surr. Not long before your highness sped
to France,

The duke being at the Rose, within the parish
Saint Lawrence Pontney, did of me demand
What was the speech amongst the Londoners
Concerning the French journey: I replied,
Men fear'd, the French would prove peridious,
To the king's danger. Presently the duke
Said, 'Twas the fear, indeed; and that he
doubted,

'Twould prove the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy monk; That oft, says he,
Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Court, my chaplain, a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of some moment:
Whom after under the confession's seal
He solemnly had sworn, that, what he spoke,
My chaplain to no creature living, but
To me, should utter, with demure confidence
This pausingly ensued,—Neither the king,
nor his heirs, [strict
(Tell you the duke) shall prosper: bid him
To gain the love of the commonalty; the duke
Shall govern England.

Q. Kath. If I know you well,

You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your
office [heard,

On the complaint o' the tenants: Take good
You charge not in your spleen a noble person,
And spoil your nobler soul! I say, take heed;
Yes, heartily beseech you.

K. Hen. Let him on:—

Go forward.

Surr. On my soul, I'll speak but truth.
I told my lord the duke, By the devil's illi-

ous [dangerous for him,
The monk might be deceived; and that 'twas

† Sometimes.

‡ Approved.

§ Beyond.

¶ Conduct, manage.

¶ Now Merchant-Taylor School.

examine on this so far, until
It forged him some design, which, being be-
lieved,

It was much like to do: He answer'd, *Tush!*
It can do me no damage: adding further,
That, had the king in his last sickness fall'd,
The cardinal's and sir Thomas Lovell's heads
Should have gone off.

K. Hen. Hat what, so rank? Ah, ha!
There's mischief in this man:—Canst thou

Serv. I can, my liege. [say further?

K. Hen. Proceed.

Serv. Being at Greenwich,
After your highness had reproved the duke
About sir William Blomer,—

K. Hen. I remember,
On such a time:—Being my servant sworn,
The duke retain'd him his.—But on;

What hence? [committed,

Serv. If, quoth he, *I for this had been*
As to the Tower, I thought,—I would have
play'd

The part my father meant to act upon
The usurper Richard: who, being at Salis-
bury, [granted,

Made suit to come in his presence; which if
As he made semblance of his duty, would
Have put his knife into him.

K. Hen. A giant traitor!

Bol. Now, madam, may his highness live
And this man out of prison? [in freedom.

G. Kath. God mend all!

K. Hen. There's something more would out
Of these: What say'st?

Sands. They have all new legs, and
ones; one would take it.

That never saw them pace before, the queen
A springhalt; reign'd among them.

Cham. Death! my liege

Their clothes are after such a pagan cut as
That, sure, they have worn out christen
What news, sir Thomas Lovell? [How

Enter Sir THOMAS LOVELL.

Lov. Faith, my liege

I hear of none, but the new proclamation
That's clapp'd upon the court-gate.

Cham. What hat's

Lov. The reformation of our travels;
lants,

That fill the court with quarrels, talk,

Cham. I am glad, 'tis there; now let's
pray our monseurs

To think an English courtier may be wise
And never see the Louvre.

Lov. They must

(For so run the conditions,) leave their
nants

Of fool, and feather, that they got in France

With all their honourable points of ignorance

Pertaining thereunto, (as fights, and frowns)

Abusing better men than they can be,

Out of a foreign wisdom,) renouncing the

The faith they have in tennis, and tall

ings,

Short blister'd breeches, and those types

And understand again like honest men;

Or pack to their old playfellows: there,

They may even with the

Is he divided as the land that feeds us;
And full every where.

Yes. No doubt, he's noble;
In a black mouth, that said either of him.

He may, my lord, he has wherewith-
al; in him, [trio:]

He would show a worse sin than ill doc-
trine; his way should be most liberal,

And set here for examples.

True, they are so;
Now now give so great ones. My barge

shall along:—Come, good sir,
He is late also; which I would not be,

As I spoke to, with sir Henry Guildford,
To be compellers.

I am your lordship's.

[Exit.]

SCENE IV. The Presence-Chamber in
York-Place.

[Stage.] A small table under a state for
the Cardinal, a longer table for the guests.

Enter at one door ANNE BULLEN, and
other Lords, Ladies, and Gentlewomen,

Guests; at another door, enter Sir
HENRY GUILDFORD.

Ladies, a general welcome from his
highness all: This night he dedicates [Grace]

to content, and you: none here, he hopes,
In this noble bevy, has brought with her

any abroad; he would have all as merry
as good company, good wine, good wel-

come, [are tardy;
make good people.—O, my lord, you

our Lord Chamberlain, Lord SANDS, and
Sir THOMAS LOVELL.

Very thought of this fair company
is wings to me.

You are young, sir Henry Guildford.

And Sir Thomas Lovell, had the cardinal
half my lay-thoughts in him, some of

these [ed.]

And a running banquet ere they rest;
would better please them: By my life,

is a sweet society of fair ones.

O, that your lordship were but now
here two of these! [confessor]

I would, I were;
I should find easy penance.

'Faith, how easy?
As easy as a down-bed would afford

it. [Sir Harry,

Sweet ladies, will it please you sit?
you that side, I'll take the charge of this:

grace is ent'ring.—Nay, you must not
freeze; [ther:]

women placed together makes cold wear-
Lord Sands, you are one will keep them

at between these ladies. [waking;
suff.] By my faith,

thank your lordship.—By your leave,
sweet ladies:

[Seats himself between ANNE BULLEN
and another Lady.]

If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me;
I had it from my father.

Anne. Was he mad, sir? [too:]

Sands. O very mad, exceeding mad, in love
But he would bite none; just as I do now,

He would kiss you twenty with a breath.

[Kisses her.]

Cham. Well said, my lord.—
So, now you are fairly seated:—Gentlemen,

The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies
Pass away frowning.

Sands. For my little care,
Let me alone.

Hautboys. Enter Cardinal WOLSEY, at-
tended, and takes his state.

Wel. You are welcome, my fair guests; that
noble lady,

Or gentleman, that is not freely merry, [come;
is not my friend: This, to confirm my wel-

And to you all good health. [Drinks.]

Sands. Your grace is noble:—
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,

And save me so much talking.

Wel. My lord Sands,
I am beholden to you: cheer your neighbours.—

Ladies, you are not merry;—Gentlemen,
Whose fault is this?

Sands. The red wine first must rise
In their fair cheeks, my lord; then we shall

have them
Talk us to silence.

Anne. You are a merry gamester,
My lord Sands.

Sands. Yes, if I make my play §.
Here's to your ladyship; and pledge it, madam,

For 'tis to such a thing,—

Anne. You cannot show me. [anon.]

Sands. I told your grace, they would talk
[Drum and Trumpets within: Cham-

bers discharged.]

Wel. What's that?

Cham. Look out there, some of you.

[Exit a Servant.]

Wel. What warlike voice?
And to what end is this?—Nay, ladies, fear

By all the laws of war you are privileged. [not;
Re-enter Servant.]

Cham. How now? what is't?

Serv. A noble troop of strangers;
For so they seem: they have left their barge,

and landed;
And hither make, as great ambassadors

From foreign princes.

Wel. Good lord chamberlain,
Go, give them welcome, you can speak the

French tongue; [them]
And, pray, receive them nobly, and conduct

into our presence, where this heaven of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them: Some attend him.

[Exit Chamberlain, attended. All arise,
and Tables removed.]

You have now a broken banquet, but we'll
mend it.

A good digestion to you all: and, once more,
I shower a welcome on you;—Welcome all.

The speaker is at Bridewell, and the cardinal's house was at Whitehall.

§ Cham.

§. Choose my group.

§ Small company.

§ Company.

Attendants. Enter the King, and twelve others, with the Cardinal, the Shepherds, and the Lord Chamberlain. They come directly before the Cardinal, and constantly salute him.

Cardinal. Because they seek their pleasures? *King.* Because they seek us English, thus they please.

Lord Chamberlain. That, having heard by the good husband's report assembly, might be meet to see they should be no less, I did say, as it is, of this hour to beauty, to have their flocks only under your fair conduct.

King. Leave this now these ladies, and entreat me, tell me how it will be.

Lord Chamberlain. Say, lord chamberlain, they have from my grace your grace; for will I pay them.

Cardinal. Thanks, but pray them take their pleasure.

King. I have chosen for the dance. *The King chooses ANN BULLEN.*

Ann Bullen. The fairest hand I ever touch'd!

King. I never knew it so. *[Music. Dance.]*

Lord Chamberlain. My lord, — Your grace?

King. Pray, tell them how much from me: I should be one amongst them, by his person.

Cardinal. No more worthy this place than myself; to whom, I but knew him, with my love and duty I would surrender it.

There is, indeed; which they would have find out, and he will take it. *[Your grace.]*

Wol. Let me see that.

[Comes from his side.] By all your good leaves, gentlemen — But my royal choice.

K. Hen. You have found him, cardinal.

Wol. You hold a fair assembly; you do well, but you are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, cardinal, I should judge now unhappily.

Wol. I am glad, Your grace is grown so pleasant.

K. Hen. My lord chamberlain, Pr'ythee, come hither: What fair lady's that?

Cham. An't please your grace, sir Thomas Bullen's daughter,

The viscount Rochford, one of her kinsmen.

K. Hen. By heaven, she is a dainty one. Sweet-heart,

I were unmannerly, to take you out, And not to kiss you. — A health, gentlemen.

Wol. Let it go round. Sir Thomas Lovell, is the keeper of the privy chamber?

Lov. Yes, my lord.

Wol. I fear, with dancing is a little heated.

K. Hen. I fear, too much.

Wol. There's fresher air, my lord, In the next chamber.

K. Hen. Lead in your ladies, every one. I must not yet forsake you: — Let's be merry. Good my lord cardinal, I have half a health.



my, he sweat extremely,
 took his shaler, and hasty:
 self again, and, sweetly,
 w'd a most noble patience.
 not think, he fears death.

Save, he does not,
 womanish; the cause
 have at.

Certainly,
 the end of this.

The likely,
 s: First, Kildare's attainder,
 'eland; who removed,
 sent thither, and in haste too,
 lip his father.

That trick of state
 was one.

At his return,
 I require it. This is noted,
 whoever the king favours,
 surely will find employment,
 your court too.

All the commons
 ously, and, o' my conscience,
 som deep: this duke as much
 ste on; call him, bounteous
 courtesy;— [Buckingham,
 Stay there, sir,
 e ruin'd man you speak of.
 HAM from his arraignment;
 re him, the axe with the
 him; halberds on each side:
 W THOMAS LOVELL, SIR
 DX, SIR WILLIAM SANDS,
 people.

stand close, and behold him.
 All good people,
 have come to pity me,
 had then go home and lose me.
 received a traitor's judgment,
 e must die; Yet, heaven bear

conscience, let it sink me,
 falle, if I be not faithful I
 o malice for my death;
 the premises, but justice:
 ought it, I could wish more

I, I heartily forgive them:
 they glory not in inchief,
 like on the graves of great men;
 blood must cry against
 this world I ne'er hope, [them.
 although the king have mer-

loved me,
 make faults. You few that
 to weep for Buckingham,
 and fellows, whom to leave
 him, only dying,
 good angels, to my end;
 divorce of steel falls on me
 myers one sweet sacrifice,
 to heaven.—Lead on, o' God's

each your grace, for charity,
 e in your heart

Were his against me, now to forgive me humbly.

Buck. Sir Thomas Lovell, I as first forgive
 As I would be forgiven: I forgive all; [you,
 There cannot be those numberless offences

'Gainst me, I can't take place with: no black
 envy [grace;

shall make my grave.—Command me to his
 And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray, tell
 him, [prayers

Yet met him half in heaven: my vows and
 Yet are the king's; and, till my soul forsake me,
 Shall cry for bleedings on him: May he live
 Longer than I have time to tell his years!
 Ever beloved, and loving, may his rule be!
 And, when old time shall lead him to his end,
 Goodness and he fill up one monument! [grace;

Lox. To the water side I must conduct you
 Then give my charge up to sir Nicholas Vaux,
 Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there,
 The duke is coming: see, the barge be ready;
 And fit it with such furniture, as suits
 The greatness of his person.

Buck. Nay, sir Nicholas,
 Let it alone; my state now will but mock me,
 When I came hither, I was lord high constable,
 And duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward
 Yet I am richer than my base accusers, [Boken:
 That never knew what truth meant: I now
 seal it; [grown for't.

And with that blood will make them one day
 My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
 Who first raised head against usurping Richard,
 Flying for succour to his servant Banister,
 Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,
 And without trial fell; God's peace be with him!
 Henry the seventh succeeding, truly pitying
 My father's loss, like a most royal prince,
 Restored me to my honour, and, out of ruins,
 Made my name once more noble. Now his son,
 Henry the eighth, life, honour, name, and all
 That made me happy, at one stroke has taken
 For ever from the world. I had my trial, [me
 And, must needs say, a noble one; which makes
 A little happier than my wretched father:

Yet thus far we are one in fortunes,—Both
 Fall by our servants, by those men we loved
 A most unnatural and faithless service! [most;
 Heaven has an end in all: Yet, you that hear
 This from a dying man receive as certain: [me,
 Where you are liberal of your loves, and
 counsels, [make friends,

Be sure, you be not loose; for these you
 And give your hearts to, when they once per-
 The least rub in your fortunes, fall away [cave
 Like water from ye, never found again [ple,
 But where they mean to sink ye. All good peo-
 Pray for me! I must now forsake ye; the last
 Of my long weary life is come upon me. [hour
 Farewell:

And when you would say something that is sad,
 Speak how I fell.—I have done; and God! for-
 give me! [Exeunt Buck. and Train.

1 Gent. O, this is full of pity!—Sir, it calls,
 I fear, too many curses on their heads,
 That were the authors

2 *Gent.* If they be guiltless,
Tis full of woe: yet I can give you inkling
Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,
Greater than this.

1 *Gent.* Good angels keep it from us!
Where may it be? You do not doubt my faith,
sir? [quies

2 *Gent.* This secret is so weighty, 'twill re-
A strong faith * to conceal it.

1 *Gent.* Let me have it;
I do not talk much.

2 *Gent.* I am confident;
You shall, sir: Did you not of late days hear
A buzzing, of a separation
Between the king and Katharine?

1 *Gent.* Yes, but it held not:
For when the king once heard it, out of anger
He sent command to the lord mayor, straight
To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues
That durst disperse it.

2 *Gent.* But that slander, sir,
Is found a truth now: for it grows again
Fresher than e'er it was; and held for certain,
The king will venture at it. Either the cardinal,
Or some about him near, have, out of malice
To the good queen, possess'd him with a scruple
That will undo her: To confirm this too,
Cardinal Campelus is arrived, and lately;
As all think, for this business.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis the cardinal;
And merely to revenge him on the emperor,
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,
The archbishopric of Toledo, this is purposed.

2 *Gent.* I think, you have hit the mark:

Cham. It seems, the marriage
Has crept too near his conscience.

Suf. No,
Has crept too near another lady.

Nor. This is the cardinal's doing, the
That blind priest, like the elder
Turns what he lists. The king
one day.

Suf. Pray God, he do! he
Nor. How holily he works
ness!

And with what zeal; For, now
Between us and the emperor, the
nephew,

He dives into the king's soul; as
Dangers, doubts, wringing of
Fears, and despairs, and all the
And, out of all these, to restore
He counsels a divorce: a loss
That, like a jewel, has hung to
About his neck, yet never lost
Of her, that loves him with the
That angels love good men with
That, when the greatest stroke
Will bless the king: And is
pious!

Cham. Heaven keep me from
These news are every where
speaks them,

And every true heart weeps for
Look into these affairs, see this!
The French king's sister, Heav
The king's eyes, that so long have

of:
our king, that pardons all of-
fences: our breach of duty, this
into; in which we come (way,
vital pleasure.

You are too bold;
e ye know your times of busi-

for temporal affairs? hat—
OLSEY and CAMPEIUS.
y good lord cardinal?—O my
wounded conscience, (Wolsey,
for a king.—You're welcome,
(To CAMPEIUS.
verend sir, into our kingdom;
—my good lord, have great care
talker. (To WOLSEY.

Sir, you cannot.
rvice would give us but an hour
erence.

We are busy; go.
To NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.

as has so pride in him?
Not to speak of;
so sick though* for his

continue. (Aside.

If it do,
heave at him.

I another.
at NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.
rvice has given a precedent of

es, in committing freely
the voice of Christendom:
ry now! what envy reach you?
led by blood and favour to her,
as, if they have any goodness,
ad noble. All the clerks,
ed ones, in christian kingdoms,
voices; Rome, the nurse of judg-
ment, hath sent (ment,
gue unto us, this good man
rned priest, cardinal Campeius;
ore, I present unto your high-
ness (bid him welcome.
d, once more, in mine arms I
holy conclave for their loves;
me such a man I would have
r. (strangers' loves,
grace must needs deserve all
le: To your highness' hand
mission: by whose virtue,
lome commanding,)—you, my
(vant,
k, are join'd with me their sev-
l judging of this business.
o equal men. The queen shall
inted (dinner?
what you come:—Where's Gar-
your majesty has always loved
t, not to deny her that (her
place might ask by law,
'd freely to argue for her.
, and the best she shall have;
favor

he is proud. (Out of the king's presence.

To him that does best; God forbid else. Car-
dinal, (bury;
Pr'ythee call Gardiner to me, my new scene-
I find him a fit fellow. (Exit WOLSEY.
Re-enter WOLSEY, with GARDINER.
Wol. Give me your hand: much joy and
You are the king's now. (favour to you;
Gard. But to be commended
For ever by your grace, whose hand has raised
me. (Aside.
K. Hen. Come hither, Gardiner.
(They converse apart.
Cam. My lord of York, was not one doer
In this man's place before him? (Face
Wol. Yes, he was.
Cam. Was he not held a learned man?
Wol. Yes, surely.
Cam. Believe me, there's an ill opinion
Even of yourself, lord cardinal. (spread then
Wol. How! of me?
Cam. They will not stick to say you envied
him;
And fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,
Kept him a foreign man† still; which so
That he ran mad, and died. (grieved him,
Wol. Heaven's peace be with him!
That's christian's care enough: for living mar-
murers,
There's places of rebuke. He was a fool;
For he would needs be virtuous: That good
fellow,
If I command him, follows my appointment;
I will have none so near else. Learn this, bro-
ther,
We live not to be griped by meaner persons.
K. Hen. Deliver this with modesty to the
queen. (Exit GARDINER.
The most convenient place that I can think of,
For such receipt of learning, is Black-Friars;
There ye shall meet about this weighty busi-
ness. My Wolsey, see it furnish'd.—O my lord, (ness:
Would it not grieve an able man, to leave
So sweet a bedfellow?—But, conscience, con-
science;
O, 'tis a tender place, and I must leave her.
(Exeunt.

SCENE III. An Antechamber in the
Queen's Apartments.

Enter ANNE BULLEN, and an old Lady.

Anne. Not for that neither;—Here's the
pang that pinches: (she
His highness having lived so long with her, and
So good a lady, that no tongue could ever
Pronounce dishonour of her,—by my life,
She never knew harm-doing:—O now, after
So many courses of the sun enthroned, (which
Still growing in a majesty and pomp,—the
To leave is a thousand-fold more bitter, than
'Tis sweet at first to acquire,—after this pro-
To give her the avowal; I it is a play (same,
Would move a monster.

Old L. Hearts of most hard temper
Melt and lament for her.

Anne. O, God's will! much better

he is proud. (Out of the king's presence. (A sentence of rejection.
3 L 3

She ne'er had known pomp: though it be tem-
 Yet in that quiet*, fortune, do divorce {poreal,
 It from the better, 'tis a sufferance, pausing
 As soul and body's severing.

Old L. Alas, poor lady!
 She's a stranger now again †.

Anne. So much the more
 Must pity drop upon her. Verily,
 I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
 And range with humble livers in content,
 Than to be perk'd up in a glistening grief,
 And wear a golden sorrow.

Old L. Our content
 Is our best having ‡.

Anne. By my troth and maidenhead,
 I would not be a queen.

Old L. Beshrew me, I would,
 And venture maidenhead for't; and so would
 For all this spice of your hypocrisy: [you,
 You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,
 Have too a woman's heart; which ever yet
 Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty; [gifts
 Which, to say sooth §, are blessings; and which
 (Saying your mincing) the capacity [ceive,
 Of your soft cheveril || conscience would re-
 If you might please to stretch it.

Anne. Nay, good troth,—
Old L. Yes, troth, and troth,—You would
 not be a queen †

Anne. No, not for all the riches under heaven,
Old L. 'Tis strange; a threepence bow'd ¶
 would hire me,

Old as I am, to queen it: But, I pray you,
 What think you of a duchess? have you limbs

Taken of your many virtues, th
 Commends his good opinion
 Does purpose honour to you

That marchioness of Pembroke
 A thousand pound a year, an
 Out of his grace he adds.

Anne. I
 What kind of my obedience
 More than my all is nothing
 Are not words duly hallow'd
 More worth than empty van
 and wishes,
 Are all I can return. 'Bese
 Vouchsafe to speak my tha
 dience,

As from a blushing handmaid
 Whose health, and royalty,

Cham.

I shall not fail to approve th
 The king hath of you.—I
 well;

Beauty and honour in her ar
 That they have caught the
 knows yet,

But from this lady may pro
 To lighten all this isle?—I'll
 And say, I spoke with you;

Anne.

[Exit I

Old L. Why, this it is; s
 I have been begging sixteen
 (Am yet a courtier beggarly,
 Come pat betwixt too early
 For any suit of pounds: and



KING HENRY VIII.

608.

V. A Hall in Blackfriars. Enter with short silver wands; two Scribes, in the habits of their order, the Archbishop of Cologne; after him, the Bishops Ely, Rochester, and Saint Asaph; then, with some small distance, a Gentleman bearing the great seal, and a clerk; then two Priests, bearing a cross; then a Gentleman-headed, accompanied with a knight, bearing a silver mace; gentlemen, bearing two great maces; after them, side by side, Sir Thomas Wolsey and Cambray; with the sword and mace. The King and Queen, and their children, take place under the canopy; the two Cardinals sit as judges. The Queen takes some distance from the King. They place themselves on each side, in manner of a consistory; and the Scribes. The Lords sit behind. The Clergy and the rest stand in convenient order the stage.

our commission from Rome is commanded. [read,

What's the need?
publicly been read,
[the authority allow'd;
pare that time.

Be't so:—Proceed.
Henry king of England, come
court.
[king of England, &c.

Katharine queen of England,
of court.
rine queen of England, &c.
[she answers, rises out of her
about the court, comes to the
at his feet; then speaks.]
I desire you, do me right and
our pity on me: for [justice;
a woman, and a stranger,
or dominions; having here
rent, nor no more assurance
hip and proceeding. Alas, sir,
offended you? what cause
our given to your displeasure,
ould proceed to put me off,
good grace from me? Heaven

you a true and humble wife,
our will conformable:
indie your dislike, [sorry,
your countenance; glad, or
fied. When was the hour,
ted your desire? [friends
mine too? Or which of your

Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy? what friend of mine
That had to him derived your anger, did I
Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice
He was from thence discharged. Sir, call to
mind

That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upward of twenty years, and have been blest
With many children by you: If, in the course
And process of this time, you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,
Against your sacred person, in God's name,
Turn me away, and let the soul at contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To the sharpest kind of justice. Please you, sir,
The king your father, was repaid for
A prince most prudent, of an excellent
And unmatched wit and judgment: Ferdinand,
My father, king of Spain, was reckon'd one
The wisest prince, that there had reign'd by
many

A year before: It is not to be question'd
That they had gather'd a wise council to them
Of every realm, that did debate this business,
Who deem'd our marriage lawful: Wherefore
I humbly

Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may
Be by my friends in Spain advis'd; whose
counsel

I will implore: if not, I'll the name of God,
Your pleasure be fulfill'd!

Wol. You have here, lady,
[Aud of your choice,] these reverend fathers;
Of singular integrity and learning, [men
Wise, the elect of the land, who are assembled
To plead your cause: It shall be therefore
bootless.]

That longer you desire the court; as well
For your own quiet, as to rectify
What is unsettled in the king.

Cam. His grace
Hath spoken well, and justly: Therefore, ma-
lad's fit this royal session do proceed: [dam,
And that, without delay, their arguments
Be now produced, and heard.

Q. Kath. Lord cardinal,—
To you I speak.

Wol. Your pleasure, madam?

Q. Kath. Sir,
I am about to weep; but, thinking that
We are a queen, (or long have dream'd so,)
certain,

The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
I'll turn to sparks of fire.

Wol. Be patient yet.

Q. Kath. I will when you are humble;

nay, before,
Or God will punish me. I do believe,
Induced by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy; and make my challenge,
You shall not be my judge: for it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and
me; [again,

Which God's dew quench!—Therefore, [way

let's on cornets.

† *His grace of dignity carried before her throne...*
† *Unseen.*

I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul,
Refuse you for my judge; whom, yet once
more,
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.

Hol. I do profess
You speak not like yourself; who ever yet
Have stood to charity, and display'd the effects
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you
do me wrong;

I have no spleen against you; nor injustice
For you, or any: how far I have proceeded,
Or how far further shall, is warranted
By a commission from the consistory,
Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You
charge me,

That I have blown this coal: I do deny it:
The King is present: if it be known to him
That I gainst my deed, how may he wound,
And worthily, my falsehood; yea, as much
As you have done my truth. But if he know
That I am free of your report, he knows
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
It lies, to cure me: and the cure is, to
Remove these thoughts from you. The which
before

His highness shall speak in, I do beseech
You, gracious madam, to unthink your speak-
And to say so no more. *[sing,*

Q. Kath. My lord, my lord,
I am a simple woman, much too weak
To oppose your cunning. You are meek, and

I will not tarry: no, nor ever
Upon this business, my appeal
In any of their courts.

*[Exeunt Queen, Catharine,
other Attendants.*

K. Hen. *God*
That man! the world, who sh
A better wife, let him in noug
For speaking false in that: Th
(If thy rare qualities, sweet g
Thy meekness saint-like, wifel
Obeying in commanding,—an
Sovereign and pious else, co
out!)

The queen of earthly queens:
And, like her true nobility, sh
Carried herself towards me.

Wol. *M*
In humblest manner I requir
That it shall please you to de
Of all these ears, (for where
bound,

There must I be unloosed; all
At once; and fully satisfied.)
Did broach this business to y
Laid any scruple in your way
Induce you to the question on
Have to you,—but with thanks
A royal lady,—spake one the
Be to the prejudice of her pr
Or touch of her good person!

K. Hen. *N*
I do excuse you; yea, upon m



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alighting power, and made to
[way,
by breast; which forced such
considerings did throng,
with this caution. First, me-

ie smile of heaven; who had
are, that my lady's womb
a male child by me, should
ces of life to't, than
to the dead: for her male issue
ey were made, or shortly after
air'd them: Hence I took a
[dom,
ment on me; that my kinge
e best heir o'the world, should

by me: Then follows, that
nger which my realms stood in
s' fail; and that gave to me
g throe. Thus hailing * in
my conscience, I did steer
body, whereupon we are
re together; that's to say,
fy my conscience,—which
all sick, and yet not well,—
end fathers of the land,
n'd,—First, I began in private
ord of Lincoln; you remember
oppression I did seek t,
oved you.

Very well, my liege.
re spoke long; be pleased your-
lified me. [self to say

So please your highness,

The question did at first so stagger me,—
Bearing a state of mighty moment in't,
And consequence of dread,—that I committed
The daring'st counsel which I had to doubt;
And did entreat your highness to this course,
Which you are running here.

K. Hen. I then moved you,
My lord of Canterbury; and got your leave
To make this present summons:—Unsolicited
I left no reverend person in this court;
But by particular consent proceeded,
Under your hands and seals. Therefore, go on:
For no dislike i'the world against the person
Of the good queen, but the sharp thorny points
Of my alleged reasons, drive this forward:
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life,
And kingly dignity, we are contented
To wear our mortal state to come with her,
Katharine our queen, before the primest crea-
That's paragon'd; o'the world. [ture

Cam. So please your highness,
The queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness
That we adjourn this court till further day:
Mean while must be an earnest motion
Made to the queen, to call back her appeal
She intends unto his holiness.

[*They rise to depart.*
K. Hen. I may perceive [*Aside.*
These cardinals trifle with me: I abhor
This dilatory sloth, and tricks of Rome.
My learn'd and well-beloved servant, Cranmer,
Pr'ythee return; with thy approach, I know,
My comfort comes along. Break up the court:
I say, set on.

[*Exeunt, in manner as they entered.*

ACT III.

Palace at Bridewell.

*Queen's Apartment. The
me of her women, at work.*

ke thy lute, wench: my soul
with troubles; [working-
ree them, if thou canst: leave

SONG.

*h his lute made trees,
tain-tops, that freeze,
elves, when he did sing t
, plants, and flowers,
, us sun, and showers,
been a lasting spring.
that heard him play,
lows of the sea,
r heads, and then lay by.
sic is such art;
, and grief of heart,
p, or, hearing, die.*

it'er a Gentleman.

ow now? [cardinals
please your grace, the two great
sence].

Would they speak with me?

Gent. They will'd me say so, madam.

Q. Kath. Pray their graces
To come near. [*Exit Gent.*] What can be
their business [vour]

With me, a poor weak woman, fallen from fa-
I do not like their coming, now I think on't.
They should be good men; their affairs? as
But all hoods make not monks. [righteous:

Enter WOLSEY and CAMERUS.

Wol. Peace to your highness!
Q. Kath. Your graces find me here part of a
housewife:

I would be all, against the worst may happen.
What are your pleasures with me, reverend
lords? [withdraw

Wol. May it please you, noble madam, to
Into your private chamber, we shall give you
The full cause of our coming.

Q. Kath. Speak it here;
There's nothing I have done yet, o' my con-
science,

Deserves a corner: 'Would all other women
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!
My lords, I care not (so much I am happy
Above a number) if my actions [them,
Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw

ithout guidance.

ophe to the absent bishop.

† Waste, or wear away.

‡ Presence Chamber.

‡ Without compare.

¶ Protection.

Pray not base opinion set against them,
I know my life so even: If your business
Seek me out, and that way I am wife in,
Out with it bodily: Truth loves open dealing.

Wel. Tanta est erga te mentis integritas,
ut ea te scississimum—

Q. Kath. O, good my lord, no Latin;
I am not such a truant since my coming,
As not to know the language I have lived in:
Astrum of tongue makes my cause more strange,
Explicans; [thank you,
Pray, speak in English: here are some will
If you speak truth, for their poor mistress's sake;
Believe me, she has had much wrong: Lead
on me.

The wilful'st sin I ever yet committed,
May be dissolved in English.

Hed. Noble lady,
I am sorry my integrity should breed
(And be vice to this honesty, and you)
So deep suspicion, where charity was meant.
We come not by the way of accusation,
To punish the non every good tongue blesses:
Not to betray you any way to sorrow;
You have too much, good lady: but to know
How you are troubled in the weighty dif-
ference

Between the kin, and you; and to deliver,
Like free and honest men, our just opinions,
And comforts to your cause.

Cam. Most honorable madam,
My lord of York,—out of his noble return,
Zeal, and obedience, he still bore your grace;
Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure

Would leave your griefs, and tell
Q. Kath.

Cam. Put your main cause in
protection;

He's loving, and most gracious;
Both for your honour better, as
For, if the trial of the law o'er
You'll part away disgraced.

Hed. He to
Q. Kath. Ye tell me what ye
my ruin:

Is this your christian counsel?
Heaven is above all yet; there
That no king can corrupt.

Cam. Your ra
Q. Kath. The more shame to
I thought ye,

Upon my soul, two reverend ci
But cardinal's sins, and hollow b
Mend them for shame, my lord
comfort?

The cordial that ye bring a wo
A woman lost among ye, land
I will not wish ye half my mis
I have more charity: But say
Take heed, for heaven's sake,
at once

The burden of my sorrows fall

Hed. Madam, this is a mere
You turn the good we offer int

Q. Kath. Ye turn me into
upon ye,

And all such false professors!
(If you have any justice, any



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A. "Would I had never trod this
glush earth,
flatteries that grow upon it! [Hearts,
angels' faces, but heaven knows your
I become of me now, wretched lady I
most unhappy woman living.—
or wenches, where are now your for-
ces? [To her Women.

k'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,
no hope; no kindred weep for me,
no grave allow'd me:—Like the lily,
I was mistress of the field, and flou-
ry head, and perish. [rish'd,

If your grace
be brought to know, our ends are
best, [good lady,

el more comfort; why should we,
if cause, wrong you? alas! our places,
of our profession is against it;
I care such sorrows, not to sow them.
ress's sake, consider what you do;

may hurt yourself, ay, utterly
in the king's acquaintance, by this
of princes kiss obedience, [carriage,
they love it; but to stubborn spirits,
ll, and grow as terrible as storms,
ou have a gentle, noble temper,

even as a calm; Pray think us
profess, peace-makers, friends, and
vants. [your virtues

ladam, you'll find it so. You wrong
se weak women's fears. A noble
was put into you, ever casts [spirit,
bits, as false coin, from it. The king
es you;

ron lose it, not: For us, if you please
a in your business, we are ready
r utmost studies in your service.

B. Do what ye will, my lords: And
ye forgive me,
used* myself unmannerly;

r I am a woman, lacking wit
a seemly answer to such persons.
ny service to his majesty:

ny heart yet; and shall have my
yers, [fathers,
hall have my life. Come, reverend

our counsels on me: she now begs,
thought, when she set footing here,
d have bought her dignities so dear.

[Exeunt.
II. *Antechamber to the King's
Apartment.*

t Duke of NORFOLK, the Duke of
ck, the Earl of SURREY, and the
hamberlain.

'you will now unite in your com-
lents [dinal

st them with a constancy, the car-
and under them: If you omit
of this time, I cannot promise,

ron shall sustain more new disgraces,
e you bear already.

I am joyful
he least occasion, that may give me

Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke.
To be revenged on him.

Suf. Which of the peers
Have uncontent'd gone by him, or at least
Strangely neglected? when did he regard
The stamp of nobleness in any person,
Out of himself?

Cham. My lords, you speak your pleasures:
What he deserves of you and me I know;
What we can do to him, (though now the time
Gives way to us,) I much fear. If you cannot
Bar his access to the king, never attempt
Anything on him; for he hath a witchcraft
Over the king in his tongue.

Nor. O, fear him not;
His spell in that is out: the king hath found
Matter against him, that for ever mars
The honey of his language. No, he's settled,
Not to come off, in his displeasure.

Suf. Sir,
I should be glad to hear such news as this
Once every hour.

Nor. Believe it, this is true.
In the divorce, his contrary proceedings
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears
As I could wish mine enemy.

Suf. How came
His practices to light?

Suf. Most strangely.

Suf. O, how, how?

Suf. The cardinal's letter to the pope mis-
carried, [read,
And came to the eye o'the king: wherein was
How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness
To stay the judgment o'the divorce: For if
It did take place, I do, quoth he, perceive
My king is tangled in affection to
A creature of the queen's, lady Anne Bullen.

Suf. Has the king this?

Suf. Believe it.

Suf. Will this work?

Cham. The king in this perceives him, how
he coasts,
And hedges, his own way. But in this point
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic
After his patient's death: the king already
Hath married the fair lady.

Suf. 'Would he had!

Suf. May you be happy in your wish, my
For, I profess, you have it. [lord

Suf. Now all my joy
Trace! the conjunction!

Suf. My amen to't!

Nor. All men's.

Suf. There's order given for her coronation:
Marry, this is yet but young's, and may be left
To some ears unrecapited.—But, my lords,
She is a gallant creature, and complete
In mind and feature: I persuade me, from her
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall
In it be memorized].

Suf. But will the king
Digest this letter of the cardinal's?

The lord forbid!

Nor. Marry, amen!

Suf. No, no;

d. t Enforce, f Follow, f New, f Made meet

During my life; and, to confirm his goodness,
Tied it by letters patent: Now, who'll take it?

Sur. The king, that gave it.

Wol. It must be himself then.

Sur. Thou art a proud traitor, priest.

Wol. Proud lord, thou liest;

Within these forty hours Surrey durst better

Have burnt that tongue, than said so.

Sur. Thy ambition,

Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land

Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law:

The heads of all thy brother cardinals,

(With thee, and all thy best parts bound to-
gether,) [policy]

Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your

You sent me deputy for Ireland;

Far from his succour, from the king, from all

That might have mercy on the fault thou gavest
him;

Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,

Absolved him with an axe.

Wol.

This, and all else

This talking lord can lay upon my credit,

I answer, is most false. The duke by law

Pound his deserts: how innocent I was

From any private malice in his end,

His noble jury and foul cause can witness,

If I loved many words, lord, I should tell you,

You have as little honesty as honour;

That I, in the way of loyalty and truth

Toward the king, my ever royal master,

Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,

And all that love his follies.

Nor. Those articles, my lord

king's hand:

But, thus much, they are foul of

Wol.

And spotless, shall mine innocency

When the king knows my truth.

Sur.

I thank my memory, I yet remember

Some of these articles; and out of

Now, if you can blush, and cry guilty

You'll show a little honesty.

Wol.

I dare your worst objections; if

It is, to see a nobleman want me

Sur.

I'd rather want those, than

Have at you.

First, that, without the king's assent

You wrought to be a legate; by

You main'd the jurisdiction of

Nor.

Then, that in all you

or else

To foreign princes, *Ego et Rex*

Was still inscribed; in which you

To be your servant.

Suf.

Then, that, without the king's

Either of king or council, when

Ambassador to the emperor, you

To carry into Flanders the great

Sur.

Item, you sent a large sum

To Gregory de Cassalis, to conduct

Without the king's will, or the

Suf.

That, out of mere ambi-



all, my little good lord cardinal.

[*Exeunt all but Wolsey.*]

vell to the little good you bear me.

g farewell, to all my greatness!

of man; To-day he puts forth

ves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,

blushing honours thick upon him;

comes a frost, a killing frost;

he thinks, good easy man, full

s a ripening, nips his root, [sorely

ill as I do. I have ventur'd,

atom boys that swim on bladders,

amers in a sea of glory;

nd my depth: my high-blown

ke under me; and now has left

d with service, to the mercy

um, that must forever hide me.

id glory of this world, I hate ye:

new opened: O, how wretched

man, that hangs on princess' fa-

litz that smile we would aspire to,

lect of princess, and their ruin,

nd fears than wars or women

falls, he falls like Lucifer, [have;

again!—

ROMWELL, *amazedly.*

w, Cromwell?

re no power to speak, sir.

What, amazed

anes? can thy spirit wonder,

ould decline? Nay, an you weep,

deed.

How does your grace?

Why, well;

happy, my good Cromwell.

now; and I feel within me

all earthly dignities,

quiet conscience. The king has

re, [shoulders

ik his grace; and from these

illars, out of pity, taken

sink a navy, too much honour:

n, Cromwell, 'tis a burden,

a man that hopes for heaven.

glad, your grace has made that

s of it. [thinks,

: I have: I am able now, me-

ade of soul I feel,)

re miseries, and greater far,

re-hearted enemies dare offer.

road?

The heavilest, and the worst,

sure with the king.

God bless him!

next is, that sir Thomas More is

r in your place. [chosen

That's somewhat sudden:

eed man. May he continue

phness' favour, and do justice

e, and his conscience; that his

run his course, and sleeps in

amb of orphan's tears* wept on

'em!

Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with wel-

Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury. [come,

Wol. That's news indeed.

Crom. Last, that the lady Anne,

Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,

This day was view'd in open, as his queen,

Going to chapel; and the voice is now

Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me

down. O Cromwell,

The king has gone beyond me, all my glories

In that one woman I have lost for ever:

No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,

Or gild again the noble troops that waited

Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me,

Cromwell;

I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now

To be thy lord and master: Seek the king;

That sun, I pray, may never set! I have told

him [thee;

What, and how true thou art: he will advance

Some little memory of me will stir him

(I know his noble nature) not to let [well,

Thy hopeful service perish too: Good Crom-

Neglect him not; make use† now, and provide

For thine own future safety.

Crom. O my lord,

Must I then leave you? Must I needs forego

So good, so noble, and so true a master?

Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,

With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.

The king shall have my service; but my pray-

For ever, and for ever, shall be yours. [ers

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear

In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me,

Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.

Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me,

Cromwell;

And,—when I am forgotten, as I shall be,

And sleep in dull cold marble, where no men-

tion

Of me more must be heard of,—say, I taught

thee,

Say, Wolsey,—that once trod the ways of glory,

And sounded all the depths and shoals of ho-

nour,— [in;

Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise

A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.

Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.

Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;

By that sin fell the angels, how can man then,

The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?

Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that

hate thee;

Corruption wins not more than honesty.

Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace, [not:

To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear

Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,

Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O

Cromwell,

Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king;

And—Pr'ythee, lead me in:

There take an inventory of all I have,

To the last penny: 'tis the king's: my robe,

And my integrity to heaven, is all [well,

I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Crom-

* The chancellor is the guardian of orphans.

† Interest.

SHAKSPEARE.

1. *1st Gent.* You may God with; but the zeal
To serve his king, he would not in mine age
Make it his business to have enemies.
2nd Gent. Good he, have patience.

Wol. So I ha
The hopes of court! my hopes
dwell.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. A Street in Westminster.

Enter Two Gentlemen, meeting.

1 Gent. You are well met once again.
2 Gent. And so are you.
1 Gent. You come to take your stand here,
and behold
The holy Anne pass from her coronation?
2 Gent. 'Tis all my business. At our last
encounter,
The duke of Buckingham came from his trial.
1 Gent. 'Tis very true: but that time offer'd
This, general joy. [sorrow;
2 Gent. 'Tis well: The citizens,
I am sure, have shown at full their royal minds;
As, let them have their rights, they are ever for-
In celebration of this day with shows, [ward
Pageants, and sights of honour.
1 Gent. Never greater,
Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, sir. [tains,
2 Gent. May I be bold to ask what that con-
That paper in your hand?
1 Gent. Yes; 'tis the list
Of those, that claim their offices this day,
By custom of the coronation.
The duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims

3. *Choristers singing.*
4. *Mayor of London* beari
Then *Garter*, in his co
on his head, a gilt coppe
5. *Marquis Dorset*, beari
gold, on his head a demi-
With him, the earl of
the rod of silver with th
with an earls coronet.
6. *Duke of Suffolk*, in his r
coronet on his head,
white wand, as high ste
the duke of Norfolk, t
marshalship, a coron
Collars of SS.
7. A canopy borne by four
ports; under it, the Qu
in her hair richly odor
crowned. On each si
bishops of London and
8. The old duchess of Norfo
of gold, wrought with
the Queen's train.
9. Certain Ladies or Count
circlets of gold without
3 *Gent.* A royal train, be



be wedged in more; and I am
more rankness of their joy. [stiffed
You saw
ony?

That I did.

How was it?

Well worth the seeing.

Good sir, speak it to us.

As well as I am able. The rich
am
and ladies, having brought the queen
wed place in the choir, fell off
from her; while her grace sat down
while, some half an hour, or so,
hair of state, opposing freely
of her person to the people.
e, sir, she is the goodliest woman
lay by man: which when the people
ill view of, such a noise arose
ounds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
nd to as many tunes: hats, cloaks,
I think,) flew up; and had their
joy
s, this day they had been lost. Such
w before. Great-bellied women,
ot half a week to go, like rams
time of war, would shake the press,
them reel before them. No man
ag. (woven
, *This is my wife*, there; all were
dy in one piece.

But, 'pray, what follow'd?

At length her grace rose, and with
lest paces [saintlike,
the altar; where she kneel'd, and,
fair eyes to heaven, and pray'd de-
tly,
again, and bow'd her to the people:
the archbishop of Canterbury
l the royal makings of a queen;
l, Edward Confessor's crown,
and bird of peace, and all such em-
ns
on her: which perform'd, the choir,
be choicest music of the kingdom,
ung *Te Deum*. So she parted,
the same full state paced back again
lace, where the feast is held.

Sir, you
ore call it York-place, that is past:
the cardinal fell, that title's lost;
he king's and call'd—Whitehall.

I know it;
lately alter'd, that the old name
out me.

What two reverend bishops
e that went on each side of the queen?
Stokesly and Gardiner; the one of
chester,
'efferr'd from the king's secretary,) London.

He of Winchester

Is held no great good lover of the archbishop's,
The virtuous Cranmer.

3 Gent. All the land knows that:
However, yet there's no great breach; when
it comes, [him.

Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from

2 Gent. Who may that be, I pray you?

3 Gent. Thomas Cromwell;

A man in much esteem with the king, and truly
A worthy friend.—The king

Has made him master o'the jewel-house,
And one already of the privy-council.

2 Gent. He will deserve more.

3 Gent. Yes, without all doubt.
Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which
Is to the court, and there ye shall be my guests;
Something I can command. As I walk thither,
I'll tell ye more.

Both. You may command us, sir.
[Exeunt.

SCENE II*. Kimbolton.

Enter KATHARINE, Dowager, sick; led be-
tween GRIFFITH and PATIENCE.

Grif. How does your grace?

Kath. O, Griffith, sick to death:

My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the earth,
Willing to leave their burden: Reach a chair;
So,—now, methinks, I feel a little ease.

Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou ledd'st
me,

That the great child of honour, cardinal Wolsey,
Was dead?

Grif. Yes, madam; but, I think, your grace,
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to't.

Kath. Prythee, good Griffith, tell me how
he died.

If well, he stepp'd before me, happily t,
For my example.

Grif. Well, the voice goes, madam:
For after the stout earl Northumberland
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward
(As a man sorely tainted,) to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill,
He could not sit his mule.

Kath. Alas! poor man!

Grif. At last, with easy roads t, he came to
Leicester, [abbot,
Lodged in the abbey; where the reverend
With all his convent, honourably received him;
To whom he gave these words,—O father
abbot,

An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity!

So went to bed: where eagerly his sickness
Pursued him still; and, three nights after this,
About the hour of eight, (which he himself
Foretold should be his last,) fell of re, entail ce
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again.
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

cene is above any other part of Shakespeare's tragedies, and perhaps above any scene
er poet, tender and pathetic, without gods, or furies, or poisons, or precipices, with-
lp of romantic circumstances, without improbable sallies of poetical lamentation,
ut any throes of tumultuous misery.—JOHNSON.

† Happily.

† By short stages.

Kath. So may he rest; his faults he gently
 [him,]
 [him.]

Grif. Yes, yes, yes, Griffith, give me leave to speak
 of him with charity.—He was a man
 of a noble heart, and a noble mind; ever ranking

himself with princes; one, that by suggestion
 of the Duke of Burgundy was fair play;

and in the end was a law; the presence
 of which was a comfort; and he ever doubting,

and ever doubting; and he ever doubting,
 and ever doubting; and he ever doubting,

and ever doubting; and he ever doubting,
 and ever doubting; and he ever doubting,

and ever doubting; and he ever doubting,
 and ever doubting; and he ever doubting,

and ever doubting; and he ever doubting,
 and ever doubting; and he ever doubting,

and ever doubting; and he ever doubting,
 and ever doubting; and he ever doubting,

and ever doubting; and he ever doubting,
 and ever doubting; and he ever doubting,

and ever doubting; and he ever doubting,
 and ever doubting; and he ever doubting,

and ever doubting; and he ever doubting,
 and ever doubting; and he ever doubting,

and ever doubting; and he ever doubting,
 and ever doubting; and he ever doubting,

and ever doubting; and he ever doubting,
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and ever doubting; and he ever doubting,
 and ever doubting; and he ever doubting,

and ever doubting; and he ever doubting,
 and ever doubting; and he ever doubting,

and ever doubting; and he ever doubting,
 and ever doubting; and he ever doubting,

and ever doubting; and he ever doubting,
 and ever doubting; and he ever doubting,

dance; and, at certain changes
two hold a spare garland over;
at which, the other four make
court'sies; then the two that
garland, deliver the same to
next two, who observe the same
their changes, and holding it
over her head; which done, it
the same garland to the last
likewise observe the same order
(as it were by inspiration,) at
her sleep signs of rejoicing, and
dancing they vanish, carrying
with them. The music continues
Kath. Spirits of peace, where

ye all gone?

And leave me here in wretchedness
Grif. Madam, we are here.

Kath. It is not you I
Saw ye none enter, since I slept?

Grif. No
Kath. No? Saw you not, a

blest troop
Invite me to a banquet; whose beams

Cast thousand beams upon me, like
They promised me eternal happiness

And brought me garlands, Griffith
I am not worthy yet to wear: I

Assuredly.
Grif. I am most joyful, madam

Possess your fancy.
Kath. Bid the

They are harsh and heavy to me,
[A]

But
Do

Noble lady,
mine own service to your grace; the
long request that I would visit you; next,
grieves much for your weakness, and by
you his princely commendations, [me
heartily entreats you take good comfort.

MA. O my good lord, that comfort comes
to a pardon after execution: [too late;
gentle physic, given in time, had cured
me; [prayers.
Now I am past all comforts here, but
does his highness?

MA. Madam, in good health.
So may be ever do! and ever flourish,
I shall dwell with worms, and my poor
name
had the kingdom!—Patience, is that let-
ter you write, yet sent away? [ter,
No, madam.

[Giving it to KATHARINE.
MA. Sir, I most humbly pray you to de-
liver my lord the king.

MA. Most willing, madam.
In which I have commended to his
goodness
[her] of our chaste loves, his young
daughter:—
[her]—
[her] of heaven fall thick in blessings on
[her] him to give her virtuous breeding;
[her] young, and of a noble modest nature;
[her] she will deserve well; and a little
[her] her for her mother's sake, that loved
[her] him, [tition
[her] knows how dearly. My next poor pe-
[her] his noble grace would have some pity
[her] wretched women, that so long,
[her] [her] both my fortunes faithfully:
[her] there is not one, I dare avow,

(And now I should not lie,) but will deserve,
For virtue, and true beauty of the soul,
For honesty, and decent carriage,
A right good husband, let him be! a noble;
And, sure, those men are happy that shall have
them.

The last is, for my men:—they are the poorest,
But poverty could never draw them from
me;— [them,

That they may have their wages duly paid
And something over to remember me by;
If heaven had pleased to have given me longer
And able means, we had not parted thus. [life,
These are the whole contents:—And, good my
By that you love the dearest in this world, [lord,
As you wish christian peace to souls departed,
Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the
To do me this last right. [king

Cap. By heaven, I will;
Or let me lose the fashion of a man!

KATH. I thank you, honest lord. Remember
In all humility unto his highness: [me

Say, his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world: tell him, in death I bless'd
him, [well,

For so I will.—Mine eyes grow dim.—Fare-
My lord.—Griffith, farewell.—Nay, Patience,
You must not leave me yet. I must to bed;
Call in more women.—When I am dead, good
wench,

Let me be used with honour; strew me over
With maiden flowers, that all the world may
know

I was a chaste wife to my grave: embalm me,
Then lay me forth: although unqueen'd, yet
A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me. [like
I can no more.—

[Exeunt, leading KATHARINE.

ACT V.

SCENE I. A Gallery in the Palace.

GARDINER, bishop of Winchester, a
man with a torch before him, met by Sir
THOMAS LOVELL.

It's one o'clock, boy, isn't not?
It hath struck.

These should be hours for necessities,
Delights; times to repair our nature
In comfortable repose, and not for us
In these times.—Good hour of night, sir
so late? [Thomas]

Came you from the king, my lord?
I did, sir Thomas; and left him at pri-
vate duke of Suffolk. [Mero]

I must to him too,
he go to bed. I'll take my leave.

Not yet, sir Thomas Lovell. What's
the matter?

Are you in haste: an if there be
but offence belongs to't, give your friend
hence of your late business: Affairs that
walk

(As they say spirits do,) at midnight, have
In them a wilder nature, than the business
That seeks despatch by day.

Lov. My lord, I love you;
And durst commend a secret to your ear
Much weightier than this work. The queen's
in labour,
They say, in great extremity; and fear'd,
She'll with the labour end.

Gar. The fruit she goes with,
I pray for heartily; that it may find
Good time, and live: but for the stock, sir
I wish it grubb'd up now. [Thomas]

Lov. Methinks, I could
Cry the amen; and yet my conscience says
She's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does
Deserve our better wishes.

Gar. But, sir, sir,—
Hear me, sir Thomas: You are a gentleman
Of mine own way; I know you wise, religious;
And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,—
Twill not, sir Thomas Lovell, take't of me, [she,
Till Crommer, Cromwell, her two hands, and

* Image.

† Afterwards Queen Mary.
§ A game at cards.

‡ Even if he should be.
§ Hint.

Is the king's hand and tongue; and who dare
One syllable against him?

Gard. Yes, yes, sir Thomas,
There are that dare; and I myself have ven-
tured

[day,
To speak my mind of him: and, indeed, this
Sir, (I may tell it you,) I think I have
Incensed* the lords o'the council, that he is

(For so I know he is, they know he is,)

A most arch heretic, a pestilence [moved,

That does infect the land; with which they

Have broken† with the king; who hath so far

Given ear to our complaint, (of his great grace

And princely care; foreseeing those fell mis-
chiefs

[manded,
Our reasons laid before him,) he hath com-

To-morrow morning to the council-board

He be convented. He's a rank weed, sir

Thomas,

And we must root him out. From your affairs

I hinder you too long: good night, sir Thomas.

Lo. Many good nights, my lord; I rest

your servant.

[*Exeunt GARDINER and Page.*

As *LOVELL is going out, enter the King, and*

the Duke of Suffolk.

K. Hen. Charles, I will play no more to-
night;

My mind's not on't, you are too hard for me.

Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.

K. Hen. But little, Charles;

Nor shall not, when my fancy's on my play.—

Now, Lovell, from the queen what is the news?

Lo. I could not personally deliver to her

What you commanded me, but by her woman

I sent your message; who return'd her thanks

In the greatest humbleness, and desired your

Most heartily to pray for her. [highness

K. Hen. What say'st thou? ha!

To pray for her? what, is she crying out?

Lo. This is about
spake;

I am happily come hither

Re-enter DENNIS

K. Hen.

Ha!—I have said.—E

What!— [*Exeunt*

Cran. I am fearful

'Tis his aspect of terro

K. Hen. How now

Wherefore I sent for

Cran.

To attend your highne

K. Hen.

My good and gracious

Come, you and I mus

I have news to tell yo

your hand.

Ah, my good lord, I g

And am right sorry t

I have, and most unw

Heard many grievous

Grievous complaints o

sider'd,

Have moved us and ou

This morning come be

You cannot with such

But that, till further tr

Which will require you

Your patience to you,

To make your house a

ther of us,

It fits we thus proceed

Would come against y

Cran. I humbly

And am right glad to c

Most thoroughly to be

And corn shall fly asur

There's none stands u



o'er my person; which I weigh

se virtues vacant. I fear nothing
said against me.

Know you not how
lands the world, with the whole
[world]
and not small; their practices
same proportion; and not ever
and the truth o' the question carries
a verdict with it: At what ease
it minds procure knaves as corrupt
sinat you? such things have been

ently opposed; and with a malice
size. Ween't you of better luck,
erjered witness, than your master,
ster you are, whiles here he lived
ughty earth? Go to, go to:
recipice for no leap of danger,
ar own destruction.

God, and your majesty,
Innocence, or I fall into
did for me!

Be of good cheer; [to.
o more prevail, than we give way
rt to you; and this morning see
ear before them; if they shall
e,
you with matters, to commit you,
saasions to the contrary
se, and with what vehemency
I shall instruct you: if entreaties
you no remedy, this ring
n, and your appeal to us
before them.—Look, the good
reeps! [mother]
on mine honour. God's blest
is true-hearted; and a soul
in my kingdom.—Get you gone,
have bid you.—[Exit CRANMER.]
He has strangled

in his tears.

Enter an old Lady.

[Alas.] Come back; What mean
? [I bring
not come back: the tidings that
y boldness manners.—Now, good
royal head, and shade thy person
blessed wings!

Now, by thy looks
message. Is the queen deliver'd?
of a boy.

Ay, ay, my liege;
rely boy: The God of heaven
ad ever bless her!—'tis a girl,
ys hereafter. Sir, your queen
visitation, and to be
with this stranger; 'tis as like you,
to cherry.

Lovell,—

Enter LOVELL.

Sir,
Give her an hundred marks. I'll
the queen. [Exit King.]

Lady. An hundred marks! By this light,
I'll have more:

An ordinary groom is for such payment;
I will have more, or scold it out of him.
Said I for this, the girl is like to him?
I will have more, or else unsay't; and now,
While it is hot, I'll put it to the issue.

[Exit.]

SCENE II. Lobby before the Council-
Chamber.

Enter CRANMER; Servants, Door-keeper,
&c. attending.

CRAN. I hope I am not too late; and yet the
gentleman, [me
That was sent to me from the council, pray'd
To make great haste. All fast? what means
this?—Ho!

Who waits there?—Sure, you know me?

D. Keep. Yes, my lord;
But yet I cannot help you.

O an. Why? [call'd for.

D. Keep. Your grace must wait, till you be

Enter Doctor BUTTS.

O an. So.
Butts. This is a piece of malice. I am glad,
I came this way so happily: The king
Shall understand it presently. [Exit BUTTS.]

O an. [Aside.] 'Tis Butts,
The king's physician; As he past along,
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me!
Pray heaven, he sound not my disgrace! For
certain,

This is of purpose laid, by some that hate me,
(God turn their hearts! I never sought their
malice.) [make me

To quench mine honour: they would shame to
Wait else at door; a fellow counsellor,
Among boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their
pleasures

Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

Enter at a window above, the King and
BUTTS.

Butts. I'll show your grace the strangest
sight—

K. Hen. What's that, Butts?

Butts. I think your highness saw this man.

K. Hen. Body o' me, where is it? [a day.

Butts. There, my lord:

The high promotion of his grace of Canter-
bury; [wants,

Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursul-
Pages, and footboys.

K. Hen. Ha! 'Tis he indeed:

Is this the honour they do one another?

'Tis well there's one above them yet. I had
thought

They had parted so much honesty among them,
(At least, good manners,) as not thus to suffer
A man of his place, and so near our favour,
To dance attendance on their lordships' plea-
sures,

And at the door too, like a post with packets.

By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery:

Let them alone, and draw the curtains close;

We shall hear more anon.— [Exit all]

* Value.

† Always.

‡ Think.

Chan. Speak to the business, master secre-
 Why are we met in council? [*tary:*
Crom. Please your honours,
 The chief cause concerns his grace of Canter-
Gar. Has he had knowledge of it? [*bury.*
Crom. Yes.
Nor. Who waits there?
D. Keep. Without, my noble lords?
Gar. Yes.
D. Keep. My lord archbishop;
 And has done half an hour, to know your plea-
Chan. Let him come in. [*sure.*
D. Keep. Your grace may enter now.
 [*CRANMER approaches the Council-table.*
Chan. My good lord archbishop, I am very
 To sit here at this present, and behold [*sorry*
 That chair stand empty: But we all are men,
 In our own natures frail; and capable
 Of our flesh, few are angels: out of which
 frailty, [*teach us,*
 And want of wisdom, you, that best should
 Have misdeemean'd yourself, and not a little,
 Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling
 The whole realm, by your teaching, and your
 chaplains,
 (For so we are inform'd,) with new opinions,
 Divers, and dangerous; which are heresies,
 And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.
Gar. Which reformation must be sudden too,
 My noble lords: for those that tame wild
 horses, [*gentle;*
 Pace them not in their hands to make them
 But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and
 spur them,
 Till they obey the manage. If we suffer
 (Out of our easiness, and childish pity
 To one man's honour) this contagious sickness,
 Farewell all physic: And what follows then?
 Commotions, uproars, with a general taint
 Of the whole state: as, of late days, our neigh-

And our consent, for
 From hence you be
 Where, being but a
 You shall know man
 More than, I fear, yo
Cran. Ah, my go
 thank you,
 You are always my
 I shall both find your
 You are so merciful:
 'Tis my undoing: Let
 Become a churchma
 Win straying souls
 Cast none away. T
 Lay all the weight y
 I make as little doub
 In doing daily wrou
 But reverence to yo
 dest.
Gar. My lord, my
 That's the plain trui
 covers,
 To men that underst
Crom. My lord o
 little,
 By your good favour
 However faulty, yet
 For what they have
 To load a falling ma
Gar.
 I cry your honour n
 Of all this table, say
Crom.
Gar. Do not I kn
 Of this new sect? y
Crom.
Gar. Not sound,
Crom. 'Would
 Men's prayers then
 fears.

From. Is there no other way of mercy,
I must needs to the Tower, my lords?

Faw. What other
said you expect? You are strangely trouble-
some o' the guard be ready there. *[some!]*
Enter Guard.

From. For me?
as I go like a traitor thither?

Faw. Receive him,
and see him safe i' the Tower.

From. Stay, good my lords,
I have a little yet to say. Look there, my
lords;

Whence of that ring, I take my cause
of the gripes of cruel men, and give it
to a most noble judge, the king my master.

From. This is the king's ring.
From. 'Tis no counterfeit.
From. 'Tis the right ring, by heaven: I told
ye all. *[rolling,*

From. we first put this dangerous stone a
quell fall upon ourselves.

From. Do you think, my lords,
that king will suffer but the little finger
of this man to be vex'd?

From. 'Tis now too certain:
much more is his life in value with him?
said I were fairly out on't.

From. My mind gave me,
hearing tales and informations
of this man, (whose honesty the devil
his disciples only envy at,) *[at ye.*
blew the fire that burns ye: Now have
over the King, frowning on them; takes
his seat.

From. Dread sovereign, how much are we
bound to heaven
silly thanks, that gave us such a prince;
only good and wise, but most religious:
that, in all obedience, makes the church
chief aim of his honour; and, to strengthen
his holy duty, out of dear respect,
royal self in judgment comes to hear
cause betwixt her and this great offender.

Hen. You were ever good at sudden
commendations,
top of Winchester. But know, I come not
hear such flattery now, and in my pre-
sence;

are too thin and base to hide offences.
you cannot reach; you play the spaniel,
think with wagging of your tongue to
win me;

whatso'er thou tak'st me for, I am sure,
I have a cruel nature, and a bloody.—
a man, *[To CRANMER.]* sit down. Now

let me see the proudest
that dares most, but wag his finger at thee:
that's holy, he had better starve,
but once think his place becomes thee
no. May it please your grace,— *[not.*

Hen. No, sir, it does not please me.
I thought I had had men of some under-
standing

winnow, of my council; but I find none.
I discretion, lords, to let this man,

This good man, (few of you deserve that
title.)

This honest man, wait like a lousy footboy
At chamber door! and one as great as you
are! *[mission]*

Why, what a shame was this? Did my com-
Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye
Power, as he was a counsellor, to try him,
Not as a groom; There's some of ye, I see,
More out of malice than integrity.
Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean;
Which ye shall never have, while I live.

Chan. Thus far,
My most dread sovereign, may it like your
grace *[posed]*

To let my tongue excuse all. What was pur-
Concerning his imprisonment, was rather
(If there be faith in men) meant for his trial,
And fair purgation to the world, than malice,
I am sure, in me.

K. Hen. Well, well, my lords, respect him;
Take him, and use him well, he's worthy
of it.

I will say thus much for him, If a prince
May be beholden to a subject, I
Am, for his love and service, so to him.
Make me no more ado, but all embrace him;
Be friends, for shame, my lords.—My lord of
Canterbury,

I have a suit which you must not deny me;
That is, a fair young maid that yet wants
baptism,
You must be godfather, and answer for her.

Cran. The greatest monarch now alive may
glory

In such an honour; How may I deserve it,
That am a poor and humble subject to you?

K. Hen. Come, come, my lord, you'd spare
your spoons*; you shall have
Two noble partners with you; the old duchess
of Norfolk, *[you]*

And lady marquiss Dorset; Will these please
Once more, my lord of Winchester, I charge
Embrace, and love this man. *[you,*

Gar. With a true heart,
And brother-love, I do it.

Cran. And let heaven
Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation.

K. Hen. Good man, those joyful tears show
thy true heart.

The common voice, I see, is verified
Of thee, which says thus, *Do my lord of*
Canterbury *[ever.]*

A shroud turn, and he's your friend for
Come, lords, we trifle time away; I long
To have this young one made a christian.
As I have made ye one, lords, one remain;
So I grow stronger, you more honour gain.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *The Palace Yard.*

Noise and tumult within. Enter Porter
and his Man.

Port. You'll leave your noise anon, ye ras-
cals: Do you take the court for Paris-garden?
ye rude slaves, leave your gaping.

* It was an ancient custom for sponsors to present spoons to their god-children
The back-garden on the bank-side. * Raving.

We may as well push against rain, as stir them.

Port. How got they in, and be hang'd? [in?]

Man. Alas, I know not; How gets the tide
As much as one sound cudgel of four foot
(You see the poor remainder) could distribute,
I made no spare, sir.

Port. You did nothing, sir.

Man. I am not Samson, nor sir Guy, nor
Colbrand*, to mow them down before me; but,
if I spared any that had a head to hit, either
young or old, he or she, cuckold or cuckold-
maker, let me never hope to see a chine again;
and that I would not for a cow, God save her.

[*Within.*] Do you hear, master Porter?

Port. I shall be with you presently, good
master puppy.—Keep the door close, sirrah.

Man. What would you have me do?

Port. What should you do, but knock them
down by the dozens? Is this Moorfields to
muster in? or have we some strange Indian
with the great tool come to court, the women
so besiege us? Bless me, what a fry of forni-
cation is at door! On my christian conscience,
this one christening will beget a thousand; here
will be father, godfather, and all together.

Man. The spoons will be the bigger, sir.
There is a fellow somewhat near the door, he
should be a brazier by his face, for, o' my con-
science, twenty of the dog-days now reign in's
nose; all that stand about him are under the line,
they need no other penance: That fire-drake did
I bit three times on the head, and three times
was his nose discharged against me; he stands
there like a mortar-piece, to blow us. There
was a haberdasher's wife of small wit near him,
that rail'd upon me till her pink'd porringer +
call off her head, and bid them such a curst

fellows,
There's a trim rabble
Your faithful friends
have
Great store of room
When they pass back

Port.

We are but men; at
Not being torn a piece
An army cannot rub

Cham.

If the king blame me
By the heels, and sud
Clap round fines, for
knaves;

And here ye lie bait
Ye should do servi-
sound;

They are come alrea
Go, break among the
To le. the troop pass
A Marsalsea, shall
months.

Port. Make way.

Man. You great f
I'll make your head

Port. You it the c
I'll pick** you o'er

SCENE IV.

*Enter Trumpets, so-
men, Lord Mayor,
of NORFOLK, wit
Duke of SURFOLK
great standing bo
sifts: then four*

oble partners, and myself, thus pray:—
Comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,
en ever laid up to make parents happy,
hourly fall upon ye! [bishop]

Hen. Thank you, good lord arch-
is her name?

an. Elizabeth.

Hen. Stand up, lord.—

[*The King kisses the Child.*

this kiss take my blessing: God protect
whose hands I give thy life. [thee,
an.

Hen. My noble gossips, ye have been
too prodigal:

ask ye heartily; so shall this lady,
as she has so much English.

an. Let me speak, sir,

heaven now bids me; and the words I utter
some think flattery, for they'll find them
truth. [her]

royal infant, (heaven still move about
in her cradle, yet now promises

this land a thousand thousand blessings,
in time shall bring to ripeness: She shall be
few now living can behold that goodness)

turn to all princes living with her,
all that shall succeed: Sheba was never

covetous of wisdom, and fair virtue,
this pure soul shall be: all princely graces

mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
all the virtues that attend the good, [her]

still be doubled on her: truth shall nurse
and heavenly thoughts still counsel her;

shall be loved, and feared: Her own shall
bless her:

hus shake like a field of beaten corn,
hang their heads with sorrow: Good

grows with her:

r days, every man shall eat in safety,
r his own vine, what he plants; and sing

merry songs of peace to all his neighbours:
shall be truly known; and those about her

her shall read the perfect ways of ho-
mour, [blood]

by those claim their greatness, not by
shall this peace sleep with her: But as

when

The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix;
Her ashes new create another heir,
As great in admiration as herself;
So shall she leave her blessedness to one,
(When heaven shall call her from this cloud of
darkness.)

Who, from the sacred ashes of her honour,
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
And so stand fix'd: Peace, plenty, love, truth,
terror,

That were the servants to this chosen infant,
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him;
Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
His honour, and the greatness of his name
Shall be, and make new nations: He shall
flourish,

And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
To all the plains about him:—Our children's
Shall see this, and bless heaven. [children

K. Hen. Thou speakest wonders.

Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of
England,

An aged princess; many days shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.

Would I had known no more! but she must
die, [gin,

She must, the saints must have her; yet a vir-
A most unspotted lily shall she pass [her.

To the ground, and all the world shall mourn

K. Hen. O lord archbishop, [fore

Thou hast made me now a man; never, be-

This happy child, did I get any thing:

This oracle of comfort has so pleased me,

That, when I am in heaven, I shall desire

To see what this child does, and praise my

Maker.—

I thank ye all,—To you, my good lord mayor,

And your good brethren, I am much beholden:

I have received much honour by your pre-
sence, [way, lords;—

And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the

Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank
ye, [think

She will be sick else. This day, no man

He has business at his house; for all shall stay,

This little one shall make it holiday. [Exeunt.

EPILOGUE.

can to one, this play can never please
as are here: Some come to take their ease,
sleep an act or two; but those, we fear,
more frightened with our trumpets; so, 'tis
clear

'll say, 'tis thought: others, to hear the city
ed extremely, and to cry,—*that's witty!*
in we have not done neither: that, I fear,

s play of HENRY the EIGHTH is one of those which still keeps possession of the stage,
e splendour of its pageantry. The coronation, about forty years ago, drew the people
her in multitudes for a great part of the winter. Yet pomp is not the only merit of this
The meek sorrows and virtuous distress of Katharine have furnished some scenes, which
be justly numbered among the greatest efforts of tragedy. But the genius of Shakespeare
him and goes out with Katharine. Every other part may be easily conceived and easily
an.—JOHNSON.

All the expected good we are like to hear
For this play at this time, is only in
The merciful construction of good women
For such a one we showed them; if they
smile,

And say, 'twill do, I know, within a while,
All the best men are ours; for 'tis ill hap,
If they hold, when their ladies bid them clap.

is and the following seventeen lines were probably written by Ben Jonson, after
accession of K. James.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Persons represented.

PRIAM, *King of Troy.*

HECTOR,

ESCHES,

PARIS,

DEIPHOBUS,

HELENUS,

ASTYAS,

ANTENOR,

ACHILLES, *a Trojan priest, taking part*

with the Greeks.

PANDARUS, *Uncle to Cressida.*

MARGARELON, *a bastard son of Priam.*

NEAMPTON, *the Grecian General.*

MENELAUS, *his brother.*

SCHILLES,

AXX,

ULYSSES,

} *his sons.*

} *Trojan Commanders.*

} *Grecian Commanders.*

NESTOR,

DIOMEDES,

PATROCLUS,

THERSITES, *a deformed and scurvy*

Grecian.

ALEXANDER, *servant to Cressida.*

Servant to Troilus; Servant to Paris,

vault to Diomedes.

HELEN, *wife to Menelaus.*

ANDROMACHE, *wife to Hector.*

CASSANDRA, *daughter to Priam; a*

phetess.

CRESSIDA, *daughter to Calchas.*

Trojan and Greek Soldiers, and Attendants.

Scene—Troy, and the Grecian Camp.

PROLOGUE.

In Troy, there lies the scene. From isles of Greece

The princes of glorious *, their high blood chafed,
Have to the port of Athens sent their ships,
Fraught with the ministers and instruments
Of cruel war: Sixty and nine, that wore
Their crownets regal, from the Athenian bay

Dardan, and Tymbria, Ilios, Chetia, &c.
And Antenorides, with many staples,
And corresponsive and fulfilling bolts,
Sperr[?] up the sons of Troy.
Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits
On one and other side, Trojan and Grecian
Sets all on hazard:—And hither am I



y, to the leavening: but here's yet
ord—hereafter, the kneading, the
the cake, the heating of the oven,
king; nay, you must stay the cool-
you may chance to burn your lips.
thence herself what goddess e'er she

bleach* at sufferance than I do.
royal table do I sit;

Mr Cressid comes into my thoughts,
I saw she comes!—When is
hence?

'ell, she looked yesternight fairer
I saw her look, or any woman else.
as about to tell thee,—When my

with a sigh, would rive† in twain;
or my father should perceive me,
when the sun doth light a storm)
sigh in wrinkle of a smile: (ness,
, that is couched in seeming glad-
mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.
her hair were not somewhat darker
's; (well, go to,) there were no
parison between the women—But,
s, she is my kinswoman; I would
term it, praise her—But I would
ad heard her talk yesterday, as I
I not dispraise your sister Cassan-
but—

andans! I tell thee, Pandarus,—
to tell thee, There my hopes lie
ned,

in how many fathoms deep
drenched. I tell thee, I am mad
love: Thou answer'st, She is fair;
the open ulcer of my heart (voice;
her hair, her cheek, her gait, her
thy discourse, O, that her hand,
comparison all whites are ink,
dr own reproach; To whose soft
re

down is harsh, and spirit of sense
palm of ploughmen! This thou
me, [her;

as tell'st me, when I say—I love
thus, instead of oil and balm,
in every gash that love hath given
at made it. [me

speak no more than truth.
as dost not speak so much.

ith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her
be not, she has the mends in her

and Pandarus! How now, Panda-

ave had my labour for my travel;
as of her, and ill-thought on of you;
as and between, but small thanks
er.

st, art thou angry, Pandarus? what,

cause she is kin to me, therefore,
fair as Helen: an she were not kin
ould be as fair on Friday, as Hel-

len is on Sunday. But what care I! I care
not, an she were a black-a-moor; 'tis all one
to me.

Tro. Say I she is not fair?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no.
She's a fool to stay behind her father; let her
to the Greeks; and so I'll tell her the next
time I see her: for my part, I'll meddle nor
make no more in the matter.

Tro. Pandarus,—

Pan. Not I.

Tro. Sweet Pandarus,—

Pan. Pray you speak no more to me; I
will leave all as I found it, and there an end.

[Exit PANDARUS. An Alarm.

Tro. Peace, you ungracious clamours! peace,
rude sounds!

Fools on both sides! Helen must needs be
When with your blood you daily paint her
I cannot fight upon this argument; [shua.
It is too starved a subject for my sword.

But Pandarus—O gods, how do you plague me!
I cannot come to Cressid, but by Pandar;
And he's as tetchy to be woo'd to woo,
As she is stubborn-chaste against all suit.

Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,
What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we?
Her bed is Illium; there she lies, a pearl:
Between our Illium, and where she resides,
Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood;
Ourself, the merchant; and this sailing Pandar,
Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

Alarm. Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. How now, prince Troilus? wherefore
not afield? [sawer sorts],

Tro. Because not there; This woman's un-
For womanish it is to be from thence.

What news, Æneas, from the field to-day?

Æne. That Paris is returned home, and hurt.

Tro. By whom, Æneas?

Æne. Troilus, by Menelaus.

Tro. Let Paris bleed: 'tis but a scar to scorn:
Paris is gored with Menelaus' horn. [Alarm.

Æne. Hark! what good sport is out of town
to-day! [may—

Tro. Better at home, if would I might were
But to the sport abroad;—Are you bound

Æne. In all swift haste. [thither?

Tro. Come, go we then together.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II. The same. A Street.

Enter CRESSIDA and ALEXANDER.

Cres. Who were those went by?

Alex. Queen Hecuba, and Helen.

Cres. And whither go they?

Alex. Up to the eastern tower,

Whose height commands as subject all the vale,
To see the battle. Hector, whose patience
is as a virtue fix'd, to-day was moved:

He chid Andromache, and struck his armourer;
And, like as there were husbandry in war,
Before the sun rose, he was harness'd light,

And to the field goes he; where every flower
Did, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw

In Hector's wound.

Cres. What was his cause of anger?

Alc. He none sees this: There is among
the Greeks

A boy, of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector;
They call him Ajax.

Cres. Good; And what of him?

Alc. They say he is a very man *per se*,
And it was done.

Cres. So do all men; unless they are drunk,
sick, or have no legs.

Alc. This man, truly, hath robbed many
boists of their particular additions; he is as
valiant as the lion, courish as the bear, slow as
the elephant: a man into whom nature hath so
crowded humours, that his valour is cased
into folly, his folly senced with discretion;
there is no match in him: a virtue that he hath not
a glimpse of; nor any man at all; but he
carries some stain of it; he is melancholy with-
out cause, and merry against the heart: He
hath the joints of every thing; but every thing
so out of joint, that he is a giddy Brachius,
in my hands, and no use; or purblind Argus, all
eyes, and none see.

Cres. I will know how this man, that makes
me smile, makes Hector angry?

Alc. They say he yesterday coped Hector
in the battle, and struck him down; the dis-
dain and shame whereof hath ever since kept
Hector fasting and waking.

Enter PANDARUS.

Cres. Who comes here?

Alc. My lady, your uncle Pandarus.

Pan. Well, I say Troilus is Tr

Cres. Then you say as I sa
sure he is not Hector.

Pan. No, nor Hector is m
some degree.

Cres. 'Tis just to each of them

Pan. Himself? Alas, poor Tr
he were,——

Cres. So he is.

Pan. ——'Condition, I had
to India.

Cres. He is not Hector.

Pan. Himself? no, he's a
Would 'a were himself! Well,
above; Time must 'friend or
Troilus, well.—I would my hear
body!—No, Hector is not a bet
Troilus.

Cres. Excuse me.

Pan. He is ekler.

Cres. Pardon me, pardon me

Pan. The other's not come t
tell me another tale, when the
to't. Hector shall not have his

Cres. He shall not need it,
own.

Pan. Nor his qualities;——

Cres. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Cres. 'Twould not become h
better.

Pan. You have no judgment,
herself store the other day th



se, and puts me her white hand
chin,—

have mercy!—How came it

, you know, 'tis dimpled: I
ling becomes him better than
Phrygia.

smiles valiantly.

he not?

, an 'twere a cloud in autumn.

go to then:—But to prove to
loves Troilus,—

s will stand to the proof, if you'll

s? why, he esteems her no more
an addle egg.

a love an addle egg as well as
le head, you would eat chickens

not choose but laugh, to think
d his chin:—Indeed, she has a
ite hand, I must needs confess.

ut the rack.

he takes upon her to spy a white
n.

poor chin! many a wart is

there was such laughing;—
laughed, that her eyes ran o'er
mill-stones*.

'assandra laughed.

ere was a more temperate fire
of her eyes;—Did her eyes run

ector laughed.

at was all this laughing?

's, at the white hair that Helen
s' chin.

ad been a green hair, I should
oo.

laughed not so much at the hair,
answer.

was his answer?

she, *Here's but one and fifty
chin, and one of them is white.*

her question.

true; make no question of that.
hairs, quoth he, and one white:

*He is my father, and all the
ns.* Jupiter! quoth she, *which*

*is Paris my husband? The
oth he; pluck it out, and give*

*there was such laughing! and
ed, and Paris so chafed, and all*

hed, that it passed.

It now; for it has been a great

cousin, I told you a thing yes-
on't.

lo.
sworn, 'tis true; he will weep
f a man born in April.

I'll spring up in his tears, an
against May.

[A Retreat sounded.

Pan. Hark, they are coming from the field:
Shall we stand up here, and see them, as they
pass toward Ilum? good niece, do; sweet
niece Cressida.

Cres. At your pleasure.

Pan. Here, here, here's an excellent place;
here we may see most bravely: I'll tell you
them all by their names, as they pass by; but
mark Troilus above the rest.

ÆNEAS passes over the stage.

Cres. Speak not so loud.

Pan. That's *Æneas*; Is not that a brave
man? he's one of the flowers of Troy, I can
tell you; But mark Troilus; you shall see
anon.

Cres. Who's that?

ANTENOR passes over.

Pan. That's *Antenor*; he has a shrewd wit,
I can tell you; and he's a man good enough:
he's one o'the soundest judgments in Troy,
whosoever, and a proper man of person:—
When comes Troilus?—I'll show you Troilus
anon; if he see me, you shall see him nod at

Cres. Will he give you the nod? (me.

Pan. You shall see.

Cres. If he do, the rich shall have more.

HECTOR passes over.

Pan. That's *Hector*, that, that, look you,
that; There's a fellow!—Go thy way, *Hector*!
—There's a brave man, niece.—O brave *Hec-
tor*!—Look, how he looks! there's a counte-
nance: Is't not a brave man?

Cres. O, a brave man!

Pan. Is 'a not? It does a man's heart
good—Look you what hacks are on his hel-
met? look you yonder, do you see? look you
there! There's no jesting: there's laying on;
take't off who will, as they say: there be
hacks!

Cres. Be those with swords?

PARIS passes over.

Pan. Sworn! any thing, he cares not: an
the devil come to him, it's all one: My god's
lid, it does one's heart good:—Yonder comes
Paris, yonder comes Paris: look ye yonder
niece; Is't not a gallant man too, is't not?
Why, this is brave now.—Who said he came
hurt home to-day? he's not hurt: why this will
do Helen's heart good now. Ha! would I could
see Troilus now!—you shall see Troilus anon.

Cres. Who's that?

HELENUS passes over.

Pan. That's *Heleneus*,—I marvel where
Troilus is!—That's *Heleneus*;—I think he went
not forth to-day:—That's *Heleneus*.

Cres. Can *Heleneus* fight, uncle?

Pan. *Heleneus*? no;—yes, he'll fight indif-
ferent well:—I marvel where Troilus is!—
Hark! do you not hear the people cry, *Troi-
lus*!—*Heleneus* is a priest.

Cres. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

TROILUS passes over.

Pan. Where? yonder? that's *Delphobus*:
'Tis Troilus! there's a man, niece!—Hem!—
brave Troilus! the prince of chivalry!

verbal saying.

† Went beyond bounds.

‡ As it were.

§ A term in the game at cards called Ruddy.

Pan. Asses, fools, doltst chaff and bran,
chaff and bran! porridge after meat! I could
live and die i' the eyes of Troilus. Ne'er look,
ne'er look: the eagles are gone; crows and
daws, crows and daws! I had rather be such
a man as Troilus than Agamemnon and all
Greece.

Cres. There is among the Greeks, Achilles;
a better man than Troilus.

Pan. Achilles? a drayman, a porter, a very
camel.

Cres. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well?—Why, have you any
discretion? have you any eyes? Do you know
what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good
shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentle-
ness, virtue, youth, liberality, and such like,
the spice and salt that season a man?

Cres. Ay, a minced man: and then to be
baked with no date † in the pie,—for then the
man's date is out.

Pan. You are such a woman! one knows
not at what ward † you lie.

Cres. Upon my back, to defend my belly;
upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my
secrecy, to defend mine honesty; my mask, to
defend my beauty; and you, to defend all
these: and at all these wards I lie, at a thou-
sand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cres. Nay, I'll watch you for that; and
that's one of the chiefest of them too: if I
cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can
watch you for telling how I took the blow;
unless it swell past hiding, and then it is past
watching.

Pan. You are such a woman!

bear,
Nothing of that

SCENE III.

Ag

Trumpets. E

ULYSSSES,

Agam. Princ

What grief ha

The ample prop

In all designs b

Falls in the pro

disasters

Grow in the vel

As knots, by the

Infect the sound

Tortive and terra

Nor, princes, is

That we come a

That, after sever

stand;

Sith || every acti

Whereof we ha

Bias and thwart

And that unbod

That gav'st turn

princes,

Do you with

And think then

nought el

But the protract

To find persistiv

The fineness of

In fortune's lo

coward,

The

bler bulk.
 1 Bores once enrage
 *, and, anon, behold
 bark through liquid moun-

in the two moist elements,
 rise : where's then the saucy

mber'd sides but even now
 seas? either to harbour fled,
 for Neptune. Even so
 ow, and valour's worth, di-
 [brightness,
 tune: For, in her ray and
 re annoyance by the brizet,
 : but when the splitting wind
 e knees of knotted oaks,
 der shade, Why, then, the
 urage,
 ce, with rage doth sympathize,
 nt turn'd in self-same key,
 ig fortune.

Agamemnon,—
 nander, nerve and bone of

ibers, soul and only spirit,
 pers and the minds of all
 —hear what Ulysses speaks.
 use and approbation
 t mighty for thy place and
 [To AGAMEMNON.
 verend for thy stretch'd-out
 [To NESTOR.
 our speeches,—which were

ind the hand of Greece
 high in brass; and such

tor, hatch'd in silver,
 bond of air (strong as the
 [ish ears
 rides) knit all the Greek-
 ed tongue,—yet let it please

wise,—to hear Ulysses speak.
 prince of Ithaca; and be't of

less, of importless burden,
 then we are confident,
 sites opes his mastiff jaws,
 isic, wit, and oracle.

et upon his basis, had been
 [master,
 ector's sword had lack'd a
 ances.

rule hath been neglected:
 any Grecian tents do stand
 plain, so many hollow fac-

seeral is not like the hive,
 igers shall all repair,
 expected? Degree being

shows as fairly in the mask.

The heavens themselves, the planets, and this
 centre,

Observe degree, priority, and place,
 Insisture ¶, course, proportion, season, form,
 Office, and custom, in all line of order :
 And therefore is the glorious planet, Sol,
 In noble eminence enthroned and spher'd
 Amidst the other; whose med'cinable eye
 Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
 And posts, like the commandment of a king,
 Same** check, to good and bad: but when the
 Is evil mixture, to disorder wander, {planets,
 What plagues, and what portents! what mu-
 tinity;

What raging of the sea; shaking of earth;
 Commotion in the winds; frights, changes, hor-
 Divert and crack, rend and deracinate ¶¶ rors
 The unity and married calm of states {shak'd
 Quite from their fixture? O, when degree is
 Which is the ladder of all high designs, {skies,
 The enterprise is sick! How could commu-
 Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods;¶ in cities,
 Peaceful commerce from dividable §§ shores,
 The primogenitive and due of birth,
 Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,
 But by degree, stand in authentic place?
 Take but degree away, untune that string,
 Aud, hark, what discord follows! each thing
 meets

In mass ¶ oppugnancy: The bounded waters
 Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
 And make a sop of all this solid globe:
 Strength should be lord of imbecility,
 And the rude son should strike his father dead:
 Force should be right; or, rather, right and
 wrong

(Between whose endless jar justice resides)
 Should lose their names, and so should justice
 Then everything includes itself in power, {too.
 Power into will, will into appetite;
 And appetite, an universal wolf,
 So doubly seconded with will and power,
 Must make perforce an universal prey,
 And, last, eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,
 This chaos, when degree is suffocate,
 Follows the choking.

And this neglect of degree it is
 That by a pace goes backward, with a purpose
 It hath to climb. The general's disdain'd
 By him one step below; he, by the next;
 That next, by him beneath: so every step,
 Exemplified by the first pace that is sick
 Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
 Of pale and bloodless emulation:
 And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,
 Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,
 Troy in our weakness stands, not in her
 strength. [ver'd

Nest. Most wisely hath Ulysses here disco-
 The fever whereof all our power ¶¶ is sick.

Agam. The nature of the sickness found,
 What is the remedy? [Ulysses,

Ulyss. The great Achilles,—whom opinion
 crowns

ster of Neptune.
 sts of authority.
 the roots.

† The gad-fly, that stings cattle.

‡ Masked.

¶ Constancy.

† Expectation.

** Without.

‡ Corporations, companies.

§ Divided.

|| Absolute.

¶¶ Army, force.

§ N 3

The shame, and the forgetful of our host,—
 He's a great man, but he's a great man,
 Give him his worth, and in his tent
Lies him down, out of the way. With him, Patro-
 Upon a lazy bed the livelong day [claus,
 Breaks scurril jests;
 And with ridiculous and awkward action
 (Which, slanderer, he imitation calls) [nou,
 He pageants us. Sometime, great Agamem-
 Thy topless & deputation he puts on;
 And, like a strutting player, whose conceit
 Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich
 To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
 Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage,
 Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested & seeming
 He acts thy greatness in: and when he speaks,
 'Tis like a chime a mending; with terms un-
 squared. [dropp'd,
 Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon
 Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff,
 The large Achilles, on his press'd bedolling,
 From his sleep's chest laughs out a loud applause;
 Cries—*Excellent!*—'tis Agamemnon just.—
Now play me Nestor;—hem, and stroke thy
As he, being drest to some oration. [beard,
 That's done;—as near as the extremest ends
 Of parallels; as like as Vulcan and his wife:
 Yet good Achilles still cries, *Excellent!*
'Tis Nestor right! Now play him me, Patro-
Arming to answer in a night alarm. [claus,
 And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age
 Must be the scene of mirth; to cough, and spit,
 And with a palsy-fumbling on his gorget,
 Shake in and out the rivet:—and at this sport,

Why, this hath not a finger's
 They call this—bed-work, map
 So that the ram that batters
 For the great swing and ruler
 They place before his hand
 gine;
 Or those that, with the finest
 By reason guide his execution
Nest. Let this be granted
 Makes many Thetis' sons. [T
Agam. What trumpet
Enter ÆNEAS
Men. From Troy.
Agam. What would ye
Æne.
 Great Agamemnon's tent, I
Agam.
Æne. May one, that is
 Do a fair message to his king
Agam. With surety strong
 arm
 'Fore all the Greekish heads,
 Call Agamemnon head and
Æne. Fair leave, and large
 A stranger to those most imp
 Know them from eyes of oth
Agam.
Æne. Ay;
 I ask, that I might waken re
 And bid the cheek be ready
 Modest as morning when she
 The youthful Phœbus:
 Which is that god in office, g
 Which is the high and might

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

oice through all these lazy
of mettle, let him know
fairly shall be spoke aloud.

[*Trumpet sounds.*
gamemnon, here in Troy
ector, (Priam is his father,)
nd long-continued truce
e bade me take a trumpet,
ee speak. Kings, princes,

nong the fairest of Greece,
our higher than his ease;
ise more than he fears his
[fear;
alour, and knows not his
stress more than in confes-

s to her own lips he loves,)
er beauty and her worth,
hers,—to him this challenge.
f Trojans and of Greeks,
d, or do his best to do it.
iser, fairer, truer,
did compass in his arms;
ow with his trumpet call,
four tents and walls of Troy,
i that is true in love:
tor shall honour him;
in Troy, when he retires,
es are sun-burned, and not

ance. Even so much.
all be told our lovers, lord

ave soul in such a kind,
home: But we are soldiers;
lier a mere recreant prove,
ath not, or is not in love!
hath, or means to be,
ector; if none else, I am he.
of Nestor, one that was a

[now;
grandsire sucked: he is old
st. in our Grecian host
at hath one spark of fire
love, tell him from me,—
r beard in a gold beaver,
ice* put this wither'd brawn;
i, will tell him, That my lady
is gaudaine, and as chaste
world: His youth is flood,
th with my three drops of

[youth!
avens forbid such scarcity of
[hand;
d Aeneas, let me touch your
hall I lead you, sir.
e word of this intent;
l of Greece, from tent to tent:
ist with us before you go,
come of a noble foe.
but ULYSSES and NESTOR.

155 Ulysses?

Ulyss. I have a young conception in my
brain;

Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

Nest. What is't?

Ulyss. This 'tis:

Blunt wedges rive hard knots: The seeded
That hath to this maturity blown up [pride
In rank Achilles, must or now be cropped,
Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,
To overbulk us all.

Nest. Well, and how?

Ulyss. This challenge that the gallant Hec-
tor sends,

However it is spread in general name,
Relates in purpose only to Achilles.

Nest. The purpose is perspicuous even as
substance,

Whose grossness little characters sum up;
And, in the publication, make no strain t,
But that Achilles, were his brain as barren
As banks of Libya,—though, Apollo knows,
'Tis dry enough,—will with great speed of
judgment,

Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose

Pointing on him. [you?

Ulyss. And wake him to the answer, think

Nest. Yes,

It is most meet; Whom may you else oppose,
That can from Hector bring those honours off,
If not Achilles? Though't be a sportful combat
Yet in the trial much opinion dwells;

For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute
With their fin'st palate: And trust to me,
Our imputation shall be oddly poised [Ulysses,

In this wild action: for the success,
Although particular, shall give a scantling;

Of good or bad unto the general;
And in such indexes, although small pricks;
To their subsequent volumes, there is seen

The baby figure of the giant mass
Of things to come at large: It is supposed,

He that meets Hector issues from our choice:
And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,

Makes merit her election; and doth boil,
As 'twere from forth us all, a man distilled

Out of our virtues; who miscarrying, [part,
What heart receives from hence a conquering
To steel a strong opinion to themselves?

Which entertained, limbs are his instruments,
In no less working, than are swords and bows

Directive by the limbs.

Ulyss. Give pardon to my speech;—
Therefore 'tis meet, Achilles meet not Hector.

Let us, like merchants, show our fondest wares,
And think, perchance, they'll sell; if not,

The lustre of the better shall exceed,
By showing the worse first. Do not consent,

That ever Hector and Achilles meet;
For both our honour and our shame, in this,

Are dogg'd with two strange followers.

Nest. I see them not with my old eyes; what
are they?

Ulyss. What glory our Achilles shares from
Were he not proud, we all should share with

But he already is too insolent; [him:

moar for the arm.

† Difficulty.

§ Size, measure.

¶ Small points compared with the substance.

And we were better parch in Afric sun,
Than in the parch and scorch of his eyes.
Shall we see Hector tan? If he were told'd,
Why, then, we could not have an opinion * crush
Intest of our best man. No, make a lottery;
And, by device, let blackish Ajax draw
The sort to fight with Hector: Among our
Give him a wager for the better man,
For that we have given the great Myrmidon, [fall
Who runs in our applause, and make him
His crest, not proper than blue Iris bends.
If the doubtfulness Ajax come safe off,

We'll dress him up in voices: If
Yet go we under our opinion; still
That we have better men. Ret, hi
Our project's life this shape of sea
Ajax, employed, plucks down Achil
Near. Ulysses,
Now I begin to relish thy advice;
And I will give a taste of it forth
To Agamemnon: go we to him
Two curs shall tame each other; F
Must tarre the mastiffs on, as
bone.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Another part of the Grecian
Camp.*

Enter AJAX and THERSITES.

Ajax. Ther-sites,—

Ther. Agamemnon—how if he had boils
full, all over, generally?

Ajax. Ther-sites,—

Ther. And those boils did run?—Say so,—
did not the general run then? were not that a
botchy cure?

Ajax. Dog,—

Ther. Then would come some matter from
him; I see none now.

Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not
hear? Peel then. [Strikes him

Ther. The plague of Greece upon thee, thou
mongrel beef-witted lord!

Ajax. Speak then, thou unsalted leaven,
speaking, I will beat thee into hand-sonnets.

Ther. Do, do.

Ajax. Thou stool for a witch!

Ther. Ay, do, do; thou soddet
thou hast no more brain than I
elbows; an assinego may tote
scurvy valiant ass! thou art here
Trojans; and thou art bought an
those of any wit, like a Barbari
thou use ** to beat me, I will beg
and tell what thou art by inches,
no bowels, thou!

Ajax. You dog!

Ther. You scurvy lord!

Ajax. You cur!

Ther. Mars his idiot! do, rack
mel; do, do.

Enter ACHILLES and PAT

Achil. Why, how now, Ajax?

Pat. [To Ajax]

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

will
have peace and quietness,
at: he there; that he; look

unn'd cur! I shall—
set your wit to a fool's!
arrant you; for a fool's will

rds, Thersites.
be quarrel!
e vile owl, go learn me the
amation, and he rails upon

ee not.
o, go to.
re voluntary*.
service was sufferance'twas
man is beaten voluntary;
voluntary, and you as under

—a great deal of your wit,
ews, or else there be liars.
a great catch, if he knock
rains; a' were as good crack
kernel.
ith me too, Thersites?
lysses, and old Nestor,—
ouldy ere your grandsires
es,—yoke you like draught
a plough up the wars.
hat?

I sooth; To Achilles! to
out your tongue.
utter; I shall speak as much
words, Thersites; peace.
I my peace when Achilles'
all I?

or you, Patroclus.
you hanged, like clotpoles,
e to your tents; I will keep
stirring, and leave the fac-

[Exit.
ddance. [all our host:
s, sir, is proclaimed through
e first hour of the sun,
st, 'twixt our tents and Troy,
g call some knight to arms,
s; and such a one, that dare
not what; 'tis trash: Fare-

Who shall answer him?
st, it is put to lottery; other-
[wise,
ing you:—I'll go learn more
[Exeunt.

oy. *A Room in Priam's
Palace.*

ECTOR, TROILUS, PARIS,
HELENUS.

any hours, lives, speeches

ys Nestor from the Greeks;
id all damage else—

rily. † Bitch, hound.

*As honour, loss of time, travel, expense,
Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is
consumed*

*In hot digestion of this cormorant war,—
Shall be struck off:—*Hector, what say you
to't? [than I,

Hect. Though no man lesser fears the Greeks
As far as toucheth my particular, yet,
Dread Priam,
There is no lady of more softer bowels,
More spongy to suck in the sense of fear,
More ready to cry out—*Who knows what
follows?*

Than Hector is: The wound of peace is surety,
Surety secure; but modest doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches
To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go:
Since the first sword was drawn about this
question, [dismes],
Every tithe soul, 'mongst many thousand
Hath been as dear as Helen; I mean of ours:
If we have lost so many tenths of ours,
To guard a thing not ours; not worth to us,
Had it our name, the value of one ten;
What merit's in that reason, which denies
The yielding of her up?

Tro. Fie, fie, my brother!
Weigh you the worth and honour of a king,
So great as our dread father, in a scale [sum
Of common ounces? will you with counters
The past-proportion of his infinite?
And buckle in a waist most fathomless,
With spans and inches so diminutive
As fears and reasons! fie, for godly shame!

Hec. No marvel, though you bite so sharp
at reasons, [father
You are so empty of them. Should not our
Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons,
Because your speech hath none, that tells him
so? [ther priest,

Tro. You are for dreams and slumbers, bro-
You fur your gloves with reason. Here are
your reasons:

You know an enemy intends you harm;
You know a sword employ'd is perilous,
And reason flies the object of all harm:
Who marvels then, when Helenus beholds
A Grecian and his sword, if he do set
The very wings of reason to his heels;
And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,
Or like a star dis-orb'd?—Nay, if we talk of
reason, [honour

Let's shut our gates, and sleep: Manhood and
Should have hare-hearts, would they but fat
their thoughts

With this cramm'd reason: reason and respect
Make livers pale, and lustihood deject.

Hect. Brother, she is not worth what she
The holding. [doth cost

Tro. What is aught, but as 'tis valued?

Hect. But value dwells not in particular
It holds his estimate and dignity [will;
As well wherein 'tis precious of itself
As in the prizer: 'tis mad idolatry,
To make the service greater than the god;
And the will dotes, that is attributive

† Tenths.

‡ Caution.

To what infection itself affects,
Without some image of the affected merit.

Tro. I take to-day a wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my will;

My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores
Of will and judgment: How may I avoid,
Although my will distaste what it elected,
The wife I chose? there can be no evasion
To blench* from this, and to stand firm by
honour:

We turn not back the silks upon the merchant,
When we have soil'd them; nor the remainder
viands

We do not throw in unrespective sieve†,
Because we now are full. It was thought meet
Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks:
Your breath with full consent bellied his sails;
The seas and winds (old wranglers) took a truce,
And did him service; he touch'd the ports de-
sired;

And, for an old aunt‡, whom the Greeks held
He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and
freshness

Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes pale the morn-
Why keep we her (the Grecians keep our aunt:
Is she worth keeping? why, she is a pearl,
Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand
And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants. (ships,
If you'll avouch, 'twas wisdom Paris went,
(As you must needs, for you all cry'd—Go, go,
If you'll confess, he brought home noble prize,
(As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your
hands,

And cry'd—*Inestimable!*) why do you now

The interest of your own wisdom enters

Some touches of remorse? or is
So madly hot, that no discourse
Nor fear of bad success in a suit
Can qualify the same?

Tro. Why, he
We may not think the justice
Such and no other than even §
Nor once defect the courage of
Because Cassandra's mad; her
tures

Cannot distaste; the goodness
Which hath our several honours
To make it gracious. For my
I am no more touch'd than all ¶
And Jove forbid, there shall be
Such things as might offend the
To fight for and maintain!

Par. Else might the world
As well my undertakings, as ye
But I attest the gods, your full
Gave wings to my propension,
All fears attending on to dire
For what, alas, can these my
What propugnation ** is in one
To stand the push and enemy
This quarrel would excite? Ye
Were I alone to pass the diffi-
And had as ample power as I
Paris should ne'er retract what
Nor faint in the pursuit.

Pri. *Par.*
Like one besotted on your swe
You have the honey still, but
So to be valliant is no praise at

Par. Sir, I propose not men
The absence such a

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

band! If this law
through affection;
of partial indulgence
lis, resist the same;
well-order'd nation,
petites that are
refractory.
to Sparta's king,—
—these moral laws
ms, speak aloud
nd: Thus to persist
uates not wrong, [non
re heavy. Hector's opi-
: yet, ne'ertheless,
I propend to you
elen still;
th no mean dependance
ral dignities. [design:
u touch'd the life of our
—we more affected
of our heaving spleens,
op of Trojan blood
nce. But, worthy Hec-
ur and renown; {tor,
naghamous deeds;
may bent down our foes,
come, canonize us:
Hector, would not lose
promised glory,
ahead of this action,
revenue.

I am yours,
of great Priamus.—
dence sent amongst
obles of the Greeks
t to their drowsy spirits:
great general slept,
the army crept;
wake him. [Exeunt.

ecian Camp. Before
g Tent.
HERSITES.

Thersites? what, lost in
ry? Shall the elephant
beats me, and I rail at
action! 'would it were
ld beat him, whilst he
I'll learn to conjure and
some issue of my spite—
there's Achilles,—a rare
not taken till these two
s will stand till they fall
a great thunder-darter of
hon art Jove the king of
se all the serpentine craft
ye take not that little
t from them that they
ed ignorance itself knows
it will not in circumven-
a spider, without draw-
and cutting the web.
ice on the whole camp!
chl for that, methinks,

is the curse dependant on those that wa
placket. I have said my prayers; and
Envy, say Amen. What, ho! my lord Ac

Enter PATROCLUS.

Patr. Who's there? Thersites? Good Ther-
sites, come in and rail.

Ther. If I could have remembered a gift
counterfeit, thou wouldst not have slipped
out of my contemplation; but it is no matter;
Thyself upon thyself! The common curse of
mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great
revenue! heaven bless thee from a tutor, and
discipline come not near thee! Let thy blood
be thy direction till thy death! then if she, that
lays thee out, says—thou art a fair corse, I'll
be sworn and sworn upon't, she never shrooded
any but lazars **. Amen.—Where's Achilles?

Patr. What, art thou devout? wast thou in
prayer?

Ther. Ay; the heavens hear me!

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Who's there?

Patr. Thersites, my lord.

Achil. Where, where?—Art thou come?
Why, my cheese, my digestion, why hast thou
not served thyself into my table so many meals?
Come; what's Agamemnon?

Ther. Thy commander, Achilles;—Then tell
me, Patroclus, what's Achilles?

Patr. Thy lord, Thersites; Then tell me, I
pray thee, what's thyself?

Ther. Thy knower, Patroclus; Then tell me,
Patroclus, what art thou?

Patr. Thou mayest tell, that knowest.

Achil. O, tell, tell.

Ther. I'll decline the whole question. Aga-
memnon commands Achilles; Achilles is my
lord; I am Patroclus' knower; and Patroclus
is a fool.

Patr. You rascal!

Ther. Peace, fool; I have not done.

Achil. He is a privileged man.—Proceed,
Thersites.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a
fool; Thersites is a fool; and, as aforesaid,
Patroclus is a fool.

Achil. Derive this; come.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool to offer to com-
mand Achilles; Achilles is a fool to be com-
manded of Agamemnon; Thersites is a fool to
serve such a fool; and Patroclus is a fool
positive.

Patr. Why am I a fool?

Ther. Make that demand of the prover.—It
suffices me, thou art. Look you, who comes
here!

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR,
DIOMEDES, and AJAX.

Achil. Patroclus, I'll speak with nobody:—
Come in with me, Thersites. [Exit.

Ther. Here is such patchery, such juggling,
and such knavery! all the argument is, a
cuckold, and a whore; A good quarrel, to
draw emulous factions, and bleed to death,

ncline to, as a question of honour.
/ which is wreathed with serpents.
** Leprous persons.

† Blistering.
‡ Fæciosa, natural procreant.
†† Barbons.

Agam. Yes, melancholy, if you will favour the man; but, by my head, 'tis pride: But why, why? let him show us a cause.—A word, my lord. [*Takes AGAMEMNON aside.*]

Nest. What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?

Ulyss. Achilles hath inveigled his fool from

Nest. Who? Thersites: [him.]

Ulyss. He.

Nest. Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have lost his argument?

Ulyss. No, you see, he is his argument, that has his argument; Achilles.

Nest. All the better; their faction is more our wish, than their faction: But it was a strong composure a fool could disunite.

Ulyss. The amity, that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untie. Here comes Patroclus.

Re-enter PATROCLUS.

Nest. No Achilles with him.

Ulyss. The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy: his legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure.

Patr. Achilles bids me say—he is much sorry,

If any thing more than your sport and pleasure Did move your greatness, and this noble state, To call upon him; he hopes, it is no other, But, for your health and your digestion sake, An after-dinner's breath.

Agam.

Hear you, Patroclus;— We are too well acquainted with these answers: But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn, Cannot outfly our apprehensions.

Much attribute he hath; and much the reason

Why we ascribe it to him: yet all his virtues,—

Not virtuously on his own part beheld.—

Agam. No m

Ajax. Is he s

thinks himself a

Agam. No q

Ajax. Will y

say—he is?

Agam. No, n

as valiant, as w

gentle, and alto

Ajax. Why s

doth pride grow

Agam. Your

your virtues the

up himself: pri

trumpet, his o

praises itself bu

in the praise.

Ajax. I do b

engendering of

Nest. And y

strange?

Re

Ulyss. Achil

Agam. What

Ulyss.

But carries on t

Without observ

In will peculiar

Agam. Why

Untent his pers

Ulyss. Things

sake only

He makes imp

And speaks not

That quarrels at

Holds in his bi

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

ste the steps that Ajax makes
from Achilles: Shall the proud
arrogance with his own seam*;
fers matter of the world
ghts, save such as do revolve
himself,—shall he be worshipp'd
ld an idol more than he?
e worthy and right valiant lord
le his palm, nobly acquired;
ill, assubjugate his merit,
d as Achilles is
chilles:
nlard his fat-already pride;
re coals to Cancer, when he
ing great Hyperion †. [burns
him! Jupiter forbid;
ander—*Achilles, go to him.*
his is well; he rubs the vein of
[*Aside.*
ow his silence drinks up this ap-
[*Aside.*
go to him, with my arm'd fist I'll
[push † him
O, no, you shall not go.
e be proud with me, I'll phreeze ‡
him. [his pride:
for the worth that hangs upon
arrei.
ltry, insolent fellow,—
How he describes
[*Aside.*
he not be sociable? The raven
[*Aside.*
less.
I will let his humours blood.
It be physician, that should be the
[*Aside.*
all men.
ind,—
would be out of fashion. [*Aside.*
should not bear it so, [it?
it swords first: Shall pride carry
twould, you'd carry half. [*Aside.*
'd have ten shares. [*Aside.*
nead him, I will make him sup-
— [him with praises:
s not yet thorough warm: force †
in; his ambition is dry. [*Aside.*
lord, you feed too much on this
[*To AGAMEMNON.*

Nest. O noble general, do not do so.
Dio. You must prepare to fight without
Achilles. [him harm.
Ulyss. Why, 'tis this naming of him does
Here is a man—But 'tis before his face;
I will be silent.
Nest. Wherefore should you so?
He is not emulous †, as Achilles is.
Ulyss. Know the whole world, he is as va-
liant. [thus with us!
Ajax. A whoreson dog, that shall palter **
I would, he were a Trojan!
Nest. What a vice
Were it in Ajax now—
Ulyss. If he were proud?
Dio. Or covetous of praise?
Ulyss. Ay, or surly borne †
Dio. Or strange, or self-affected?
Ulyss. Thank the heavens, lord, thou art
of sweet composure; [suck:
Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee
Famed be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature
Thrice-famed, beyond all erudition:
But he that disciplined thy arms to fight,
Let Mars divide eternity in twain,
And give him half: and, for thy vigour,
Bull-bearing Milo his addition † yield
To sinewy Ajax. I will not praise thy wisdom,
Which, like a bourn †, a pale, a shore, confines
Thy spacious and dilated parts: Here's Nestor,
Instructed by the antiquary times,
He must, he is, he cannot but be wise;—
But pardon, father Nestor, were your days
As green as Ajax', and your brain so temper'd,
You should not have the eminence of him,
But be as Ajax.
Ajax. Shall I call you father?
Nest. Ay, my good son.
Dio. Be ruled by him, lord Ajax.
Ulyss. There is no carrying here; the hart
Achilles
Keeps thicket. Please it our great general
To call together all his state of war;
Fresh kings are come to Troy: To-morrow,
We must with all our main of power stand fast:
And here's a lord,—come knights from east to
west,
And cull their flower, Ajax shall cope the best.
Agam. Go we to council. Let Achilles sleep:
Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks
draw deep. [Exit.

ACT III.

. Troy. *A Room in Priam's
Palace.*
PANDARUS and a Servant.
and! you! pray you, a word: Do
w the young lord Paris?
sir, when he goes before me.
do depend upon him, I mean?
I do depend upon the lord.

Pan. You do depend upon a noble gentle-
man; I must needs praise him.
Serv. The lord be praised!
Pan. You know me, do you not?
Serv. Faith, sir, superficially.
Pan. Friend, know me better; I am the
lord Pandarus.
Serv. I hope, I shall know your honour
better.

The sign in the zodiac into which the sun enters June 21. "And Cancer tedious
he solar blaze."—THOMSON.

* Envious: i.e. "Troy not a jealous state."

† Strike.

‡ Comb or carry.

† Stream, river.

Paris. I am desirous.

Paris. You are in the state of grace.

[Music within.]

Pan. Grace! not so, friend; honour and riches are my riches.—What music is this?

Paris. I do not partly know, sir; it is music in my ears.

Pan. Know you the musicians?

Paris. Why, yes, sir.

Pan. And say they to?

Paris. To the lords, sir.

Pan. As well as possible, friend?

Paris. At times, sir, and then a—that love

me, and then, I am a friend.

Pan. What art I to command, sir?

Paris. I trust, we understand not one another in this country, and thou art too censorious to let us rest to these men play.

Pan. These tell me, indeed, sir; Marry, sir,

the greatest of Paris my lord, who is there

possessed with love, the mortal Venus, the

goddess of beauty, love's invisible soul,—

Paris. And my cousin Cressida?

Pan. No, sir, there. Could you not find

her by her attributes?

Paris. I know her, sir, follow, that thou hast

heard her say Cressida. Let me to speak

to her, and then to please you: I will

make a complimentary assault upon him, for

his business reason.

Pan. Good business! there's a stewed

parade, indeed.

Enter PARIS and HELEN, attended.

Pan. Fair be to you, my lord, and to all

lady. If you do, our melancholy up
head.

Pan. Sweet queen, sweet queen;
sweet queen, Pfaith.

Helen. And to make a sweet lady
offence.

Pan. Nay, that shall not serve you
that shall it not, in truth, is. Nay, I

for such words: no, no.—And, my
desires you, that if the king call in

supper, you will make his excuse.

Helen. My lord Pandarus,—

Pan. What says my sweet qu

very very sweet queen?

Par. What exploit's in hand? w

he to-night?

Helen. Nay, but my lord,—

Pan. What say my sweet qu

cousin will fall out with you. You

know where he sups.

Par. I'll lay my life, with my

Cressida.

Pan. No, no, no such matter, you

come your disposer is sick.

Par. Well, I'll make excuse.

Pan. Ay, good my lord.—Why

say—Cressida: no, your poor dis

Par. I spy

Pan. You spy! what do you spy

give me an instrument.—Now, two

Helen. Why, this is kindly done.

Pan. My niece is horribly in le

thing you have, sweet queen.

Helen. She shall have it, my lo

not my lord Paris.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

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Helen. In love, I faith, to the very tip of
nose.

Par. He eats nothing but doves, love; and
breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot
deeds, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds,
and hot deeds is love.

Pan. Is this the generation of love? hot
thoughts, and hot deeds?—Why,
are vipers: is love a generation of vipers?
A lord, who's a field to-day?

Par. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor,
all the gallantry of Troy: I would fain
armed to-night, but my Nell would not
it so. How chance my brother Troilus
not?

Helen. He hangs the lip at something;—
know all, lord Pandarus.

Pan. Not I, honey-sweet queen.—I long to
know they sped to-day.—You'll remember
brother's excuse?

Par. To a hair.

Pan. Farewell, sweet queen.

Helen. Commend me to your niece.

Pan. I will, sweet queen. *[Exit.]*

[A Retreat sounded.]

Par. They are come from field: let us to
Priam's hall, [woo you
set the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must
lip unarm our Hector: his stubborn
backles, [touch'd,
these your white enchanting fingers
more obey, than to the edge of steel,
of Greekish sinews; you shall do more
all the island kings, disarm great Hector.
Helen. 'Twill make us proud to be his ser-
vant, Paris:
what he shall receive of us in duty,
us more palm in beauty than we have;
overshines ourself.

Par. Sweet, above thought I love thee.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *The same.* Pandarus' Orchard.

PANDARUS and a Servant, meeting.

Par. How now? where's thy master? at
Cressida's?

Serv. No, sir; he stays for you to conduct
hither.

Enter TROILUS.

Par. O, here he comes.—How now, how
now?

Tro. Sirrah, walk off. *[Exit Servant.]*

Par. Have you seen my cousin?

Tro. No, Pandarus: I stalk about her door,
a strange soul upon the Stygian banks
for wastage. O, be thou my Charon,
give me swift transference to those fields,
I may wallow in the lily beds
posed for the deserver! O gentle Pandarus,
Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings,
fly with me to Cressid!

Par. Walk here i'the orchard, I'll bring
straight. *[Exit PANDARUS.]*

Tro. I am giddy; expectation whirles me
imaginary relish is so sweet
it enchants my sense; What will it be,

When that the watery palate tastes indeed
Love's thrice-reputed nectar? death, I fear
Swooning destruction; or some joy too fit
Too subtle-potent, tuned too sharp in sweet
For the capacity of my ruder powers:
I fear it much; and I do fear besides,
That I shall lose distinction in my joys;
As doth a battle, when they charge on he
The enemy flying.

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. She's making her ready, she'll
straight; you must be witty now. She
so blush, and fetches her wind so short,
she were frayed with a sprite: I'll fetch
it is the prettiest villain:—she fetches
breath as short as a new-taken sparrow.

[Exit PANDARUS.]

Tro. Even such a passion doth embrac
bosom:

My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse
And all my powers do their bestowing for
Like vassalage at unawares encounter
The eye of majesty.

Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDA.

Pan. Come, come, what need you bl
shame's a baby.—Here she is now: swea
oaths now to her, that you have sworn to
—What, are you gone again? you mus
watched ere you be made tame, most!
Come your ways, come your ways; an
draw backward, we'll put you i'the mill
Why do you not speak to her?—Come,
this curtain, and let's see your picture.

the day, how loath you are to offend dayli
an 'twere dark, you'd close sooner. So
rub on, and kiss the mistress. How no
kiss in fee-farm! build there, carpenter;
air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your b
out, ere I part you. The falcon as the ter
for all the ducks i'the river: go to, go to.

Tro. You have bereft me of all words, I

Pan. Words pay no debts, give her de
but she'll hereave you of the deeds to, if she
your activity in question. What, billing ag
Here's—*In witness whereof the parties
terchangeably—Come in, come in; I'll ge
a fire.* *[Exit PANDARUS.]*

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Tro. O Cressida, how often have I wi
me thus?

Cres. Wished my lord!—The gods gr
—O my lord!

Tro. What should they grant? what in
this pretty abruption? What too curious
espies my sweet lady in the fountain of
love?

Cres. More dregs than water, if my l
have eyes.

Tro. Fears make devils cherubins;
never see truly.

Cres. Blind fear, that seeing reason le
finds safer footing than blind reason stamb
without fear: To fear the worst, oft cures
worst.

Tro. O, let my lady apprehend no fear

shaft of a carriage. + The allusion is to bowling; what is now called the jack
properly termed the mistress. 1. The arrow is the male and the falcon the female u

Cres. They say, all lovers swear more performance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never perform; vowing more than the perfection of ten, and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions, and the act of hares, are they not monsters?

Tro. Are there such? such are not we: Praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove; our head shall go bare, till merit crown it: no perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present: we will not name desert, before his birth; and, being born, his addition shall be humble. Few words to fair faith: Troilus shall be such to Cressid, as what envy can say worst, shall be a mock for his truth; and what truth can speak truest, not truer than Troilus.

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. What, blushing still? have you not done talking yet?

Cres. Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

Pan. I thank you for that; if my lord get a boy of you, you'll give him me: Be true to my lord: if he flinch, chide me for it.

Tro. You know now your hostages; your uncle's word, and my firm faith.

Pan. Nay, I'll give my word for her too; our kindred, though they be long ere they are wooed, they are constant, being won: they are bars, I can tell you; they'll stick where they are thrown.

Cres. Boldness comes to me now, and brings Prince Troilus, I have loved you night and day For many weary months.

Tro. Why was my Cressid then so hard to win?

Cres. Hard to seem won; but I was won,

Cres. Pray you, c

Tro.

Cres. Sir, mine o

Tro.

Yourself.

Cres. Let me go a
I have a kind of self
But an unkind self, t

To be another's fool.
Where is my wit? I

Tro. Well know t
speak so wisel

Cres. Perchance,
And fell so roundly

To angle for your tho
Or else you love not

Exceeds man's migh
above.

Tro. O, that I th
(As, if it can, I will

To feed for aye her
To keep her constanc

Outliving beauty's o
That doth renew swi

Or, that persuasion co
That my integrity an

Might be affronted?
Of such a winnow'd

How were I then up
I am as true as troth

And simpler than the
Cres. In that I'll

Tro.
When right with righ

right!
True swains in love sh

Approve their truths
rhymes,

Full of protest, of oas
Want similes, truth ti

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Ischood I when they have said—

er, wind, or sandy earth,
as wolf to heler's calf,
nd, or stepdame to her son;
say, to stick the heart of false-
ssid. [hood,
y, a bargain made: seal it, seal
e witness.—Here I hold your
y cousin's. If ever you prove
other, since I have taken such
you together, let all pitiful goers-
led to the world's end after my
nall—Pandar: let all constant
ses all false women Cressids, and
ween Pandar! say, amen.

Whereupon I will show you
d a bed, which bed, because it
of your pretty encounters, press
way.
ant all tongue-tied maidens here,
y Pandar, to provide this gear!

[Exit.

III. The Grecian Camp.

EMNON, ULYSSES, DIOMEDES,
X, MENELAUS, and CALCHAS,
princes, for the service I have
ed,
of the time prompts me aloud
compense. Appear it to your
[Jove
the sight I bear in things, to
ned Troy, left my possession,
itor's name; exposed myself,
and possessed conveniences,
ortunes; requesting from me
[tion,
quaintance, custom, and condi-
most familiar to my nature;
to you service, am become
ie world, strange, unacquainted:
pon, as in way of taste,
aw a little benefit,
any registered in promise,
ay, live to come in my behalf,
at wouldst thou of us, Trojan?
emand. [tenor,
ave a Trojan prisoner, called An-
k; Troy holds him very dear.
(often have you thanks, there-

ressid in right great exchange,
ath still denied: But this Ant-
ch a wrest* in their affairs, [oor,
otiations all must slack,
namage; and they will almost
ce of blood, a son of Priam,
him: let him be sent, great
[sence
buy my daughter; and her pre-
ike off all service I have done,
ted pain.
Let Diomedes bear him,

And bring us Cressid hither; Cal
have

What he requests of us.—
Purnish you fairly for this
Withal, bring word—if H
Be answer'd in his challe.

Di. This shall I undert
Which I am proud to bear.

Exit DIOMEDES and CALCHAS.
Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS, before
their Tent.

Ulyss. Achilles stands Pthe entrance of his
tent:—

Please it our general to pass strangely† by him,
As if he were forgot; and, princes all,
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him:
I will come last: 'Tis like, he'll question me,
Why such unplausive eyes are bent, why turn'd
If so, I have derision med'cluable, [on him:
To use between our strangeness and his pride,
Which his own will shall have desire to drink;
It may do good: pride bath no other glass
To show itself, but pride; for supple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

Agam. We'll execute your purpose, and
put on
A form of strangeness as we pass along;—
So do each lord; and either greet him not,
Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him
more

Than if not looked on. I will lead the way.

Achil. What, comes the general to speak
with me? [Troy.

You know my mind, I'll fight no more 'gainst
Agam. What says Achilles? would he ought
with us? [general!

Nest. Would you, my lord, aught with the
Achil. No.

Nest. Nothing, my lord.

Agam. The better.

[Exit AGAMEMNON and NESTOR.

Achil. Good day, good day.

Men. How do you? how do you?

[Exit MENELAUS.

Achil. What, does the cuckold scorn me?

Ajax. How now, Patroclus?

Achil. Good morrow, Ajax.

Ajax. Ha?

Achil. Good morrow.

Ajax. Ay, and good next day too.

[Exit AJAX.

Achil. What mean these fellows? Know
they not Achilles? [used to bend,

Patr. They pass by strangely: they were
To send their smiles before them to Achilles;
To come as humbly, as they used to creep
To holy altars.

Achil. What, am I poor of late?

'Tis certain, greatness, once fallen out with
fortune, [clined is,

out with men too: What the de-
s soon read in the eyes of others,
his own fall: for men, like butter-
[mer;

Shr. Sir mealy wings, but to the saw-
An. an, for being simply man,

Hath any honour; but honour for those honours

That are without him, as place, riches, &c.
Prizes of accident as oft as merit: [etc.]
Which when they fall, as being slippery stand-
The love that less'd on them as slippery too,
Do one pluck down another, and together

Die in the fall. But 'tis not so with me:
Fortune and I are friends; I do enjoy
At ample point all that I did possess, [ont]
Save these men's looks; who do, methinks, find
Something not worth in me such rich beholding
As they have often given. Here is Ulysses;
I'll interrupt his reading.—
How now, Ulysses?

Ulys. Now, great Thetis' son?

Achil. What are you reading?

Ulys. A strange fellow here
Writes me, That man—how dearly ever parted*,
How much in having, or without, or in,—
Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;
As when his virtues shining upon others
Heat them, and they retort that heat again
To the first giver.

Achil. This is not strange, Ulysses.
The beauty that is borne here in the face
The bearer knows not, but commends itself
To others' eyes: nor doth the eye itself
(That most pure spirit of sense) behold itself,
Not going from itself; but eye to eye opposed
Salutes each other with each other's form,
For speculation turns not to itself,

They clap the lobbies Ajax on the
As if his foot were on heels; then
And great Troy shrinking.

Achil. I do believe it: for they
As misers do by beggars: not in
Good worst, nor loss: What, u
forgot?

Ulys. Time hath, my lord, a
Wherein he puts aims for obliv
A great-sized moderator of ingrain
Those scraps are good dross put
devoured.

As fast as they are made, forgot
As done: Perseverance, dear M
Keeps honour bright: To have
Unite out of fashion, like a rusty
In monumental mockery. Tak
way;

For honour travels in a strait so
Where one but goes ahead: &
For emulation hath a thousand a
That one by one pursue: If you
Or hedge aside from the direct b
Like to an easter'd tide, they all
And leave you hindmost:—

Or, like a gallant horse fallen in
Lie there for pavement to the sl
O'er-run and trampled on: This
in present,

Though less than yours in past,
For time is like a fashionable m
That slightly shakes his parting
hand;

a wonder †
that's in a watchful state,
very grain of Plutus' gold;
the uncomprehensive deeps;
in thought, and almost, like

aveil in their dumb cradles.
ry (with whom relation
dile) in the soul of state;
operation more divine,
pen can give expressure to:
e that you have had with Troy,
urs, as your's, my lord;
d it fit Achilles much,
Hector, than Polyxena:
eve young Pyrrhus now at
[trump;
all in our islands sound her
tish girls shall tripping sing,—
sister did Achilles win;
jax bravely beat down him.
rd: I as your lover's speak;
o'er the ice that you should
[Exit.
effect, Achilles, have I moved

lent and mannish grown
sed that an effeminate man
I stand condemn'd for this;
little stomach to the war,
ove to me, restrains you thus:
urself; and the weak wanton

seek unloose his armour's fold,
drop from the Fou a mane,

shall Ajax fight with Hector?
nd, perhaps, receive much
him.
ny reputation is at stake;
wdly gored.

O, then beware;
al ill, that men do give them-
what is necessary [selves:
on to a blank of danger;
an ague, subtly taints
we sit idly in the sun.
ll Thersites hither, sweet Pa-

to Ajax, and desire him
jan lords, after the combat,
unarm'd: I have a woman's

I am sick withal,
tor to his weeds of peace;
a, and to behold his visage,
view. A labour saved!
fer THERSITES.
der!

I
oes up and down the field,
if.
o f.
it fight singly to-morrow with
so prophetically proud of an str

heroical eadgelling, that he raves in saying
nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Ther. Why, he stalks up and down like a
peacock, a stride, and a stand: ruminates,
like an hostess, that hath no arithmetic but her
brain to set down her reckoning: bites his lip
with a politic regard, as who should say—
there were wit in this head, an 'twould out;
and so there is; but it lies as coldly in him as
fire in a flint which will not show with
knocking. The man's undone for ever; for
if Hector break not his neck i' the combat,
he'll break it himself in vain-glory. He knows
not me: I said, *Good morrow*, Ajax; and he
replies, *Thanks*, Agamemnon. What think
you of this man, that takes me for the gene-
ral? He is grown a very land-fish, language-
less, a monster. A plague of opinion! a man
may wear it on both sides, like a leather
jerkin.

Achil. Thou must be my ambassador to
him, Thersites.

Ther. Who, I? why, he'll answer nobody;
he professes not answering; speaking is for
beggars; he wears his tongue in his arms. I
will put on his presence; let Patroclus make
demands to me, you shall see the pageant of
Ajax.

Achil. To him, Patroclus: Tell him—I
humbly desire the valiant Ajax, to invite the
most valorous Hector to come unarm'd to
my tent; and to procure safe conduct for his
person, of the magnanimous, and most illus-
trious, six-or-seven-times-honoured captain-
general of the Grecian army, Agamemnon.
Do this.

Patr. Jove bless great Ajax.

Ther. Humph!

Patr. I come from the worthy Achilles,—

Ther. Ha!

Patr. Who most humbly desires you, to
invite Hector to his tent!—

Ther. Humph!

Patr. And to procure safe conduct from
Agamemnon.

Ther. Agamemnon?

Patr. Ay, my lord.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. What say you to't?

Ther. God be wi' you, with all my heart.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven
o'clock it will go one way or other; how-
soever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. Fare you well, with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune,
is he?

Ther. No, but he's out o'tune thus. What
music will be in him when Hector has
knocked out his brains, I know not: But, I
am sure, none; unless the fiddler Apollo get
his ~~strings~~ to make catlings † on.

come, thou shalt bear a letter to him

Ther. Let me bear another to his horse; for that's the more capable creature. *[stir'd:]*

Achil. My mind is troubled, like a fountain And I myself see not the bottom of it.

[Exeunt Achilles and Patroclus.]

Ther. 'Would the fountains were clear again, that I might it! I had rather be a tick than such a valliant ignorance.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Troy. A Street.

Enter, at one side, ÆNEAS and Servant, with a Torch; at the other, PARIS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, DIOMEDES, and Others, with torches.

Par. See, hol' who's that there?

Dei. 'Tis the lord Æneas.

Æne. Is the prince there in person?

Had I so good occasion to lie long, *[business]* As you, prince Paris, nothing but heavenly Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

Dio. That's my mind too.—Good morrow, lord Æneas.

Par. A valiant Greek, Æneas; take his hand: Witness the process of your speech, wherein You told—how Diomed, a whole week by Did haunt you in the field. *[days]*

Æne. Health to you, valiant sir, During all question of the gentle truce: But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance, As heart can think, or courage execute.

Dio. The one and other Diomed embraces. Our bloods are now in calm; and, so long, health:

But when contention and occasion meet,

With the whole quality when We shall be much unwelcome.

Æne. *[To]*

Troilus had rather Troy were Than Cressid borne from Th

Par. *[To]*

The bitter disposition of that

Will have it so. On, lord!

Æne. Good morrow, all.

Par. And tell me, noble

tell me true,

Even in the soul of sound go

Who, in your thoughts, mark

Myself, or Menelaus?

Dio.

He merits well to have her,

(Not making any scruple of)

With such a hell of pain, and

And you as well to keep her

(Not palating the taste of her)

With such a costly loss of w

He, like a piling cuckold, w

The lees and dregs of a flat

You, like a lecher, out of wh

Are pleased to breed out you

Both merits poised, each we

rk, hath roused the ribald;
[longer,
right will hide our joys no
thee.

Night hath been too brief.
the witch! with venomous
stays,
ill; but flies the grasp of love,
ore momentary-swift than
old, and curse me. [thought.

Pr'ythee, tarry;—
ver tarry.—
[—I might have still held off,
would have tarried. Hark!
up.

] What, are all the doors open
uncle.

ter PANDARUS.
ence on him! now will he be
a life,— [mocking:
w, how now! how go maiden-
on maid! where's my cousin

yourself, you naughty mock-
[too,
do, and then you flout me
hat? to do what?—let her say
I brought you to do?
ome; beshrew! your heart!

[you'll ne'er be good,
Alas, poor wretch! a poor
it not slept to-night? would
man, let it sleep! a bugbear

[Knocking.
t tell you?—would he were
the head!—

or? good uncle, go and see.—
on again into my chamber:
mock me, as if I meant

[naughtily.
on are deceived, I think of no
— [Knocking.
hey knock!—pray you, come

half Troy have you seen here.
of TROIILUS and CRESSIDA.
to the door.] Who's there?
er? will you beat down the
I what's the matter?

ter ÆNEAS.
orrow, lord, good morrow.
here? my lord Æneas? By
w you not: what news with

since Troilus here?
what should he do here?
he is here, my lord, do not

;
m much to speak with me.
re, say you? 'tis more than I

[late:
for my own part, I came in
to here?

say, then:—

Come, come, you'll do him wrong ere you are
'ware:

You'll be so true to him, to be false to him:
Do not you know of him, yet go fetch him
Go. [hither;

As PANDARUS is going out, enter TROIILUS.

Tro. How now! what's the matter? [you,
Æne. My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute
My matter is so rash: There is at hand
Paris your brother, and Deiphobus,
The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor
Deliver'd to us; and for him forthwith,
Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour,
We must give up to Diomedes' hand
The lady Cressida.

Tro. Is it so concluded?
Æne. By Priam, and the general state of
Troy;

They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

Tro. How my achievements mock me!
I will go meet them: and, my lord Æneas,
We met by chance; you did not find me here.

Æne. Good, good, my lord; the secrets of
Have not more gift in taciturnity. [nature

[Exeunt TROIILUS and ÆNEAS.
Pan. Is't possible? no sooner got, but lost!
The devil take Antenor! the young prince will
go mad. A plague upon Antenor, I would
they had broke's neck!

Enter CRESSIDA.
Cres. How now! What is the matter? Who
Pan. Ah, ah! [was here?

Cres. Why sigh you so profoundly? where's
my lord gone?

Tell me, sweet uncle, what's the matter?
Pan. 'Would I were as deep under the earth
as I am above!

Cres. O the gods!—what's the matter?

Pan. Pr'ythee, get thee in; 'Would thou
had'st ne'er been born! I knew thou wouldst
be his death:—O poor gentleman!—A plague
upon Antenor!

Cres. Good uncle, I beseech you on my
knees, I beseech you, what's the matter?

Pan. Thou must be gone, wench, thou must
be gone; thou art changed for Antenor: thou
must to thy father, and begone from Troilus;
'twill be his death; 'twill be his bane; he can-
not bear it.

Cres. O you immortal gods!—I will not go.
Pan. Thou must. [father;

Cres. I will not, uncle: I have forgot my
I knew no touch of consanguinity;
No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me,
As the sweet Troilus.—O you gods divine!
Make Cressid's name the very crown of false-
hood, [death,

If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and
Do to this body what extremes you can;
But the strong base and building of my love
Is as the very centre of the earth,

Drawing all things to it.—I'll go in, and weep;
Pan. Do, do.

Cres. Tear my bright hair, and scratch my
prized cheeks,

Crack my clear voice with sobs, and break my heart

With sounding Troilus. I will not go from [Troy.]

SCENE III. *The same. Before Pandarus' House.*

Enter PARIS, TROILUS, AENEAS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, and DIOMEDES.

Par. It is great morning; and the hour pre-Of her delivery to this valiant Greek [As'd] Comes fast upon:—Good my brother Troilus, Tell you the lady what she is to do, And haste her to the purpose.

Tro. Walk in to her house; I'll bring her to the Grecian presently: And to his hand when I deliver her, Think it an altar; and thy brother Troilus A priest, there offering to it his own heart.

Par. I know what 'tis to love; And would, as I shall pity, I could help!— Please you, walk in, my lords. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. *The same. A Room in Pandarus' House.*

Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDA.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.

Cres. Why tell you me of moderation? The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste, And violentest in a sense as strong [It] As that which causeth it: How can I moderate If I could temporize with my affection,

All time of pause, and Of all rejoindure, for Our lock'd embrace Even in the birth of q We two, that with so Did boy each other, With the rude brevity Inferious time now, Grants his rich thiever As many farewells as With distinct breath He tumbles up into a And scants us with a Distasted with the sa

Aen. [Within.] M

Tro. Hark! you a Genius so

Cries, Come! to him Bid them have patience

Pan. Where are n wind, or my heart will

Cres. I must then

Tro. A woeful Cr When shall we see ag

Tro. Hear me, my of heart,—

Cres. I true! ho

Tro. Nay, we must For it is parting from I speak not, be thou

tempt me most cunningly: but he not
 does. Do you think I will? [tempted.
 No.

Something may be done that we will not:
 sometimes we are devils to ourselves,
 and we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
 yielding on their changeable potency.

[Within.] Nay, my good lord,—
 Come, kiss; and let us part.
 [Within.] Brother Troilus!

Good brother, come, you hither;
 Hecuba, and the Grecian, with you.
 My lord, will you be true?

Who I? alas, it is my vice, my fault:
 Others fish with craft for great opinion,
 and great truth catch mere simplicity;
 and some with cunning gild their copper
 with browns.

Truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.
 Not my truth; the moral of my wit
 is plain and true,—there's all the reach of it.

HECUBA, PARIS, ANTECTOR, DES-
 PHOBUS, and DIOMEDES.

Come, sir Diomed! here is the lady,
 for Antenor we deliver you.

Part*, lord, I'll give her to thy hand;
 by the way, possess; thus what she is.
 And her fair; and, by my soul, fair Greek,
 thou stand at mercy of my sword,
 Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe
 as mine is in Ilion.

Fair lady Cressid, [pecta;
 please you, save the thanks this prince ex-
 tends in your eye, heaven in your cheek,
 for your fair usage; and to Diomed
 shall be mistress, and command him
 wholly.

Grecian, thou dost not use me courte-
 ously, the zeal of my petition to thee,
 making her: I tell thee, lord of Greece,
 as far high-soaring o'er thy praises,
 as unworthy to be call'd her servant.
 Use thee, use her well, even for my charge;
 thy dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,
 the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,
 at thy throat.

O, be not moved, prince Troilus:
 he be privileged by my place, and message,
 in speaker free; when I am hence,
 answer to my last: And know you, lord,
 nothing do on charge: To her own worth
 shall be prized; but that you say—be't so,
 speak it in my spirit and honour,—no.

Come, to the port.—I'll tell thee, Dio-
 med, [head.—
 I have shall oft make thee to hide thy
 give me your hand; and, as we walk,
 our own selves bend we our needful talk.

[Exeunt TROILUS, CRESSIDA, and
 DIOMEDES. [Trumpet heard.
 Hark! Hector's trumpet.

How have we spent this morning!
 we must think me tardy and remiss,
 to ride before him to the field.
 'Tis Troilus' fault: Come come, to field
 with him.

Def. Let us make ready straight. [ty,

Exc. Yes, with a bridegroom's fresh abaci-
 Let us address to tend on Hector's heels:
 The glory of our Troy doth this day lie
 On his fair worth and single chivalry.

SCENE V. The Grecian Camp. Lists set out.
 Enter AJAX armed; AGAMEMNON, ACHIL-
 LES, PATROCLUS, MENELAUS, ULYSSES,
 NESTOR, and Others.

Agam. Here art thou in appointment; fresh
 and fair,

Anticipating time with starting courage.
 Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,
 Thon dreadful Ajax; that the appalled air
 May pierce the head of the great combatant,
 And hale him hither.

Ajar. Thon trumpet, there's my parae.
 Now crack thy lungs, and spit thy brassy pipe:
 Blow, villain, till thy spher'd bias cheek
 Out-swell the colic of puff'd Aquilon: [blood;
 Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout
 Thon blow'st for Hector. [Trumpet sounds.

Ulyss. No trumpet answers.

Achil. 'Tis but early days.
 Agam. Is not yon Diomed, with Calchas'
 daughter?

Ulyss. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait;
 He rises on the toe: that spirit of his
 In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter DIOMEDES, with CRESSIDA.

Agam. Is this the lady Cressid?

Dio. Even she.
 Agam. Most dearly welcome to the Greeks,
 sweet lady. [kiss.

Nest. Our general doth salute you with a
 Ulyss. Yet is the kindness but particular;
 'Twere better she were kiss'd in general.

Nest. And very courtly counsel: I'll begin.
 So much for Nestor. [fair lady:

Achil. I'll take that winter from your lips,
 Achilles bids you welcome.

Men. I had good argument for kissing once.
 Patr. But that's no argument for kissing
 For thus popp'd Paris in his hardiment; [now:
 And parted thee yon and your argument.

Ulyss. O deadly gall, and theme of all our
 scorn!

For which we lose our heads, to gild his horns.

Patr. The first was Menelaus' kiss;—this,
 Patroclus kisses you. [mine:

Men. O, this is trim!
 Patr. Paris, and I, kiss evermore for him.

Men. I'll have my kiss, sir:—Lady, by your
 leave.

Cres. In kissing, do you render, or receive?

Patr. Both take, and give.
 Cres. I'll make my match to live,
 The kiss you take is better than you give;

Therefore no kiss. [for one.

Men. I'll give you boot, I'll give you three
 Cres. You're an odd man; give even, or
 give none.

Men. An odd man, lady! every man is odd.
 Cres. No, Paris is not; for, you know, 'tis
 That you are odd, and he is even with you. [true.

Men. You fillip me o' the head.
Cres. No, I'll be sworn.
Ulyss. It were no match, your nail against
 May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you? [his horn.
Cres. You may.
Ulyss. I do desire it.
Cres. Why, beg then.
Ulyss. Why then, for Venus' sake, give me
 When Helen is a maid again, and his. [a kiss.
Cres. I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis
 due.
Ulyss. Never's my day, and then a kiss of
Dio. Lady, a word;—I'll bring you to your
 father. [*DIONEUS leans out CAESSIUS.*
Nest. A woman of quick sense.
Ulyss. Fie, fie upon her!
 There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
 Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look
 At every joint and motive * of her body. [out
 O, these encounters, so glib of tongue,
 That give a coasting welcome ere it comes,
 And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts
 To every ticklish reader! set them down
 For sluttish spoils of opportunity,
 And daughters of the game. [*Trumpet within.*
All. The Trojans' trumpet.
Agam. Yonder comes the troop.
Enter HECTOR, armed; *ÆNEAS*, *TROILUS*,
and other Trojans, with Attendants.
Æne. Hail, all the state of Greece! what
 shall be done [purpose
 To him that victory commands? Or do you
 A victor shall be known? will you, the knights
 Shall to the edge of all extremity

Consent upon the order of the
 So be it; either to the utmost
 Or else a breath: the combat
 Half stints; their strife begins.

[*AJAX and HECTOR.*
Ulyss. They are opposed;
Agam. What Trojan is that
 so heavy?

Ulyss. The youngest son of
 Not yet mature, yet matchless
 Speaking in deeds, and deedless
 Not soon provoked, nor, being
 calm'd.

His heart and hand both eyes
 For what he has he gives,
 shows.

Yet gives he not till judgment;
 Nor dignifies an impair; then
 Manly as Hector, but more so
 For Hector, in his blaze of wrath
 To tender objects, but he, in
 Is more vindictive than jealousy
 They call him Troilus; and is
 A second hope, as fairly built
 Thus says Æneas; one that k
 Even to his inches, and, with
 Did in great Ilion thus transi

[*Alorum.* *HECTOR.*
Agam. They are in action.

Nest. Now, Ajax, hold thi
 Tro, Hect
 Awake thee.

Agam. His blows are well d

earned in thy death.
 solemn; so mirable [O yes
 crest Fame with her loud'et
 could promise to himself
 I honour torn from Hector.
 expectation here from both
 will do. [the skies,

We'll answer it;
 cement:—Ajax, farewell.
 in entreaties and success,
 ie chance,) I would desire
 to our Grecian tents.
 cinnon's wish: and great

harm'd the valiant Hector.
 all my brother Troilus to
 ving interview [me:
 our Trojan part; [cousin;
 —Give me thy hand, my
 thee, and see your knights.
 remembrance comes to meet us

[by name;
 hiest of them tell me name
 my own searching eyes
 his large and portly size.

of arms! as welcome as to
 of such an enemy; [one
 come: Understand more

[with heave
 what's to come, is strew'd
 of oblivion;
 moment, faith and troth,
 in all hollow bias-drawing,
 not divine integrity,
 y heart, great Hector wel-

[memon.
 hee, most imperious Agamemnon.
 famed lord of Troy, no less

[To TROILUS.
 harm my princely brother's

like brothers, welcome him
 ust we answer? [ther.

The noble Menelaus.
 y lord? by Mars his gaunt-

ffect the untraded oath;
 wife swears still by Venus'

[to you.
 le me not commend her
 not now, sir; she's a deadly

I offend. [oft,
 ou gallant Trojan, seen thee
 iny, make cruel way
 reekish youth: and I have

apur thy Phrygian steed,
 wits and subduements,
 bang thy advanced sword

ne on the declined*;
 some my standers-by,
 der, dealing life!
 re pause, and take thy breath,

*Biles. †Seldom.
 tofore. ** Fallen.

When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee
 in,

Like an Olympian wrestling: This have I seen;
 But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,
 I never saw till now. I knew thy grandsire,
 And once fought with him: he was a soldier
 good;

But, by great Mars, the captain of us all,
 Never like thee: Let an old man embrace thee;
 And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

Nest. 'Tis the old Nestor.

Hect. Let me embrace thee, good old chro-
 nicle, [time:—

That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with
 Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.

Nest. I would, my arms could match thee
 in contention,

As they contend with thee in courtesy.

Hect. I would they could.

Nest. Ha!

By this white beard, I'd fight with thee to-
 morrow. [time:—

Well, welcome, welcome! I have seen the
Ulyss. I wonder now how yonder city stands,
 When we have here her base and pillar by us.

Hect. I know your favour, lord Ulysses well.
 Ah, sir, there's many a Greek and Trojan dead,
 Since first I saw yourself and Diomed

In Ilion, on your Greekish embassy. [cause:
Ulyss. Sir, I foretold you then what would

My prophecy is but half his journey yet;
 For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,
 Yon towers, whose wanton tops do buss the
 Must kiss their own feet. [clouds,

Hect. I must not believe you!

There they stand yet; and modestly I think,
 The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost
 A drop of Grecian blood: The end crowns all;
 And that old common arbitrator, time,
 Will one day end it.

Ulyss. So to him we leave it.

Most gentle, and most valiant Hector, wel-
 After the general, I beseech you next [comes:
 To feast with me, and see me at my tent.

Achil. I shall forestall thee, lord Ulysses,
 thou!—

Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee;
 I have with exact view perused thee, Hector,
 And quoted thee joint by joint.

Hect. Is this Achilles?

Achil. I am Achilles.

Hect. Stand fair, I pray thee: let me look

Achil. Behold thy all. [on thee.

Hect. Nay, I have done already.

Achil. Thou art too brief; I will the second
 time,

As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.

Hect. O, like a book of sport thou'lt read
 me o'er;

But there's more in me than thou understand'st.
 Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye?

Achil. Tell me, you heavens, in which part
 of his body

Shall I destroy him? whether there, there, or
 That I may give the local wound a name;

*Biles. †Seldom.
 tofore. ** Fallen.

And make distinct the very breach whereout
Hector's great spirit flew: Answer me, hea-
venal [proud man,

Hect. It would discredit the bless'd gods,
To answer such a question; Stand again:
Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly,
As to prenominate* in nice conjecture,
Where thou wilt hit me dead?

Achil. I tell thee, yea.

Hect. Wert thou an oracle to tell me so,
I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee
well;

For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;
But, by the forge that smiteth † Mars his helm,
I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er.—
You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag;
His insolence draws folly from my lips;
But I'll endeavour deeds to match these words,
Or may I never—

Ajax. Do not chafe thee, cousin;—
And you, Achilles, let these threats alone,
Till accident, or purpose, bring you to't:
You may have every day enough of Hector,
If you have stomach; the general state, I fear,
Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.

Hect. I pray you, let us see you in the field:
We have had pelting † wars, since you refused
The Grecians' cause.

Achil. Dost thou entreat me, Hector?
To-morrow, do I meet thee, fell as death;
To-night, all friends.

Hect. Thy hand is
Agam. First, all you peers

my tent;
There in the fall receive; we
As Hector's leisure and your
Concave together, severally en-
Beat hand the labourers, I
blow,

That this great soldier may his
[*Exeunt all but Troil.*

Tro. My lord Ulysses, bid
you,

In what place of the field dost
Ulyss. At Menelaus' tent
Troilus;

There Diomed doth feast with
Who neither looks upon the h
But gives all care and bent of
On the fair Cressid.

Troil. Shall I, sweet lord, be
After we part from Agamem
To bring me thither?

Ulyss. You shall be
As gentle tell me, of what ha
This Cressida in Troy? Had
That waits her absence?

Tro. O, sir, to such as bow
A mock is due. Will you w
She was beloved, she loved;
But still, sweet love is food fo



TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

711

oo much blood, and too little
may run mad; but if with too
too little blood, they do, I'll
dmen, Here's Agamemnon,—
enough, and one that loves
has not so much brain as ear-
odly transformation of Jupiter
r, the bull,—the primitive sta-
e memorial of cackolds†; a
orn in a chain, hanging at his
o what form, but that he is,
ed with malice, and malice
, turn him to! To an ass, were
oth ass and ox; to an ox were
oth ox and ass. To be a dog, a
fitchew‡, a toad, a lizard, an
or a herring without a roe, I
but to be Menelaus,—I would
destiny. Ask me not what I
ere not Thersites; for I care
se of a lazar§, so I were not
-day! spirits and fires!

TROILUS, AJAX, AGAMEM-
S, NESTOR, MENELAUS, and
Lights.

wrong, we go wrong.
No, yonder 'tis;
see the lights.

I trouble you.
a whit.

er comes himself to guide you.
ter ACHILLES.

me, brave Hector; welcome,
l. [good night.

w, fair prince of Troy, I bid
the guard to tend on you.

, and good night, to the Greeks'
ight, my lord. [general.

Good night, sweet Menelaus.
draught¶: Sweet, quoth 'a!

st sewer.
night,

oth to those that go, or tarry.
night.

AGAMEMNON and MENELAUS,
stor tarries; and you too, Dio-

mpany an hour or two. [med,
, lord; I have important busi-

[Hector.
f is now.—Good night, great

ie your hand.
Follow his torch, he goes

; I'll keep you company.
[Aside to TROILUS.

t, you honour me.
And so good night.

ED; ULYSSES and TROILUS
wing.

come, enter my tent.
ILLES, HECTOR, AJAX, and

ime Diomed's a false-hearted
just knave; I will no more

he leers, than I will a serpent
he will spend his mouth, and

promise, like Brabler the hound; but when he
performs, astronomers foretell it; it is prodli-
gious**, there will come some change; the sun
borrows of the moon, when Diomed keeps his
word. I will rather leave to see Hector, than
not to dog him; they say, he keeps a Trojan
drab, and uses the traitor Calchas' tent: I'll
after.—Nothing but lechery! all incontinent
varlets! [Exit.

SCENE II. The same. Before Calchas' Tent.
Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. What are you up here, ho? speak.
Cal. [Within.] Who calls?

Dio. Diomed.—Calchas, I think.—Where's
your daughter?

Cal. [Within.] She comes to you.
Enter TROILUS and ULYSSES, at a distance;

after them THERSITES.
Ulyss. Stand where the torch may not dis-

cover us.
Enter CRESSIDA.

Tro. Cressid come forth to him!
Dio. How now, my charge!

Cres. Now, my sweet guardian!—Hark! a
word with you. [Whispers.

Tro. Yea, so familiar!
Ulyss. She will sing any man at first sight.

Ther. And any man may sing her, if he can
take her cliff†; she's noted.

Dio. Will you remember?
Cres. Remember† yes.

Dio. Nay, but do then;
And let your mind be coupled with your words.

Tro. What should she remember?
Ulyss. List! [more to folly.

Cres. Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no
Ther. Roguery!

Dio. Nay, then.—
Cres. I'll tell you what:

Dio. Pho! pho! come, tell a pin: You are
forsworn.— [have me do?

Cres. In faith, I cannot: What would you
Ther. A juggling trick, to be—secretly open.

Dio. What did you swear you would bestow
on me? [oath;

Cres. I prythee, do not hold me to mine
Bid me do any thing but that, sweet Greek.

Dio. Good night.
Tro. Hold, patience!

Ulyss. How now, Trojan?
Cres. Diomed,—

Dio. No, no, good night: I'll be your fool
Tro. Thy better must. [no more.

Cres. Hark! one word in your ear.
Tro. O plague and madness!

Ulyss. You are moved, prince; let us de-
part, I pray you.

Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself
To wrathful terms: this place is dangerous;

The time right deadly; I beseech you, go.
Tro. Behold, I pray you!

Ulyss. Now, good my lord, go off:
You flow to great destruction; come, my lord.

Tro. I prythee, stay.
Ulyss. You have not patience; come.

† Menelaus.

‡ Privy.

† Stuffed.

** Portentous ominous.

§ Polecat.

|| A diseased beg

¶ Key.

Tro. I pray you, stay ; by hell, and all hell's
I will not speak a word.

Dio. And so, good night.

Cres. Nay, but you part in anger.

Tro. Doth that grieve thee ?

O wither'd truth !

Ulyss. Why, how now, lord ?

Tro. By Jove,

I will be patient.

Cres. Guardian !—why, Greek !

Dio. Pho, pho ! adieu ; you palter*.

Cres. In faith, I do not ; come hither once
again.

Ulyss. You shake, my lord, at something ;

You will break out.

Tro. She strokes his cheek !

Ulyss. Come, come.

Tro. Nay, stay ; by Jove, I will not speak
a word :

There is between my will and all offences

A guard of patience :—stay a little while.

Ther. How the devil luxury, with his fat
rump, and potatoe finger, tickles these toge-
ther ! Fry, lechery, fry !

Dio. But will you then ?

Cres. In faith, I will, is ; never trust me

Dio. Give me some token for the surety of it.

Cres. I'll fetch you one.

Ulyss. You have sworn patience.

Tro. Fear me not, my lord ;

I will not be myself, nor have cognition†

Of what I feel ; I am all patience.

Re-enter CRESSIDA.

Ther. Now the pledge ; now, now, now !

Dio.

Cres. By all Diana's

And by herself, I will not

Dio. To-morrow will I

And grieve his spirit that

Tro. Wert thou the

It should be challenged.

Cres. Well, well, 'tis

I will not keep my word

Dio.

Thou never shalt mock I

Cres. You shall not go

But it straight starts you.

Dio. I do

Ther. Nor I, by Pluto

not you, please me best.

Dio. What, shall I con

Cres. Ay

Do come :—I shall be pl

Dio.

Cres. Good night. I

Troilus, farewell ! one ey

But with my heart the o

Ah ! poor our sex ! this

The error of our eye dir

What error leads, must e

Minds, sway'd by eyes,

Ther. A proof of str

publish more,

Unless -he said, My

Ulyss. All's done, my

Tro. It

injury itself.

O madness of discourse,
with and against itself!
where reason can revolt
and loss assume all reason
is is, and is not, Cressid I
we doth commence a fight
ere, that a thing inseparable
than the sky and earth;
us breadth of this division
or a point, as subtle
like wool, to enter.
I strong as Pluto's gates;
I with the bonds of heaven;
be I strong as heaven itself;
ven are slipp'd, dissolved,

knot, five-finger-tied,
r faith, orts of her love,
aps, the bits, and greasy re-

ith, are bound to Diomed.
by Troilus be half attached
re his passion doth express?
and that shall be divulged
d as Mars his heart: {well
us: never did young man
d so fixed a soul. {fancy *
much as I do Cressid love,
t hate I her Diomed:
, that he'll bear on his helm;
composed by Vulcan's skill,
bite it: not the dreadful
the hurricano call {spout,
ass by the almighty sun,
ore clamour Neptune's ear
shall my prompted sword
le.
le it for his concupency §.

O false Cressid! false, false,
and by thy stained name,
glorious.

O, contain yourself;
rs ears hither.

er *ÆNEAS*.

in seeking you this hour, my
arming him in Troy; {lord:
stays to conduct you home.
you, prince:—My courtes-
ieu:

I fair I!—and, Diomed,
ear a castle on thy head!
g you to the gates.

tracted thanks.

rs, *ÆNEAS*, and *ULYSSES*.

I could meet that rogue Dio-
oak like a raven; I would
e. Patroclus will give me
ntelligence of this whore:
t do more for an almond,
immodious drab. Lechery,
rs and lechery; nothing else
burning devil take them!

{*Exit*.

SCENE III. Troy. Before Priam's Palace.

Enter HECTOR and ANDROMACHE.

And. When was my lord so much ungently
temper'd,
To stop his ears against admonishment?
Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.

Hect. You train me to offend you; get you
By all the everlasting gods, I'll go. {in:

And. My dreams will, sure, prove ominous

Hect. No more, I say. {to the day.

Enter CASSANDRA.

Cas. Where is my brother Hector?

And. Here, sister; armed, and bloody in
intent:

Consort with me in loud and dear petition,
Pursue we him on knees; for I have dream'd
Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of

Cas. O, it is true. {slaughter.

Hect. Ho! bid my trumpet sound!

Cas. No notes of sally, for the heavens,
sweet brother. {me swear.

Hect. Begone, I say: the gods have heard

Cas. The gods are deaf to hot and peevish
vows;

They are polluted offerings, more abhorred
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

And. O! be persuaded: Do not count it
To hurt by being just: it is as lawful, {holy
For we would give much, to use violent thefts,
And rob in the behalf of charity.

Cas. It is the purpose that makes strong the
vow;

But vows, to every purpose, must not hold:
Unarm, sweet Hector.

Hect. Hold you still, I say;
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate:
Life every man holds dear; but the dear man
Holds honour far more precious dear than life.

Enter TROILUS.

How now, young man! mean'st thou to fight
to-day?

And. Cassandra, call my father to persuade.
{*Exit* CASSANDRA.

Hect. No, 'faith, young Troilus; doff** thy
harness, youth,

I am to-day i'the vein of chivalry:

Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,
And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.

Unarm thee, go; and doubt thou not, brave
boy,

I'll stand, to-day, for thee, and me, and Troy.

Tro. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in
Which better fits a lion, than a man. {yon.

Hect. What vice is that, good Troilus? chide
me for it. {cians fall,

Tro. When many times the captive Gre-
Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,
You bid them rise, and live.

Hect. O, 'tis fair play.

Tro. Fool's play, by heaven, Hector.

Hect. How now? how now?

Tro. For the love of all the gods,

Let's leave the hermit pity with our mother;

† Helmet.

‡ Compressed.

§ Concupiscence.

¶ Foolish.

* Valuable.

** Put off.

And when we have our armour buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our
swords; [ruthl.

Spor them to ruthless * work, rein them from

Hect. Fie, savage, fie!

Tro. Hector, then 'tis war.

Hect. Troilus, I would not have you fight

Tro. Who should withhold me? [to-day.

Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars,

Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire;

Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,

Their eyes o'ergalled with recourse of tears;

Nor you, my brother, with your true sword

drawn,

Opposed to hinder me, should stop my way,

But by my ruin.

Re-enter CASSANDRA, with PRIAM.

Cas. Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him

fast:

He is thy crutch; now if thou lose thy stay,

Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,

Fall all together.

Pri. Come, Hector, come, go back;

Thy wife hath dreamed; thy mother hath had

visions;

Cassandra doth foresee; and I myself

Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt,

To tell thee—that this day is ominous:

Therefore, come back.

Hect. *Astacas* is a-field;

And I do stand engaged to many Greeks,

Even in the faith of valour, to appear

This morning to them.

Pri. But thou shalt not go.

Hect. I must not break my faith.

Pri. Farewell: the gods
about thee!

[*Exeunt severally* *Priam*
Alarums.

Tro. They are at it; back
believe.

I come to lose my arm, or
As Troilus is going out,

other side, Pan.

Pan. Do you hear, my lo

Tro. What now?

Pan. Here's a letter from

Tro. Let me read.

Pan. A whoreson priss,
cally priss so troubles me,
fortune of this girl; and wh
another, that I shall leave
days: And I have a rheum
and such an ache in my bot
man were cursed, I cannot
on't.—What says she there?

Tro. Words words, mere

ter from the heart; [T

The effect doth operate and

Go, wind, to wind, there to

gether,—

My love with words and ere

But edifies another with her

[E

SCENE IV. *Between Troy*
Camp.

Alarums: Excursions. E

Ther. Now they are clo
another; I'll go look on.

Enter HECTOR.

Art thou, Greek? art thou for
od, and honour? [Hector's match]
no:—I am a rascal; a scurvy
a very filthy rogue.
believe thee;—live. [*Exit.*
a-mercy, that thou wilt believe
gue break thy neck, for frightening
come of the wenching rogues!
have swallowed one another:
at that miracle. Yet, in a sort,
self. I'll seek them. [*Exit.*

ENE V. *The same.*

DIOMEDES and a Servant.

O, my servant, take thou Troilus
rated to my lady Cressid: [horse;
lend my service to her beauty;
e chastised the amorous Trojan,
night by proof.

I go, my lord.

[*Exit Servant.*

Enter AGAMEMNON.

iew, renew! The fierce Polyda-

wn Menon: bastard Margarelon
prisoner:

lossus-wise, waving his beam*,
bed's corpses of the kings
and Cediæ: Polixenes is slain;
s, and Thoas, deadly hurt;
n, or slain; and Palamedes*
bruised: the dreadful Sagittary
ambers; haste we, Diomed,
ant, or we perish all.

Enter NESTOR.

bear Patroclus' body to Achilles;
mall-paced Ajax arm for shame.
usand Hectors in the field:

ights on Galathea his horse,
ks work; anon, he's there afoot,
y fly, or die, like scaled sculls;
fching whale; then is he yonder,
strawy Greeks, ripe for his edge,
ore him, like the mower's swath:
and every where, he leaves, and
obeying appetite, [takes;
will, he does; and does so much,
call'd impossibility.

Enter ULYSSES.

courage, courage, princes! great
s [geance;
weeping, cursing, vowing ven-
ounds have roused his drowy
this mangled Myrmidons, [blood,
s, handless, hack'd and chipp'd,
o him,
ector. Ajax hath lost a friend,
mouth, and he is arm'd and at it,
troilus; who hath done to-day
lastic execution;
I redeeming of himself,
careless force, and forceless care,
k, in very spite of cunning,
e all.

Enter AJAX.

Ajax. Troilus! thou coward Troilus! [*Exit.*

Dio. Ay, there, there.

Nest. So, so, we draw together.

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Where is this Hector!

Come, come, thou boy-queller, show thy face;
Know what it is to meet Achilles angry.

Hector! where's Hector? I will none but
Hector. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Another part of the Field.*

Enter AJAX.

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward Troilus, show
thy head!

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. Troilus, I say! where's Troilus!

Ajax. What wouldst thou?

Dio. I would correct him.

Ajax. Were I the general, thou shouldst
have my office, [Troilus!
Ere that correction:—Troilus, I say! what,

Enter TROILUS.

Tro. O, traitor, Diomed!—turn thy false
face, thou traitor,

And pay thy life thou owest me for my horse!

Dio. Ha! art thou there? [*Med.*

Ajax. I'll fight with him alone: stand, Dio.

Dio. He is my prize, I will not look upon.

Tro. Come both, you coggling Greeks;

I've at you both. [*Exeunt, fighting.*

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. Yea, Troilus! O, well fought, my
youngest brother!

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Now do I see thee: Ha!—Have at

Hect. Pause, if thou wilt. [thee, Hector.

Achil. I do disdain thy courtesy, proud

Be happy, that my arms are out of use: [Trojan.

My rest and negligence befriended thee now,

But thou anon shalt bear of me again;

Till when, go seek thy fortune. [*Exit.*

Hect. Fare thee well:—

I would have been much more a fresher man,

Had I expected thee.—How now, my brother?

Re-enter TROILUS.

Tro. Ajax hath ta'en Athens; shall it be?

No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,

He shall not carry * * him; I'll be taken too,

Or bring him off:—Fate, hear me what I say!

I reck it not though I end my life to-day. [*Exit.*

Enter one in sumptuous Armour.

Hect. Stand, stand, thou Greek; thou art a

goodly mark:—

No? wilt thou not?—I like thy armour well;

I'll crush it, and unlock the rivets all,

But I'll be master of it:—Wilt thou not, beast,

abide?

Why then, fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide,

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *The same.*

Enter ACHILLES, with Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me, you my Myr-

midons;

see.

oker-on.

† Bruised, crushed.

‡ Lying.

§ Shot of sb.

|| Prevail over.

¶ Killer.

‡ Care.

§ Burst

Mark what I say:—Attend me where I wheel:—
Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in
breath.

And when I have the bloody Hector found,
Empale him with your weapons round about;
In fellest manner execute your arms:
Follow me, sir, and my proceedings eye:
It is decreed—Hector the great must die.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII. *The same.*

*Enter MENELAUS and PARIS, fighting: then
THYRSEUS.*

Ther. The cuckold, and the cuckold maker,
are at it. Now, bull! now, dog! 'Lo, Paris,
'loo! now my doubled honied sparrow! 'loo,
Paris, 'loo! The bull has the game:—ware
horns, ho! [*Exeunt PARIS and MENELAUS.*]

Enter MARGARELON.

Mar. Thou, slave, and fight.

Ther. What art thou?

Mar. A bastard son of Priam's.

Ther. I am a bastard too; I love bastards:
I am a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bas-
tard in mind, bastard in valour, in every thing
illegitimate. One bear will not bite another,
and wherefore should one bastard? Take
heed, the quarrel's most ominous to us: if the
son of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts
judgment. Farewell, bastard.

Mar. The devil take thee, coward! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX. *Another part of the Field.*

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. Most patched cure, so fair without,
Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.

Come, tie his body to my horse's tail;
Along the field, I will the Trojan trail.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE X. *The same.*

*Enter AGAMEMNON, AJAX, MENEL-
ASTOR, DIONIDES, and Others, march-
ing. Shouts within.*

Agam. Hark! hark! what about is that
Noise.

[*Within.*]

Achilles! Hector's slain! Achilles!

Dio. The bruit is—Hector's slain, and
Achilles.

Ajar. If it be so, yet bragless let it be;
Great Hector was as good a man as he.

Agam. March patiently along:—Let us
To pray Achilles see us at our tent:—
If in his death the gods have us befriended,
Great Troy is ours, and our sharp war is
ended. [*Exeunt, marching.*]

SCENE XI. *Another part of the Field.*

Enter ÆNEAS and Trojans.

Æne. Stand, ho! yet are we masters of the
field:

Never go home; here starve we out the Greeks.

Enter TROILUS.

Tro. Hector is slain.

All. Hector!—the gods!—
Tro. He's dead; and at the murderer's
horse's tail,

In beastly sort, dragg'd through the streets,
Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with
speed!

TROIUS AND CRESSIDA.

LUS is going out, enter from the other side, PANDARUS.

But hear you, hear you! [shame
fence, broker lackey† ignominy* and
y life, and live aye† with thy name!

[*Exit TROILUS.*

A goodly med'cine for my aching
O world! world! world! thus is the
at despised! O traitors and bawds,
estly are you set a' work, and how ill

Why should our endeavour be so
f the performance so loathed? what
it? what instance for it?—Let me

terrify the humble-bee doth sing,
hath lost his honey, and his sting:

* Ignominy.

† Ever.

† Canvass hangings for rooms, painted with emblems and mottos.

And being once subdued in armed tail,
Sweet honey and sweet note together fail.

Good traders in the flesh, set this in your
painted cloths].

As many as be here of pander's hall,
Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall:
Or, if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,
Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.
Brethren, and sisters, of the hold-door trade,
Some two months hence my will shall here be
made:

It should be now, but that my fear is this,—
Some galled goose of Winchester would hiss:
Till then I'll sweat, and seek about for eases;
And, at that time, bequeath you my diseases.

[*Exit.*

ay is more correctly written than most of Shakspeare's compositions, but it is not
one in which either the extent of his views or elevation of his fancy is fully displayed.
dry abounded with materials, he has exerted little invention; but he has diversified
sters with great variety, and preserved them with great exactness. His vicious cha-
racter, but cannot corrupt, for both Cressida and Pandarus are detested and con-
The comic characters seem to have been the favourites of the writer; they are of the
kind, and exhibit more of manners, than nature; but they are copiously filled and
y impressed. Shakspeare has in his story followed, for the greater part, the old
axton, which was then very popular; but the character of Thersites, of which it
a mention, is a proof that this play was written after Chapman had published his
Homer.—JOHNSON.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

Persons represented.

TIMON, a noble Athenian.	Two Servants of Varro, and Isidore. Two of Timon's
LUCIUS, } lords, and flatterers of	Cupid and Maskers. Three
LUCULLUS, } Timon.	Poet, Painter, Jeweller, and
SEMPRONIUS, }	An old Athenian. A Page.
VENTIDIUS, one of Timon's false friends.	
APEMANTUS, a churlish philosopher.	PHYENIA, } mistresses of
ALCIBIADES, an Athenian general.	TIMANDRA, }
FLAVIUS, steward to Timon.	Other Lords, Senators, Officers,
FLAMINIUS, LUCILIUS, SERVILIUS, Timon's servants.	Thieves, and Attendants.
CAPHIS, PHILOTUS, TITUS, LUCIUS, HOM- TENSUS, servants to Timon's Creditors.	Scene, — Athens; and the joining.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Athens. A Hall in Timon's House.

Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and Others, at several Doors.

Poet. Good day, sir.

Pain. I am glad you are well.

Poet. I have not seen you long; how goes

Poet. A thing alipp's
Our poetry is as a gum, which
From whence 'tis nourished.
Shows not, till it be struck; o
Provokes itself, and, like the
Each bound it chafes. What
Pain. A picture, sir.—An
your book forth f



ax: no levell'd malice
in the course I hold:
light, bold, and forth on,
behind.

II I understand you?

I'll unbolt * to you.
conditions, how all minds
d slippery creatures, as
re quality) tender down
rd Timon: his large fortune,
gracious nature hanging,
orties to his love and tend-

flatterer †
; yes, from the glass-faced
d few things loves better
self; even he drops down
im, and returns in peace
n's nod.

I saw them speak together.
e upon a high and pleasant

(mount
be throned: The base o'the
deserts, all kind of natures,
bosom of this sphere
states ‡: amongst them all,
this sovereign lady fix'd,
of lord Timon's frame. [her:
th her ivory hand waits to
ace to present slaves and
ls. (servants

'Tis conceived to scope.
Fortune, and this hill, me-

kon'd from the rest below,
gainst the steepy mount
pieness, would be well ex-

[press'd
Nay, sir, but hear me on:
ere his fellows but of late,
his value,) on the moment
his lobbies fill with tend-
isperings § in his ear. [ance,
his stirrup, and through
r. [him

Ay, marry, what of these?
fortune, in her shift and
ood, [ants,
ate beloved, all his depend-
r him to the mountain's top,
res and hands, let him slip

ying his declining foot.
non:

paintings I can show [tune
ate these quick blows of for-
an words. Yet you do well,
on, that mean eyes ¶ have
head. [seen

Enter TIMON, attended;
VENTIDIUS talking with

Imprison'd is he, say you?
my good lord: five talents

His means most short, his creditors most
strait:

Your honourable letter he desires [him,
To those have shut him up; which failing to
Periods his comfort.

Tim. Noble Ventidius! Well;
I am not of that feather, to shake off [him
My friend when he must need me. I do know
A gentleman, that well deserves a help,
Which he shall have: I'll pay the debt, and
free him.

Ven. Serv. Your lordship ever bleeds him.
Tim. Commend me to him: I will send him
ransome;

And, being enfranchis'd, bid him come to me:
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after.—Fare you well.

Ven. Serv. All happiness to your honour! [Exit.

Enter an old Athenian.

Old Ath. Lord Timon, hear me speak.

Tim. Freely, good father.

Old Ath. Thou hast a servant named Lucius.

Tim. I have so: What of him? [lies.

Old Ath. Most noble Timon, call the man
before thee.

Tim. Attends he here, or no?—Lucilius!

Enter LUCILIUS.

Luc. Here, at your lordship's service.

Old Ath. This fellow here, lord Timon, this
thy creature,

By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my first have been inclin'd to thrift;
And my estate deserves a heir more rais'd,
Than one which holds a trencher.

Tim. Well; what further?

Old Ath. One only daughter have I, no
kin else,

On whom I may confer what I have got:
The maid is fair, o' the youngest for a bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest cost,
In qualities of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her love: I prythee, noble lord,
Join with me to forbid him her resort;
Myself have spoke in vain.

Tim. The man is honest.

Old Ath. Therefore he will be, Timon:
His honesty rewards him in itself,
It must not bear my daughter.

Tim. Does she love him?

Old Ath. She is young and apt:
Our own precedent passions do instruct us
What levity's in youth.

Tim. [To LUCILIUS.] Love you the maid?
Luc. Ay, my good lord, and she accepts of
it. [missing,

Old Ath. If in her marriage my consent be
I call the gods to witness, I will choose
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And dispossess her all.

Tim. How shall she be endowed,
If she be mated with an equal husband?

Old Ath. Three talents, on the present; in
future, all.

explains. † One who shows by reflection the looks of his patron.
r conditions of life. § Whisperings of officious servility. ¶ Inhab-
t. a., Interior apartment.

Tim. This gentleman of mine hath served me long.

To build his fortune, I will strain a little,
For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter:

What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,
And make him weigh with her.

Old Ath. Most noble lord,
Pawn me to this your honour, she is his.

Tim. My hand to thee; mine honour on my promise.

Luc. Humbly I thank your lordship: Never
That state or fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not owed to you!

Exeunt Lucius and old Athenian.

Pain. You bestow my labour, and long live your lordship!

Tim. I thank you; you shall hear from me
Go not away.—What have you there, my friend?

Pain. A piece of painting, which I do be-
your lordship to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome.
The painting is almost the natural man;

For since dishonour traffics with man's nature,
He is but outside: These pencil'd figures are
Even such as they give out. I like your work;
And you shall find I like it: wait attendance
Till you hear further from me.

Pain. The gods preserve you!

Tim. Well fare you, gentlemen: Give me
your hand.

We must needs dine together.—Sir, your jewel
hath suffer'd under praise.

Jew. What, my lord? dispraise?

Apem. Thou knowest I do; I call
by thy name.

Tim. Thou art proud, Apemantus.

Apem. Of nothing so much, as that
not like Timon.

Tim. Whither art going?

Apem. To knock out an honest Athenian's
brains.

Tim. That's a deed thou'lt die for.

Apem. Right, if doing nothing be done
the law.

Tim. How likest thou this picture, Apemantus?

Apem. The best, for the innocent.

Tim. Wrought he not well that painter?

Apem. He wrought better, that made
the painter; and yet he's but a filthy piece
work.

Pain. You are a dog.

Apem. Thy mother's of my party.
What's she, if I be a dog?

Tim. Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?

Apem. No; I eat not lords.

Tim. An thou should'st, thou'ldst dine upon
great bellies.

Tim. That's a lascivious apprehension.

Apem. So thou apprehend'st it: Is
for thy labour.

Tim. How dost thou like this jewel
mantus?

Apem. Not so well as plain dealing:
It will not cost a man a doit.

Tim. What dost thou think 'tis worth?

Apem. Not worth my thinking.—How
poet?

gets sound. Enter a Servant.
What trampet's that?

'Tis Alcibiades, and my horse, all of companionship. My, entertain them; give them guide us.— *[Exeunt some Attendants.]*

needs dine with me:—Go not, you do, [done,] I thank'd you; and, when dinner's this piece.—I am joyful of your

ALCIBIADES, with his Company. Come, sir! [They salute.]

So, so; there! tract and starve your supple joints! I should be small love 'mongst these set knaves, [out] is court'sy! The strain of man's bred on and monkey'. [feed] sir, you have saved my longing, and I prily on your sight.

Right welcome, sir; part, we'll share a bounteous time it pleasures. Pray you, let us in.

[Exeunt all but APEMANTUS. Enter two Lords.]

What time a day is't, Apemantus? Time to be honest.

That time serves still. [omitt't it. The most accursed thou, that still Thou art going to lord Timon's feast. Ay; to see meat fill knaves, and wine t fools.]

Fare thee well, fare thee well. Thou art a fool, to bid me farewell Why, Apemantus? [twice.] Shouldst have kept one to thyself, to give thee none.

Hang thyself. So, I will do nothing at thy bidding; requests to thy friend.

Away, unpeaceable dog, or I'll hence. I will fly, like a dog, the heels of

[Exit.] He's opposite to humanity. Come, I we in, lord Timon's bounty? he outgoes heart of kindness. [gold,] He pours it out; Plutus, the god of steward: no need t, but he repays above itself; no gift to him, the giver a return exceeding quittance.

The noblest mind he carries govern'd man. [we in?] Long may he live in fortunes! Shall I'll keep you company. [Exeunt.]

I. The same. A Room of State in Timon's House.

playing loud music. A great served in; PLAVIUS and others

attending; then enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, LUCIUS, LUCULLUS, SEMPRONIUS, and other Athenian Senators, with VENTIDIUS, and Attendants. Then comes, dropping after all, APEMANTUS, discontentedly.

Ven. Most honour'd Timon, 't hath pleased the gods remember

My father's age, and call him to long peace. He is gone happy, and has left me rich: Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound To your free heart, I do return those talents, Doubled, with thanks, and service, from whence I derived liberty. [help]

Tim. O, by no means, Honest Ventidius: you mistake my love; I gave it freely ever; and there's none Can truly say he gives if he receives: [dare] If our betters play at that game, we must not To imitate them; Faults that are rich are fair.

Ven. A noble spirit. [They all stand ceremoniously looking on TIMON.]

Tim. Nay, my lords, ceremony Was but devised at first, to set a gloss On faint deeds, hollow welcomes, Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown; But where there is true friendship, there needs none. [tunes,]

Pray, sit; more welcome are ye to my town Than my fortunes to me. [They sit.] I Lord. My lord, we always have confess'd it. [you not?]

Apem. Ho, ho, confess'd it? hang'd it, have Tim. O, Apemantus!—you are welcome. Apem. No,

You shall not make me welcome: I come to have thee thrust me out of doors. Tim. Fie, thou art a churl; you have got a humour there

*Does not become a man, 'tis much to blame: They say, my lords, that *tra furor brevis est*; But yond' man's ever angry.*

Go, let him have a table by himself; For he does neither affect company, Nor is he fit for it, indeed. [Timon:]

Apem. Let me stay at thine own peril, I come to observe; I give thee warning on't.

Tim. I take no heed of thee; thou art an Athenian; therefore welcome: I myself would have no power: prythee, let my meat make thee silent.

Apem. I scorn thy meat; 'twould choke me, for I should [but]

Ne'er flatter thee.—O you gods! what a number Of men eat Timon, and he sees them not! It grieves me, to see so many dip their meat In one man's blood; and all the madness is, He cheers them up too!]

I wonder men dare trust themselves with men: Methinks they should invite them without knives;

*degenerated; his strain or lineage is worn down into a monkey. t Meed here
 st. ; i. e., All the customary returns made in discharge of obligation.
 a short madness. The allusion is to a pack of hounds trained to
 being gratified with the blood of an animal which they kill; and the wonder is
 found, on which they are feeding, shows them to the chase.*

Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court'sies.

Tim. Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not I'd be good to thee.

Apem. No, I'll nothing: for, If I should be bribed too, there would be none left

To rail upon thee; and then thou wouldst Thou givest so long, Timon, I fear me, thou Will give away thyself in paper * shortly :

What need these feasts, pomp,

Tim. Nay,

Am you begin to rail on society? I am sworn, not to give regard

Farewell; and come with bear *Apem.*

Thou'lt not hear me now;— then, I'll lock

Thy heaven + from thee. O, To counsel deaf, but not to slay

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The same. A Room in a Senator's House.*

Enter a Senator, with papers in his hand.

Sen. And late, five thousand to Varro; and to Isidore

He owes nine thousand; besides my former sum,

Which makes it five and twenty.—Still in Of raging waste? It cannot hold; it will not.

If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog,

And give it Timon, why, the dog eolns gold :

If I would sell my horse, and buy twenty more

Better than he, why, give my horse to Ti. Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me straight

And able horses: No porter at his gate;

But rather one that smiles, and still invites

All that pass by. It cannot hold; no reason

Can found his state in safety. Caphis, ho!

SCENE II. *The same. A Room.*

Enter FLAVIUS, with many bills

Flav. No care, no stop! so pence,

That he will neither know he Nor cease his flow of riot: Tell

How things go from him; nor Of what is to continue: Next

Was to be so unwise, to be so

What shall be done? He will

I must be round with him now

He, he, he!

Enter CAPHIS, and the Servants and VARRO.

Caph. Good even!

You come for money?

Var. Serv. Is't not you

Caph. It is:—And yours to

Serv. Your steward puts me off, my lord;
and sent expressly to your lordship.

L. Give me breath:—
catch you, good my lords, keep on;

Exeunt ALCIBIADES and Lords.
—upon you instantly.—Come hither,
kiss you. **[To FLAVIUS.]**

Know the world, that I am thus encount-
ered
with enormous demands of date-broke bonds,
in detention of long-since-due debts,
to my honour?

L. Please you, gentlemen,
I am unagreeable to this business:
opportunity cease, till after dinner;
may make his lordship understand
where you are not paid.

L. Do so, my friends:
I am well entertain'd. **[Exit TIMON.]**

L. I pray, draw near.
[Exit FLAVIUS.]

Enter APEMANTUS and a Fool.
A. Stay, stay, here comes the fool with
him; let's have some sport with 'em.

Serv. Hang him, he'll abuse us.

Serv. A plague upon him, dog!

Serv. How dost, fool?

F. Dost dialogue with thy shadow?

Serv. I speak not to thee.

F. No; 'tis to thyself,—Come away.

[To the Fool.]

Serv. **[To VAR. SERV.]** There's the
fool on your back already.

F. No, thou stand'st single, thou art
him yet.

F. Where's the fool now?

F. He last asked the question.—Poor
and usurers' men! bawds between gold
and I.

Serv. What are we, Apemantus?

F. Asses.

Serv. Why?

F. That you ask me what you are, and
I know yourselves.—Speak to 'em,

F. How do you, gentlemen?

Serv. Gramercies, good fool: How
our mistress?

F. She's e'en setting on water to scald
tickens as you are. 'Would, we could
eat Cornish.

F. Good! gramercy.

Enter Page.

F. Look you, here comes my mistress'

F. **[To the Fool.]** Why, how now,
what do you in this wise company?

F. dost thou, Apemantus?

F. 'Would I had a rod in my mouth,
might answer thee profitably.

F. Prythee, Apemantus, read me the
caption of these letters; I know not
in which.

F. Canst not read?

F. No.

F. There will little learning die then,
by thou art hanged. This is to lord

Timon; this to Alcibiades. Go; thou wast
born a bastard, and thou'lt die a bawd.

Page. Thou wast whelped a dog; and thou
shalt famish, a dog's death. Answer not, I am
gone. **[Exit Page.]**

Apem. Even so thou out-runna'st grace. Fool,
I will go with you to lord Timon's.

Fool. Will you leave me there?

Apem. If Timon stay at home.—You three
serve three usurers?

All Serv. Ay; 'would they served us!

Apem. So would I,—as good a trick as ever
hangman served thief.

Fool. Are you three usurers' men?

All Serv. Ay, fool.

Fool. I think, no usurer but has a fool to his
servant: My mistress is one, and I am her fool.
When men come to borrow of your masters,
they approach sadly, and go away merry; but
they enter my mistress' house merrily, and go
away sadly: The reason of this?

Var. Serv. I could render one.

Apem. Do it then, that we may account thee
a whoremaster, and a knave; which notwith-
standing, thou shalt be no less esteemed.

Var. Serv. What is a whoremaster, fool?

Fool. A fool in good clothes, and something
like thee. 'Tis a spirit: sometime, it appears
like a lord; sometime, like a lawyer; some-
time, like a philosopher, with two stones more
than his artificial one: He is very often like
a knight; and, generally in all shapes, that
man goes up and down in, from fourscore to
thirteen, this spirit walks in.

Var. Serv. Thou art not altogether a
fool.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a wise man: as
much foolery as I have, so much wit thou
lackest.

Apem. That answer might have become
Apemantus.

All Serv. Aside, aside; here comes lord
Timon.

Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS.

Apem. Come with me, fool, come.

Fool. I do not always follow lover, elder
brother, and woman; sometime, the philoso-
pher. **[Exeunt APEMANTUS and Fool.]**

Flav. Pray you, walk near; I'll speak with
you anon. **[Exit Serv.]**

Tim. You make me marvel: Wherefore, ere
this time,

Had you not ~~long~~ ^{long} ~~asked~~ ^{asked} my ~~sum~~ ^{sum} before me
That I might so have rated my expense,
As I had leave of means?

Flav. You would not hear me,
At many leasures I proposed.

Tim. Go to:
Perchance, some single advantages you took;
When my indisposition put you back;
And that unaptness made you minister,
Thus to excuse yourself.

Flav. O my good lord!
As many times I brought in my accounts, [off,
Laid them before you; you would throw them
And say, you found them in mine honesty.

Tim. When, for some trifling present, you have bid
me

Return so much*, I have shook my head, and
wept;

Yea, 'gainst the authority of manners, pray'd
To hold your hand more close: I did endure
Not seldom, nor no slight checks; when I have
Prompted you, in the ebb of your estate,
And your great flow of debts. My dear-loved
lord,

Though you hear now, (too late!) yet now's a
The greatest of your having lacks a half
To pay your present debts.

Tim. Let all my land be sold.

Flav. 'Tis all engaged, some forfeited and
gone;

And what remains will hardly stop the mouth
Of present dues: the future comes apace:
What shall defend the interim? and at length
How goes our reckoning?

Tim. To Lacedæmon did my land extend.

Flav. O my good lord, the world is but a
Were it all yours to give it in a breath, [word];
How quickly were it gone?

Tim. You tell me true.

Flav. If you suspect my husbandry, or false-
Call me before the exactest auditors, [hood,
And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me,
When all our offices have been oppress'd [wept
With riotous feeders; when our vaults have
With drunken spilt of wine; when every room
Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with min-
I have retired me to a wasteful cock, [strelay;
And set mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Pr'ythee, no more.

Flav. Heavens, have I said, the bounty of

Mistake my fortunes; I am woe
friends.

Within there, ho!—Flaminius! Ser-
Enter FLAMINIUS, SERVILIUS,
Servants.

Serv. My lord, my lord,—[and]

Tim. I will despatch you several
To lord Lædæus you; I hunted
Honour to-day;—Yea, to Sempronius
Commend me to their loves; and,
That my occasions have found time
Toward a supply of money: let it
Be fifty talents.

Flam. As you have said.

Flav. Lord Lædæus, and Lord
hamp!

Tim. Go you, sir, [To another]
senators,

(Of whom, even to the state's best
Deserved this hearing,) bid 'em
A thousand talents to me.

Flav. I have be-

For that I knew it the most generous
To them to use your signet, and y
But they do shake their heads, and
No richer in return.

Tim. Is't true? can

Flav. They answer, in a joint
voice,

That now they are at fall*, want
Do what they would; are sorry-
nourable,—

But yet they could have wish'd
Something hath been amiss—



five talents :—that had,—[To FLA.]
it these follows
tis instant due. Ne'er speak, or
[sink.
's fortunes 'mong his friends can

Flav. I would I could not think it; That
thought is bounty's foe;
Being free^o itself, it thinks all others so.
[Exeunt.

ACT III.

The same. A Room in Lucullus's House.

waiting. Enter a Servant to him.
have told my lord of you, he is
n to you.
thank you, sir.

Enter LUCULLUS.
re's my lord.

Aside. One of lord Timon's men! arrant. Why, this hits right; I
silver bason and ewer to-night.
onest Flaminius; you are very re-
welcome, sir.—Fill me some wine.
nt.) And how does that honourable
ree-hearted gentleman of Athens,
antiful good lord and master?
is health is well, sir.

am right glad that his health is
nd what hast thou there under thy
y Flaminius?

alth, nothing but an empty box, sir;
y lord's behalf, I come to entreat
r to supply; who, having great and
sion to use fifty talents, hath sent
ship to furnish him; nothing doubt-
est assistance therein.

a, la, la, la,—nothing doubting,
a, good lord! a noble gentleman 'tis,
not keep so good a house. Many
often I have dined with him, and
't; and come again to supper to him,
to have him spend less: and yet he
ece no counsel, take no warning by
Every man has his fault, and
his; I have told him on't, but I
get him from it.

Enter Servant, with wine.

ase your lordship, here is the wine.
Flaminius, I have noted thee always
e's to thee.

our lordship speaks your pleasure.
I have observed thee always for a
ompt spirit,—give thee thy due,—
it knows what belongs to reason:
is the time well, if the time use thee
parts in thee.—Get you gone, sirrah.
vant, who goes out.]—Draw nearest,
ninius. Thy lord's a bountiful gen-
t thou art wise; and thou knowest
t, although thou comest to me, that
me to lend money; especially upon
ship, without security. Here's three
r thee; good boy, wink at me, and
w'st me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is't possible, the world should so
much differ; [ness,
And we alive that lived? Fly, damned base-
To him that worships thee.

[Throwing the money away.

Lucul. Hal Now I see, thou art a fool, and
st for thy master. [Exit LUCULLUS.

Flam. May these add to the number that may
Let molten coin be thy damnation, (scald thee!
Thou disease of a friend, and not himself!
Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,
It turns in less than two nights? O you gods,
I feel my master's passion! This slave
Unto his honour, has my lord's meat in him:
Why should it thrive, and turn to nutriment,
When he is turn'd to poison?
O, may diseases only work upon't! [of nature
And, when he is sick to death, let not that part
Which my lord paid for, be of any power
To expel sickness, but prolong his hour?
[Exit.

SCENE II. *The same. A public place.*

Enter LUCIUS, with three Strangers.

Luc. Who, the lord Timon? he is my very
good friend, and an honourable gentleman.

1 Stran. We know^o him for no less, though
we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you
one thing, my lord, and which I hear from com-
mon rumours; now lord Timon's happy hours
are done ^{††} and past, and his estate shrinks from
him.

Luc. Fle, no, do not believe it; he cannot
want for money.

2 Stran. But believe you this, my lord, that,
not long ago, one of his men was with the lord
Lucullus, to borrow so many talents; nay,
urged extremely for't, and showed what ne-
cessity belonged to't, and yet was denied.

Luc. How?

3 Stran. I tell you, denied, my lord.

Luc. What a strange case was that! now,
before the gods, I am ashamed on't. Denied
that honourable man? there was very little ho-
nour showed in't. For my own part, I must
needs confess, I have received some small kind-
nesses from him, as money, plate, jewels, and
such-like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet,
had he mistook him, and sent to me, I should
ne'er have denied his occasion so many talents.

Enter SERVILIUS.

Ser. See, by good hap, yonder's my lord;
I have sweat to see his honour.—My honoured
lord,— [To LUCIUS.

Luc. Servilius! you are kindly met, sir.

l, not parsimonious.

† For respectfully.

† Honesty here means liberality.

l we who were alive then, alive now.

|| Suffering; "By his bloody cross and

sturgy. ¶ i. e., His life.

o Acknowledge.

†† Consumed

Part thee well:—Commend me to thy honour-
able-virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

Ser. May it please your honour, my lord
hath sent —

Luc. Ha! what has he sent? I am so much
endeared to that lord; he's ever sending: How
shall I thank him, thinkest thou? And what has
he sent now?

Ser. He has only sent his present occasion
now, my lord; requesting your lordship to
supply his instant use with so many talents.

Luc. I know his lordship is but merry with
me; He cannot want fifty-five hundred talents.

Ser. But in the mean time he wants less, my
lord. If his occasion were not virtuous*, [lord.
I should not urge it half so faithfully.

Luc. Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?
Ser. Upon my soul, 'tis true, sir.

Luc. What a wicked beast was I, to disor-
der myself against such a good time, when I
might have shown myself honourable! how un-
luckily it happened, that I should purchase the
day before for a little part, and undo a great
deal of honour!—Servilius, now before the
gods, I am not able to do't; the more beast, I
say:—I was sending to use lord Timon myself,
these gentlemen can witness; but I would not,
for the wealth of Athens, I had done it now.
Commend me bountifully to his good lordship;
and I hope his honour will conceive the fairest
of me, because I have no power to be kind;
And tell him this from me, I count it one of my
greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure

I would have put my wealth into
And the best half should have run
So much I love his heart: But, I
Men must learn now with pity to
For policy sits above conscience.

SCENE III. *The same. A
Sempronius's Room.*

*Enter SEMPRONIUS, and a
Timon's.*

Sem. Must he needs trouble
Humph! 'Bove all others!
He might have tried lord Lucius,
And now Ventidius is wealthy too
Whom he redeem'd from prison
Owe their estates unto him.

Serv. O
They have all been touch'd; and
They have all denied him!

Sem. How! have they
Has Ventidius and Lucius deny'd
And does he send to me? Thrice!
It shows but little love or judgment
Must I be his last refuge? His
physicians,

Thrive, give him over: Most fit
He has much disgraced me here
at him,

That might have known my place
But his occasions might have won
For, in my conscience, I was the
That e'er received gift from him
And does he think so backward!

other Servants to TIMON'S Credit
giving his coming out.

Well met; good-morrow, Titus
Lortensius.

Like to you, kind Varro.

Lucius?

Meet together?

Ay, and I think
does command us all; for mine

is theirs and ours.

Enter PHILOTUS.

And, sir,

Good day at once.

Welcome, good brother.
I think the hour?

Labouring for nine.

So much?

Is not my lord seen yet?

Not yet.

Under out; he was wont to shine
en. [shorter with him:

Ay, but the days are waxed
insider that a prodigal course
un's*; but not, like his, recover-
[able.

winter in lord Timon's purse;
may reach deep enough, and yet

I am of your fear for that. [event.
how you how to observe a strange
ands now for money.

Most true, he does.

he wears jewels now of Timon's
wait for money. [gift,
against my heart.

Mark, how strange it shows,
s should pay more than he owes:
if your lord should wear rich
r money for 'em. [jewels,
a weary of this charge†, the gods
finess:

lord hath spent of Timon's wealth,
ngatitude makes it worse than

[crowns: What's yours?

rv. Yes, mine's three thousand

v. Five thousand mine.

rv. 'Tis much deep: and it should
by the sum,

's confidence was above mine;
his had equal'd.

Enter FLAMINIUS.
of lord Timon's men.

Flaminius! sir, a word: 'Pray, is
dy to come forth?

o, indeed, he is not.

attend his lordship; 'pray, signify

need not tell him that; he knows,
diligent. [Exit FLAMINIUS.

FLAVIUS, in a cloak, muffled.

v. Ha! is not that his steward
d so?

ay in a cloud: call him, call him.

Tit. Do you hear, sir?

1 Var. Ser. By your leave, sir,—

Fla. What do you ask of me, my friend?

Tit. We wait for certain money here, sir.

Fla. Ay,

If money were, as certain as your waiting,

'Twere sure enough. Why then prefer'd you

not [eat

Your sums and bills, when your false masters

Of my lord's meat? Then they could smile,

and fawn

Upon his debts, and take down th' interest

Into their gluttonous maws. You do yourself

but wrong,

To stir me up; let me pass quietly:

Believe't, my lord and I have made an end;

I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

Luc. Serv. Ay, but this answer will not

Flav. If 'twill not, [serve.

'Tis not so base as you; for you serve knaves.

[Exit.

1 Var. Serv. How! what does his cashier'd
worship mutter?

2 Var. Serv. No matter what; he's poor,
and that's revenge enough. Who can speak
broader than he that has no house to put his
head in? such may rail against great buildings.

Enter SERVILIUS.

Tit. O, here's Servilius; now we shall know
Some answer.

Serv. If I might beseech you, gentlemen,
To repair some other hour, I should much
Derive from it: for, take it on my soul,

My lord leans wondrously to discontent.

His comfortable temper has forsook him:

He is much out of health, and keeps his cham-
ber. [are not sick;

Luc. Serv. Many do keep their chambers

And, if it be so far beyond his health,

Methinks, he should the sooner pay his debts,

And make a clear way to the gods.

Serv. Good gods!

Tit. We cannot take this for an answer, sir.

Flam. [Within.] Servilius, help!—my lord!

my lord!—

Enter TIMON, in a rage; FLAMINIUS fol-
lowing.

Tim. What, are my doors opposed against
my passage?

Have I been ever free, and must my house

Be my retentive enemy, my gaol?

The place, which I have feasted, does it now,

Like all mankind, show me an iron heart?

Luc. Serv. Put in now, Titus.

Tit. My lord, here is my bill.

Luc. Serv. Here's mine.

Hor. Serv. And mine, my lord.

Both Var. Serv. And our's, my lord!

Phi. All our bills.

Tim. Knock me down with 'em; cleave
me to the girdle.

Luc. Serv. Alas! my lord,—

Tim. Cut my heart in sums.

Tit. Mine, fifty talents.

Tim. Tell out my blood.

ge him in blaze and splendour. + Commission, employment. † Timon with
resent their written bills: he catches at the word, and alludes to bills or bat-

Luc. Serv. Five thousand crowns, my lord.

Tim. Five thousand drops pay that.—

What yours?—and yours?

1 Var. Serv. My lord,—

2 Var. Serv. My lord,—

Tim. Tear me, take me, and the gods fall upon you! *[Exit.]*

Hor. Faith, I perceive our masters may throw their caps at their money; these debts may well be called desperate ones, for a mad-man owes 'em. *[Exeunt.]*

Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS.

Tim. They have e'en put my breath from Creditors!—devils. *[me, the slaves.]*

Flav. My dear lord,—

Tim. What if it should be so?

Flav. My lord,—

Tim. I'll have it so :—My steward!

Flav. Here, my lord.

Tim. So fitly? Go, bid all my friends again, Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius; all: I'll once more feast the rascals.

Flav. O my lord,
You only speak from your distracted soul;
There is not so much left, to furnish out
A moderate table.

Tim. Be't not in thy care; go,
I charge thee; invite them all; let in the tide
Of knaves once more; my cook and I'll provide. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE V. *The same. The Senate-House.*

The Senate sitting. Enter ALCIBIADES, attended;

To bring manslaughter
reeling

Upon the head of valour
Is valour misbegot, and
When sects and faction
He's truly valiant that
The worst that man can
wrong

His outsize; wear
And ne'er prefer his
To bring it into danger
If wrongs be evils, and
What folly 'tis, to hazard

Alcib. My lord,—

1 Sen. You cannot
To revenge is no valour

Alcib. My lords, then
If I speak like a capital
Why do fond men expect
And not endure all these
And let the foes quietly
Without repugnancy?

Such valour in the breast
Abroad? why then, w
That stay at home, if
And th' ass, more cap
felon,

Loaden with irons, wis
If wisdom be in suffer
As you are great, be pi
Who cannot condemn
To kill, I grant, is sin
But, in defence, by me
To be in anger, is impi

ty, I'll pawn my victories, all
 honour to you, upon his good returns.
 This crime he owes the law his life;
 Let the war receive't in valiant gore;
 War is strict, and war is nothing more.
 We are for law, he dies; urge it no
 more, (brother,
 slight of our displeasure: Friend, or
 feels his own blood, that spills another.
 O. Must it be so? it must not be. My
 speech you, know me. (lords,
 O. How?

O. Call me to your remembrances.
 O. What? (got me;
 O. I cannot think, but your age has for-
 gotten not else be, I should prove so base*
 and be denied such common grace:
 wounds ache at you.

O. Do you dare our anger?
 Few words, but spacious in effect;
 Banish thee for ever.

O. Banish me?
 Your dotage; banish usury,
 Makes the senate ugly. (tain thee,
 O. If, after two days' shine, Athens con-
 sider our weightier judgment. And, not to
 swell our spirit,
 Shall be executed presently.

(*Exeunt Senators.*)
 O. Now the gods keep you old enough;
 That you may live
 To bone, that none may look on you!
 Worse than mad: I have kept back
 Their foes,
 They have told their money, and let out
 Coin upon large interest; I myself
 Only in large hurts:—All those for this?
 The balsam that the usuring senate
 Into captains' wounds? ha! banishment?
 Does not ill; I hate not to be banish'd;
 Cause worthy my spleen and fury,
 May strike at Athens. I'll cheer up
 Contented troops, and lay for hearts;
 Honour, with most lands to be at odds;
 As should brook as little wrongs as gods.

(*Exit.*)

SCENE VI. A magnificent Room in Timon's House.

Tables set out: Servants attending.
 Enter divers Lords, at several doors.

Lord. The good time of day to you, sir.
 Lord. I also wish it to you. I think this
 noble lord did but try us this other day.
 Lord. Upon that were my thoughts fir-
 mly when we encountered: I hope it is not
 with him, as he made it seem in the
 several friends.

It should not be, by the persuasion
 feasting.

I should think so: He hath sent me
 writing, which many my near oc-
 currence me to put off; but he hath

conjured me beyond them, and I must needs
 appear.

2 Lord. In like manner was I in debt to my
 importunate business, but he would not hear
 my excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to bor-
 row of me, that my provision was out.

1 Lord. I am sick of that grief too, as I un-
 derstand how all things go.

2 Lord. Every man here's so. What would
 he have borrowed of you?

1 Lord. A thousand pieces.

2 Lord. A thousand pieces!

1 Lord. What of you?

3 Lord. He sent to me, sir,—Here he
 comes.

(*Enter TIMON, and Attendants.*)

Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen both:—
 And how fare you?

1 Lord. Ever at the best, hearing well of
 your lordship.

2 Lord. The swallow follows not summer
 more willing, than we your lordship.

Tim. (*Aside.*) Nor more willingly leaves
 winter; such summer-birds are men.—Gentle-
 men, our dinner will not recompense this long
 stay: feast your ears with the music awhile,
 if they will fare so harshly on the trumpet's
 sound: we shall to't presently.

1 Lord. I hope, it remains not unkindly
 with your lordship, that I returned you an
 empty messenger.

Tim. O, sir, let it not trouble you.

2 Lord. My noble lord,—

Tim. Ay, my good friend! what cheer?

(*The banquet brought in.*)

2 Lord. My most honourable lord, I am
 e'en sick of shame, that, when your lordship
 this other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate
 a beggar.

Tim. Think not on't, sir.

2 Lord. If you had sent but two hours
 before,—

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remem-
 brance.—Come, bring in all together.

2 Lord. All covered dishes!

1 Lord. Royal cheer, I warrant you.

3 Lord. Doubt not that, if money, and the
 season can yield it.

1 Lord. How do you? what's the news?

3 Lord. Alcibiades is banished: Hear you
 of it?

1 & 2 Lord. Alcibiades banished!

3 Lord. 'Tis so, be sure of it.

1 Lord. How? how?

2 Lord. I pray you, upon what?

Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw
 near?

3 Lord. I'll tell you more anon. Here's a
 noble feast toward.

2 Lord. This is the old man still.

3 Lord. Will't hold? will't hold?

2 Lord. It does: but time will—and so—

3 Lord. I do conceive.

Tim. Each man to his stool, with that spur

honoured. + i. e., Not to put ourselves in any tamour of rage.
 should now say—to lay out for hearts, and the affections of the people.
 ing, meant to be idly employed on it. + i. e., Your good!

not lend to another: for, were your god-heads to borrow of men, men would forsake the gods. Make the meat be beloved, more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains: If there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be—as they are.—The rest of your fees, O gods,—the senators of Athens, together with the common lag* of people,—what is amiss in them, you gods make suitable for destruction. For these my present friends,—as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to no thing they are welcome.

Uncover, dogs; and lap.

[The dishes uncovered, are full of warm water.

Some speak. What does his lordship mean?

Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better feast never behold, You knot of mouth-friends! smoke, and lake-warm water.

Is your perfection. This is Timon's last; Who stuck and spangled you with flatteries, Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces.
[Throwing water in their faces.]

ACT

SCENE I. Without the walls of Athens.

Enter TIMON.

Tim. Let me look back upon thee, O thou wall,
That girdlest in those wolves.—dive in the [earth,
And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinent!

Obedience fall in children! slaves, and fools,
Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the

will to the woods; where he shall find
the kindest beast more kinder than man-
kind. [all]
His confound (hear me, ye good gods
Athenians both within and out that wall!
As Timon grows, his hate may grow
whole race of mankind, high and low!
[Exit.

RE II. Athens. A Room in Timon's House.

FLAVIUS, with two or three Servants.
FL. Here you, master steward, where's
our master?

ST. Undone? cast off? nothing remaining?
FL. Alack, my fellows, what should I say
to you?

ST. He be recorded by the righteous gods,
as poor as you.

FL. Such a house broke!
He a master fallen! All gone! and not
warrant to take his fortune by the arm,
to along with him!

ST. As we do turn our backs
our companion, thrown into his grave;
Familiar to his buried fortunes
blow away; leave their false vows with him,
empty purses pick'd; and his poor self,
wretched beggar to the air,
in disease of all-shunn'd poverty,
like contempt, alone.—More of our
fellows.

Enter other Servants.
ST. All broken implements of a ruin'd
house. [lively]

FL. Yet do our hearts wear Timon's
like by our faces; we are fellows still,
though alike in sorrow: Leak'd is our bark;
poor mates, stand on the dying deck,
against the surges' threat: we must all part
his sea of air.

ST. Good fellows all,
that of my wealth I'll share amongst you.
Over we shall meet, for Timon's sake,
yet be fellows; let's shake our heads, and
my
give a knell unto our master's fortunes,
we've seen better days. Let each take
some; [dividing them money.
put out all your hands. Not one word
more:
part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.

[Exit Servants.
Three wretchedness that glory brings
us! [empty]
would not wish to be from wealth ex-
cesses point to misery and contempt?
We be so mock'd with glory! or to live
in a dream of friendship? [pounds,
we his pomp, and all what state com-
pactly printed, like his varnish'd friends?
A kind lord, brought low by his own
heart;
se by goodness! Strange, unusual blood!

When man's worst sin is, he does too much
good!

Who then dares to be half so kind again?
For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar
men.

My dearest lord,—bless'd, to be most accursed,
Rich only to be wretched;—thy great fortunes
Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord!
He's hung in rage from this ungrateful seat
Of monstrous friends: nor has he with him to
Supply his life, or that which can command it.
I'll follow, and inquire him out:
I'll serve his mind with my best will;
Whilst I have gold, I'll be his steward still.

SCENE III. The Woods.

Enter TIMON.

Tim. O blessed breeding sun, draw from the
earth
Rotten humidity; below thy sister's orb;
Infect the air! I would brothers of one womb,
Whose procreation, residence, and birth,
Scarcely is dividant,—touch them with several
fortunes;

The greater scorns the lesser: Not nature,
To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great
But by contempt of nature. [fortunes
Raise me this beggar, and denude that lord;
The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,
The beggar native honour.

It is the pasture lards the brother's sides,
The want that makes him lean. Who dares,
who dares,

In party of manhood stand upright,
And say, *This man's a flatterer!* if one be,
So are they all; for every grise of fortune
Is smooth'd by that below: the learned pate
Ducks to the golden fool: all is oblique;
There's nothing level in our curved natures
But direct villany. Therefore, be abhorrd
All feasts, societies, and throngs of men!
His semblable, yea, himself, Timon didalus:
Destruction fang the mankind!—Earth, yield me
roots! [Digging.

Who seeks for better of thee, since his palate
With thy most operant poison! What is here?
Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold? No,
gods, [rears]

I am no idle votarist. Roots, you clear hea-
Thus much of this, will make black, white;
foul, fair; [hard, valiant.

Wrong, right; base, noble; old, young; cow-
ard, valiant; why this? What this, you gods?
Why this [sides;
Will lug your priests and servants from your
Pluck stout men's pillows from below their
heads:

This yellow slave
Will knit and break religions; bless the ac-
cursed;

Make the hoar leprosy adored; place thieves,
And give them title, knee, and approbation
With senators on the bench: this is it,

ry, precipitate. † Propensity, disposition. ‡ I. e., The moon's, this sublimary work
§ But by, is here used for without. || Seize, gripe.
¶ No insincere or inconstant supplicant. Gold will not serve me instead of roots
3 R

That makes the wappen'd* widow wed again;
 She, whom the spital-house, and ulcerous sores
 Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and
 spices

To the April day again†. Come, damned earth,
 Thou common whore of mankind, that putt'st
 odds

Among the ront of nations, I will make thee
 Do thy right nature.—[*March afar off.*]—Hail
 a drum!—Thou'rt quick,

But yet I'll bury thee: Thou'lt go, strong thief,
 When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand:—
 Nay, stay thou out for earnest.

[*Keeping some gold.*]

Enter ALCIBIADES, *with drum and fife, in*
warlike manner; PHEVSIA and TIMAN-
 DRA.

Alcib. What art thou there?
 Speak. [thy heart,

Tim. A beast, as thou art. The canker gnaw
 For showing me again the eyes of man!

Alcib. What is thy name? Is man so
 hateful to thee,

That art thyself a man? [kind.

Tim. I am *misanthropos*, and hate man-
 For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,
 That I might love thee something.

Alcib. I know thee well;
 But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and strange.

Tim. I know thee too; and more, than that
 I know thee,

I not desire to know. Follow thy drum;



TIMON OF ATHENS.

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or yells of mothers, maids, nor
 ats in holy vestments bleeding,
 ot. There's gold to pay thy sol-

usion; and, thy fury spent,
 thyself! Speak not, be gone.
 thou gold yet? I'll take the
 uel. [gold thou givest me,
 ou, or dost thou not, heaven's
 n thee!

n. Give us some gold, good
 Hast thou more?

to make a whore forswear
 [sluts,
 mores, a bawd. Hold up, you
 untant: You are not oathable,
 wou'll swear, terribly swear,
 iders, and to heavenly agues,
 ds that hear you,—spare your

conditions*: Be whores still;
 sious breath seeks to convert

ore, allure him, burn him up;
 ire predominate his smoke,
 coats: Yet may your pains
 [roofs
 y: And thatch your poor thin
 the dead;—some that were

[whore still;
 ear them, betray with them:
 e may mire upon your face:
 les! [then!—

n. Well, more gold;—What
 e'll do any thing for gold.
 ptions sow [shins,
 of man; strike their sharp
 spurring. Crack the lawyer's

er more false title plead,
 illets† shrilly: hoar the fla-
 nat the quality of flesh, [men,
 himself: down with the nose,
 t; take the bridge quite away
 particular to foresee,
 general weal: make curPd-
 ns bald;
 arred braggarts of the war
 a from you: Plague all;
 ty may defeat and quell
 erecti-on.—There's more gold:
 hers, and let this damn you,
 re† you all!

n. More counsel with more
 untuous Timon.
 ore, more mischief first; I
 a you earnest.
 ap the drum towards Athens.
 Timon;
 I'll visit thee again.
 well, I'll never see thee more.
 id thee harm.
 n spokest well of me.

Alcib.

Call'st thou that harm?
 Tim. Men daily find it such. Get thee away.
 And take thy beagles with thee.

Alcib.

We but offend him.—
 Strike. [Drum beats. *Exeunt* ALCIBI-

ADES, PHRYNIA, TIMANDRA.

Tim. That nature, being sick of man's un-
 kindness,

Should yet be hungry!—Common mother,
 thou, [Digging.

Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite
 breast,

Teems, and feeds all; whose self-same mettle,
 Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is
 puff'd,

Engenders the black toad, and adder blue,
 The gilded newt, and eyeless venom'd worm,
 With all the abhorred births below crisp
 heaven [shine;

Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth
 Yield him, who all thy human some doth hate,
 From forth thy plenteous bosom one poor root
 Ensear thy fertile and conception womb,
 Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!

Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and
 bears; [face

Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward
 Hath to the marbled mansion all above

Never presented!—O, a root,—Dear thanks!
 Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn
 leas; [draughts,

Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish
 And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,
 That from it all consideration slips!

Enter APHANANTUS.

More man? Plague! plague!

Apem. I was directed hither: Men report,
 Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use
 them. [a dog

Tim. 'Tis, then, because thou dost not keep
 Whom I would imitate: Consumption catch
 thee!

Apem. This is in thee a nature but affected;
 A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung
 From change of fortune. Why this spade! this
 place!

This slave-like habit? and these looks of care?
 Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, be soft;
 Hug their diseased perfumes*, and have forgot
 That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods,
 By putting on the cunning of a carper †.
 Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive
 By that which has undone thee: hinge thy
 knee,

And let his very breath, whom thou'lt observe,
 Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious
 strain,

And call it excellent: Thou was told thus;
 Thou gavest thine ears, like tapsters, that bid
 welcome

To knaves and all approachers: 'Tis most just
 That thou turn rascal; hadst thou wealth again,
 Rascals should hav'n. Do not assume my like-
 ness.

ions. † Subtleties. ‡ Entomb. § Boundless surface.
 led the blind worm. ¶ Bent. ** &c., Their diseased perfumed mistro-ven.
 † &c., Shame not these woods by fading fruit.
 § R. 2

Candied with ice, and lathyr morning taste,
To cure thy o'er night's surfeit? call the crea-
tures,—

Whose naked natures live in all the spite
Of weakful heaven; whose bare unhoussed
To the conflicting elements exposed, [trunks,
Answer mere nature,—bid them flatter thee;
O! thou shalt find—

Tim. A fool of thee: Depart.

Apem. I love thee better now than e'er I did.

Tim. I hate thee worse.

Apem. Why?

Tim. Thou flatter'st misery.

Apem. I flatter not; but say, thou art a cal-

Tim. Why dost thou seek me out? [tiff.

Apem. To vex thee.

Tim. Always a villain's office, or a fool's.

Dost please thyself in't?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. What! a knave too?

Apem. If thou didst put this sour cold habit
on

To castigate thy pride, 'twere well; but thou
Dost it enforcedly; thou'dst courtier be again,
Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery
Outlives incertain pomp, is crown'd before *;
The one is filling still, never complete; (less,
The other, at high wish: Best state content
Hath a distracted and most wretched being,
Worse than the worst, content.

Thou shouldst desire to die, being miserable.

Tim. Not by his breath; that is more mi-
serable.

Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm
With favour never clasp'd; but bred a dog.
Hadst thou, like us, from our first swath, pro-
ceeded

The sweet degrees that this brief world affords
To such as may the passive drugs of it

Freely command, thou wouldst have plunged
thyself

themselves. What wouldst thou world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy

ve it the beasts, to be rid of the

ldst thou have thyself fall in the men, and remain a beast with the

Timon.

eastly ambition, which the gods attain to! If thou wert the lion, id beguile thee: if thou wert the would eat thee: if thou wert the would suspect thee, when, perad- wert accused by the ass: if thou thy dulness would torment thee; u livedst but as a breakfast to the wert the wolf, thy greediness would ad oft thou shouldst hazard thy life r: wert thou the unicorn, pride would confound thee, and make if the conquest of thy fury: wert thou wouldst be killed by the thou a horse, thou wouldst be : leopard; wert thou a leopard, rman to the lion, and the spots of were jurors on thy life: all thy remotion*; and thy defence, abt beast couldst thou be, that wert to a beast! and what a beast art , that seest not thy loss in trans-

thou couldst please me with me, thou might'st have hit upon it commonwealth of Athens is bet of beasts.

v has the ass broke the wall, that of the city?

nder come a poet and a painter: of company fight upon thee? I catch it, and give way. When I hat else to do, I'll see thee again. n there is nothing living but thee, : welcome. I had rather be a beg- in Apemantus.

ou art the cap* of all the fools alive. old thou wert clean enough to spit

plagne on thee, thou art too bad to villains that do stand by thee are

ere is no leprosy but what thou name thee.—

e,—but I should infect my hands. would my tongue could rot them ry, thou issue of a mangy dog! [off] I kill me, that thou art alive; see thee.

Would thou wouldst burst!

away a rogue! I am sorry I shall lose thee. [Throws a stone at him.

Beast!

Slave!

Toad!

Tim.

Rogue, rogue, rogue!

[Apemantus retreats backward, as going. I am sick of this false world; and will love But even the mere necessities upon it. [nought Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave; Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat Thy grave-stone daily: makethine epitaph, That death in me at others' lives may laugh. O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce

[Looking on the gold.

Twixt natural son and sire! thou bright defiler Of Illymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars! Thou ever young, fresh, loved, and delicate wooer,

Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow That lies on Dian's lap! thou visible god, That solder'st close impossibilities, [tongue, And makest them kiss; that speak'st with every To every purpose! O thou touch'd of hearts! Think, thy slave man rebels; and by thy virtue Set them into confounding odds, that beasts May have the world in empire!

Apem. Would 'twere so;— But not till I am dead!—I'll say thou hast Thou will be throng'd to shortly. [gold:

Tim.

Throng'd to?

Apem.

Ay.

Tim. Thy back, I prythee.

Apem.

Live, and love thy misery!

Tim. Long live so, and so die!—I am quit.

[Exit Apemantus.

More things like men?—Eat Timon, and abhor them.

Enter Thieves.

1 Thief. Where should he have this gold? It is some poor fragment, some slender ort of his remainder. The mere want of gold, and the falling-from of his friends, drove him into this melancholy.

2 Thief. It is noised he hath a mass of treasure.

3 Thief. Let us make the assay upon him; if he care not for't, he will supply us easily; if he covetously reserve it, how shall's get it?

2 Thief. True; for he bears it not about him, 'tis hid.

1 Thief. Is not this he?

Thieves. Where?

2 Thief. 'Tis his description.

3 Thief. He; I know him.

Thieves. Save thee, Timon.

Tim. Now, thieves.

Thieves. Soldiers, not thieves.

Tim. Both too; and women's sons.

Thieves. We are not thieves, but men that much do want. [of meat.

Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much Why should you want? Behold, the earth hath roots;

Within this mile break forth a hundred springs: The oaks bear mast, the briers scarlet hips; The bounteous housewife, nature, on each bush Lays her full mess before you. Want? why want!

1 Thief. We cannot live on grass, on berries,

* Remoteness, the being placed at a distance from the lion.

† The top, the principal.

‡ For touchstone.

As beasts, and birds, and fishes.

Tim. Nor on the beasts themselves, th
birds, and fishes ;
You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con
That you are thieves profess'd ; that you worl
not

In holier shapes : for there is boundless thief
In limited * professions. *Ras.* althieves, [grape
Here's gold. Go, suck the subtle blood of the
Till the high fever seeth your blood to froth,
And so 'scape hanging : trust not the physician ;
His antidotes are poison, and he slays
More than you rob : take wealth and lives
together ;

Do, villainy, do, since you profess to do't,
Like workmen. I'll example you with
thievery :

The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea : the moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun :
The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears : the earth's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a composture † stolen
From general excrement : each thing's a thief ;
The laws, your carb and whip, in their rough
power [away ;

Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves :
Rob one another. There's more gold : Cut
throats :

All that you meet are thieves : To Athens, go,
Break open shops ; nothing can you steal,
But thieves do lose it : Steal not less, for this
I give you ; and gold confound you howsoever !

Amen. [*TIMON retires to his Cave.*

3 *Thief.* He has almost charin'd me from

all, curse all: show charity to none;
 As the sunsh'd flesh slide from the bone,
 So relieve the beggar: give to dogs
 Than deny't to men; let prisons swallow
 them, [woods,
 wither them: Be men like blasted
 diseases lick up their false bloods!
 Farewell, and thrive.

Flav. O, let me stay,
 And comfort you, my master.
Tim. If thou hatest
 Curses, stay not; fly, whilst thou'rt bless'd
 and free:
 Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.
[Exeunt severally.]

ACT V.

[SCENE I. The same. Before Timon's Cave.]

*Post and Painter; TIMON behind
 unseen.*

Post. As I took note of the place, it can-
 not where he abides.

Painter. What's to be thought of him? Does the
 world for true, that he is so full of gold?

Post. Certain: Alcibiades reports it;
 and Timandra hail gold of him; he
 enriched poor straggling soldiers with
 plenty: 'Tis said, he gave unto his
 a mighty sum.

Painter. Then this breaking of his has been
 try for his friends.

Post. Nothing else: you shall see him a
 in Athens again, and flourish with the
 gold. Therefore, 'tis not amiss we tender
 us to him, in this supposed distress of
 gold will show honesty in us; and is very
 to load our purposes with what they
 say, if it be a just and true report that
 he's having.

Painter. What have you now to present unto

Post. Nothing at this time but my visita-
 tion: I will promise him an excellent

Painter. I must serve him so too; tell him of
 that's coming toward him.

Post. Good as the best. Promising is the
 of the time: it opens the eyes of ex-
 cept: performance is ever the duller for
 and, but in the plainer and simpler
 people, the deed of saying 'tis quite out.

To promise is most courtly and
 able: performance is a kind of will or
 want, which argues a great sickness in
 an excellent workman! Thou canst not
 man so bad as is thyself.

Painter. I am thinking what I shall say I have
 said for him: it must be a personating of
 a satire against the softness of prosper-
 with a discovery of the infinite flatteries
 how youth and upulency.

Post. Must thou needs stand for a villain
 own work? Wilt thou whip thine
 asks in other men? Do so, I have gold
 on.

Painter. Nay, let's seek him:
 he we sin against our own estate,
 we may profit meet, and come too late.

Post. True;

When the day serves, before black-corner'd
 night,

Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd
 Come. *[Light.]*

Tim. I'll meet you at the turn. What a
 god's gold,

That he is worshipp'd in a baser temple
 Than where swine feed! *[the foam;]*

'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark, and plough'st
 Seestest admired reverence in a slave:

To thee be worship! and thy saints for aye
 Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey!

'Fit I do meet them. *[Advancing.]*

Post. Hail, worthy Timon!

Pain. Our late noble master.

Tim. Have I once lived to see two honest

Post. Sir, *[men?]*

Having often of your open bounty tasted, *[off,*
 Hearing you were retired, your friends fall'n

Whose thankless natures—O abhorred spirits!
 Not all the whips of heaven are large enough—

What! to you, *[silence]*

Whose star-like nobleness gave life and in-
 To their whole being! I'm rapt, and cannot

The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude *[cover]*
 With any size of words. *[better:]*

Tim. Let it go naked, men may see't the
 You, that are honest, by being what you are,
 Make them best seen and known.

Pain. He, and myself,

Have travell'd in the great shower of your
 And sweetly felt it. *[gifts,*

Tim. Ay, you are honest men.

Pain. We are hither come to offer you our
 service. *[I requite you?]*

Tim. Most honest men! Why, how shall
 Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no.

Both. What we can do, we'll do, to do you
 service. *[that I have gold;]*

Tim. You are honest men: You have heard
 I am sure you have: speak truth: you are
 honest men. *[therefore]*

Pain. So it is said, my noble lord: but
 Came not my friend, nor I. *[counterfeit]*

Tim. Good honest men:—Thou draw'st a
 Best in all Athens: thou art, indeed, the best;
 Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

Pain. So, so, my lord.

Tim. Even so, sir, as I say:—And, for thy
 fiction, *[To the Post.]*

Why thy verse swells with stuff so fine and
 smooth,

That thou art even natural in thine art.—
 But, for all this, my honest-natured friends,

* The doing of that we said we would do.

† A portrait was so called.

Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him,
Keep in your bosom : yet remain assured
That he's a made-up villain*.

Paint. I know none such, my lord.

Poet. Nor I.

Tim. Look you, I love you well; I'll give
you gold.

Rid me these villains from your companies :
Hang them, or stab them, drown them in a
draught ;

Confound them by some course, and come to
I'll give you gold enough.

Bath. Name them, my lord, let's know
them.

Tim. You that way, and you this, but two
Each man apart, all single and alone,
Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.

If, where thou art, two villains shall not be,

Come not near him.—If thou would'st not re-
side

But where one villain is, then him abandon.—
Hence ! pack ! there's gold, ye came for gold,
ye slaves :

You have done work for me, there's payment :
You are an alchymist, make gold of that :—
Out, rascal dogs !

[Exit, beating and driving them out.]

SCENE II. *The Same.*

Enter FLAVIUS, and two Senators.

Flav. It is in vain that you would speak
For he is set so only to himself, [with Timon ;
That nothing but himself, which looks like
Is friendly with him.

1 Sen. Bring us to his cave :
It is our part, and promise to the Athenians,

it at my love, before [you
throat in Athens. So I leave
on of the prosperous gods*,
weepers.

Stay not, all's in vain.
[I was writing of my epitaph,
to-morrow; My long sickness
living, now begins to mend,
rings me all things. Go, live
your plague, you his, [still;
g enough!

We speak in vain.
I love my country; and am not
as in the common wreck,
it I doth put it.

That's well spoke.
and me to my loving country—
[pass through them.
words become your lips as they
enter in our ears like great ridd-
ling gates. [tumblers

Commend me to them;
that to ease them of their griefs,
ostile strokes, their aches, losses,
love, with other incident throes
agile vessel doth sustain
in voyage, I will some kindness
: [wrath.
to prevent wild Alcibiades'
this well, he will return again.
a tree, which grows here in my

use invites me to cut down,
as I tell it; Tell my friends,
the sequence of degree,
w throughout, that whose please
w, let him take his haste,
re my tree hath felt the axe,
elf:—I pray you do my greeting.
le him no further, thus you still
and him. [Athens.

not to me again: but say to
ide his everlasting mansion
hed verge of the salt flood;
day with his embossed truth]
orge shall cover; thither come,
ive-stone be your oracle.—
ords go by, and language end:
plague and infection mend!
men's works; and death their

beams! Timon hath done his
[Exit TIMON.
discontents are unremovably
are. [turn,
scape in him is dead: let us re-
ut other means are left unto us
eril.

It requires swift foot. [Exeunt.

II. The Walls of Athens.

Senators, and a Messenger.

hast painfully discover'd; are
eport! [his files

Alcis. I have spoke the least:
Besides, his expedition promises
Present approach. [not Timon.
2 *Sen.* We stand much hazard, if they bring
Alcis. I met a courier, one mine ancient
friend; [posed,
Whom, though in general part we were op-
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And made us speak like friends:—this man was
From Alcibiades to Timon's cave, [riding
With letters of entreaty, which importuned
His fellowship i'the cause against your city,
In part for his sake moved.

Enter Senators from TIMON.

1 *Sen.* Here come our brothers.

3 *Sen.* No talk of Timon, nothing of him
expect.— [ing

The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful ac-
Doth choke the air with dam: in and prepare;
Ours is the fall, I fear; our foes, the snare.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV. The Woods. Timon's Cave,
and a tomb-stone seen.

Enter a Soldier, seeking Timon.

Sol. By all description, this should be the
place. . . . [Is this?

Who's here? speak, ho!—No answer!—What
Timon is dead, who hath outstretch'd his span:
Some beast rear'd this; there does not live a
Dead, sure; and this his grave.— [man.
What's on this tomb I cannot read; the cha-
I'll take with wax. [racter

Our captain hath in every figure skill;
An aged interpreter, though young in days:
Before proud Athens he's set down by this,
Whose fall the mark of his ambition is. [Exit.

SCENE V. Before the Walls of Athens.
*Trumpets sound. Enter ALCIBIADES, and
Forces.*

Alcis. Sound to this coward and lascivious
town

Our terrible approach. [A parley sounded.

Enter Senators on the Walls.

Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time
With all licentious measure, making your wills
The scope of justice; till now, myself, and such
As slept within the shadow of your power,
Have wander'd with our traversed arms, and
breath'd

Our sufferance vainly: Now the time is flush'd,
When crouching marrow, in the bearer strong,
Cries, of itself, No more: now breathless
wrong

Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease;
And parry insolence shall break his wind,
With fear and horrid flight.

1 *Sen.* Noble and young,
When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit,
Ere thou hadst power, or we had cause of fear,
We sent to thee; to give thy rages balm,
To wipe out our ingratitude with loves
Above their quantity.

is, who are the authors of the prosperity of mankind.

egins to promise me a period.

st. Swollen truth.

Report, rumour.

Dreadful.

Arms across.

† He means—the

Methodically, from

† Mature.

2 *Sen.* So did we woo
Transformed Timon to our city's love,
By humble message, and by promised means*;
We were not all unkind, nor all deserve
The common stroke of war.

1 *Sen.* These walls of ours
Were not erected by their hands from whom
You have received your griefs; nor are they
such, [should fall]
That these great towers, trophies, and schools
For private faults in them.

2 *Sen.* Not are they living
Who were the motives that you first went out;
Shame, that they wanted cunning, in excess
Hath broke their hearts. March, noble lord,
Into our city with thy banners spread:
By decimation, and a tithe'd death,
(If thy revenges hunger for that food, [tenths;
Which nature loaths,) take thou the destined
And by the hazard of the spotted die,
Let die the spotted.

1 *Sen.* All have not offended;
For those that were, it is not square† to take
On those that are revenges: crimes, like lands,
Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage:
Spare thy Athenian cradle, and those kin,
Which, in the bluster of thy wrath, must fall
With those that have offended: like a shepherd,
Approach the fold, and cull the infected forth,
But kill not altogether.

2 *Sen.* What thou wilt,
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile,
Than hew to't with thy sword.

1 *Sen.* Set but thy foot

CORIOLANUS

Persons represented.

MARCUS CORIOLANUS, a noble	Two Volscian Guards.
VOLUMNIA, mother to Coriolanus.	
VIRGILIA, wife to Coriolanus.	
VALERIA, friend to Virgilia.	
Gentlewoman, attending Virgilia.	
ROMAN and Volscian Senators, Patricians, Ediles, Lictors, Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, Servants to Aufidius, and other Attendants.	
SCENE,—partly in Rome; and partly in the Territories of the Volscians and Antiates.	

ACT I.

SCENE I. Rome. A Street.

A company of mutinous Citizens, with Clubs, and other Weapons.

Now we proceed any further, hear us, speak.

[Several speaking at once.]
We are all resolved rather to die than be vile, resolved.
Do you know, Caius Marcius is too much for the people.
Now't, we know't.
We will kill him, and we'll have corn free. Is't a verdict?
Now we're talking on't; let it be done:

Word, good citizens.
We are accounted poor citizens; the patricians are good. What authority surfeits on us? If they would yield us but a little, while it were wholesome, we might be relieved; but they are too dear: the leanness that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an ink-blot upon a white surface, and smears the more it is washed away.—Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes; for we are poor, and the patricians are rich. Now, I speak this in hunger for bread, and not for revenge.
Would you proceed especially against him?
Let him first; he's a very dog to the patricians.
Consider you what services he has done for his country?

1 *Cit.* Very well; and could be content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

2 *Cit.* Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1 *Cit.* I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end: though soft-conscienced men can be content to say, it was for his country, he did it to please his mother, and to be partly proud; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

2 *Cit.* What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him: You must in no way say he is covetous.

1 *Cit.* If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations; he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition. [Shouts within.] What shouts are these? The other side o' the city is risen: Why stay we prating here? to the Capitol.

Cit. Come, come.

1 *Cit.* Soft; who comes here?

Enter MENENIUS AGRIPPA.

2 *Cit.* Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one that hath always loved the people.

1 *Cit.* He's one honest enough; Would all the rest were so!

MEN. What work 's, my countrymen, in hand? Where go you [pray you.]
With bats and clubs? The matter? Speak, I

1 *Cit.* Our business is not unknown to the senate; they have had inkling, this fortnight, what we intend to do, which now we'll show 'em in deeds. They say, poor salters have strong breaths; they shall know, we have strong arms too.

MEN. Why, masters, my good friends—
mine honest neighbours,

* Rich.

† Thin as rakes.

Appear in your impediment? For the dearest
The gods, not the patricians, make it; and
Your knees to them, not arms, must help
You are transported by calamity [Alas!
Thither where more attends you; and your
stander [father
The helms o' the state, who care for you ill
When you curse them as enemies.

I Cit. Care for us!—True, indeed!—They
ne'er cared for us yet. Suffer us to famish
and their store-houses crammed with grain
make edicts for usury, to support usurers: I
peal daily any wholesome act establish
against the rich; and provide more piercing
statutes daily, to chain up and restrain the
poor. If the wars eat us not up, they will
and there's all the love they bear us.

Men. Either you must
Confess yourselves wondrous malicious,
Or be accused of folly. I shall tell you
A pretty tale; it may be, you have heard it;
But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture
To scale't* a little more.

I Cit. Well, I'll hear it, sir: yet you may
not think to sob off our disgrace; with a tale
but, an't please you, deliver.

Men. There was a time, when all the body
members

Rebell'd against the belly: thus accused it:
That only like a gulf it did remain
I' the midst o' the body, idle and inactive,
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing
Like labour with the rest; where the other
struments

Did see, and bear, devise, instruct, walk, feed,
And, mutually participate, did minister
Unto the appetite and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly answered,—

I Cit. Well, sir, what answer made the belly?

Men. Sir, I shall tell you.—With a kind
smile, [the

Which never comes from the heart, but is

He that will give good words to thee
will flatter [you care,
th' abhorring.—What would you have,
he nor peace, nor war? the one affrights
you, [you,
her makes you proud. He that trusts
he should find you honest, finds you
barren;
foxes, geese: You are no surer, no,
as the coal of fire upon the ice,
believe in the sun. Your virtue is;
he him worthy, whose offence subdues
him, [greatness,
that that justice did fit. Who deserves
your hate: and your affections are
man's appetite, who desires most that
would increase his evil. He that de-
pends
your favours, swims with fins of lead,
sinks down oaks with rushes. Hang ye!
Till ye
every minute you do change a mind;
call him noble, that was now your hate,
rile, that was your garland. What's the
matter,
in these several places of the city
cry against the noble senate, who,
the gods, keep you in awe, which else
d feed on one another?—What's their
seeking? [they say,
For corn at their own rates; whereof,
it is well stored.
Hang 'em! they say?
I'll sit by the fire, and presume to know
s done i' the Capitol: who's like to rise,
thrives, and who declines: side factions,
and give out
natural marriages; making parties strong,
debbling such as stand not in their liking,
their cobbled shoes. They say, there's
grain enough
d the nobility lay aside their ruth,
et me use my sword, I'd make a quarry
thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as
could pick; my lance. [high
Nay, these are almost thoroughly
persuaded;
though abundantly they lack discretion,
re they passing cowardly. But I beseech
says the other troop? [you,
w. They are dissolved: Hang 'em!
said, they were an hungry; sigh'd forth
proverbs:— [must eat;
hunger broke stone walls; that dogs
meat was made for mouths; that the gods
sent not
for the rich men only:—With these shreds
ventured their compassings; which being
answer'd,
a petition granted them, a strange one,
weak the heart of generosity, (their caps
make bold power took pale,) they threw
they would hang them on the horns o' the
thing their emulation. [moon,

Men.

What is granted them?

Mar. Five tribunes to defend their vulgar
wisdoms,

Of their own choice: One's Junius Brutus,
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not.—'Sdeath!
I should have first unroof'd the city,
Ere so prevail'd with me: it will in time
Win upon power, and throw forth greater
For insurrection's arguing. [themselves

Men.

This is strange.

Mar. Go, get you home, you fragments!

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Where's Caius Marcius?

Mar. Here: What's the matter?

Mes. The news is, sir, the Voices are in arms.

Mar. I am glad on't; then we shall have
means to vent

Our musty superfluity:—See, our best elders.
Enter COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, and other
Senators; JUNIUS BRUTUS, and SICINIUS
VELUTUS.

1 Sen. Marcius, 'tis true that you have lately
The Voices are in arms. [told us;

Mar. They have a leader,

Tullius Aufidius, that will put you to't.

I sin in envying his nobility:

And were I any thing but what I am

I would wish me only he.

Com. You have fought together.

Mar. Were half to half the world by the
ears, and he

Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make
Only my wars with him: he is a lion
That I am proud to hunt.

1 Wn. Then, worthy Marcius,

Attend upon Cominius to these wars.

Com. It is your former promise.

Mar. Sir, it is;

And I am constant.—Titus Lartius, thou
Shalt see me once more strike at Tullius' face
What, art thou stiff? stand'st at out?

Tit. No, Caius Marcius,
I'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with this
Ere stay behind this business. [other

Men. O, true breed!

1 Sen. Your company to the Capitol; where
Our greatest friends attend us. [I know

Tit. Lead you on:

Follow, Cominius; we must follow you;

Right worthy you priority.

Com. Noble Lartius!

1 Sen. Hence! To your homes, be gone.

[To the Citizens]

Mar. Nay, let them follow
The Voices have much corn; take these rat
thither, [scorn

To gnaw their garners:—Worshipful men!
Your valour puts it well forth: pray, follow
[Exeunt Senators, Com. Men. Tit. and
Marcius. Citizens stand away.

Sic. Was ever man so proud as to the

Bru. He has no equal. [Marchus]

Sic. When we were chosen tribunes for the

Bru. Mark'd you his lip, and eyes? [people

1 Pity, compassion.

† Heap of dead.

‡ Pluck.

§ Faction.

¶ For insurgents to debate upon.

¶ Right worthy of precedence.

** Granaries.

†† Blows itself.

- Sic.* Nay, but his taunts. It
Bru. Being moved, he will not spare to W
 gird² the gods. To
Sic. Removeth the modest moon. Sh
Bru. The present wars devour him: he is
 Too proud to be so valiant. [grown To
Sic. Such a nature, Le
 Tickled with good success, disdain the shadow If
 Which he treads on at noon: But I do wonder Br
 His insolence can brook to be commanded Th
 Under Cominius.
Bru. Fame, at the which he aims, — 1
 In whom already he is well wooed, — cannot Se
 Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by Ar
 A place below the first: for what miseries If
 Shall be the general's fault, though he perform Tl
 To the utmost of a man; and gl'dly censure Tl
 Will then cry out of Marcius, O, if he
 Had born the business!
Sic. Besides, if things go well, :
 Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall
 Of his demerits rob Cominius.
Bru. Come? SC
 Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius, 25
 Though Marcius earn'd them not; and all his
 faults
 To Marcius shall be honours, though, indeed,
 In aught he merit not.
Sic. Let's hence, and hear ye
 How the despatch is made; and in what we
 More than in singularity, he goes [fashion, th
 Upon his present action. em
Bru. Let's along. me
 [Exeunt. an

as, I see him stamp thus, and call thus,
*you cowards, you were got in fear,
 you were born in Rome:* His bloody
 row [goes;
 is mail'd hand then wiping, forth he
 a harvest-man, that's task'd to mow
 a loss his hire.

His bloody brow! O, Jupiter, no blood!
 Away, you fool! it more becomes a man,
 it his trophy: The breasts of Hecuba,
 he did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier
 than's forehead, when it spilt forth blood
 in swords contending.—Tell Valeria,
 sit to bid her welcome. [Exit Gent.
 Heavens bless my lord from fall Anti-
 bone! [knee,
 He'll beat Antidius' head below his
 and upon his neck.

Enter a Gentlewoman, with VALERIA and
 her Usher.

My ladies both, good day to you.
 Sweet madam,—
 I am glad to see your ladyship.
 How do you both? you are manifest
 uppers. What are you sewing here?
 got it, in good faith.—How does your
 it?

I thank your ladyship; well, good
 He had rather see the swords, and hear
 than look upon his school-master.

By my word, the father's son: I'll swear,
 my pretty boy. O my troth, I looked
 on Wednesday half an hour together:
 with a confirmed countenance. I saw
 after a gilded battery; and when he
 he let it go again; and after it again;
 and over he comes, and up again;
 it again: or whether his fall savag'd
 him 'twas, he did so set his teeth, and
 he, I warrant, how he mammocked it
 one of his father's moods.

Indeed, he, 'tis a noble child.
 I thank it, madam.

Some say aside your stitchery; I must
 play the idle housewife with me this
 he, good madam; I will not out of

Not out of doors!
 she shall, she shall.

Indeed, no, by your patience: I will
 the threshold, till my lord return from

Yes, you confine yourself most unrea-
 Come, you must go visit the good
 lies in.

Will wish her speedy strength, and
 with my prayers; but I cannot go

Why, I pray you?
 He not to save labour, nor that I want

You would be another Penelope: yet,
 all the year she spun in Ulysses' ab-
 d but still I then full of moths. Come;

1. Worth. 2. Toss. 3. Boy.

I would your cambrics were sensible as your
 finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity.
 Come, you shall go with us.

Vir. No, good madam, pardon me; indeed,
 I will not forth.

Val. In truth, he, go with me; and I'll tell
 you excellent news of your husband.

Vir. O, good madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily, I do not jest with you; there
 came news from him last night.

Vir. Indeed, madam?

Val. In earnest, it's true; I heard a senator
 speak it. Thus it is:—The Voices have an army
 forth; against whom Cominius the general is
 gone, with one part of our Roman power; your
 lord, and Titus Lartius, are set down before
 their city Corioli; they nothing doubt prevail-
 ing, and to make it brief wars. This is true,
 on mine honour; and so, I pray go with us.

Vir. Give me excuse, good madam; I will
 obey you in every thing hereafter.

Val. Let her alone, lady; as she is now, she
 will but disease our better mirth.

Met. In troth, I think she would:—Fare you
 well, then.—Come, good sweet lady.—Fry-
 thee, Virgilia, turn thy solemnities out of door,
 and go along with us.

Vir. No: at a word, madam; indeed, I must
 not. I wish you much mirth.

Val. Well, then farewell. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. Before Corioli.

Enter, with Drum and Colours, MARCIUS,
 TITUS LARTIUS, Officers and Soldiers. To
 them a Messenger.

Mar. Tender comes news:—A wager, they
 Lart. My horse to yours, no. [have met.
 Mar. 'Tis done.

Lart. Agreed.

Mar. Say, has our general met the enemy?
 Mess. They lie in view; but have not spoke
 as yet.

Lart. So, the good horse is mine.

Mar. I'll buy him of you.

Lart. No, I'll nor sell, nor give him; lend
 you him, I will.

For half a hundred years.—Summon the town.

Mar. How far off lie these armies?

Mess. Within this mile and half.

Mar. Then shall we hear their 'laram, and
 they ours.

Now, Mars, I prythee make us quick in work;
 That we with smoking swords may march from
 hence. [blast.

To help our fielded friends!—Come, blow thy
 They sound a parley. Enter, on the walls,
 some Senators, and Others.

Tullus Antidius, is he within your walls? [he,
 1 Sen. No, nor a man that fears you less than
 That's lesser than a little. Mark, our drums

Are bringing forth our youth: We'll break our
 walls,

Rather than they shall pass us up: our gates.
 Which yet seem shut, we have but plank with
 rushes;

1 Short. 2 In the field of battle.

They'll open of themselves. Hark you, far off :
(Other Alarums.)
 There is Aufidius; list, what work he makes
 Amongst your cloven army.
Mar. O, they are at it!
Lart. Their noise be our instruction.—Lad-
 ders, ho!
The Voices enter and pass over the Stage.
Mar. They fear us not, but issue forth their
 city.
 Now put your shields before your hearts, and
 With hearts more proof than shields.—Ad-
 vance, brave Titus:
 They do disdain as much beyond our thoughts,
 Which makes me sweat with wrath.—Come,
 on, my fellows;
 He that retires, I'll take him for a Volce,
 And he shall feel mine edge.
Alarum, and enter Romans and Voices,
fighting. The Romans are beaten back to
their trenches. Re-enter MASTUS.
Mar. All the contagion of the south light on
 you,
 You shames of Rome! you herd of—Bois and
 Plaster you o'er; that you may be abhor'd
 Farther than seas, and one infect another
 Against the wind a mile! You souls of geese,
 That bear the shapes of men, how have you
 From slaves that ape would beat! To Pluto and
 All hurt behind; backs red and faces pale
 With flight and ague's fear! Mend, and charge
 home,

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Enter a Messenger.

Give you thankful sacrifice!—Thy news!
The citizens of Corioli have issued,
Given to Lartius and to Marcias battle;
Our party to their trenches driven;
When I came away.

Though thou speak'st truth,
I think, thou speak'st not well. How long
Is't since?

Above an hour, my lord. [drums;
Tis not a mile; briefly we heard their
Could'st thou in a while confound an hour,
Bring thy news so late?

Spies of the Volces
I am in chase, that I was forced to wheel
Of four miles about; else had I, sir,
An hour since brought my report.

Enter Marcias.

Who's yonder,
Does appear as he were slay'd? O gods,
Was the stamp of Marcias; and I have
Ever since seen him thus.

Come I too late?
The shepherd knows not thunder from
A labor,

Than I know the sound of Marcias' tongue
In every meaner man's.

Come I too late?
Ay, if you come not in the blood of
Wounded in your own. [others,

O! let me clip you
As sound as when I woo'd; in heart
Happy as when our nuptial day was done,
Tapers burn'd to bedward.

Flower of warriors,
Left with Titus Lartius?

As with a man busied about decrees:
Denying some to death, and some to exile;
Denying him, or pitying, threatening the
King Corioli in the name of Rome, [others;
Like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
To him slip at will.

Where is that slave
Who told me they had beat you to your
Trenches? Call him hither. [trenches?

Let him alone,
And inform the truth: But for our gentle-
men, [them]

A plague!—Tribunes for
Mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat, as they did
On rascals worse than they. [badge

But how prevail'd you?
Will the time serve to tell? I do not
think— [field?

Is the enemy? Are you lords o'the
War, why cease you till you are so?

Marcias,
Have at disadvantage fought, and did
Lose, to win our purpose.

How lies their battle? Know you on
Which side

Have placed their men of trust?

As I guess, Marcias,
On hands in the vaward are the Antlates,
Their best trust: o'er them Aufidius,

Their very heart of hope.

Auf. I do beseech you,
By all the battles wherein we have fought,
By the blood we have shed together, by the
vows [rectly

We have made to endure friends, that you di-
Set me against Aufidius and his Antlates:
And that you not delay the present; but,
Filling the air with swords advanced, and darts,
We prove this very hour.

Com. Though I could wish
You were conducted to a gentle bath,
And balsams applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking; take your choice of those
That best can aid your action.

Mar. Those are they
That most are willing:—If any such be here,
(As it were sin to doubt,) that love this painting
Wherein you see me smur'd; if any fear
Lesser his person than an ill report;
If any think brave death outweighs bad life,
And that his country's dearer than himself;
Let him, alone, or so many, so minded,
Wave thus, [Waving his hand] to express his
And follow Marcias. [disposition,

[They all shout, and wave their swords;
take him up in their arms, and cast up
their caps.

O me, alone! Make you a sword of me?
If these shows be not outward, which of you
But is four Volces? None of you but is
Able to bear against the great Aufidius
A shield as hard as his. A certain number,
Though thanks to all, must I select: the rest
Shall bear the business in some other fight,
As cause will be obey'd. Please you to march;
And four shall quickly draw out my command,
Which men are best inclined.

Com. March on, my fellows:
Make good this ostentation, and you shall
Divide in all with us. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII. The Gates of Corioli.

TITUS LARTIUS, having set a guard upon
Corioli, going with a drum and trumpet
toward Cominius and Caius Marcias, enters
with a Lieutenant, a party of Soldiers,
and a Scout.

Lart. So, let the ports be guarded: keep
your duties [aspitch
As I have set them down. If I do send, de-
Those centuries to our aid; the rest will serve
For a short holding: If we lose the field,
We cannot keep the town.

Lien. Fear not our care, sir.
Lart. Hence, and shut your gates upon us.
Our guide, come; to the Roman camp con-
duct us. [Exeunt.

SCENE VIII. A field of battle between
the Roman and the Volcian Camps.

Alarum. Enter Marcias and Aufidius.

Mar. I'll fight with none but thee: for I do
Worse than a promise-breaker. [thrusts three

Auf. We hate alike.

Exeunt. † Front. ‡ Soldiers of Antlers. § Present time. ¶ Oathes.
† Companies of a hundred men.

Not mine own a serpent, I abhor
More than thy tame and envy: Fix thy foot.

Mar. Let the first budge^r die the other's
And the gods doom him after! [slave.]

Ant. If I fly, *Marcus*,
Hallow me like a hare.

Mar. Within these three hours, *Tullus*,
Alone I fought in your *Coriolanus* walls, [blood]
And made what work I pleased; 'Tis not my
Wherein thou seest me mask'd; for thy re-
venge, up thy power to the highest. [venge]

Ant. Wert thou the *Hector*,
That was the whip of your bragged progeny,
Thou shouldst not scape me here.—

*[They fight, and certain Voices come to
the aid of Antiochus.]*

Officious, and not valiant—you have shamed
In your condemned seconds; [me]

[Exeunt fighting, driven in by Marcus.]

SCENE IX. The Roman Camp.

Alarum. A Retreat is sounded. Flourish.

*Enter at one side, COMINIUS, and Ro-
mans; at the other side, MARCIUS, with
his arm in a scarf, and other Romans.*

Com. If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's
work, [it]

Thou'lt not believe thy deeds: but I'll report
Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles;
Where great patricians shall attend, and shrug
I' the end, admire; where ladies shall be
frighted, [dull Tribunes]

And, gladly quaked, hear more; where the
That, with the fusty plebeians, hate thine ho-



COMPTON'S

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I shall, my lord.
begin to mock me. I that now
neely gifts, am bound to beg
al.
re it: 'tis yours.—What is't?
se lay, here in Corioli,
house; he used me kindly: I
I saw him prisoner;
I was within my view, [you
sheld my pity: I request
host freedom.

O, well beg'd!
her of my son, he should
wind: Deliver him, Titus.
I, his name?

By Japiter, forgot:—
I, my memory is tired.—
I here!

Go we to our tent:
our visage dries: 'tis time
'd to: come. [Exit.

The Camp of the Volces.

*Enter TULLUS AN-
with two or three Soldiers.*
is taken! [dismal
e deliver'd back on good con-
d—

Roman; for I cannot,
e that I am.—Condition!
tion can a treaty had
at mercy! Five times, Mar-

I have fought with thee; so often hast thou
beat me;

And wouldst do so, I think, should we encount-
As often as we eat.—By the elements, [ter
If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,
He is mine, or I am his: Mine emulation
Hath not that honour in't it had; for where *
I thought to crush him in an equal force,
(True sword to sword,) I'll petch t at him some
Or wrath, or craft, may get him. [way;

I Sol. He's the devil.

Auf. Bolder, though not so subtle: My va-
lour's poison'd

With only suffering stain by him; for him
Shall fly out of itself: nor sleep, nor sanctuary,
Being naked, sick: nor fane, nor Capitol,
The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice;
Embarguements all of fury, shall lift up
Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst
My hate to Marcius: where I find him, were it
At home, upon my brother's guard, even there
Against the hospitable canon, would I [the city;
Wash my fierce hand in his heart. Go you to
Learn how 'tis held; and what they are, that
Be hostages for Rome. [must

I Sol. Will not you go?

Auf. I am attended; at the cypress grove:
I pray you, [thither
(Is south the city mills,) bring me word
How the world goes; that to the pace of it
I may spur on my journey.

I Sol. I shall, sir.

[Exit.

ACT II.

Rome. *A Public Place.*

us, SICIPIUS, and BAUCUS.
now tells me, we shall have

bad?

ording to the prayer of the
love not Marcius.

much as boasts to know their

m, who does the wolf love?

devour him; as the hungry
the noble Marcius.

lamb, indeed, that bays like a

beast, indeed, that lives like a

old man; tell me something
new.

all, sir.

e enormity is Marcius poor;
not in abundance?

or in no one fault, but stored

ly, his pride.
tong all others to boasting,
tong now: Do you two know

how you are censured here in the city, I mean
of us of the right hand side? Do you?

Both Trib. Why, how are we censured?

Men. Because you talk of pride now.—Will
you not be angry?

Both Trib. Well, well, sir, well.

Men. Why 'tis no great matter; for a very
little thief of occasion will rob you of a great
deal of patience: give your disposition the
reins, and be hungry at your pleasures; at the
least, if you take it as a pleasure to you, to
being so. You blame Marcius for being proud?

Syr. We do it not alone, sir.

Men. I know; you can do very little alone;
for your helps are many; or else your actions
would grow wondrous single: your abilities
are too infant-like, for doing much alone. You
talk of pride: O, that you could turn your eyes
towards the maps of your backs, and make
but an interior survey of your good selves! O,
that you could!

Syr. What then, sir?

Men. Why, then you should discover a trace
of unassuming, proud, violent, costly magni-
tude, (alas! such a duty to Rome.

Sic. Menenius, you're known well enough
too.

† Poins, path. ; My brother's name is Marcius, and he's a very brave man.
[Exit.

M. n. I am known to be a humorous pa-
 'em man, and one that loves a cup of hot wine
 with not a drop of allaying * Tyber in't; said
 to be something imperfect, in favouring the
 first complaint; hasty, and tinder-like, upon
 upon too trivial motion; one that converses
 more with the buttock of the night, than with
 the forehead of the morning. What I think, I
 utter; and spend my notice in my breath:
 Meeting two such weals-men as you are, (I
 cannot call you Lycorgus;) if the drink you
 gave me, touch my palate adversely, I make a
 crackle there at it. I cannot say, your worship
 have directed the matter well, when I find
 the two in compound with the major part of
 your syllable; and though I must be content
 to bear with those that say you are reverend
 grave men, yet they lie deadlier that tell you, you
 have good faces. If you see this in the map
 of my misocoin?, follows it, that I am
 known well enough too! What harm can
 your hussy's conspectivities glean out of this
 character, if I be known well enough too!

B. n. Come, sir, come, we know you well
 enough.

M. n. You know neither me, yourselves,
 nor any thing. You are ambitious for poor
 knaves' caps and legs; you wear out a good
 wholesome forenoon, in hearing a cause be-
 tween an orange-wife and a toset seller; and
 then to join the controversy of three-pence to
 a second day of audience. When you are
 hearing a matter between party and party, it
 your chance to be pinched with the cholic,
 you make faces like mummers; set up the

my's grave : [A Shout and Flourish.]
 Enter the Trumpets.

These are the ushers of Marcins : before him
 [tears ;
 some noise, and behind him he leaves
 that dark spirit, and his nerry arm doth
 die ; [wonder die.
 being advanced, declines ! and then
 goes. Trumpets sound. Enter Cori-
 olanus and Titus Lartius ; between them,
 Menenius, crowned with an oak-leaf
 stand ; with Captains, Soldiers, and a
 mob.

Know, Rome, that all alone Marcins
 did fight
 a Coriolanus : where he hath won,
 same, a name to Caius Marcins ; these
 now follow, Coriolanus ;
 goes to Rome, renowned Coriolanus !
 [Flourish.
 Welcome to Rome, renowned Corio-
 lanus ! [tears ;
 No more of this, it does offend my
 now, no more.

Look, sir, your mother, —
 O !
 Ave, I know, petition'd all the gods
 for thy prosperity. [Awe.
 Nay, my good soldier, up ;
 little Marcins, worthy Caius, and
 achieving honour newly named —
 is it I Coriolanus, must I call thee ?
 thy wife.

My gracious silence, hail !
 art thou have laugh'd, had I come cloth'd
 home,
 re-apt to see me triumph ? Ah, my dear,
 you the widows in Coriolus wear,
 others that lack sons.

Now the gods crown thee !
 And live you yet ! — O my sweet lady,
 pardon. [To VALERIA.
 I know not where to turn : — O wel-
 come home ; [come all.
 welcome, general ; — And you are wel-
 come. A hundred thousand welcomes : I
 could weep, [Welcome !
 could laugh ; I am light, and heavy ;
 begin at very root of his heart,
 not glad to see thee ! — You are three,
 some should dote on ; yet, by the faith
 of men, [that will not
 live some old crab-trees here at home,
 died to your retain. Yet welcome, war-
 d a nettle but a nettle ; and [pious :
 sits of fools but folly.

Ever right.
 Menenius, ever, ever.
 Give way there, and go on.
 Your hand, and yours :
 [To his wife and Mother.
 our own house I do shade my head,
 od patricians must be visited ;
 whom I have received not only greetings,

corioli on corioli. + Graceful.
 ¶ Solled with sweet and smoke.
 ¶ Common standing-place.

But with them change of honours.
 I've. I have lived

To see inherited my very wishes,
 And the buildings of my fancy. only there
 is one thing wanting, which I doubt not but
 Our Rome will cast upon thee.

Cor. Know, good mother,
 I had rather be their servant in my way,
 than away with them in theirs.

Com. On, to the capitol.
 [Flourish. Cornets. Present in state, as
 before. The Tribunes remain.

Bru. All tongues speak of him, and the
 blessed sights [nurse
 Are spectacl'd to see him : Your prattling
 into a rapture ; lets her baby cry, [pina
 While she chats him : the kitchen malkin ;
 Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck,
 Clambering the walls to eye him : stalls, bulks,
 windows,
 Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges horsed
 With variable complexions ; all agreeing
 in earnestness to see him : sold^o show a fla-
 meus ?

Do press among the popular throngs, and push
 To win a vulgar station : our veil'd dames
 Commit the war of white and damask, in [spoil
 Their nicely-gawdled cheeks, to the wanton
 Of Phœbus' burning kisses : such a pother,
 As if that whatsoever god who leads him,
 Were silly crept into his human powers,
 And gave him graceful posture.

Sic. On the sudden,
 I warrant him consul.

Bru. Then our office may.
 During his power, go sleep. [honours

Sic. He cannot temperately transport his
 From where he should begin, and end ; but
 Lose those that he hath won. [will

Bru. In that there's comfort.

Sic. Doubt not, the commoners, for whom
 we stand,

But they, upon their ancient malice, will
 Forget, with the least cause, these his new ho-
 mours ; [question

Which that he'll give them, make as little
 As he is proud to do't.

Bru. I heard him swear,
 Were he to stand for consul, never would he
 Appear i' the market-place, nor on him put
 The naples'd vesture of humility ;
 Nor, showing (as the manner is) his wounds
 To the people, beg their stinking breaths.

Sic. 'Tis right.

Bru. It was his word : O, he would make it,
 rather [his
 Than carry it, but by the salt o' the gentry
 And the desire of the nobles.

Sic. I wish no better,
 Than have him hold that purpose, and to put it
 in execution.

Bru. 'Tis most like he will. [wills ;

Sic. It shall be to him than as our good
 A sure destruction.

1 Fit. \$ Mall. 1 Best Man.
 oo Seldom. 11 Phœbus.
 ¶ Adorned. ¶ Thread-bare.

Bru. So it must fall out
 To him, or our authorities. For an end, (tired
 We must suggest* the people in what ha-
 He still hath held them; that, to his power, he
 would [and
 Have made them moles, silenced their pleaders,
 Dispropertied their freedoms; holding them,
 In human action and capacity,
 Of no more soul, nor fitness for the world,
 Than camels in their war; who have their
 provand †
 Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows
 For sinking under them.

Nic. This, as you say, suggested
 At some time when his soaring insolence
 Shall teach the people, (which time shall not
 want,
 If he be put upon't; and that's as easy,
 As to set dogs on sheep,) will be his fire
 To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze
 Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Messenger.

Bru. What's the matter?
Mess. You are sent for to the Capitol. 'Tis
 thought,
 That Marcus shall be consul: I have seen
 The dumb men throng to see him, and the
 blind [gloves,
 To hear him speak: The matrons hung their
 Ladies and maids their scarfs and handker-
 chiefs,
 Upon him as he pass'd: the nobles bended,
 As to Jove's statue; and the commons made
 A shower, and thunder, with their caps, and

have my wounds to heal again,
 y how I got them.

Sir, I hope
 labench'd you not.

No, sir: yet oft,
 have made me stay, I fled from
 [your people,
 d not, therefore hurt not: But
 as they weigh.

Pray now, sit down.
 d rather have one scratch my
 'the sun,
 arm were struck*, than idly sit
 nothings monster'd. [Exit Con.

Masters o'the people,
 lying spawn how can he flatter,
 and to one good oue,) when you
 er venture all his limbs for honour,
 his ears to hear it!—Proceed, Co-

s. [lauss
 all lack voice: the deeds of Corio-
 se utter'd feebly.—It is held,
 is the chiefest virtue, and
 is the havert: If it be,
 peak of cannot in the world
 underpoised. At sixteen years,
 sin made a head for Rome, he

mark of others: our then dictator,
 all praise I point at, saw him fight,
 his Amazonian chin; he drove
 lips before him: he bestrid
 'd Roman, and 't the consul's view
 opposers: Tarquin's self he met,
 him on his knee; in that day's feats,
 ght act the woman in the scemell,
 best man i'the field, and for his

and with the oak. His papit age
 thus, he waxed like a sea;
 brunt of seventeen battles since,
 all swords o'the garland. For this
 in Corioli, let me say [last,
 seek him home: He stopp'd the

rare example, made the coward
 into sport: as waves before
 er sail, so men obey'd, [stamp]
 ow his stem: his sword (death's
 I mark, it took; from face to foot
 ing of blood, whose every mo-

with dying cries: alone he enter'd
 ate o'the city, which he painted
 as destiny, aidless came off,
 sudden re-enforcement struck
 a planet: now all's his:
 d by the dim of war 'gan pierce
 ise: then straight his doubled apris
 I what in flesh was fatigued,
 attle came he; where he did
 o'er the lives of men, as if
 petual spoil: and, till we call'd

Both field and city ours, he never stood
 To ease his breast with panting.

Men. Worthy man!
 I Sen. He cannot but with measure fit the

Which we devise him. [honours
 Com. Our spoils he kick'd at;
 And look'd upon things precious, as they were
 The common muck o'the world: he covets less
 Than misery itself would give; rewards
 His deeds with doing them; and is content
 To spend the time, to end it.

Men. He's right noble;
 Let him be call'd for.

I Sen. Call for Coriolanus.
 Of. He doth appear.

Re-enter CORIOLANUS.

Men. The senate, Coriolanus, are well
 To make thee consul. [pleased

Cor. I do owe them still
 My life and services.

Men. It then remains,
 That you do speak to the people.

Cor. I do beseech you,
 Let me o'erleap that custom; for I cannot
 Pat on the gown, stand naked, and entreat
 them, [please you,
 For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage:
 That I may pass this doing.

Sic. Sir, the people
 Must have their voices; neither will they base
 One jot of ceremony.

Men. Put them not to't:—
 Pray you, go sit you to the custom; and
 Take to you, as your predecessors have,
 Your honour with your form.

Cor. It is a part
 That I shall blush in acting, and might well
 Be taken from the people.

Bru. Mark you that?
 Cor. To brag unto them,—Thus I did, and
 thus;— [hide]

Show them the unaching scars which I should
 As if I had received them for the hire
 Of their breath only:—

Men. Do not stand upon't:—
 We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,
 Our purpose to them;—and to our noble
 Wish we all joy and honour. [consul

Sen. To Coriolanus come all joy and honour!
 [Flourish. Then kneel Senators.

Bru. You see how he intends to use the
 people. [will require them,

Sic. May they perceive his intent! He that
 As if he did condemn what he requested
 Should be in them to give.

Bru. Come, we'll inform them
 Of our proceedings here: on the market-place
 I know they do attend us. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. The same. The forum.

Enter several Citizens.

1 Cit. Once, if he do require our voices,
 we ought not to deny him.

2 Cit. We may, sir, if we will.

me to battle. † Possessor.
 ced enough to act a woman's part.
 † Followed.

‡ Without a beard.

§ Reward.

¶ Wearied.

|| America.

‡ Bravado.

|| Wom.

†† Bravado.

bers, should bring ourselves to be monstrous members.

1 Cl^o. And to make us no better thought of, a little help will serve: for once, when we stood up about the corn, he himself stak out to call us the many-headed multitude.

3 Cl^o. We have been called so of many; not that our heads are some brown, some black, some ash-colour, some bald, but that our wits are so diversely coloured: and truly I think, if all our wits were to issue out of one scull, they would fly east, west, north, south; and their consent of one direct way should be at once to all the points of the compass.

3 Cl^o. Think you so? Which way, do you judge, my wit would fly?

3 Cl^o. Nay, your wit will not so soon out as another man's will, 'tis strongly wedged up in a block-head: but, if it were at liberty, 'twould sure southward.

2 Cl^o. Why that way?

3 Cl^o. To lose itself in a fog; where being three parts melted away with rotten-dews, the fourth would return for conscience sake, to help to get thee a wife.

2 Cl^o. You are never without your tricks:— You may, you may.

3 Cl^o. Are you all resolved to give your voices? But that's no matter, the greater part carries it. I say, if he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.

Enter CORNELIUS and MENANTUS.

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility: mark his behaviour. We are not to stay all together, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes: He's to make his requests by particulars: wherein every one of us has a single honour, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues: therefore follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.

in this wolfish gown should I stand here,
and Dick, that do appear,
and these voices? Custom calls me to't:
Johnson wills, in all things should we do't,
that on antique time would lie unswept,
mistaken error be too highly heap'd
on to over-peer?—Rather than fool it
in high office and the honour go [so
that would do thus.—I am half through:
the part suffer'd, the other will I do.
Enter Three other Citizens.

More voices,—
Citizens: for your voices I have fought;
and for your voices: for your voices, hear
hands two dozen odd; battles thrice six
men and heard of; for your voices
I have [voices:
many things, some less, some more: your
I would be consul.
He has done nobly, and cannot go
but my honest man's voice.
Therefore let him be consul: The
live him joy, and make him good friend
people!

Amen, amen.—
Have thee, noble consul!

[Exit Citizens.
Worthy voices!
Enter MENENIUS, with Brutus and
SICINIUS.

You have stood your limitation; and
the tribunes
you with the people's voice: Remains,
in the official marks invested, you
do meet the senate.

Is this done?
The custom of request you have dis-
charged:

people do admit you; and are summon'd
next morn, upon your approbation.

Where? at the senate-house?

There, Coriolanus.

May I then change these garments?

You may, sir.

That I'll straight do; and, knowing
myself again,

go to the senate-house.

[alone?]

I'll keep you company.—Will you

we. We stay here for the people.

Fare you well

[Exit CORIOLANUS and MENENIUS.]

as it now; and by his looks, methinks,
warm at his heart.

With a proud heart he wore
humble weeds: Will you dismiss the
people?

Re-enter Citizens.

How now, my masters! have you chose

He has our voices, sir. [this man?]

We pray the gods, he may deserve
your loves.

Justice.

Amen, sir: To my poor unworthy
look'd us, when he begg'd our voices

Certainly,

noted us down right.

mock us.

No, 'tis his kind of speech, he did not

2 Cit. Not one amongst us save yourself,
but says

He used us scornfully: he should have show'd

His marks of merit, wounds received for his

Sic. Why, so he did, I am sure. [country.

Cit. No; no man saw 'em.

[Several speak.]

3 Cit. He said, he had wounds, which he

could show in private;

And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn,

I would be consul, says he: aged custom,

But by your voices, will not so permit me;

Your voices therefore: When we granted

that, [thank you,—

Here was,—I thank you for your voices,—

Your most sweet voices:—now you have left

your voices, [this mockery!

I have no further with you:—Was not

Sic. Why, either you were ignorant to acc't;

Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness

To yield your voices.

Brutus. Could you not have told him,

As you were lesson'd,—When he had no

But was a petty servant to the state, [power

He was your enemy; ever spake against

Your liberties, and the charters that you bear

't the body of the weal: and now, arriving

At place of potency, and sway o'the state,

If he should still malignantly remain

Foe to the people, your voices might

Be curses to yourselves? You should have said,

That, as his worthy deeds did claim no less

Than what he stood for; so his gracious nature

Would think upon you for your voices, and

Translate his malice towards you into love,

Standing your friendly lord.

Sic. Thus to have said,

As you were fore-advised, had touch'd his

spirit,

And try'd his inclination; from him pluck'd

Either his gracious promise, which you might,

As cause had call'd you up, have held him to;

Or else it would have call'd his early nature,

Which easily endures not article

Trying him to anger; so, putting him to rage,

You should have taken the advantage of his

And pass'd him unselected. [choler,

Brutus. Did you perceive,

He did solicit you in free contempt, [think,

When he did need your loves; and do you

that his contempt shall not be bruising to you.

When he hath power to crush? Why, had your

boiles [cry

No heart among you? Or had you tongues, to

Acquit the rectorship of judgment?

Sic. Have you,

Ere now, deny'd the asker? and, now again,

On him, that did not ask, but mock, bestow

Your sacred-for tongues?

3 Cit. He's not confirm'd, we may deny him

2 Cit. And will deny him: [yet.

I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.

1 Cit. I twice five hundred, and their friends

to piece 'em.

Brutus. Get you hence instantly; and tell those

friends,—

Overlook. Plebeians, common people.

They have chose a consul, that will from them

take
Their liberties; make them of no more voice
Than dogs, that are as often bent for barking,
As therefore kept to do so.

Sir. Let them assemble;
And, on a safer judgment, all revoke
Your ignorant election: Enforce* his pride,
And his old hate unto you: besides, forget not
With what contempt he wore the humble weed;
How in his suit he scorn'd you: but your loves,
Thinking upon his services, took from you
The apprehension of his present portance †,
Which glibly, ungravely he did fashion
After the inveterate hate he bears you.

Bru. Lay
A fault on us, your tribunes; that we labour'd
(No impediment between) but that you must
Cast your election on him.

Sir. Say, you chose him
More after our commandment, than as guided
By your own true affections: and that your
minds

Pre-occupy'd with what you rather must do
Than what you should, made you against the
To voice him consul: Lay the fault on us. [grain

Bru. Ay, spare us not. Say we read lectures
to you,

How youngly he began to serve his country,
How long continued: and what stock he
springs of,

The noble house o' the Marcians; from whence

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for months, why rule you not
let them on? [their teeth?]

Be calm, be calm.
purposed thing, and grows by
it of the nobility:— [plot,
ve with such as cannot rule,
be ruled.

Call't not a plot:
you mock'd them: and, of late,
given them gratis, you repined;
suppliants for the people; call'd

flatterers, foes to nobleness.
his was known before.

Not to them all.
you inform'd them since?

How! I inform them!
e like to do such business.

Not unlike,
etter yours.

When should I be consul? By you

so ill as you, and make me
bune.

You show too much of that,
people stir: If you will pass
are bound, you must inquire

Y, out of, with a gentler spirit;
noble as a consul,
him for tribune.

Let's be calm.
eople are abused:—Set on.—
'ring?
come; nor has Coriolanus
o dishonour'd rub, laid falsely
y of his merit.

Tell me of corn?
teeth, and I will speak't again;—
ow, not now.

Not in this heat, sir, now.
as I live, I will.—My nobler
adons:— [friends,
e, rank-scented many: let them
do not flatter, and
themselves: I say again,
m, we nourish 'gainst our senate
ebellion, insolence, seilition,
elves have plough'd for, sow'd,
er'd, [ber;
em with us, the honour'd imm-
rtue, no, nor power, but that
ve given to beggars.

Well, no more.
ore words, we beseech you.

How! no more?
try I have shed my blood,
ward force, so shall my lungs
ll their decay, against those

sin should tetter; as, yet sought
o catch them.

You speak o'the people
e god to punish, not
infamy.

Sic. 'Twas well
We let the people know't.

Men. What, what? his cholera?

Cor. Cholera!
Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
By Jove, 'twould be my mind.

Sic. It is a mind
That shall remain a poison where it is,
Not poison any farther.

Cor. Shall remain!
Here you this Triton of the minnow? mark
His absolute shall! [you

Com. 'Twas from the canon?.

Cor. Shall!
O good, but most unwise patricians, why,
You grave, but reckless senators, have you
thus

Given Hydra here to choose an officer,
That with his peremptory shall, being bat
The horn and noise o'the monsters, wants not
spirit

To say he'll turn your current in a ditch,
And make your channel his? If he have power,
I then vail your ignorance: if none, awake
Your dangerous lenity. If you are learned,
Be not as common fools; if you are not,
Let them have cushions by you. You are ple-
beians,

If they be senators: and they are no less,
When both your voices blended, the greatest
taste [trate;

Most palates theirs. They choose their magis-
And such a one as he, who puts his shall,
His popular shall, against a graver bench
Than ever frown'd in Greece! By Jove himself,
It makes the consuls base: and my soul aches
To know, when two authorities are up,
Neither supreme, how soon confusion
May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
The one by the other.

Com. Well—on to the market-place.
Cor. Whoever gave that counsel, to give forth
The corn o'the store-house gratis, as 'twas used
Sometime in Greece,——

Men. Well, well, no more of that.

Cor. (Though there the people had more ab-
solute power,)

I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed
The ruin of the state.

Bru. Why, shall the people give
One, that speaks thus, their votes?

Cor. I'll give my reasons,
More worthier than their voices. They know
the corn

Was not our recompense; rearing well assured
They ne'er did service for't: Being pour'd to
the war,

Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,
That would not thread the gates: this kind of
service

Did not deserve corn gratis: being in the war,
Their matins and revells, whereas they
show'd [tion

Most valour, spoke not for them: The citizens
Which they have often made against the state.

† Treacherously.

According to law.

† Patricians.

† Citizens.

† Senators.

† Patricians.

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All cause unborn, could never be the native
Of one so frank donation. — Well, what then?
How shall this bosom multiplied digest
The senate's courtesy? Let deeds express
What's like to be their words: — *He did re-*
quest it;

We are the greater poll; and in true fear
They gave us our demands; — Thus we debate
The nature of our seats, and make the rabble
Call our cares, fears; which will in time break
The locks o'the senate, and bring in the crows
To peck the eagles. —

Men. Come, enough.

Brut. Enough, with over-measure.

Cur. No, take more:
What may be sworn by, both divine and hu-

man, —
Seat what I end withall — This double wor-
Where one part does disdain with cause, the
other

[wisdom
Insult without all reason; where gentry, title,
Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no
Of general ignorance, — it must omit

Real necessities, and give way the while
To unstable slightness: purpose so barr'd, it
follows,

[yon, —
Nothing is done to purpose: Therefore, beseech
You that will be less fearful than discreet;

That love the fundamental part of state,
More than you doubt; the change of't; that pre-
A noble life before a long, and wish

To jump a body with a dangerous physic, — out
That's sore of death without it. — at once clock

Some among you have beheld me fight.
[seen me.]
Try upon yourselves what you have
Down with that sword;—Tribunes,
Withdraw awhile.
Lay hands upon him.

Help, Marcius! help!
Be noble; help him, young an' old!
Down with him, down with him!
[Enter Mutius, the Tribunes, the Ediles,
And the People, all beat in.]

Go, get you to your house; be gone,
Be naught else. [away,

Get you gone.
Stand fast;
Be as many friends as enemies.
What! it be put to that?

The gods forbid!
See, noble friend, home to thy house;
To cure this cause.

For 'tis a sore upon us,
Must tent yourself: Begone, 'beseech
Come, sir, along with us. [you.]
Would they were barbarians, (as they
In Rome litter'd,) not Romans, (as they
Be not,
Calv'd i' the porch o'the Capitol.)—

Be gone;
Your worthy rage into your tongue;
We will owe another.

On fair ground,
Beat forty of them.

I could myself
A brace of the best of them; yea, the
Two tribunes.

But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetic;
Shood is call'd foolery, when it stands
A falling fabric.—Will you hence,
Be tag* return? Whose rage doth rend
Erupted waters, and o'erbear
Ey are used to bear.

Pray you, be gone:
Whether my old wit be in request
See that have but little; this must be
Of any colour. [patch'd

Nay, come away.

[Exit Cor. Com. and others.]
F. This man has marr'd his fortune.

His nature is too noble for the world:
He will not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Nor for his power to thunder. His heart's
In his mouth: [vent;

His breast forges, that his tongue must
Slog angry, does forget that ever
He had the name of death. [A noise within.
goodly work!

I would they were a-bed!
I would they were in Tyber!—What
Be vengeance,

Be not speak them fair?
[Enter BRUTUS and SICINIUS, with the
Rabble.]

Where is this viper,
That depopulate the city, and

Be every man himself?

Men. You worthy tribunes,
Sic. He shall be thrown down the Tappian
rock.

With rigorous hands: he hath resisted law,
And therefore law shall scorn him further trial
Than the severity of the public power,
Which he so sets at naught.

1 C. He shall well know,
The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,
And we their banners.

Cl. He shall, sure on't.
[Several speak together.

Men. Sir—
Sic. Peace.

Men. Do not cry havoc, where you
With modest warrant. [should but hunt

Sic. Sir, how comes it that you
Have help to make this rescue?

Men. Hear me speak:—
As I do know the consul's worthiness,
So can I name his faults:—

Sic. Consul!—what consul?

Men. The consul Coriolanus.

Br. He a consul?

Cl. No, no, no, no, no.

Men. If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours,
good people,

I may be heard, I'd crave a word or two;
The which shall turn you to no farther harm,
Than so much loss of time.

Sic. Speak briefly then;
For we are peremptory to despatch

This viperous traitor: to eject him hence,
Were but one danger; and, to keep him here,
Our certain death; therefore it is decreed
He dies to-night.

Men. Now the good gods forbid,
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude
Towards her deserved children is enroll'd
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own!

Sic. He's a disease, that must be cut away.

Men. O, he's a limb, that has but a disease;
Mortal to cut it off; to cure it, easy.

What has he done to Rome, that's worthy
death?

Killing our enemies? The blood he hath lost,
(Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he
hath, [country?]

By many an ounce,) he dropp'd it for his
And what is left, to lose it by his country,
Were to us all, that do't and suffer it,
A brand to the end o'the world.

Sic. This is clean karm.

Br. Merely & awry: when he did love his
It honour'd him. [country,

Men. The service of the foot
Being once gangrened, is not then respected
For what before it was.

Br. We'll hear no more:—
Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence;
Least his infection, being of catching nature,
Spread further.

Men. One word more, one word.

* The lowest of the populace, tag, rag, and bobtail.
† Be sure on't.
‡ Quite awry.
§ Deserving.
|| Absolutely

This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find
The harm of unscann'd * swiftness, will, too
late, (process;

The leaden pounds to his heels. Proceed by
Lest parties (as he is beloved) break out,
And sack great Rome with Romans.

Bru. If it were so,—

Sic. What do ye talk?

Have we not had a taste of his obedience?

Our *Ædiles* smote? ourselves resisted? Come;

Men. Consider this;—He has been bred in
the wars

Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd
In boulded † language; meal and bran together
He throws without distinction. Give me leave,
I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him
Where he shall answer, by a lawful form,
(In peace) to his utmost peril.

I Sen. Noble tribunes,

It is the humane way; the other course
Will prove too bloody; and the end of it
Unknown to the beginning.

Sic. Noble Menenius,

Be you then as the people's officer:

Masters, lay down your weapons.

Bru. Go not home,

Sic. Meet on the market-place: We'll at-
tend you there: [ceed

Where, if you bring not Marcius, we'll pro-
ceed in our first way.

Men. I'll bring him to you:—

Let me desire your company. [To the Senators.]

He must come,

Or what is worst will follow.

we will rather show our general lows
on our frown, than spend a fawn upon
them. ^{[guard}
an inheritance of their loves, and safe-
ness that wait might ruin.

Noble lady!— ^{[so,}
go with us; speak fair: you may save
but is dangerous present, but the loss
at the past.

I pry thee now, my son,
these, with this bonnet in thy hand;
we far having stretch'd it, (here be with
them.) ^{[ness}
not basing the stones, (for in such busi-
ness is eloquence, and the eyes of the ig-
norant
learned than the ears,) waving thy head,
soften, thus, correcting thy stout heart,
unble, as the ripest mulberry, ^{[them,}
will not hold the handling: Or, say to
us their soldier, and being bred in broils,
let the soft way, which, thou dost con-
fess,
fit for thee to use, as they to claim,
king their good loves; but thou wilt
frame
y, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far
as that power and person.

This but done,
as she speaks, why, all their hearts were
pours:
ry have pardons, being ask'd, as free
to little purpose.

Pry thee now, ^{[rather}
I be ruled: although, I know, thou had'st
thine enemy in a fiery gulf,
under him in a bower. Here is Cominius.

Enter COMINIUS.

I have been in the market-place: and,
sir, 'tis fit
take strong party, or defend yourself
ness, or by absence; all's in anger.
Only fair speech.

I think 'twill serve, if he
re-to frame his spirit.

He must, and will:—
we now, say you will, and go about it.

Must I go show them my unbarb'd
revenge? Must I,
say base tongue, give to my noble heart
that it must hear? Well, I will do't:
we there but this single plot to lose,
could of Marcius, they to dust should
grind it, ^{[bet-place:—}
now it against the wind.—To the mar-
ive put me now to such a part, which
discharge to the life. ^{[never}

Come, come, we'll prompt you.
I pry thee now, sweet son; as thou
hast said,
eldest made thee first a soldier, so,
as my praise for this, perform a part
not not done before.

Well, I must do't:
my disposition, and possess me

Some harlot's spirit! My throat of war be
Which quired with my drum, into a pipe (turn'd,
Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice
That babies lull asleep! The smiles of knaves
Tout; in my cheeks; and school-boys' tears
take up

The glasses of my sight! A beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips; and my arm'd
knees,

Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his
That hath received an aim!—I will not do't:
Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth,
And, by my body's action, teach my mind
A most inherent baseness.

At thy choice then:
To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour,
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin; let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear
Thy dangerous stoutness; for I mock at death
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'st it from
But owe'st thy pride thyself. ^{[me;}

Pray, be content;
Mother, I am going to the market-place;
Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their
loves, ^{[beloved}
Cog their hearts from them, and come home
Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going:
Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul;
Or never trust to what my tongue can do
I'll the way of flattery further.

Do your will. ^{[Exit.}
Com. Away, the tribunes do attend you:
arm yourself

To answer mildly; for they are prepared
With accusations, as I bear, more strong
Than are upon you yet.

The word is, mildly:—Pray you, let us
Let them accuse me by invention, I ^{[go;}
Will answer in mine honour.

Ay, but mildly.
Cor. Well, mildly be it then; mildly. ^{[Exit.}

SCENE III. The same. The Forum.

Enter SICIPIUS and BRUTUS.

Br. In this point charge him home, that
he affects

Tyrannical power; if he evade us there,
Enforce him with his envy to the people;
And that the spoil, got on the Antiates,
Was ne'er distributed.—

Enter an Adile.

What, will he come?
Ad. He's coming.

How accompanied?
Ad. With old Menenius and three senators
That always favoured him.

Have you a catalogue
Of all the voices that we have procured,
Set down by the poll?

I have; 'tis read, here.

Have you collected them by tribes?

I have.

Assemble presently the people hither:

* Common clowns.

† Own.

‡ Unshaven head.

§ Object his hatred.

¶ Bewell.

And when they hear me say, *It shall be so*
I'll the right and strength of the commons,
 be it either [them,

For death, for fine, or banishment, then let
 it I say, fine, cry *fine*; if death, cry *death*;
 trusting on the old prerogative

And power of the truth of the cause.
I do. I shall inform them.

Brut. And when such time they have begun
 to cry,

Let them not cease, but with a din confused
 Enforce the present execution
 Of what we chance to sentence.

I do. Very well.

Ant. Make them be strong, and ready for this
 When we shall hap to give't them. [hint,

Brut. Go about it.—
 [Exit *Ant.*

Put him to choler straight: He hath been used
 Ever to conquer, and to have his worth
 Of contradiction: being once chafed, he cannot
 Be brought again to temperance; then he speaks
 What's in his heart; and that is there, which
 With us to break his neck. [looks

Enter CORNELIUS, MENENIUS, COMITIUS,
Senators, & all Patricians.

Ant. Well, here he comes. I

Men. Calmly, I do beseech you. C

Cor. Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest I
 piece [honour'd gods S

Will bear the knave by the volume.—The I

Keep Rome in safety, and the chiefs of justice S

Supplied with worthy men! plant love among S

peace,

Throng our large temples with the shows of

"is sentenced; no more hearing.

Let me speak:
as consul, and can show from? Rome
best marks upon me. I do love
ry's good, with a respect more tender,
And profound than mine own life,
wife's estimate, her womb's in-
ness,
my of my doings; then if I would.

We know your drift: Speak what?
There's no more to be said, but he is
ish'd,
the people and his country:
be so.

It shall be so, it shall be so.
loud clamour cry, of curial whose
with I hate
of the rotten fens, whose loves I prize
and curmies of embuiled men
derange my air, I banish you;
I remain with your uncertainty!
I feeble rumour shake your hearts!
miles, with nodding of their plumes;

Fan you into despair! Have the power still
To banish your defenders; till, at length,
Your ignorance, (which finds not ill it feels),
Making no reservation of yourselves,
(Built your own furs,) deliver you, as most
Abated || captives, to some nation
That won you without blows! Despising,
For you, the city, thus I turn my back:
There is a world elsewhere.

[*Exit* CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS; ME-
NENIUS, Senators, and Patricians.]

Alc. The people's enemy, is gone, is gone!

Cl. Our enemy's banish'd! he is gone

Hoo! hoo!

[*The people shout, and throw up their*

Caps.

Sic. Go, see him out of gates, and follow him

As he hath follow'd you, with all despite;

Give him deserved vexation. Let a guard

Attend us through the city.

Cl. Come, come, let us see him out a

gates; come!—

The gods preserve our noble tribunes!—*Come.*

[*Exit*]

ACT IV.

I. *The same. Before a Gate of the City.*

CORIOLANUS, VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA,
NIUS, COMINIUS, and several young
men.

Come, leave your tears; a brief fare-
th;—the best!

My heads butts me away.—Nay, my
your ancient courage! you were used

strenuily was the trier of spirits; [bear;
men chances common men could

on the sea was calm, all boats alike
mastership in boating: fortune's blows,

not struck home, being gentle wound-
d, or less

running: you were used to load me
cepts, that would make invincible

that could them.

heavens! O heavens!

Nay, I pity thee, woman,—
Now the red pestilence strike all

ipations perish! [trades in Rome,
What, what, what!

is loved when I am lack'd. Nay,
thier,

that spirit, when you were wont to
id been the wife of Hercules.

is labours you'd have done, and saved
hame so much sweat.—Cominius,

it: adieu!—Farewell, my wife! my
other!

ell yet.—Thou old and true Menenius,
is saller than a younger man's;

omous to thine eyes.—My admiral the
neral

I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld
Heart-hardening spectacles; tell these sad

Tis fond to wait inevitable strokes, (women,
As 'tis to laugh at them.—My mother, you

wot well

My hazards still have been your solace; and
Believe't not lightly, (though I go alone

Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen
Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more than seen.)

your son

Will, or exceed the common, or be caught
With cautelous baits and practice.

Fol. My first son,
Whither wilt thou go? Take good Coriolanus

With thee awhile: Determine on some course,
More than a wild exposture, to each chance

That starts i' the way before thee.

Cor. O the gods!
Com. I'll follow thee a month, devise with

thee

Where thou shalt rest, that thou mayst hear of
And we of thee: so, if the time thrust forth

A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send
O'er the vast world to seek a single man;

And lose advantage, which doth ever cool
I' the absence of the needer.

Cor. Fare ye well!—
Thou hast years upon thee; and thou art too

Of the war's perils, to go rove with one [fall
That's yet unbruised; bring me but out at

gate.—
Come, my sweet wife, my dear mother, and

My friends of noble touch: when I am forth,
Bid me farewell, and smile: I pray you, come,
While I remain above the ground, you shall
Hear from me, still; and never of me aught

Fol. † Valia. ; Paak,

† The government of the people.

‡ Noblest.

§ Vapour.

¶ Foolish.

|| True metal.

† Subdued.

† Inhibition.

But what is like me formerly.

Men. That's worthily
As any ear can hear.—Come, let's not weep.—
If I could shake off but one seven years
From these old arms and legs, by the good
I'd with thee every foot. *[Gods.]*

Cor. Give me thy hand.—
Come. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II. *The same. A Street near the Gate.*

Enter SICENIUS, BRUTUS, and an Edile.

Sic. Bid them all home; he's gone, and
we'll no further.—
The nobility are vex'd, who, we see, have sided
In his behalf.

Bru. Now we have shown our power,
Let us seem humbler after it is done,
Than when it was a doing.

Sic. Bid them home:
Say, their great enemy is gone, and they
Stand in their ancient strength.

Bru. Dismiss them home. *[Exit Edile.]*
*Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and MENE-
NIUS.*

Here comes his mother.

Sic. Let's not meet her.

Bru. Why?

Sic. They say, she's mad.

Bru. They have ta'en note of us:

Keep on your way.

Vol. O, you're well met: The hoarded plague

Requite your love! *[O'the gods]*

Men. Peace, peace; be not so loud.

Is when she's fallen out with her
Your noble Tullus Aufidius will ap-
in these wars, his great opposer,
being now in no request of his

cannot choose. I am most fortune-
accidentally to encounter you: You
my business, and I will merrily
you home,
shall, between this and supper, tell
strange things from Rome; all tend-
good of their adversaries. Have
ry ready, say you?

most royal one: the centurions, and
ges, distinctly billeted, already in
ament*, and to be on foot at an
ing.

am joyful to hear of their readi-
on the man, I think, that shall set
sion action. So, sir, heartily well
most glad of your company.

I take my part from me, sir; I have
cause to be glad of yours.

Fell, let us go together. *[Exeunt.]*

IV. Antium. Before Aufidius's
House.

CORIANUS, in mean Apparel, dis-
guised and muffled.

Goodly city is this Antium: City
mate thy widows; many an heir
of effluet fore my wars
and groan, and drop: then know
not;

by wives with spits, and boys with
Enter a Citizen.

little slay me.—Save you, sir.

I you.

Direct me, if it be your will,
at Aufidius lies: Is he in Antium?
is, and feasts the nobles of the state
at this night.

Which is his house, beseech you?
is, here, before you.

Thank you, sir; farewell.
[Exit Citizen.]

Oh slippery turn! Friends now fast
on,

ble bosoms seem to wear one heart,
ers, whose bed, whose meal, and
cise,

either, who twin, as 'twere, in love
e, shall within this hour,

asion of a doil, break out
enmity: So, fellest foes,

ions and whose plots have broke
sleep

one the other, by some chance,
not worth an egg, shall grow dear

de,

in their issues. So with me —
face hate I, and my love's upon

town.—I'll enter: If he slay me,
or justice; if he give me way,

country service. *[Exit.]*

SCENE V. The same. A Hall in Aufidius's House.

Music within. Enter a Servant.

1 Serv. Wine, wine, wine! What service
is here! I think our fellows are asleep. *[Exit.]*
Enter another Servant.

2 Serv. Where's Cotus! my master calls
for him. Cotus! *[Exit.]*

Enter CORIOLANUS.

Cor. A goodly house: The feast smells well:
Appear not like a guest;

Re-enter the first Servant.

1 Serv. What would you have, friend?
Whence are you? Here's no place for you!

Pray, go to the door.

Cor. I have deserved no better entertainment,
in being Coriolanus;

Re-enter second Servant.

2 Serv. Whence are you, sir? Has the por-
ter his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance
to such companions? Pray, get you out.

Cor. Away!

2 Serv. Away! Get you away.

Cor. Now thou art troublesome.

3 Serv. Are you so brave? I'll have you
talked with anon.

Enter a third Servant. The first meets him.

3 Serv. What fellow's this?

1 Serv. A strange one as ever I looked on:
I cannot get him out of the house: Pr'ythee,
call my master to him.

3 Serv. What have you to do here, fellow?
Pray you, avoid the house.

Cor. Let me but stand: I will not hurt your
hearth.

3 Serv. What are you?

Cor. A gentleman.

3 Serv. A marvellous poor one!

Cor. True, so I am.

3 Serv. Pray you, poor gentleman, take up
some other station: here's no place for you;
pray you, avoid: come.

Cor. Follow your function, go!

And batten on cold bits. *[Pushes him away.]*

2 Serv. What, will you not? Pr'ythee, tell
my master what a strange guest he has here.

3 Serv. And I shall. *[Exit.]*

3 Serv. Where dwellest thou?

Cor. Under the canopy.

3 Serv. Under the canopy?

Cor. Ay.

3 Serv. Where's that?

Cor. P' the city of kites and crows.

3 Serv. P' the city of kites and crows?—What
an ass it is!—Then thou dwellest with daws too?

Cor. No, I serve not thy master.

3 Serv. How, sir! Do you meddle with my
master?

Cor. Ay: 'tis an honest service than to
meddle with thy mistress:

Thou prat'st, and prat'st; serve with thy trou-
cher, hence! *[Beats him away.]*

Enter Aufidius and the second Servant.

Auf. Where is this fellow?

* A small coin. † Having derived that name from Cartho. ‡ Widows.
§ Fend.

2. *Ser.* Here, sir; I'll have beaten him like
 a dog, but for disturbing the lords within.

Auf. Whence comest thou? what wouldst
 thou? Thy name?

Why speak'st not? Speak, man: What's thy
Cor. If, Tullius, [*knocking*].

Not yet thou know'st me, and seeing me, dost
 Think me for the man I am, necessarily [not
 Commands me name myself.

Auf. What is thy name?

Cor. A name unmusical to the Volscians' ears,
 And harsh in sound to thine.

Auf. Say, what's thy name?

Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face
 Bears a command in't; though thy tackle's

Thou show'st a noble vessel: What's thy
Cor. Prepare thy brow to frown; Know'st

thou me yet?

Auf. I know thee not:—Thy name?

Cor. My name is Caius Marcius, who hath
 done

To thee particularly, and to all the Volscians,

Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may

My surname, Coriolanus: The painful service,

The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood

Shed for my thankless country, are requited

But with that surname; a good memory,

And witness of the malice and displeasure

Which thou shouldst bear me: only that

name remains;

The cruelty and envy of the people,

Permitted by our dastard nobles, who

Hath so far from the name of Coriolanus,

hanged, but I thought there
more than I could think.
did I, I'll be sworn: He is
at man's the world.
link he is: but a greater soldier
of one.

Is my master?

It's no matter for that.

With six of him.

Needs peace; not so neither; but I take him
a soldier.

Look you, one cannot tell how
the defence of a town, our
lent.

And for an assault too.

Enter third Servant.

My master, I can tell you news;
alas.

What, what, what? let's partake.
Could not be a Roman, of all
as lieve be a condemned man.
Wherefore? wherefore?

Here's he that was wont to
eral,—Calus Marcius.

Do you say thwack our ge-

not say thwack our general;
as good enough for him.

Yes, we are fellows and friends:
hard for him; I have heard
elf.

Was too hard for him directly,
n't: before Corioli, he scotched
him like a carbonade.

He had been cannibally given,
rolled and eaten him too.
more of thy news?

He is so made on here within,
son and heir to Mars: set at
table: no question asked him-
nators, but they stand bald be-
general himself makes a mis-
tinctifies himself with his hand,
he white o'the eye to his dis-
c bottom of the news is, our
the middle, and but one half
yesterday; for the other has
easy and grant of the whole

he says, and sowl; the por-
bs by the ears: He will mow
him, and leave his passage

he's as like to do't, as any man

if he will do't: For, look you,
my friends as enemies: which
it were,) durst not (look you,
lives (as we term it) his friends,
rectitude.

Attitude! what's that?
when they shall see, sir, his
and the man in blood, they
in burrows, like conies after
all with him.

When goes this forward?

3 Serv. To-morrow; to-day; presently.
You shall have the drum struck up this after-
noon: 'tis, as it were, a parcel of their feast,
and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2 Serv. Why, then we shall have a stirring
world again. This peace is nothing, but to
rust iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-
makers.

1 Serv. Let me have war, say I; it ex-
ceeds peace, as far as day does night; it's
spritely, waking, audible, and full of vent.
Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy; muffled it,
deaf, sleepy, insensible; a getter of more has-
tard children than war's a destroyer of men.

2 Serv. 'Tis so: and as war, in some sort,
may be said to be a ravisher; so it cannot be
denied, but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

1 Serv. Ay, and it makes men hate one
another.

3 Serv. Reason; because they then less
need one another. The wars, for my money.
I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volscians.
They are rising, they are rising.

All. In, in, in, in. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI. Rome. A public Place.

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Sic. We hear not of him, neither need we
fear him;

His remedies are time of the present peace
And quietness o'the people, which before
Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his
friends [had,

Blush that the world goes well; who rather
Though they themselves did suffer by't, behold
Discontented numbers peering streets, than see
Our tradesmen singing in their shops, and
About their functions friendly. [going]

Enter MENENIUS.

Brus. We stood to't in good time. Is this
Menenius? [kind]

Sic. 'Tis he, 'tis he: O, he is grown most
Of late.—Hail, sir!

Men. Hail to you both!

Sic. Your Coriolanus, sir, is not well:
miser'd [sawd]

But with his friends; the commonwealth doth
And so would do, were he more angry at it.

Men. All's well; and might have been much
He could have temporized. [better, it]

Sic. Where is he, hear you?
Men. Nay, I hear nothing; his mother and
Hear nothing from him. [his wife]

Enter three or four Citizens.

One. The gods preserve you both.

Sic. Good-even, our neighbours.

Brus. Good-even to you all, good-even to
you all. [our knees]

1 Cit. Ourselves, our wives, and children, on
Are bound to pray for you both.

Sic. Live, and thrive!

Brus. Farewell, kind neighbours; we wish'd

Had loved you as we did. [Coriolanus]

One. Now the gods keep you!

Both Tri. Farewell, farewell. [Exeunt Citizens.]

† Ment cut across to, be broiled. † Pull. † Out clasp, c. † Vigor.
† Part. † Reason. † Out clasp, c. † Vigor.

Sic. This is a happier and more comely time,
Than when these fellows ran about the streets,
Crying Confusion.

Bru. Gaius Marcius was
A worthy officer in the war; but insolent,
O'creome with pride, ambitious past all think-
Self-loving. [tag,

Sic. And affecting one sole throne,
Without assistance*.

Men. I think not so. [tion,
Sic. We should by this, to all our lamenta-
If he had gone forth consul, found it so.

Bru. The gods have well prevented it, and
Sits safe and still without him. [Rome

Enter Adelle.

Ad. Worthy tribunes,
There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,
Reports,—the Volces with two several powers
Are entered in the Roman territories;
And with the deepest malice of the war
Destroy what lies before them.

Men. 'Tis Aufidius,
Who, hearing of our Marcins' banishment,
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world:
Which were inshe'll'd when Marcius stood;
And durst not once peep out. [for Rome,

Sic. Come, what talk you
Of Marcins?

Bru. Go see this rumourer whipp'd.—It
The Volces dare break with us. [cannot be

Men. Cannot be!
We have record that very well it can;

And three examples of the like have been
Within my age. But reason I with the fellow,
Before you punish him, where he heard this:

You have brought Rome, such as was never elp.

Say not we brought it. Is it we? We loved him; we, [clusters, nobles gave way to your out o' the city.

But, I fear again. Tullus Aufidius, of new, obeys his points officer:—Desperation strength, and defence, are against them. Troop of Citizens. Here come the clusters.—With him!—You are they r unwholesome, when you

ay caps, in hooting at Now he's coming; on a soldier's head, ove a whip; as many cox-

up, will he tumble-down, our voices. 'Tis no matter; all into one coal, lit. hear fearful news.

For mine own part, h him, I said 'twas pity. id I.

id I; and, to say the truth, of us: That we did, we did though we willingly con- sultment, yet it was against

oddy things, you voices!

You have made ad your cry? Shall us to hat else? [Capitol?

[*Exeunt Com. and Men.* s, get you home, be not dis-

hat would he glad to have they so seem to fear. Go of fear. [home,

be good to us! Come, mas- I ever said, we were i' the ansh'd him.

all. But come, let's home.

[*Exeunt Citizens.* like this news.

[wealth e Capitol:—Would half my r a lie!

Pray, let us go.

[*Exeunt.*

Camp: at a small distance om Rome.

us, and his Lieutenant.

ill fly to the Roman?

! know what witchcraft's in

Your soldiers use him as the grace fore meat, Their talk at table, and their thanks at end; And you are darken'd in this action, sir, Even by your own.

Auf. I cannot help it now; Unless, by using means, I lame the foot Of our design. He bears himself more pread- ller

Even to my person than I thought he would, When first I did embrace him: Yet his nature In that's no changeling; and I must excuse What cannot be amended.

Lient. Yet I wish, sir, (I mean for your particular,) you had not Join'd in commission with him: But either Had borne the action of yourself, or else To him had left it solely. [sure,

Auf. I understand thee well; and be thou When he shall come to his account, he knows not [seems,

What I can urge against him. Although it And so he thinks, and is no less apparent To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly, And shows good husbandry for the Volcian state;

Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon As draw his sword: yet he hath left undone That, which shall break his neck or hazard mine,

Whene'er we come to our account.

Lient. Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll carry Rome? [down;]

Auf. All places yield to him ere he sits And the nobility of Rome are his:

The senators and patricians love him too: The tribunes are no soldiers; and their people Will be as rash in the repeat; as hasty

To expel him thence. I think he'll be to Rome, As is the osprey to the fish, who takes it By sovereignty of nature. First he was

A noble servant to them; but he could not Carry his honour even: whether 'twas pride, Which out of daily fortune ever taints

The happy man; whether defect of judgment, To fall in the disposing of those chances

Which he was lord of; or whether nature, Not to be other than one thing, not moving

From the casque to the cushion, but com- manding peace

Even with the same austerity and garb As he controll'd the war; but, one of these,

(As he hath spies of them all, not all,) For I dare so far free him,) made him fear'd,

So hated, and so banish'd: But he has a merit, To choke it in the utterance. So our virtues

Lie in the interpretation of the time: And power, unto itself most commendable,

Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair To extol what it hath done.

One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail; Rights by rights foeler, strengths by strengths

do fall. [thence, Come, let's away. When, Caius, Rome is

Then art poss'n of all; then shortly art thou mine. [Exeunt.

to a pack of hounds. chair of civil authority.

† An eagle that preys on fish. ‡ Helms.

‡ Not all in their full strength.

ACT V.

SCENE I. Rome. *A public Place.*MENENIUS, COMINIUS, SICINIUS,
BRUTUS, and Others.Men. No, I'll not go: you hear what he
hath said,[him,] Which was sometime his general; who loved
me with a particular. He call'd me father:I'll not offend. Go, you that banish'd him,
and bid his tent fall down, and kneelto pray into his mercy: Nay, if he cry'd
"When Cominius speak, I'll keep at home."

Com. He would not seem to know me.

Men. Do you hear?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my
name:I'll get our old acquaintance, and the drops
of we have bled together. CoriolanusHe would not answer to: forbid all names;
He was a kind of nothing, titleless,[till he had forged himself a name in the fire
Of burning Rome.]Men. Why, so; you have made good work:
A pair of tribunes that have rack'd for Rome,
To make coals cheap: A noble memory!Com. I minded him, how royal 'twas to par-
don when it was less expected: He replied, [donit was a bare petition of a state
To one whom they had punish'd.]

Men. Very well:

Could he say less?

Com. I offer'd to awaken his regard
To his private friends: His answer to me was,

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Who,

For m

verified * my friends, (verity †
chief,) with all the size that
lapsing suffer: nay, sometimes,
upon a subtle ‡ ground,
past the throw; and in his praise
lump'd the leasing §: Therefore,
ive to pua. [fellow,

sir, if you had told as many lies
you have uttered words in your
id not pass here: no, though it
us to lie, as to live chastely.
back.

ee, fellow, remember my name
ways factionary on the party of

ever you have been his liar, (as
ive) I am one that, telling true
st say, you cannot pass. There-

e dilud, can'st thou tell? for I
sk with him till after dinner.

: a Roman, are you?
as thy general is.

ou should hate Rome, as he does.

you have pushed out your gates
ler of them, and, in a violent po-

-, given your enemy your shield,
is revenges with the easy groans

he virginal palms of your daugh-

er palsied intercession of such a
t, as you seem to be? Can you

out the intended fire your city
ne in, with such weak breath as

are deceived; therefore, back
prepare for your execution: you

l, our general has sworn you out
of pardon.

l, If thy captain knew I were
use me with estimation.

my captain knows you not.
in, thy general.

teral cares not for you. Back, I
forth your half pint of blood;—

re utmost of your having:—back,
but fellow, fellow,—

RIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.
s the matter?

you companion †, I'll say an er-
you shall know now that I am

ot office me from my son Corio-
nt by my entertainment with him,

not † the state of hanging, or of
ore long in spectatorship, and

ring; behold now presently, and
t's to come upon thee.—'He glin

in hourly symol about thy parti-
ty, and love thee no worse than

Menenius does! O, my soul! my
preparing fire for me; look thee,

quench it. I was hardly moved to
but being assured, none but my-

e thee, I have been blown out of
b sight; and conjure thee to par-
d thy petitionary countrymen.

The good gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the
dregs of it upon this varlet here; this, who,
like a block, hath denied my access to thee.

Cor. Away!

Men. How! away!

Cor. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My
Are servanted to others: Though I owe

My revenge properly, my remission lies
In Volcian breasts. That we have been familiar,

Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison, rather [gone.
Than pity, note how much.—Therefore, be

Mine ears against your suits are stronger, than
Your gates against my force. Yet, for † I loved

Take this along; I writ it for thy sake, [thee,
(Gives a Letter.

And would have sent it. Another word, Me-
nenius, [dins,

I will not hear thee speak.—This man, Anti-
Was my beloved in Rome: yet thou behold'st—

Auf. You keep a constant temper.

(Exit CORIOLANUS and AUFID.

1 G. Now, sir, is your name Menenius.

2 G. 'Tis a spell, you see, of much power:
You know the way home again.

1 G. Do you hear how we are shent ‡ for
keeping your greatness back? [swoon!

2 G. What cause, do you think, I have to

Men. I neither care for the world, nor your
general: for such things as you, I can scarce

think there's any, you are so slight. He that
bath a will to die by himself, fears it not from

another. Let your general do his worst. For
you, be that you are long; and your misery

increase with your age! I say to you, as I was
said to, Away! [Exit.

1 G. A noble fellow, I warrant him.

2 G. The worthy fellow is our general: He
is the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken.

(Exit.

SCENE III. The Tent of Coriolanus.

Enter CORIOLANUS, AUFIDIUS, and Others.

Cor. We will before the walls of Rome to-
morrow

Set down our host.—My partner in this action,
You must report to the Volcian lords, how

I have borne this business. [plainly;
Auf. Only their ends

You have respected; stopp'd your ears against
The general suit of Rome; never admitted

A private whisper, no, not with such friends
That thought them sure of you.

Cor. This last old man,

Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to
Rome,

Loved me above the measure of a father;
Nay, goddied me, indeed. Their latest refuge

Was to send him: for whose old love, I have
(though I show'd sorely to him,) once more

offer'd

The first conditions, which they did refuse,
And cannot now accept, to grace him only,

That thought he could do more; a very fool
I have yielded too: Fresh embassies, and so;

o. † Truth.
** Jack in office.

‡ Deceitful.
†† Because.

§ Lie.
== Reprimanded.

! Doted.
% O

Nor from the state, nor private friends, here-
after

Will I lend ear to.—Ha! what shout is this!

(Shout within.)

Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow

In the same time 'tis made? I will not.—

*Enter in mourning habits VIRGILIA, VOL-
LUMNIA, leading young MARCIUS, VALE-
RIA, and Attendants.*

My wife comes foremost; then the honour'd
mauld

Wherein this trunk was framed, and in her

The grandchild to her blood. But, out, affec-

All bond and privilege of nature, break! *(toss)*

Let it be virtuous, to be obstinate.— *(eyes)*

What is that court'ey worth? or those doves'

Which can make gods forsworn!—I melt, and

am not *(bows)*

Of stronger earth than others.—My mother

As if Olympus to a molehill should

In supplication nod; and my young boy

Hath an aspect of intercession, which

Great nature cries, *Deny not*.—Let the Voices

Plough Rome, and harrow Italy; I'll never

Be such a goaling,* to obey instinct; but stand,

As if a man were author of himself,

And knew no other kin.

Vir. My lord and husband!

Cor. These eyes are not the same I wore in
Rome.

Vir. The sorrow, that delivers us thus

Makes you think so. *(changes)*

Cor. Like a doll actor now,

I have forgot my part, and I am out,

From a full dress. Rest of act, scene.

seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner
to assault thy country, than to tread,
to't, thou shalt not,) on thy mother's
brought thee to this world. [womb,

Ay, and on mine,
brought you forth this boy, to keep your
to time. [name

He shall not tread on me;
away, till I am bigger, but then I'll
Not of a woman's tenderness to be, [fight.
nor child nor woman's face to see.
is not too long. [Riding.

Nay, go not from us thus.
so, that our request did tend
the Romans, thereby to destroy
whom you serve, you might con-

scious of your honour: No; our suit
let you reconcile them: while the Volces
say, *This mercy we have shoud; the*
Romans,

received; and each in either side
the all-hail to thee, and cry, *Be bless'd,*
making up this peace! Thou know'st,
great son,

kind of war's uncertain; but this certain,
all thou conquer Rome, the benefit
thou shalt thereby reap, is such a name,
the repetition will be dogg'd with curses;
the chronicle thus writ,—*The man was*
noble,

with his last attempt he wiped it out;
broy'd his country; and his name re-

main'd [me, son:
like enduring age, abhorr'd. Speak to
I had affected the fine strains of honour,
mitate the graces of the gods;
war with thunder the wide cheeks o'the air,
I yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt
I should but rive an oak. Why dost not
speak?

Art thou it honourable for a noble man
to remember wrongs?—Daughter, speak
you! [boy:

care not for your weeping.—Speak thou,
hugs, thy childishness will move him more
than our reasons.—There is no man in
the world [me prate

is bound to his mother; yet here he lets
a one of the stocks. Thou hast never in thy
w'd thy dear mother any courtesy; [life
on she (poor hen!) fond of no second brood,
clock'd thee to the wars, and safely home,
don with honour. Say, my request's un-
lasp me back: But, wit be not so, [just,
I art not honest; and the gods will plague
thee,

I then restrain'd from me the duty, which
a mother's part belongs.—He turns away:
on, ladies; let us shame him with our
tears,

his surname Coriolanus 'longs more pride,
a pity to our prayers. Down; an end:
in the last;—So we will home to Rome,
die among our neighbours.—Nay, behold
on:

This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
But kneels, and holds up hands, for fellowship,
Does reason our petition with more strength
Than thou hast to deny't.—Come, let us go:
This fellow had a Volcian to his mother;
His wife is in Corioli, and his child
Like him by chance:—Yet give us our des-
I am hush'd until our city be afire, [patch:
And then I'll speak a little.

Cor. O mother, mother!
[Holding VOLUMNIA by the hands, silent.
What have you done? Behold the heavens
do open,

The gods look down, and this unnatural scene
They laugh at. O my mother, mother! O!
You have won a happy victory to Rome:
But, for your son,—believe it, O, believe it,
Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,
If not most mortal to him. But, let it come:—
Audius, though I cannot make true wars,
I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Au-

dius, [heard
Were you in my stead, say, would you have
A mother less? or granted less, Audius?

Auf. I was moved withal.
Cor. I dare be sworn you were:
And, sir, it is no little thing, to make [sir,
Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good
What peace you'll make, advise me: For my
part, [you,

I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you; and pray
Stand to me in this cause.—O mother! wife!
Auf. I am glad thou hast set thy mercy and
thy honour

At difference in thee: out of that I'll work
Myself a former fortune. [Aside.
[The Ladies make signs to CORIOLANUS.

Cor. Ay, by and by;
[To VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, &c.
But we will drink together: and you shall bear
A better witness back than words, which we,
On like conditions, will have counter-seal'd.
Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve
To have a temple built you: all the swords
In Italy, and her confederate arms,
Could not have made this peace. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. *Rome. A Public Place.*
Enter MENENIUS AND SICINUS.
Men. See you yond' coign of the Capitol:
yond' corner stone?
Sic. Why, what of that?
Men. If it be possible for you to displace it
with your little finger, there is some hope the
ladies of Rome, especially his mother, may
prevail with him. But I say, there is no hope
in't; our throats are sentenced, and stay upon
execution.
Sic. Is't possible, that so short a time can
alter the condition of a man?
Men. There is difference between a grub
and a butterfly: yet your butterfly was a grub.
This Marcius is grown from man to dragon;
he has wings; he's more than a creeping thing.
Sic. He loved his mother dearly.
Men. So did he meet and he no more re-

He is not now, than an eight year
old boy. The firmness of his face seems ripe
for age. When he walks, he moves like an
engine, and the ground sinks before his
treading. He is able to pierce a corslet with
his eye, tells like a knell, and his hum is a
cannon. He sits in his state, as a thing made
for Alexander. What he bids be done, is
performed with his bidding. He wants nothing
but a good testimony, and a heaven to throne it.

Sic. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. I point him in the character. Mark
what mercy his mother shall bring from him.
There is no more mercy in him than there is
milk in a male tiger; that shall our poor city
taste; and all this is 'long of you.

Sic. The gods be good unto us!

Men. No, in such a case the gods will not
be good unto us. When we banished him, we
respected not them; and he returning to break
our necks, they respect not us.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to
your house;

The plebeians have got your fellow tribune,
And hale him up and down; all swearing, if
The Roman ladies bring not comfort home,
They'll give him death by inches.

Enter another Messenger.

Sic. What's the news?

Mess. Good news, good news;—The ladies
have prevail'd,

The Voices are dislodged, and Marcius gone:

A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,

No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.

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with his countenance*, as if
recovery.

So he did, my lord;
vell'd at it. And, in the last,
I carried Rome; and that we
oil than glory,— [look'd]

There was it:—
sinews shall be stretch'd upon

of women's rheum †, which are
as, he sold the blood and labour
ction: Therefore shall he die,
me in his fall. But, hark!
and Trumpets sound, with
shouts of the People.

native town you enter'd like a

elcomes home; but he returns,
ir with noise.

And patient fools,
n he hath slain, their last throats
in glory. [tear.]

Therefore, at your vantage,
himself, or move the people
would say, let him feel your

I second. When he lies along,
y his tale pronounced shall bury
th his body.

Say no more;

Lords.

the Lords of the City.

are most welcome home.

I have not deserved it.
ds, have you with heed perused
ritten to you?

We have.

And grieve to hear it.
made before the last, I think,
and easy fines; but there to end,
to begin; and give away
our levies, answering us
charge ‡; making a treaty where
ielding; this admits no excuse.
proaches, you shall hear him.

ANUS, with Drums and Co-
rowd of Citizens with him.

rd! I am returned your soldier:
ed with my country's love,
arted hence, but still subsisting
at command. You are to know,
sly I have attempted, and
usage, led your wars, even to
me. Our spoils we have brought

ounterpoise, a full third part,
f the action. We have made
mour to the Antiates †, [peace,
the Romans: And we here de-

the consuls and patricians,
he seal o'the senate, what
ounded on.

Read it not, noble lords;

But tell the traitor, in the highest degree
He hath abused your powers.

Cor. Traitor!—How now?

Auf. Ay, traitor, Marcius.

Cor. Marcius!

Auf. Ay, Marcius, Calus Marcius: Dost
thou think [name]

I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n
Coriolanus in Corioli?—

You lords and heads of the state, perfidiously
He has betray'd your business, and given up,
For certain drops of salt, your city Rome.

(I say, your city,) to his wife and mother:

Breaking his oath and resolution, like

A twist of rotten silk; never admitting

Counsel o'the war; but at his nurse's tears

He whined and roared away your victory;

That pages blush'd at him; and men of heart

Look'd wondering each at other.

Cor. Hear'st thou, Mars?

Auf. Name not the god, thou boy of tears,—

Cor. Ha!

Auf. No more ¶!

Cor. Measureless liar, thou hast made my
heart

Too great for what contains it. Boy! O
slave!—

Pardon me, lords, 'tis the first time that ever
I was forced to scold. Your judgments, my
grave lords,

Must give this cur the lie: and his own notion
(Who wears my stripes impress'd on him; that
must bear

My beating to his grave;) shall join to thrust
The lie unto him.

1 Lord. Peace, both, and hear me speak.

Cor. Cut me to pieces, Voices; men and
lads, [bound!]

Stain all your edges on me.—Boy! False

If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,

That like an eagle in a dovecote, I

Flatter'd your Voices in Corioli:

Alone I did it.—Boy!

Auf. Why, noble lords,

Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,

Which was your shame, by this unholy brag?

'Fore your own eyes and ears? [gait,

Cor. Let him die for't.

[Several speak at once.

Cit. [Speaking promiscuously.] Tear him
to pieces, do it presently. He killed my son;
—my daughter;—He killed my cousin Mar-
cius;—He killed my father.—

2 Lord. Peace, ho;—no outrage;—peace.

The man is noble, and his fame folds in
This orb o'the earth **. His last offence to us
Shall have judicious † hearing.—Stand, Auf-
And trouble not the peace. [dins,

Cor. O, that I had him,

With six Audiduses, or more, his tribe,

To use my lawful sword!

Auf. Insolent villain!

Cor. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him.

[Auridius and the Complicators draw

* Thought me rewarded with good looks.

† People of Antium.

‡ Drops of

boy of tears.

** His fame overpreads the world.

† Tears.

‡ Drops of

11 3w

*and kill CORIOLANUS, who falls, and
AUCIDIUS stands on him.]*

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold.

Auf. My noble masters, hear me speak.

1 Lord. O Tullus—

2 Lord. Thou hast done a deed whereat
valour will weep. [be quiet;

3 Lord. Tread not upon him.—Masters all,
Put up your swords. [this rage,

Auf. My lords, when you shall know (as in
Provoked by him, you cannot,) the great
danger

Which this man's life did owe you, you'll re-
joice

That he is thus cut off. Please it your honours
To call me to your senate, I'll deliver
Myself your loyal servant, or endure
Your heaviest censure.

• Mem

The tragedy of **CORIOLANUS** is one of the
The old man's merriment in Menenius; the
modesty in Virgilia; the patrician and milita
malignity and tribunitian insolence in Brutus ar
ing variety; and the various revolutions of th
curiosity. There is, perhaps, too much bustle
JOHNSON.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Persons represented.

CÆSAR,
CÆSAR,
ANTONIUS, } *triumvirs, after the*
LEPIDUS, } *death of Julius*
PUBLIUS, POTILIUS LENA; some-
Cæsar.

BRUTUS,
BRUTUS, } *Conspirators against*
CINER, } *Julius Cæsar.*

and MARULLUS, tribunes.
CRUS, a sophist of Caldes.
YER.

CINNA, a poet. Another Poet.
LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, young
CATO, and VOLUENTIUS; friends to Bru-
tus and Cæsar.
VARRO, CLITUS, CLAUDIUS, STRATO, LU-
CIUS DARDANIUS; servants to Brutus.
PINDARUS, servant to Cæsar.

CALPURNIA, wife to Cæsar.
PORTIA, wife to Brutus.

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &c.

Scene, during a great part of the Play, at
Rome: afterwards at Sardis; and near
Philippi.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Rome. A Street.

AVIUS, MARULLUS, and a Flabbe
of Citizens.

ance; home, you idle creatures, get
home;

oliday! What! know you not,
banical, you ought not walk,
boaring day, without the sign
of a profession!—Speak, what trade art
thou? Vhy, sir, a carpenter. (thou?
here is thy leather apron and thy rule;
show with thy best apparel out!—
what trade art thou?)

Truly, sir, in respect of a fine work-
as you would say, a cobbler. (man,
at what trade art thou? Answer me
stly.)

A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may use
with conscience; which is, indeed, sir,
of bad soles.

That trade, thou knave; thou magh-
what trade?

ay, I beseech you, sir, be not out
yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend

That meanest thou by that? Mend
any fellow?

Vhy, sir, cobbler you.

How art a cobbler, art thou?

Truly, sir, all that I live by is, with

I meddle with no tradesman's
or women's matters, but with awl.
eod, sir, a surgeon to old shoes;
ere in great danger, I recover them.
men as ever trod upon men's in-
gone upon my handy-work.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop
to-day? Why dost thou lead these men about
the streets?

2 Cit. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes
to get myself into more work. But, indeed,
sir, we make holiday, to see Cæsar, and to re-
joice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest
brings he home?

What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than sense-
less things!

O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome.
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and
oft

Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-
tops,

Your infants in your arms, and there have

The live-long day, with patient expectation,

To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:

And when you saw his chariot but appear,

Have you not made an universal shout,

That Tyber trembled underneath her banks,

To hear the replication of your sounds,

Made in her concave shores?

And do you now put on your best attire?

And do you now call out a holiday?

And do you now strew flowers in his way,

That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?

Be gone;

Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,

Pray to the gods to intermit the plague

That needs must light on this ingratitude. (Exit

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for the
Assembly all the good men of your wills.

Draw them to Tyber banks, and weep your
 Into the channel, till the lowest stream—[tears]
 Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

[*Exeunt Citizens.*]

See, whe's* their basest metal be not moved;
 They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
 Go you down that way towards the Capitol;
 This way will I: Disrobe the images,
 If you do find them deck'd with ceremonialst.

Mar. May we do so?
You know, it is the feast of Lupercal.

Flav. It is no matter; let no images
 Be hang with Caesar's trophies. I'll about,
 And drive away the vulgar from the streets;
 So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
 These growing feathers pluck'd from Caesar's
 Will make him fly an ordinary pitch; [wing]
 Who else would soar above the view of men,
 And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. A public Place.*

*Enter, in Procession, with Music, CESAR;
 ANTONY, for the course; CALPURNIA,
 PORTIA, DECIDUS, CICERO, BRUTUS, CAS-
 SIUS, and CASCA; a great Crowd following,
 among them a Soothsayer.*

Ces. Calpurnia,—

Casca. Peace, ho! Caesar speaks.

[*Music ceases.*]

Ces.

Calpurnia,—

Cal. Here, my lord.

Ces. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,
 When he doth run his course;—Antonius.

Ant. Caesar, my lord.

ye, and death of the other,
both indifferently :
speed me, as I love
more than I fear death.
virtue to be in you, Brutus,
w your outward favour.

subject of my story.—

you and other men

not, for my single self,

as live to be

ing as I myself.

Caesar; so were you :

s well; and we can both

cold as well as he.

and gusty day,

chafing with her shores,

herest thou, Cassius, now

into this angry flood,

r point? Upon the word,

I plunged in,

w : so, indeed, he did.

and we did buffet it

throwing it aside,

th hearts of controversy.

rive the point proposed,

ne, Cassius, or I sink.

at ancestor,

of Troy upon his shoulder

ear, so, from the waves of

ar; And this man [Lyber

ed; and Cassius is

e, and must bend his body,

but nud on him.

en he was in Spain,

as on him, I did mark

is true, this god did shake :

I from their colour fly ;

, whose bend doth awe the

did hear him groan : [world,

ue of his, that bade the

[books,

ite his speeches in their

me some drink, Titinius,

gods, it doth amaze me,

uble temper should

the majestic world,

alone. [Shout. Flourish.

neral shout!

see applauses are [Caesar.

ours that are heap'd on

he doth bestride the narrow

nd we petty men [world

pe legs, and peep about

in honourable graves.

re masters of their fates :

us, is not in our stars,

at we are underlings.

: What should be in that

[yours?

ime be sounded more than

r, yours is as fair a name;

become the nuptial as well;

s heavy; conjure them,

spirit as soon as Caesar.

[Shout.

Now in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meet doth this our Caesar feed,

That he is grown so great? Age, thou art
shamed :

Roma, thou hast lost the breed of noble

When went there by an age, since the great

flood,

But it was framed with more than with one

When could they say, till now, that talk'd of

Rome,

That her wide walks encompass'd but one man?

Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,

When there is in it but one only man.

O! you and I have heard our fathers say,

There was a Brutus once, that would have

brook'd

The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,

As easily as a king.

Brut. That you do love me, I am nothing

jealous; [him?]

What you would work me to, I have some

How I have thought of this, and of these times,

I shall recount hereafter; for this present,

I would not, so with love I might entreat you,

Be any further moved. What you have ask'd,

I will consider; what you have to say,

I will with patience hear; and find a time

Both meet to hear, and answer, such high

things.

Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this;

Brutus had rather be a villager,

Than to repente himself a son of Rome,

Under these hard conditions as this time

Is like to lay upon us.

Cas. I am glad that my weak words

Have struck but this much show of fire from

Brutus.

Re-enter CAESAR, and his Train.

Brut. The games are done, and Caesar is

returning. [alere:]

Cas. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the

And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you

What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

Brut. I will do so:—But look you, Cassius,

The angry spot doth glow on Caesar's brow,

And all the rest look like a chidden train :

Calphurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero

Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes,

As we have seen him in the Capitol,

Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

Cas. Casca will tell us what the matter is.

Cas. Antonius.

Ant. Caesar. [sat:]

Cas. Let me have men about me that are

Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights;

You'd! Cassius has a lean and hungry look;

He thinks too much; such men are dangerous.

Ant. Fear him not, Caesar, he's not dan-

gerous;

He is a noble Roman, and well given.

Cas. Would he were fatter:—But I fear

him not:

Yet, if my name were liable to fear,

I do not know the man I should avoid

So soon as that spare Cassius. He speaks much;

† Temperament, constitution.

‡ Lucius Junius Brutus.

Quoniam. § Ruminare,

¶ A ferret has sharp eyes.

He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men: he loves
no plays,

As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music:
Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be moved to smile at any thing.

Such men as he be never at heart's ease,
Whilst they behold a greater than themselves;
And therefore are they very dangerous.

I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
Than what I fear, for always I am Caesar.

Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Exit* CESAR and his Train.

CASCA stays behind.

Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak: Would
you speak with me?

Bru. Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanced
That Caesar looks so sad. [to-day,

Casca. Why you were with him, were
you not?

Bru. I should not then ask Casca what
hath chanced.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offer'd him;
and being offered him, he put it by with the
back of his hand, thus; and then the people
fell a' shouting.

Bru. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Cas. They shouted thrice: What was the
last cry for?

Casca. Why, for that too.



JULIUS CAESAR.

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at cannot be seduced?
me hard*; but he loves

ow, and he were Cassius,
our† me. I will this night,
at his windows throw,
in several citizens,
g to the great opinion
of his name; wherein ob-
all beglanced at: (scurely
Cæsar seat him sure;
him, or worse days endure.
[Exit.

The same. A Street.

*Antony. Enter, from op-
ca, with his sword drawn,*

Casca: Brought you Cæsar

less? and why stare you so?
you moved, when all the
rth
; unfirm? O Cicero,
is, when the scolding winds
fty oaks; and I have seen
n swell, and rage, and foam,
the threat'ning clouds:
ght, never till now,
tempest dropping fire.
vil strife in heaven;
too saucy with the gods,
and destruction. [suff

ou any thing more wonder-
in slave (you know him well
[burn
and, which did flame and
n join'd; and yet his hand,
t remain'd unscorch'd.
t since put up my sword.)
d I met a lion,

me, and went surly by,
me: And there were drawn
dred ghastly women, [saw
heir fear; who swore, they
ilk up and down the streets.
e bird of night did sit,
upon the market-place,
ing. When these prodigies
ect, let not men say,
asons,—*They are natural;*
are portentous things
hat they point upon.

s a strange-disposed time:
rue things after their fashion,
urpose of the things them-

se Capitol to-morrow?
for he did bid Antonius [row.
t, he would be there to-mor-
then, Casca; this disturbed
[sky

Farewell, Cicero.

[Exit CICERO.

Enter CASSIUS.

Cas. Who's there?

Casca.

A Roman.

Cas.

Casca, by your voice.

Casca. Your ear is good. Casca, what
night is this?

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men

Casca. Whoever knew the heavens menace
so?

Cas. Those, that have known the earth so full

For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night;

And, thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,
Have bared my bosom to the thunder-stone;

And, when the cross blue lightning seem'd to
open

The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt
the heavens?

It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty gods, by tokens, send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us. [of life

Cas. You are dull, Casca; and these sparks
That should be in a Roman you do want,

Or else you use not: You look pale, and gasp,
And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,

To see the strange impatience of the heavens:
But if you would consider the true cause,

Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds, and beasts, from quality and kind;

Why old men, fools, and children calculate;
Why all these things change, from their ordi-

Their natures and pre-formed faculties, [nances,
To monstrous quality; why, you shall find, [rise,
That heaven hath infused them with these spi-

To make them instruments of fear, and warn-
ing,

Unto some monstrous state. Now could I,
Name to thee a man most like this dreadful

night; [roars
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and
As doth the lion in the Capitol:

A man no mightier than thyself, or me,
In personal action; yet prodigious* grown,

And fearful as these strange eruptions are.

Casca. 'Tis Cæsar that you mean: Is it not,
Cassius?

Cas. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Have the worst and limbs like to their ancestors;

But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are
dead,

And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

Casca. Indeed, they say, the senators to-
Mean to establish Cæsar as a king: [tomorrow
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,

In every place, save here in Italy. [these;
Cas. I know where I will wear this dagger
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius:

Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most
strong;

Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat;
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,

ible opinion of me.

[Bolt.

Portentous.

† Cajoled.

Why they deviate from quality and nature.

¶ Minced.

2 X 2

Nor airless dungeon, nor strong locks of iron
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny that I do bear,
I can shake off at pleasure.

Cæsa. So can I:
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity. *[Then*

Cæs. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant
Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep:
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds*.
Those that with haste will make a mighty arm
Begin it with weak straws: What trash

Rome,
What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Cæsar! But, O grief!
Where hast thou led me? I, perhaps, speak ill
Before a willing bondman: then I know
My answer must be made: But I am arm'd
And dangers are to me indifferent. *[Re-enter*

Cæsa. You speak to Cæsa; and to such
That is no fleeing tell-tale: Hold my hand
Be factious! for redress of all these griefs;
And I will set this foot of mine as far
As who goes farthest.

Cæs. There's a bargain made
Now know you, Cæsa, I have moved a great
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans
To undergo, with me, an enterprise

[Of honorable and dangerous consequence.]

That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
Swear priests, and cowards, and men cautelous,

Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt: but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprise,
Nor the insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
To think that or our cause, or our perform-

ance,
Did need an oath: when every drop of blood
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy.

If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.

Cas. But what of Cicero? Shall we sound
him?

I think, he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means.

Met. O let us have him; for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion,

And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:

It shall be said, his judgment rul'd our hands:

Our youths, and wildness, shall no whit ap-

pear
But all be buried in his gravity,

Bru. O, name him not; let us not break
with him;

For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.

Cas. Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed, he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man else be touch'd but only

Cesar? [meet



, what mean you? Wherefore now?
 ur health, thus to commit
 addition to the raw-cold morning.
 r your's neither. You have un-
 Brutus, [per,
 bed: And yesternight, at sup-
 roses, and walk'd about,
 thing, with your arms across:
 k'd you what the matter was,
 on me with ungentle looks:
 ther; then you scratch'd your

lently stamp'd with your foot:
 yet you answer'd not;
 agry warfare of your hand,
 ve to leave you: So I did;
 gthen that impatience, [withal,
 too much enkindled; and,
 but an effect of humour, [man,
 me hath his hour with every
 on eat, nor talk, nor sleep;
 rest so much upon your shape,
 h prevail'd on your condition*,
 ow you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
 dated with your cause of grief.
 ot well in health, and that is all.
 is wise, and were he not in

race the means to come by it.
 so I do:—Good Portia, go to
 us sick! and is it physical [bod.
 ced, and suck up the humours
 morning? What, is Brutus sick;
 al out of his wholesome bed,
 is contagion of the night?
 rheumy; and suppur'd air
 s sickness? No, my Brutus;
 ick offence within your mind,
 ight and virtue of my place,
 w of: And, upon my knees,
 y my once commended beauty,
 ws of love, and that great vow
 corporate and make us one,
 d to me, yourself, your half,
 heavy; and what men to-night
 rt to you: for here have been
 ven, who did hide their faces
 knees.

Kneel not, gentle Portia.
 ld not need, if you were gentle

sd of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
 I should know no secrets
 to you? Am I yourself
 , in sort or limitation;
 you at meals, comfort your bed,
 you sometimes? I dwell I but in
 urbs
 pleasure? If it be no more,
 as' harlot, not his wife.
 re my true and honourable wife;
 , as are the ruddy drops
 nd heart. [this secret
 were true, then should I know

I grant I am a woman; but, withal,
 A woman that lord Brutus took to wife:
 I grant I am a woman; but, withal,
 A woman well-reputed; Cato's daughter.
 Think you, I am so stronger than my sex,
 Being so father'd and so husbanded?
 Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose them:
 I have made strong proof of my constancy,
 Giving myself a voluntary wound
 Here, in the thigh: Can I bear that with
 And not my husband's secrets? [patience,
 Bru. O ye gods,
 Render me worthy of this noble wife!

[Knocking within.
 Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in a
 while;

And by and by thy bosom shall partake
 The secrets of my heart.
 All my engagements I will construe to thee,
 All the character of my sad brows:—
 Leave me with haste. [Exit PORTIA.

Enter LUCIUS and LIGARIUS.

Lucius, who is that knocks?
 Luc. Here is a sick man, that would speak
 with you. [of.—

Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake
 Boy, stand aside.—Caius Ligarius! how?

Lig. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble
 tongue. [brave Caius,

Bru. O, what a time have you chose out,
 To wear a kerchief! Would you were not sick!

Lig. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
 Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand,
 Ligarius,

Had you a beneficial ear to hear of it. [fore,

Lig. By all the gods that Romans bow be-
 I here discard my sickness. Soul of Rome!
 Brave son, derived from honourable loins!
 Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjured up
 My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,
 And I will strive with things impossible;
 Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

Bru. A piece of work, that will make sick
 men whole. [make sick!

Lig. But are not some whole, that we must

Bru. That must we also. What it is, my
 I shall unfold to thee, as we are going [Caius,
 To whom it must be done.

Lig. Set on your foot;
 And, with a heart new-dred, I follow you,
 To do I know not what: but it seduceth
 That Brutus leads me on.

Bru. Follow me then.
 [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *The same. A Room in Caesar's
 Palace.*

*Thunder and Lightning. Enter Caesar, in
 his Night-gown.*

Car. Nor heaven, nor earth, have been at
 peace to-night:
 Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep shriek'd out,
 Help, ho! they murder Caesar! What's
 within?

* Damp.

† Moisture.

‡ All that is characterised on.

§ The residence of Calphurnia.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord?

Cal. Go bid the priests do present sacrifices,
And bring me their opinions of success.

Serv. I will, my lord. *[Exit.]*

Enter CALPURNIA.

Cal. What mean you, Caesar? Think you to
go forth?

You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

Cal. Caesar shall forth: The things that
threaten'd me, *[see]*
Never look'd but on my back; when they shall
The face of Caesar, they are vanished.

Cal. Caesar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Best for the things that we have heard and seen,
Remembers most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelp'd in the streets; *[dead:]*
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks, and squadrons, and right form of war,
Which dazzled blood upon the Capitol:
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan;
And ghosts did shriek, and squeal about the
streets,

O Caesar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

Cal. What can be avoided,
Whose end is purposed by the mighty gods?
Yet Caesar shall go forth: for these predictions
Are to the world in general, as to Caesar.

Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets
seen; *[of princes.]*



JULIUS CÆSAR.

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a.—Caius Ligarius,
much your enemy,
which hath made you lean.

Cæsar, 'tis strucken eight.
for your pains and cour-

ANTONY.
reveals long o' nights,
up:—
ony.

So to most noble Cæsar.
repare within:—

thus waited for. [bonnie
v, Metellus:—What, Tre-
k in store for you;
call on me to-day:
nay remember you.
ill:—and so near will I be,

[Aside.
nds shall wish I had been
[wine with me;
nds, go in, and taste some
ls, will straightway go to-

[Cæsar,
r like is not the same, O
years* to think upon!
[Exeunt.

e same. A Street near
Capitol.

BRUTUS, reading a Paper.
are of Brutus; take heed
not near Casca; have an
ist not Trebonius; mark
ber; Decius Brutus loves
ist wronged Caius Liga-
is one mind in all these
t against Cæsar. If thou
look about you; Secu-
conspiracy. The mighty
Thy lover†, Artemidorus.
ill Cæsar pass along,
I I give him this.
that virtue cannot live
emulation‡.

Cæsar, thou may'st live;
h traitors do contrive.

[Exit.
same. Another Part of
t, before the House of

BRUTIA and LUCIUS.
boy, run to the senate-

me, but get thee gone:
†

Luc. To know my errand, madam.
Por. I would have had thee there, and here
again, [there.—

Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do
O constancy, be strong upon my side!
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and
tongue!

I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel!—
Art thou here yet?

Luc. Madam, what should I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else!
And so return to you, and nothing else?

Por. Yea, bring me word, boy, if thy lord
look well,

For he went sickly forth: And take good note
What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy! what noise is that?

Luc. I hear none, madam.
Por. Pr'ythee, listen well;

I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth‡, madam, I hear nothing.
Enter Soothsayer.

Por. Come hither, fellow:
Which way hast thou been?

Sooth. At mine own house, good lady.
Por. What is't o'clock?

Sooth. About the ninth hour, lady.
Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?

Sooth. Madam, not yet: I go to take my
To see him pass on to the Capitol. [stand,

Por. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast
thou not? [Cæsar

Sooth. That I have, lady: If it will please
To be so good to Cæsar, as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

Por. Why, knowest thou any harm's in-
tended towards him?

Sooth. None that I know will be, much that
I fear may chance. [row:]

Good-morrow to you. Here the street is nar-
The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,
Of senators, of praetors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along.

[Exit.
Por. I must go in.—Ah me! how weak is
The heart of woman is! O Brutus! [thing

The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!
Sure, the boy heard me:—Brutus hath a suit,
That Cæsar will not grant.—O, I grow faint:
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;
Say, I am merry: come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

[Exeunt.

* Grieves.

† Friend.

‡ Envy.

§ Really.

ACT I

SCENE I. *The same. The Capitol; the Senate sitting.*

A Crowd of People in the Street leading to the Capitol; among them ARTEMIDORUS, and the Soothsayer. Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CALPURNIA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, and Others.

Cæs. The ides of March are come.

Sooth. Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.

Art. Hail, Cæsar! Read this schedule.

Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read, At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

Art. O, Cæsar; read mine first; for mine's a suit

That touches Cæsar nearer: Read it, great

Cæs. What toucheth us ourself shall be last served.

Art. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.

Cæs. What, is the fellow mad?

Pub. Sirrah, give place.

Cæs. What, urge you your petitions in the street? Come to the Capitol.

CÆSAR enters the Capitol, the rest following. All the Senators rise.

Pop. I wish your enterprise to-day may

Cæs. What enterprise, Popilius? (thrive.

Pop. Fare you well.

[Advances to CÆSAR.]

Brut. What said Popilius Lenax?

And Cassius too,
Publius!

onfounded with this mu-
[Cæsar's
gether, lest some friend of
[cheer;

standing;—Publius, good
ended to your person,
e! so tell them, Publius.

s, Publius; lest that the
[chief.
d do your age some mis-
d let no man abide this
[deed,

TREBONIUS.
any?

led to his house amazed:
dren, stare, cry out, and
[run,

ill know your pleasures:
know; 'tis but the time,
t, that men stand upon.
t cuts off twenty years of

ers of fearing death.

nd then is death a benefit:
ends, that have abridged
death.—Stoop, Romans,

hands in Cæsar's blood
d besmear our swords:
even to the market-place;

weapons o'er our heads,
Freedom! and Liberty!
and wash*. How many

ene be acted over,
I accents yet unknown?
times shall Cæsar bleed in
y's basilicas along, (sport,
s dust!

No oft as that shall be,
ot of us be call'd
ur country liberty.

we forth!

Ay, every man away!
d we will grace his heels
t and best hearts of Rome.

s Servant.
comes here! A friend of
[kneel;

s, did my master bid me
ny bid me fall down:
s, thus he bade me say.

e, valiant, and honest;
old, royal, and loving;
and I honour him;

honour'd him, and loved
safe, that Antony (him,
him, and be resolved

erved to lie in death,
at love Cæsar dead
ring; but will follow
airs of noble Brutus,

is of this untrod state,
se says my master Antony.

æsar's blood.

Bru. Thy master is a wise and vallant Ro-
I never thought him worse. [man;

Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied; and, by my honour,
Depart untouch'd.

Serv. I'll fetch him presently.
[Exit Servant.

Bru. I know, that we shall have him well
to friend.

Cas. I wish, we may; but yet have I a mind
That fears him much; and my mingling still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Re-enter ANTONY.

Bru. But here comes Antony.—Welcome,
Mark Antony.

Ant. O mighty Cæsar! Dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure?—Fare thee well.

I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank?
If I myself, there is no hour so fit

As Cæsar's death-hour; nor no instrument
Of half that worth, as those your swords, made
rich

With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard, [smoke,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,

I shall not find myself so apt to die:
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

Bru. O Antony! beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands, and this our present act,

You see we do; yet see you but our hands,
And this the bleeding business they have done;
Our hearts you see not, they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome

(As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity,)
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark
Antony;

Our arms, in strength of malice, and our hearts,
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in [fence.
With all kind love, good thoughts, and rever-

Cas. Your voice shall be as strong as any
In the disposing of new dignities. [man's,

Bru. Only be patient, till we have appeased
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cause.

Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand:
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;

Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand:—
Now, Decius Brutus, yours;—now yours, Me-
tellus;

Yours, Cinna; and, my valiant Casca, yours;
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Tre-
bonius.

Gentlemen all,—alas! what shall I say?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward or a flatterer.—

can me speak, let them stay

allow Cassius, go with him ;
as shall be rendered

I will hear Brutus speak.
as Cassius ; and compare their

we hear them rendered.

with some of the Citizens.
into the *Rostrum*.

Brutus is ascended : Sit
at till the last.

[hence]
men, and lovers ! hear me
nd be silent that you may
for mine honour ; and have
onour, that you may believe ;
ir wisdom ; and awake your
ay the better judge. If there
ssembly, any dear friend of
I say, that 'Brutus' love to
than his. If then that friend
us rose against Cæsar, this
lot that I loved Cæsar less,
ome more. Had you rather
g, and die all slaves,—than
dead, to live all free men ?
me, I weep for him ; as he
rejoice at it ; as he was va-
m : but, as he was ambitious,
his tears for his love ; joy for
ur for his valour ; and death
ho is here so base, that would
If any, speak ; for him have
is here so rude, that would
? If any, speak ; for him
Who is here so vile, that will
ry ? If any, speak ; for him
I pause for a reply.

us, none.

[Several speaking at once.
se have I offended. I have
Cæsar, than you should do
question of his death is en-
pitot : his glory not exte-
he was worthy ; nor his of-
r which he suffered death.

DAY and Others, with

CÆSAR'S Body.

ody, mourned by Mark An-
he had no hand in his
re the benefit of his dying, a
onwealth ; as which of you
his I depart ; That, as I slew
r the good of Rome, I have
for myself, when it shall
to need my death.

us, live ! live !

m with triumph home unto

a statue with his ancestors.
be Cæsar.

Cæsar's better parts
v'd in Brutus.

g him to his house with shouts
rymen,— [and clamours.

2 *Cit.* Peace ; silence ! Brutus speaks.

1 *Cit.* Peace, ho !

Brut. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony :
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his
speech

Tending to Cæsar's glories ; which Mark An-
By our permission is allowed to make.

I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [*Exit.*

1 *Cit.* Stay, ho ! and let us hear Mark
Antony.

3 *Cit.* Let him go up into the public chair ;
We'll hear him :—Noble Antony, go up.

Ans. For Brutus' sake, I am beholden to you.

4 *Cit.* What does he say of Brutus ?

3 *Cit.* He says, for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholden to us all.

4 *Cit.* 'Twere best he speak no harm of
Brutus here.

1 *Cit.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.

3 *Cit.* Nay, that's certain ;
We are bless'd that Rome is rid of him.

2 *Cit.* Peace ; let us hear what Antony can

Ans. You gentle Romans,— [*say.*

Cit. Peace, ho ! let us hear him.

Ans. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend
me your ears ;

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

The evil that men do lives after them ;

The good is oft interred with their bones ;

So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus

Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious :

If it were so, it was a grievous fault ;

And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.

Have, under leave of Brutus and the rest,

(For Brutus is an honourable man ;

So are they all, all honourable men.)

Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me :

But Brutus says he was ambitious ;

And Brutus is an honourable man.

He hath brought many captives home to Rome,

Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill :

Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ? [*wept :*

When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff :

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;

And Brutus is an honourable man.

You all did see, that on the Lupercal,

I thrice presented him a kingly crown,

Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambi-
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious ; [*thou ?*

And, sure, he is an honourable man.

I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,

But here I am to speak what I do know.

You all did love him once, not without cause ;

What cause withholds you then to mourn for
him ?

O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,

And men have lost their reason ! Bear with me ;

My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,

And I must pause till it come back to me.

1 *Cit.* Methinks, there is much reason in
his sayings.

2 *Cit.* If they consider rightly of the matter.

Caesar has had great wrong. 46
 3 *Cl.* Has he, masters? 16
 I fear there will a worse come in his place. the b
 4 *Cl.* Mark'd ye his words? He would not 26
 take the crown; As
 Therefore, 'tis certain, he was not ambitious.
 1 *Cl.* If it be found so, some will dear 64
 abide it. [with weeping. As
 2 *Cl.* Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire
 3 *Cl.* There's not a nobler man in Rome 74
 than Antony. [speak. You
 4 *Cl.* Now mark him, he begins again to The
Ant. But yesterday, the word of Caesar 'Twa
 might [there, That
 Look
 Have stood against the world: now lies he
 And none so poor * to do him reverence. See
 O masters! if I were disposed to stir Thro
 Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage, And
 I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong, Mar
 Who, you all know, are honourable men. As
 I will not do them wrong; I rather choose If B
 To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you, For
 Than I will wrong such honourable men. Jud
 But here's a parchment, with the seal of Caesar, This
 I found it in his closet, 'tis his will: For
 Let but the commons hear this testament, Ingr
 (Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,) Quil
 And they would go and kiss dead Caesar's
 wounds,
 And dip their napkins† in his sacred blood; And
 Yes, beg a hair of him for memory, Eve
 And, dying, mention it within their wills, Wh
 Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy, O, v
 Unto their issue. The

as Brutus is:
 me all, a plain blunt man, [well
 friend; and that they know full
 public leave to speak of him.
 ther wit, nor words, nor worth,
 erance, nor the power of speech,
 blood: I only speak right on;
 which you yourselves do know;
 at Caesar's wounds, poor, poor
 ouths, [tas,
 speak for me: But were I Brutus,
 ny, there were an Antony
 p your spirits, and put a tongue
 d of Caesar, that should move
 Rome to rise and mutiny.
 mutiny.

burn the house of Brutus.
 then, come, seek the conspir-
 [me speak.
 ar me, countrymen; yet hear
 ho! Hear Antony, most noble
 [not what:
 friends, you go to do you know
 Caesar thus deserved your loves?
 not:—I must tell you then:—
 ot the will I told you of.
 me;—the will;—let's stay, and
 will. [real.
 is the will, and under Caesar's
 an citizen he gives,
 al man, seventy-five drachmas*.
 noble Caesar!—we'll revenge
 al Caesar! [his death.
 me with patience.
 ho! [walks,
 ver, he hath left you all his
 ours, and new-planted orchards,
 iber; he hath left them you,
 ists for ever; common pleasures,
 id, and recreate yourselves.
 ear: When comes such another?
 r, never:—Come, away, away:
 body in the holy place,
 rands fire the traitors' houses.
 ody.
 etch fire.
 z down benches. [thing.
 k down forms, windows, any
 rent Citizens, with the Body.
 let it work: Mischief, thou art
 [fellow!
 at course thou wilt!—How now,
 Enter a Servant.
 Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ans. Where is he?

Serv. He and Lepidus are at Caesar's house.

Ans. And thither will I straight to visit him:
 He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
 And in this mood will give us any thing.

Serv. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius
 Are rid like madmen through the gates of
 Rome. [people,

Ans. Belike they had some notice of the
 How I had moved them. Bring me to Octa-
 vius. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. *The same. A street.*

Enter CINNA, the Poet.

Cin. I dreamt to-night, that I did feast with
 Caesar,
 And things unluckily charge my fantasy:
 I have no will to wander forth of doors,
 Yet something leads me forth.

Enter Citizens.

1 Cit. What is your name?
 2 Cit. Whither are you going?
 3 Cit. Where do you dwell? [lor?
 4 Cit. Are you a married man, or a bache-
 2 Cit. Answer every man directly.
 1 Cit. Ay, and briefly.
 4 Cit. Ay, and wisely.
 3 Cit. Ay, and truly, you were best.
 Cin. What is my name? Whither am I go-
 ing? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man,
 or a bachelor? Then to answer every man di-
 rectly, and briefly, wisely, and truly. Wisely
 I say, I am a bachelor.

3 Cit. That's as much as to say, they are fools
 who marry:—You'll bear me a bang for that,
 I fear. Proceed; directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to Caesar's funeral.

1 Cit. As a friend, or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend.

2 Cit. That matter is answered directly.

4 Cit. For your dwelling,—briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3 Cit. Your name, sir, truly.

Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.

1 Cit. Tear him to pieces, he's a conspirator.

Cin. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the
 poet.

4 Cit. Tear him for his bad verses, tear him
 for his bad verses.

2 Cit. It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck
 but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

3 Cit. Tear him, tear him. Come, brands,
 ho! fire-brands. To Brutus', to Cassius'; burn
 all. Some to Decius' house, and some to Cas-
 ca's; some to Ligarius': away; go. [Exeunt.

ACT IV.

*The same. A Room in Antony's
 House.*

TAVIUS, and LEPIDUS, seated
 at a Table.

many then shall die; their names
 sh'd. [you, Lepidus?
 brother, too, must die; Consent
 consent.

Oct. Prick him down, Antony.

Lep. Upon condition Publius shall not live,
 Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

Ans. He shall not live; look, with a spot I
 damn him.

But, Lepidus, go you to Caesar's house;
 Fetch the will hither, and we will determine
 How to cut off some change in legacies.

* Greek coin.

? See mark.

Exeunt.
 3 Y 2

Lep. What, shall I find you here? But
Oct. Or here, or at See
The Capitol. [*Exit LEPIDUS.*] B
Ant. This is a slight unmeritable man, Hot
Meet to be sent on errands: Is it fit, L
The three-fold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it? But
Oct. So you thought him; Not
And took his voice who should be prick'd to As I
In our black sentence and proscription. [die, E
Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than A h
you; Wh
And though we lay these honours on this man, It u
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads, The
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold: But
To groan and sweat under the business, Ma
Either led or driven as we point the way; But
And having brought our treasure where we will, The
Then take we down his load, and turn him off, Sin
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears, I
And graze in commons.
Oct. You may do your will; The
But he's a tried and valiant soldier. Are
Ant. So is my horse, Octavius; and, for that, I
I do appoint him store of provender. Ma
It is a creature that I teach to fight, C
To wind, to stop, to run directly on; E
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit. E
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so; [forth: E
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go E
A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds E
On objects, arts, and imitations; C
Which, out of use, and staled by other men, I
Begin his fashion; Do not talk of him. I

time as this, it is not meet
offence should bear his com-

all you, Cassius, you yourself
is'd to have an itching palm;
our offices for gold,

an itching palm?
ou are Brutus that speak this,
is speech were else your last;
se of Cassius honours this

doth therefore hide his head.
ent! (remember!
er March, the ides of March
us bleed for justice' sake?
b'd his body, that did stab,
e? What, shall one of us,
remost man of all this world,
g robbers; shall we now
fingers with base bribes?
y space of our large honours,
t, as may be grasped thus!—
dog, and bay† the moon,
an.

Brutus, bay not me,
; you forget yourself,
; I am a soldier, I
; abler than yourself
ns).

Go to; you're not, Cassius.

I are not. (self;
no more, I shall forget my-
your health, tempt me no
ight man! (further.
ble?

Hear me, for I will speak.
and room to your rash choleric?
ed when a madman stares?
al ye gods! Must I endure
(proud heart break;
; ay, more: Pret, till your
aves how choleric you are,
bondmen tremble. Must I

on? Must I stand and crouch
humour? By the gods,
he venom of your spleen,
you: for, from this day forth,
y mirth, yea, for my laughter,
aspish.

Is it come to this?
you are a better soldier:
make your vaunting true,
see me well: For mine own
learn of noble men. (part,
ag me every way, you wrong
; soldier, not a better:

id, I care not.
near lived, he durst not thus
ed me. (tempted him.
peace; you durst not so have

Cas. I durst not?

Brus. No.

Cas. What? durst not tempt him?

Brus. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my
I may do that I shall be sorry for. (love,

Brus. You have done that you should be
sorry for.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats:
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me, as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you [me;
For certain sums of gold, which you denied
For I can raise no money by vile means:
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to

wring (trash,
From the hard hands of peasants their vile
By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions, [Cassius?
Which you denied me: Was that done like
Should I have answer'd Calves Calves so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!

Cas. I denied you not.

Brus. You did.

Cas. I did not:—he was but a fool,
That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath
rived my heart:

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Brus. I do not, till you practise them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Brus. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such
faults. (do appear

Brus. A flatterer's would not, though they
As huge as high Olympus. (come,

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is weary of the world:
Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother:
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults ob-
served,

Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes!—There is my
dagger,

And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be't a Roman, take it forth;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovest
Than ever thou lovest Cassius. (him better

Brus. Sheath your dagger:
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be honour.
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb
That carries anger, as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius lived

ling.
o confer the offices at my disposal.

; Limit my authority;
I Com. . . .

with me, [gave me,
When that rash humour, which my mother
Makes me forgetful!

Bru. Yes, Cassius; and, henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides; and leave you
so. [Noise within.

Poet. *[Within.]* Let me go in to see the
generals; [meet]
There is some grudge between them, 'tis not
They be alone.

Luc. *[Within.]* You shall not come to them.

Poet. *[Within.]* Nothing but death shall
stay me.

Enter Poet.

Cas. How now? What's the matter?

Poet. For shame, you generals; What do
you mean? [should be;
Love, and be friends, as two such men
For I have seen more years, I am sure, than
ye. [chime!]

Cas. Ha, ha; how vilely doth this cynic

Bru. Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow,
hence.

Cas. Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.

Bru. I'll know his humour, when he knows
his time; [fools?]
What should the wars do with these jiggling
Companions*, hence.

Cas. Away, away, be gone.

[Exit Poet.]

Enter LUCILIUS and TITINIUS.

Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the com-
manders

Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

Cas. And come yourselves, and bring Mes-
sengers immediately to us. [sala with you]

[Exit LUCILIUS and TITINIUS.]

Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine. [angry.]

Cas. I did not think, you could have been so

Bru. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

ke a fuller number up,
d, new-added, and encon-

utrage shall we cut him off,
do face him there,
our back.

Hear me, good brother.
our pardon.—You must note

'd the utmost of our friends,
rim-full, our cause is ripe:
meth every day,
, are ready to decline.
the affairs of men, [tune;
the flood, leads on to for-
royage of their life
ows, and in miseries.
are we now afloat;
the current when it serves,
ires.

Then, with your will, go on;
lives, and meet them at Phi-
[talk,
p of night is crept upon our
obey necessity;
iggard with a little rest.
to say?

No more. Good night;
will we rise, and hence.
my gown. [Exit LUCIUS.]
ood Messala;—
ius:—Noble, noble Cassius,
good repose.

O, my dear brother!
ginning of the night:
division 'tween our souls!

Every thing is well.
ht, my lord.

Good night, good brother.
d night, lord Brutus.

Farewell, every one.
Exit CAS. TIT. and MRS.
UCIUS, with the Gown.

Where is thy instrument?
the tent.

hat, thou speak'st drowsily?
me thee not; thou art o'er-

d some other of my men;
ep on cushions in my tent.
nd Claudius!
ERO and CLAUDIUS.
lord?

ou, sirs, lie in my tent, and
false you by and by [sleep;
y brother Cassius.

e you, we will stand, and
e pleasure. [sirs;

t have it so: lie down, good
otherwise bethink me.
re's the book I sought for so;
cket of my gown.

[Servants lie down.
re your lordship did not give

Brus. Bear with me, good boy, I am much
forgetful.

Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

Lur. Ay, my lord, as it please you.

Brus. It does, my boy:
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my duty, sir.

Brus. I should not urge thy duty past thy
might;

I know, young bloods look for a time of rest.

Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.

Brus. It is well done; and thou shalt sleep
again;

I will not hold thee long: If I do live,
I will be good to thee. [Music, and a Song.

This is a sleepy tune:—O murderous slumber!
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
That plays these music?—Gentle knave, good
night;

I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument;
I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good
night. [down,

Let me see, let me see;—Is not the leaf turn'd
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

[He sits down.

Enter the Ghost of CAESAR.

How ill this taper burns!—Ha! who comes
here?

I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition.

It comes upon me:—Art thou any thing?

Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That makest my blood cold, and my hair to
Speak to me, what thou art. [stare!

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Brus. Why comest thou?

Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see me at Phi-
[stare!

Brus. Well;

Then I shall see thee again?

Ghost.

Ay, at Philippi.

[Ghost vanishes.

Brus. Why, I will see thee at Philippi then.
Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest:

Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.—
Boy! Lucius!—Varro! Claudius! sirs, awake!
Claudius!

Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.

Brus. He thinks he still is at his instrument.
Lucius, awake.

Luc. My lord! [so cry'dst out!

Brus. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou

Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did
cry. [any thing?

Brus. Yes, that thou didst: Didst thou see

Luc. Nothing, my lord.

Brus. Sleep again, Lucius. Sirrah, Claudius!
Fellow thou! awake.

Var. My lord.

Claus. My lord,

[sleep?

Brus. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your

Var. Claus. Did we, my lord?

Brus.

Ay; Saw you any thing?

Var. No, my lord: I saw nothing.

Claus.

Ken't, my lord.

Brut. Go, and commend me to my brother
Cassius. And I will set on his powers betimes before,

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The Plains of Philippi.*

Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.

Oct. Now, Antony, our hopes are answer'd:
 You said, the enemy would not come down,
 But keep the hills and upper regions;
 It proves not so: their battles are at hand;
 They mean to warn* us at Philippi here,
 Answering before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tot, I am in their bosoms, and I know
 Wherefore they do it: they could be content
 To visit other places; and come down
 With fearful bravery, thinking, by this face,
 To fasten in our thoughts that they have cou-
 rent 'tis not so. [rage;

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, generals:
 The enemy comes on in gallant show;
 Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
 And something to be done immediately.

Ant. Octavina, lead your battle softly on,
 Upon the left hand of the even field. [left.

Oct. Upon the right hand I, keep thou the

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent?

Oct. I do not cross you; but I will do so.

[March.

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and their

Whits

Struck

Cas

This ti

If Cas

Oct.

The p

Look

I draw

When

Never

Be we

Have

Brut

Unless

Oct.

I was

Brut

Young

Cas.

Join'd

Ant.

Oct.

Defian

If you

If not,

spirit, and resolved
very constantly.
Lucilius.

Now, most noble Brutus,
stand friendly; that we may,
lead on our days to age!
Irs of men rest, still uncertain,
the worst that may befall.
battle, then is this
e we shall speak together:
n determined to do?
the rule of that philosophy,
blame Cato for the death
himself:—I know not how,
owardly and vile,
might fall, so to prevent
-arming myself with patience,
dence of some high powers,
slow.

Then, if we lose this battle,
d to be lead in triumph
ets of Rome? [Roman,
lus, no: think not, thou noble
will go bound to Rome;
it a mind. But this same day
ork the Ides of March begun;
shall meet again I know not.
rasting farewell take:—
ever, farewell, Cassius!
ain, why we shall smile;
this parting was well made.
and for ever, farewell, Brutus,
ain, we'll smile indeed; [thus]
his parting was well made.
n, lead on.—O, that a man
now
ay's business, ere it come!
at the day will end,
and is known.—Come, ho!

[*Exeunt.*]

the same. The Field of Battle.

Enter BRUTUS and MESSALA.
de, Messala, ride, and give
thine

on the other side:
[*Loud Alarms.*]
it once; for I perceive
our in Octavius' wing,
gives them the overthrow.
ala: let them all come down.

[*Exeunt.*]

*the same. Another Part of
the Field.*

Enter CASSIUS and TITINIUS.
Titinius, look, the villains fly!
mine own turn'd enemy:
of mine was turning back;
d, and did take it from him.
s, Brutus gave the word too

ne advantage on Octavius,
fly; his soldiers sell to spoil,
many are all enclosed.

Enter PINDARUS.

Pis. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord!
Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

Cas. This hill is far enough. Look, look,
Titinius;

Are those my tents, where I perceive the fire?
Tit. They are, my lord.

Cas. Titinius, if thou lovest me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in
him,

Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And here again; that I may rest assured,
Whether yond' troops are friend or enemy.

Tit. I will be here again, even with a
thought. [*Exit.*]

Cas. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill;
My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou notest about the field.—

[*Exit PINDARUS.*]

This day I breathed first: time is come round,
And where I did begin, there I shall end;
My life is ran his compass.—Sirrah, what news?

Pis. [Above.] O my lord!

Cas. What news!

Pis. Titinius is
Enclosed round about with horsemen, that
Make to him on the spur;—yet he spurs on.—
Now they are almost on him; now, Titinius!—
Now some 'light:—O, he 'lights too:—he's
ta'en—and hark!

[*Shout.*]

They shout for joy.

Cas. Come down, behold no more.—
O, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

Enter PINDARUS.

Come hither, sirrah:
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do, [thine oath]
Thou should'st attempt it. Come now, keep
Now be a freeman; and, with this good sword,
That ran through Caesar's bowels, search this
bosom.

Stand not to answer: Here, take thou the hilts;
And, when my face is cover'd as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword.—Caesar, thou art re-
venged,

Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [*Dies.*]

Pis. So, I am free; yet would not so have
Durst I have done my will. O Cassius! [beens,
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him.

[*Exit.*]

Re-enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA.

Mes. It is but change, Titinius; for Octa-
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power, [vius
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

Mes. Where did you leave him?

Tit. All disconsolate,
With Pindarus his bondsman on this hill.

Mes. Is not that he, that lies upon the ground?

Tit. He lies not like the living. O my heart!

Mes. Is not that he?

Tit. No, this was he, Messala.

But Cassius is no more.—O setting sun!
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set;
The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds
are done!

Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done
O hateful error, melancholy's child! (this deed,
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of
men

The things that are not! O error, soon con-
ceived,

Thou never comest unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.

Tit. What, Pindarus! Where art thou, Pin-
darus!

Mes. Seek him, Titinius: whilst I go to
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears: I may say, thrusting it;
For piercing steel, and darts envenomed,
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus,
As tidings of this sight.

Tit. Hie you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while.

[*Exit MESSALA.*
Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give 't thee? Didst thou not hear
their shouts?

Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing.
But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I

Hark thee, Dardanius!

[Whispers him.]
I do such a deed?

O, Dardanius!
O, Clitus!

[thee?]
What ill request did Brutus make to me. To kill him, Clitus: Look, he meditates.

How is that noble vessel full of grief, that runs over even at his eyes.

Come hither, good Volaminius: list a word.

Why this, Volaminius: the report of Cæsar hath appear'd to me several times by night: at Sardis, once; in last night, here in Philippi's fields. My hour is come.

Not so, my lord. Nay, I am sure it is, Volaminius. 'Tis the world, Volaminius, how it goes; enemies have beat us to the pit: 'Tis worthy to leap in ourselves, and carry till they push us. Good Volaminius,

know'st, that we two went to school together that our love of old, I pray thee,

when my sword-hilt, whilst I ran on it. That's not an office for a friend, my lord.

[Alarum still.]
Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here.

[Volaminius.]
Farewell to you;—and you;—and you,

thou hast been all this while asleep; and to thee too, Strato.—Countrymen, part doth joy, that yet, in all my life,

no man, but he was true to me. I have glory by this losing day, when Octavius and Mark Antony,

in the conquest shall attain unto. You well at once; for Brutus' tongue almost ended his life's history:

hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,

but labour'd to attain this hour. *[Alarum. Cry within, Fly, fly, fly.]*

fly, my lord, fly. Hence; I will follow thee.

CLITUS, DARDANIUS, and VOLAMINIUS.

I prythee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord:

Thou art a fellow of a good respect; *[it:]* Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face, While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

Strato. Give me your hand first: Fare you well, my lord.

Brutus. Farewell, good Strato.—Cæsar, now be still:

I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

[He runs with his sword, and dies.]
Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, MESSALA, LUCILIUS, and their Army.

Oct. What man is that?

Mess. My master's man.—Strato, where is thy master?

Strato. Free from the bondage you are in, The conquerors can but make a fire of him; For Brutus only overcame himself, And no man else hath honour by his death.

Luc. So Brutus should be found.—I thank thee, Brutus,

That thou hast proved Lucilius' saying true.

Oct. All that served Brutus, I will entertain them*:

Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

Strato. Ay, if Messala will prefer† me to Oct. Do so, Messala. *[you.]*

Mess. How died my master, Strato?

Strato. I held the sword, and he did run on it. *[thee.]*

Mess. Octavius, then take him to follow That did the latest service to my master.

Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them All the conspirators, save only he, *[all:]* Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;

He, only, in a general honest thought, And common good to all, made one of them.

His life was gentle; and the elements So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up, And say to all the world, *This was a man!*

Oct. According to his virtue let us use him, With all respect and rites of burial.

Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie, Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.

So, call the field to rest: and let's away, To part the glories of this happy day. *[Exeunt.]*

* Receive into my service.

† Recommend.

This tragedy many particular passages deserve regard, and the contention and recommendation of Brutus and Cassius is universally celebrated; but I have never been strongly approving it, and think it somewhat cold and unaffecting, compared with some other of Shakespeare's plays: his adherence to the real story, and to Roman manners, seem to have the natural vigour of his genius.—JOHNSON.

Ant. Against my brother Lucius? {field.
Mess. Ay: {state.
 But soon that war had end, and the time's
 Made friends of them, joining their force
 'gainst Caesar;
 Whose better issue in the war, from Italy,
 Upon the first encounter, drave them.
Ant. {Well,
 What worst? {teller.
Mess. The nature of bad news infects the
Ant. When it concerns the fool or coward.
 On: {Tis thus;
 Things, that are past, are done, with me.—
 Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,
 I hear him as he flatter'd.
Mess. {Labienus
 (This is stiff news) hath, with his Parthian force,
 Extended * Asia from Euphrates;
 His conquering banner shook, from Syria
 To Lydia, and to Ionia;
 Whilst—
Ant. Antony, thou wouldst say,—
Mess. {O, my lord!
Ant. Speak to me home, since not the ge-
 neral tongue;
 Name Cleopatra as she's call'd in Rome:
 Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase; and tanst my
 faults {malice
 With such full license, as both truth and
 Have power to utter, O, then we bring forth
 weeds, {told us,
 When our quick winds † lie still; and our life
 Is at our earing ‡. Fare thee well a while.
Mess. At your noble pleasure. {Exit.
Ant. From Sicyon how the news † Speak
 there. {such an one!
1 Att. The man from Sicyon.—Is there
2 Att. He stays ‡ upon your will.
Ant. {Let him appear,—
 These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,
{Enter another Messenger.

living friends in Rome
 s: Sextus Pompeius
 re to Caesar, and commands
 sea: our slippery people
 ver link'd to the deserver,
 past,) begin to throw
 and all his dignities,
 o, high in name and power,
 in blood and life, stands up
 er: whose quality, going on,
 orid may danger: Much is
 [life,
 ourner's* hair, hath yet but
 's poison. Say, our pleasure,
 is under us, requires
 from hence.

t. [Exeunt.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHAR-
 AS, and ALEXAS.

he?

I did not see him since.
 e he is, who's with him,
 is:—
 t:—If you find him sad,
 ; if in mirth, report
 sick: Quick, and return.

[Exit ALEX.
 methinks, if you did love

ie method to enforce

What should I do, I do not?
 ing give him way, cross him
 (lose him.

hest like a fool: the way to
 im not so too far: I wish,

at which we often fear.

er ANTONY.

stony.

I am sick, and sullen.
 y to give breathing to my
 [fall;
 away, dear Charmian, I shall
 long, the sides of nature

Now, my dearest queen,—
 stand further from me.

What's the matter?
 by that same eye, there's
 sews.

ried woman?—You may go;
 ver given you leave to come!
 is I that keep you here,
 pon you; hers you are.
 best know,—

O, never was there queen
 'd! Yet, at the first,
 planted.

Cleopatra,—
 did I think, you can be mine,
 [gods
 wearing shake the throned

Who have been false to Fulvia! Riotous mad-
 ness,
 To be entangled with these mouth-made vows,
 Which break themselves in swearing!

Ant. Most sweet queen,—

Cleo. Nay, pray you, seek no colour for
 your going.

But bid farewell, and go: when you shed
 Then was the time for words: No going then;—
 Eternity was in our lips, and eyes; [poor,
 Bliss in our brows' bent; none our parts so
 But was a race of heaven: They are so still,
 Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
 Art turn'd the greatest liar.

Ant. How now, lady!

Cleo. I would, I had thy inches; thou shouldst
 There were a heart in Egypt. [know,

Ant. Hear me, queen:

The strong necessity of time commands
 Our services a while; but my full heart
 Remains in use with you. Our Italy [poins
 Shines o'er with civil swords: Sextus Pom-
 Makes his approaches to the part of Rome:
 Equality of two domestic powers [to strength,
 Breeds scrupulous faction: The hated, grown
 Are newly grown to love: the condemn'd Pom-
 Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace [pay,
 Into the hearts of such as have not thrived
 Upon the present state, whose numbers
 threaten;

And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge
 By any desperate change: My more particular,
 And that which most with you should safety my
 Is Fulvia's death. [going,

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give
 me freedom,

It does from childishness:—Can Fulvia die??

Ant. She's dead, my queen:

Look here, and, at thy sovereign leisure, read
 The garbells she awak'd†; at the last, best:
 See, when and where she died.

Cleo. O most false love!

Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill
 With sorrowful water? Now I see, I see,
 In Fulvia's death, how mine received shall be.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepared to
 know

The purposes I bear; which are, or cease,
 As you shall give the advice: Now, by the fire,
 That quickens Nilus' slime‡, I go from hence,
 Thy soldier, servant; making peace, or war,
 As thou affect'st.

Cleo. Cut my lace, Charmian, come;—
 But let it be,—I am quickly ill, and well:
 So Antony loves.

Ant. My precious queen, forbear;
 And give true evidence to his love, which
 An honourable trial. [stands

Cleo. So Fulvia told me.

I pr'ythee, turn aside, and weep for her;
 Then bid adieu to me, and say, the tears
 Belong to Egypt§: Good now, play one scene
 Of excellent dissembling; and let it look
 Like perfect honour.

† Look as if I did not send you. ‡ The web of our eye-membrane.
 iv. † Give. ‡ Render my going not dangerous. §§ Can Fulvia be dead
 she occasioned. ¶ Mad of the river Nile. §§ To me, the Queen of Egypt
 3 Z 2

Ant. You'll heat my blood; no more.

Cleo. You can do better yet; but this is

Ant. Now, by my sword,— [mestly.

Cleo. And target,—Still he mends;

But this is not the best: Look, pr'ythee, Char-

How this Herculean Roman does become [mian,

The carriage of his chafe*.

Ant. I'll leave you, lady.

Cleo. Courteous lord, one word.

Sir, you and I must part,—but that's not it:

Sir, you and I have loved,—but there's not it;

That you know well: Something it is I would,—

O, my oblivion! is a very Antony,

And I am all forgotten!

Ant. But that your royalty

Holds idleness your subject, I should take you

For idleness itself.

Cleo. 'Tis sweating labour,

To bear such idleness so near the heart

As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me!

Since my becoming's kill me, when they do not

Eye well to you: Your honour calls you hence;

Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,

And all the gods go with you! upon your sword

Sit laurel'd victory! and smooth success

Be strew'd before your feet!

Ant. Let us go. Come;

Our separation so abides, and flies,

That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,

And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.

Away. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. Rome. An Apartment in

Cæsar's House.

Enter OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, and

To morrow, Cæsar,
I to inform you rightly
and land I can be able,
ent time.

Till which encounter,
oo. Farewell.
my lord: What you shall
time
shall beseech you, sir,
ker.

Doubt not, sir;
ond*. [Exeunt.

mandria. *A Room in the
Palace.*

A, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and
MARDIAN.

—

—

mandragora†.

Why, madam?
ght sleep out this great gap
iy. [of time,

You think of him

ison!

Madam, I trust, not so.
such! Mardian!
at's your highness' pleasure?
to hear thee sing; I take no

h has: 'Tis well for thee,
inar'd‡; thy freer thoughts
of Egypt. Hast thou affec-
lous madam. [tions?

[nothing
leed, madam; for I can do
is honest to be done:
affections, and think
with Mars.

O Charmian,
ou he is now? Stands he, or

or is he on his horse?
bear the weight of Antony!
I for wot'st thou whom thou
this earth, the arm [movest?
men.—He's speaking now,
There's my serpent of old
Now I feed myself [Nile?
us poison:—Think on me,
hus' amorous pinches black,
ep in time? Broad-fronted

ere above the ground, I was
march: and great Pompey
make his eyes grow in my

There would he anchor his aspect, and die
With his looking on his life.

Enter ALEXAS.

Alex. Sovereign of Egypt, hail!

Cleo. How much unlike art thou Mark An-
tony?

Yet, coming from him, that great medicine
With his tinct gilded thee.—

How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?

Alex. Last thing he did, dear queen,
He kiss'd,—the last of many doubled kisses,—
This orient pearl;—His speech sticks in my

Cleo. Mine ear must pluck it thence. [heart.

Alex. Good friend, quoth he,

Say, the firm Roman to great Egypt sends
This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot
To mend the petty present, I will piece

Her opulent throne with kingdoms; All the

east, [nodded,

Say thou, shall call her mistress. So he

And soberly did mount a termagant† steed,

Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have

Was beastly dumb'd by him. [spoke

Cleo. What, was he sad, or merry?

Alex. Like to the time o'the year between

the extremes

Of hot and cold; he was nor sad, nor merry.

Cleo. O well-divided disposition!—Note

him, [note him:

Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the man; but

He was not sad; for he would shue on those

That make their looks by his: he was not merry;

Which seem'd to tell them, his remembrance

In Egypt with his joy: but between both; [lay

O heavenly mingle!—Be'st thou sad, or merry,

The violence of either thee becomes;

So does it no man else.—Met'st thou my posts?

Alex. Ay, madam, twenty several messen-

Why do you send so thick? [gers:

Cleo. Who's born that day

When I forget to send to Antony,

Shall die a beggar.—Ink and paper, Charmian.

Welcome, my good Alexas.—Did I, Charmian,

Ever love Cæsar so?

Char. O that brave Cæsar!

Cleo. Be choked with such another emphasis!

Say, the brave Antony.

Char. The valiant Cæsar!

Cleo. By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,

If thou with Cæsar paragon again

My man of men.

Char. By your most gracious pardon,

I sing but after you.

Cleo. My salad days;

When I was green in judgment: Cold in blood,

To say, as I said then!—But, come, away!

Get me ink and paper: he shall have every day

A several greeting, or I'll unpeople Egypt.

[Exeunt.

bounden duty.

† A sleepy potion.

‡ Unmannerd.

§ A helmet.

¶ Furious.

ACT

SCENE I. *Messina. A Room in Pompey's House.*

Enter POMPEY, MENECHATES, and MENAS.

Pom. If the great gods be just, they shall
The deeds of justest men. *[assist*

Mene. Know, worthy Pompey,
That what they do delay, they not deny.

Pom. Whiles we are suitors to their throne,
The thing we sue for. *[decays*

Mene. We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise
powers

Deny us for our good; so find we profit,
By losing of our prayers.

Pom. I shall do well:
The people love me, and the sea is mine;
My power's a crescent, and my anguring hope
Says, it will come to the full. Mark Antony
In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make *[where*
No wars without doors: Caesar gets money,
He loses hearts: Lepidus flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd; but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.

Mene. Caesar and Lepidus
Are in the field; a mighty strength they carry.

Pom. Where have you this? 'tis false.

Mene. From Silvius, sir.

Pom. He dreams; I know, they are in
Rome together,

Looking for Antony: But all charms of love,
Salt Cleopatra, soften thy waned lip! *[both!*

ne you derogately, when to sound
cern'd me. [your name]

My being in Egypt, Cæsar,
f't to you? [Rome]
[to more than my residing here at
to you in Egypt: Yet, if you there
tise* on my state, your being in
my question†.] [Egypt]

How intend you, practis'd?
'ou may be pleased to catch at mine
ent, [brother,
did here befall me. Your wife, and
ra upon me; and their contestation
se for you, you were the word of war.
'ou do mistake your business; my
ther never

me in his act: I did inquire it;
my learning from some true reportat,
v their swords with you. Did he not
my authority with yours; [rather
the wars alike against my stomach,
like your cause; Of this, my letters
satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,
whole you have not to make it with,
ot be with this.

You praise yourself
defects of judgment to me; but
hed up your excuses.

Not so, not so.
ou could not lack, I am certain on't,
emity of this thought, that I,
rner in the cause 'gainst which he
ight,
with graceful eyes attend those wars
ented; mine own peace. As for my
fe,

ou had her spirit in such another:
o'the world is yours; which with a
dle.)

'pace easy, but not such a wife.
ould we had all such wives, that
night go to wars with the women!
So much incurable, her garbolls¶,
sar,
of her impatience, (which not wanted
ress of policy too,) I grieving grant,
so much disquiet: for that, you must
I could not help it.

I wrote to you,
ding in Alexandria; you
et up my letters, and with taunts
my missive** out of audience.

Sir,
pon me, ere admitted: then
ga I had newly feasted, and did want
I was I' the morning: but, next day
a of myself; which was as much
e ask'd him pardon: Let this fellow
ng of our strife; if we contend,
r question†† wipe him.

You have broken
le of your oath; which you shall never
gue to charge me with.

Soft, Cæsar,

Ans. No, Lepidus, let him speak;

The honour's sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lack'd it: But on, Cæsar;
The article of my oath,—

Cæs. To lend me arms and aid when I re-
The which you both denied. [quired them;

Ans. Neglected rather;
And then, when poisoned hours had bound me
up [may,

From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I
I'll play the penitent to you: but mine honesty
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my
Work without it: Truth is, that Fulvia, [power
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here;
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do
So far ask pardon, as befits mine honour
To stoop in such a case.

Lep. 'Tis nobly spoken.

Mec. If it might please you, to enforce no
farther

The griefs†† between ye: to forget them quite,
Were to remember that the present need
Speaks to atone§§ you.

Lep. Worthily spoke, Mecænas.

Eno. Or, if you borrow one another's love
for the instant, you may, when you hear no
more words of Pompey, return it again: you
shall have time to wrangle in, when you have
nothing else to do.

Ans. Thou art a soldier only; speak no more.

Eno. That truth should be silent I had al-
most forgot. [speak no more.

Ans. You wrong this presence, therefore

Eno. Go to, then; your considerate stone.

Cæs. I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech: for it cannot be,
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions¶¶
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
What hoop should hold us staunch¶¶, from
O' the world I would pursue it. [edge to edge

Agri. Give me leave, Cæsar,—

Cæs. Speak, Agrippa.

Agri. Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,
Admired Octavio: great Mark Antony
Is now a widower.

Cæs. Say not so, Agrippa;

If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof

Were well deserved of rashness.

Ans. I am not married, Cæsar: let me hear
Agrippa further speak.

Agri. To hold you in perpetual amity,
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an unslipping knot, take Antony
Octavia to his wife: whose beauty claims
No worse a husband than the best of men;
Whose virtue, and whose general graces, speak
That which none else can utter. By this mar-
riage,

All little jealousies, which now seem great,
And all great fears, which now import their
dangers [tales,

Would then be nothing: truths would be but
Where now half tales be truths: her love to
both,

ne bad arts or stratagems.

nd. † Bride.

†† Grievances.

§ Reconcile.

† Subject of conversation.

¶ Commotions.

** Messenger.

¶¶ Diapothemon.

† Reporters.

†† Conversation.

¶¶ Firma.

Would, each to other, and all loves to both,
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke;
For 'tis a staided, not a present thought,
I'y duty ruminated.

Ant. Will Caesar speak?

Ces. Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd
With what is spoke already.

Ant. What power is in Agrippa,
If I would say, *Agrippa, be it so,*
To make this good?

Ces. The power of Caesar, and
His power unto Octavia.

Ant. May I never
To this good purpose, that so fairly shows,
Dream of impediment!—Let me have thy
hand:

Further this act of grace; and, from this hour,
The heart of brothers govern in our loves,
And away our great designs!

Ces. There is my hand.
A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother
Did ever love so dearly: Let her live
To join our kingdoms, and our hearts; and
Fly off our loves again! *[never]*

Lep. Happily, amen!

Ant. I did not think to draw my sword
'gainst Pompey;
For he hath laid strange courtesies, and great,
Of late upon me; I must thank him only,
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report;
At heel of that, defy him.

Lep. Time calls upon us:
Of us must Pompey presently be sought,
Or else he seeks out us.

Ant. And where lies he?

Ces. About the Mount Misenum.

war; he will not;
wither her, nor custom stale
variety: Other women (hungry
petites they feed; but she makes
as she satisfies. For vilest things
unselves in her; that the holy priests
when she's riggish *.
quaint, wisdom, modesty, can settle
of Antony, Octavia is
ottery † to him.
us go.—
aybus make yourself my guest,
abide here.

Humbly, sir, I thank you.
[*Exeunt.*]

III. *The same. A Room in
Cæsar's House.*

IAN, ANTONY, OCTAVIA *between*
Attendants, and a Soothsayer.
world, and my great office, will
from your bosom. (sometimes
All which time
pods my knee shall bow my prayers
r you.

Good night, sir.—My Octavia,
ay blemishes in the world's report:
kept my square; but that to come
s done by the rule. Good night,
ood night, sir. [dear lady.—
od night.

[*Exeunt CÆSAR and OCTAVIA.*
ow, sirrah! you do wish yourself in
pt? [nor you
ould I had never come from thence,

you can, your reason?
I see't in
have it not in my tongue: But yet
him to Egypt.

Say to me,
times shall rise higher, Cæsar's, or
Cæsar's. [mine?]

O Antony, stay not by his side:
m, that's thy spirit which keeps
to be
irageous, high, unmatchable,
war's is not; but near him thy angel
Fear, as being o'erpower'd; there
s enough between you. [fore]

Speak this no more.
o none but thee; no more, but
to thee.

at play with him at any game,
sure to lose; and, of that natural
s, [thickens,
thee 'gainst the odds; thy instru-
shines by: I say again, thy spirit
d to govern thee near him;
say, 'tis noble.

Get thee gone:
ntidias, I would speak with him: ,
[*Exit Soothsayer.*
o Parthia.—Be it art, or hap, [him;
spoken true: The very dice obey

And, in our sports, my better cunning foists
Under his chance: if we draw lots, he speeds:
His cocks do win the battle still of mine,
When it is all to nought; and his qualis ever
Beat mine, inboop'd, at odds. I will to
Egypt: [peace,

And though I make this marriage for my
Enter VENTIDIUS.

I' the east my pleasure lies:—O, come, Ven-
tidius, [ready:
You must to Parthia; your commission's
Follow me, and receive it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The same. A Street.*

Enter LEPIDUS, MÆCENAS, and AGRIPPA.

Lep. Trouble yourselves no further: pray
Your generals after. [you, hasten

Agr. Sir, Mark Antony
Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow.

Lep. Till I shall see you in your soldier's
dress,
Which will become you both, farewell.

Mec. We shall,
As I conceive the journey, be at mount |
Before you, Lepidus.

Lep. Your way is shorter,
My purposes do draw me much about;
You'll win two days upon me.

Mec. Agr. Sir, good success!
Lep. Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Alexandria. A Room in the
Palace.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and
ALEXAS.*

Cleo. Give me some music; music, moody &
Of us that trade in love. [food
Attend. The music, ho!

Enter MARDIAN.

Cleo. Let it alone; let us to billiards:
Come, Charmian. [dian.

Char. My arm is sore, best play with Mar-
Cleo. As well a woman with an enuch

play'd [me, sir?
As with a woman;—Come, you'll play with
Mar. As well as I can, madam.

Cleo. And when good will is show'd, though
it come too short,

The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now:—
Give me mine angle,—We'll to the river:
there,

My music playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-fin'd fishes; my bended hook shall
pierce

Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an Antony,
And say, Ah, ha! you're caught.

Char. 'I was merry, when
You wager'd on your angling; when your
diver

Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.

Cleo. That time!—O times!—
I laugh'd him out of patience; and that night
I laugh'd him into patience: and next morn,

† Allotment.
‡ Enchased.

‡ The ancients used to match quills as we match cocks.
§ Mount Mithras.

Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed :
Then put my tires * and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword Philippan. O! from Italy ;

Enter a Messenger.

Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.

Mess. Madam, madam,—

Cleo. Antony's dead ?—

If thou say so, villain, thou kill'st thy mistress:
But well and free,

If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here
My blinest veins to kiss; a hand that kings
Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.

Mess. First, madam, he's well.

Cleo. Why, there's more gold. But, sir,

rah, mark; We use

To say the dead are well: bring it to that,
The gold I give thee will I melt, and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.

Mess. Good madam, hear me.

Cleo. Well, go to, I will;

But there's no goodness in thy face: If Antony
Be free and breathful, why so tart a frown ?
To trumpet such good tidings ? If not well,
Thou shouldst come like a fury crown'd with
Not like a formal man †. [snakes,

Mess. Wilt please you hear me ?

Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee, ere thou
speak'st :

Yet, if thou say Antony lives, is well,
Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,
I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.

Mess. Madam, he's well.

Cleo. Well said.

Now, good Alexas; bid him
 pasture * of Octavia, her years,
 son, let him not leave out
 of her hair:—bring me word
 y.— [Exit ALEXAS.
 ever go:—Let him not—Char-

is painted one way like a Gorgon,
 he's a Mars:—Bid you Alexas
 [To MARDIAN.
 3rd, how tall she is.—Pity me,
 then,
 speak to me.—Lead me to my
 war. [Exit M.

SC VI. Near Misenum.

FRY and MENAS, at one side,
 me and Trumpet: at another,
 LEPIDUS, ANTONY, ENOBAR-
 MENAS, with Soldiers marching.
 our hostages I have, so have you
 I talk before we fight. [noise;
 Most meet, [have we
 come to words; and therefore
 purposes before us sent;
 we hast consider'd let us know
 up thy discontented sword;
 back to Sicily much tall † youth
 it perish here.

To you all three,
 alone of this great world,
 for the gods,—I do not know,
 ry father should revengers want,
 and friends; since Julius Caesar,
 lippi the good Brutus ghosted ‡,
 on labouring for him. What was

[what
 pale Cassius to conspire? And
 honour'd, honest, Roman Brutus,
 m'd rest, courtiers of beauteous
 me,
 Capitol; but that they would
 me but a man? And that is it,
 me rig my navy; at whose bur-
 [meant
 ocean foams; with which I
 the ingratitude that despicable
 noble father. [Rome

Take your time.
 cannot not fear † us, Pompey, with
 his, [know'st
 with thee at sea: at land, thou
 we do o'ercount thee.

At land, indeed,
 re-count me of my father's house:
 e cuckoo builds not for himself,
 as thou may'st.

Be pleased to tell us,
 rom the present ‡, how you take
 e have sent you.

There's the point.
 ch do not be entreated to, but
 uth embraced. [weigh

And what may follow,
 or fortune.

Pom. You have made me offer
 Of Sicily, Sardinia; and I must
 Rid all the sea of pirates; then, to send
 Measures of wheat to Rome: This 'greed upon,
 To part with unhack'd edges, and bear back
 Our targe † undinted.

Ces. Ant. Lep. That's our offer.

Pom. Know then,
 I came before you here, a man prepared
 To take this offer: But Mark Antony
 Put me to some impatience:—Though I lose
 The praise of it by telling, You must know,
 When Caesar and your brothers were at blows,
 Your mother came to Sicily, and did find
 Her welcome friendly.

Ant. I have heard it, Pompey;
 And am well studied for a liberal thanks,
 Which I do owe you.

Pom. Let me have your hand: .
 I did not think, sir, to have met you here.

Ant. The beds I' the east are soft; and thanks
 to you,
 That call'd me timelier than my purpose, hither;
 For I have gain'd by it.

Ces. Since I saw you last,
 There is a change upon you.

Pom. Well, I know not
 What counts** harsh fortune casts upon my
 But in my bosom shall she never come, [face;
 To make my heart her vassal.

Lep. Well met here.

Pom. I hope so, Lepidus.—Thus we are
 agreed:

I crave, our composition may be written,
 And seal'd between us.

Ces. That's the next to do.

Pom. We'll feast each other, ere we part;
 Draw lots who shall begin. [and let us

Ant. That will I, Pompey.

Pom. No, Antony, take the lot: but, first,
 Or last, your fine Egyptian cookery [Caesar
 Shall have the fame. I have heard that Julius
 Grew fat with feasting there.

Ant. You have heard much.

Pom. I have fair meanings, sir.

Ant. And fair words to them.

Pom. Then so much have I heard:—
 And I have heard, Apollodorus carried—

Evo. No more of that:—He did so.

Pom. What, I pray you?

Evo. A certain queen to Caesar in a mat-
 tress. [soldier?

Pom. I know thee now;—How fastest thou,
 Evo. Well;

And well am like to do; for, I perceive,
 Four feasts are toward.

Pom. Let me shake thy hand;
 I never hated thee: I have seen thee fight,
 When I have envied thy behaviour.

Evo. Sir,
 I never loved you much; but I have praised
 you, much

When you have well deserved ten times as
 As I have said you did.

Pom. Enjoy thy plattiness,

ty. † Brave. ‡ Haunted.
 † Target, shield.

‡ Admire. † Frown and joy.
 ** Scores, marks.

It nothing ill becomes thee.—

Aboard my galley I invite you all :

Will you lead, lords ?

Cæs. Ant. Lep. Show us the way, sir.

Pom. Come.

[*Enter POMPEY, CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, Soldiers, and Attendants.*]

Men. Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have made this treaty.—[*Aside.*—You and I have known*, sir.

Eno. At sea, I think.

Men. We have, sir.

Eno. You have done well by water.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. I will praise any man that will praise me : though it cannot be denied what I have done by land.

Men. Nor what I have done by water.

Eno. Yes, something you can deny for your own safety : you have been a great thief by sea.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. There I deny my land service. But give me your hand, Menas : If our eyes had authority, here they might take two thieves kissing.

Men. All men's faces are true, whatsoe'er their hands are.

Eno. But there is never a fair woman has a true face.

Men. No slander ; they steal hearts.

Eno. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turned to a drinking. Pompey doeth this day laugh away his fortune.

Eno. If he do, sure, he cannot weep it back

that manner o' thing is your crocodile?
 Is it shaped, sir, like itself; and it as
 much breadth: it is just so high as it
 is with its own organs: it lives by
 nourisheth it; and the elements
 transmigrates.

Its colour is it off?
 Its own colour too.

Is it a strange serpent.

Is it so. And the tears of it are wet.

Will this description satisfy him?

Will the health that Pompey gives

Be a very epicure.

Menas aside. Go hang, sir, hang!

Will you of that away? away!

Let you.—Where's this cup I call'd

For the sake of merit thou wilt hear

Thy stool. [Aside.]

I think thou'rt mad. The matter?

[Rises, and walks aside.]

Have ever held my cap off to thy for-

meries. [What's else to say?

Thou hast served me with much faith:

lords.

These quick-sands, Lepidus,

Keep for you sink.

Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

What say'st thou?

Wilt thou be lord of the whole world?

That's twice.

How should that be?

But entertain it, and,

then think me poor, I am the man

Then all the world.

Hast thou drunk well?

No, Pompey, I have kept me from

cup.

If thou darest be, the earthly Jove:

The ocean pales, or sky inclinet,

If thou wilt have't.

Show me which way.

These three world-sharers, these com-

monors,

My vessel: Let me cut the cable;

And we are put off, fall to their throats:

Is thine.

Ah, this thou shouldst have done,

Have spoken on't! In me, 'tis villany;

Had been good service. Thou must

own,

My profit that does lead mine honour;

Wear it. Repent, that e'er thy tongue

betray'd thine act: Being done un-

own,

Have found it afterwards well done;

condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

For this, [Aside.]

Follow thy pal'd fortunes more.—

ks, and will not take, when once 'tis

or find it more. [Offer'd,

his health to Lepidus. [Pompey,

ear him ashore. I'll pledge it for him,

here's to thee, Menas.

Enobarbus, welcome.

Pom. Fill, till the cup be hid.

Eno. There's a strong fellow, Menas.

[Pointing to the Attendant who carries off LEPIDUS.]

Men. Why?

Eno. He bears

The third part of the world, man; See'st not?

Men. The third part then is drunk: 'Would

That it might go on wheels! [It were all,

Eno. Drink thou; increase the reels.

Men. Come.

Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

Ant. It ripens towards it.—Strike the ves-

Here is to Cæsar. sels, ho!

Cæs. I could well forbear it.

It's monstrous labour, when I wash my brain,

And it grows fouler.

Ant. Be a child o'the time.

Cæs. Possess't it, I'll make answer; but I

had rather fast [one.

From all, four days, than drink so much in

Eno. Ha, my brave emperor! [To ANTONY.]

Shall we dance now, the Egyptian Bacchanals,

And celebrate our drink?

Pom. Let's ha't, good soldier.

Ant. Come, let us all take hands! [sense

Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our

In soft and delicate Lethe.

Eno. All take hands.—

Make battery to our ears with the loud music:

The while, I'll place you: Then the boy shall

sing]

The holding ** every man shall bear, as loud

As his strong sides can volley.

[Music plays, ENOBARBUS places

them hand in hand.]

SONG.

Come, thou monarch of the vine,

Plump Bacchus, with pink cymett:

In thy rats our cares be drown'd;

With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd;

Cup us, till the world go round;

Cup us, till the world go round!

Cæs. What would you more?—Pompey,

good night. Good brother,

Let me request you off: our graver business

Frowns at this levity. Gentle lords, let's part;

You see, we have burnt our cheeks: strong

Enobarbe [tongue

Is weaker than the wine; and mine own

Splits what it speaks: the wild diguise hath

almost [Good night.—

Antick'd us all. What needs more words?

Good Antony, your hand.

Pom. I'll try you o'the shore.

Ant. And shall, sir: give's your hand.

Pom. O, Antony, [are friends:]

You have my father's house,—But what! we

Come, down into the boat.

Eno. Take heed you fall not.—

[Exit POMPEY, CÆSAR, ANTONY,

and Attendants.]

Menas, I'll not on shore.

Men. No, to my cabin.—

accompanied.
 the drums.

† Embracous.
 ‡ Understand.

§ Confederates.
 ** Burden, chorus.

§ Clayed.
 † Red eyes.

Fen. Now, darting Parthia, art thou struck;
and now

Pleased fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death
Make me revenger.—Bear the king's son's
body

Before our army:—Thy Pacorus, Ordes*,
Pays this for Marcus Crassus

Sil. Noble Ventidius, [warm,
Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is
The fugitive Parthians follow; spar through
Media,

Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither
The routed fly: so thy grand captain Antony
Shall set thee on triumphant chariots, and
Put garlands on thy head.

Fen. O Silius, Silius,
I have done enough: A lower place, note well,
May make too great an act: For learn this,
Silius;

Better leave undone, than by our deed acquire
Too high a fame, when him we serve's away.
Caesar and Antony have ever won

More in their officer, than person: Sossius,
One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,
For quick accumulation of renown,
Which he achieved by the minute, lost his
favour.

Who does it the wars more than his captain
can,

Becomes his captain's captain: and ambition,
The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of
Than gain, which darkens him. [loss

I could do more to do Antonius good,
But 'twould offend him; and in his offence
Should my performance perish.

Sil. Thou hast, Ventidius,
That without which a soldier, and his sword,

you seem to fear! So the gods keep
[sings]
the hearts of Romans true your
here part. [well]

farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee
with a kind embrace; and make
to all of comfort! fare thee well.

My noble brother!— [sings]
he April's in her eyes: it is love's
in the showers to bring it on.—Be
serious. [sings]

Sir, look well to my husband's house;
What,

It tell you in your ear. [sings]
[her can
[her tongue will not obey her heart,
[inform her tongue: the swan's down
[her,
[do upon the swell at full of tide,
[her way inclines.

Will Caesar weep? [sings]
He has a cloud in 's face.
It were the worse for that were he a
being a man. [sings]

Why, Enearchus?
stony found Julius Caesar dead,
almost to roaring; and he wept,
Philip he found Brutus slain.
that year, indeed, he was troubled
in a rheum;
blangly he did confound, he well'd:
t, this I weep too.

No, sweet Octavia,
I hear from me still; the time shall
y thinking on you. [sings]

Come, sir, come;
he wish you in my strength of love:
re I have you; thus I let you go,
you to the gods.

Adieu; be happy!
at all the number of the stars give
far way! [sings]
farewell, farewell! [sings]
[sings]

[Trumpets sound. Enter]

III. Alexandria. A Room in the
Palace.

CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and
ATTENDANTS.

Where is the fellow?

Half afraid to come.
Be so, go to—Come hither, sir.

Enter a Messenger.
Good majesty,
[Jewry dare not look upon you,
[you are well pleased.

That Herod's hand
[But how? when Antony is gone
[whom I might command to—Come
[near.

Most gracious majesty—
Didst thou behold

Ay, dread queen.
Where?

Of air and water.
[Failed, lagged.

Mess. Madam; in Rome
I look'd her in the face; and saw her led
Between her brother and Mark Antony.

Cleo. Is she as tall as me?

Mess. She is not, madam.

Cleo. Didst hear her speak? Is she shrill-
tongued, or low? [low-voiced.

Mess. Madam, I heard her speak; she is
Cleo. That's not so good!—he cannot like
her long.

Char. Like her? O Isis! 'tis impossible.

Cleo. I think so, Charmian: Devil of tongue,
and dwarfish!

What majesty is in her gait? Remember,
If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.

Mess. She creeps;
Her motion and her station; are as one:
She shows her body rather than a life;
A statue, than a breather.

Cleo. Is this certain?

Mess. Or I have no observance.

Char. Three in Egypt
Cannot make better note.

Cleo. He's very knowing,
I do perceive't:—There's nothing in her yet:—
The fellow has good judgment.

Char. Excellent.

Cleo. Goss at her years, I prythee.

Mess. Madam,
She was a widow.

Cleo. Widow?—Charmian, hark.

Mess. And I do think she's thirty.

Cleo. Bear'st thou her face in mind? Is it
long, or round?

Mess. Round even to faintness.

Cleo. For the most part, too,
They are foolish that are so.—Her hair, what
adours? [as low

Mess. Brown, madam: And her forehead is
As she would wish it.

Cleo. There is gold for thee.
Thou must not take my former sharpness ill:—
I will employ thee back again; I did thee
Most fit for business: Go, make thee ready;
Our letters are prepared. [Exit Messenger.

Char. A proper man.

Cleo. Indeed, he is so: I repent me much
That so I harry'd him. Why, methinks, by
This creature's no such thing. [him.

Char. O, nothing, madam.

Cleo. The man hath seen some majesty, and
should know. [faint,

Char. Hath he seen majesty? Is he else de-
And serving you so long!

Cleo. I have one thing more to ask him
yet, good Charmian:—

But 'tis no matter; thou shalt bring him to me
Where I will write: All may be well enough.

Char. I warrant you, madam. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. Athens. A Room in Antony's
House.

Enter ANTONY and OCTAVIA.

Ant. Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,—
That were execrable, that, and thousands more
Of scumlike impot!—but he hath wag'd

+ Disputing. + standing.
+ Shuffling vocabulary.

New wars 'gainst Pompey; made his will, and So
 The public ear: [read it
 Some security of me: when perform he could con

But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly Am
 to vented them; most narrow measure lent The
 me: [took't,

When the best hint was given him, he not 2
 Or did it from his teeth? The

O, my good lord, 1
 I have not all; or, if you must believe, Am
 So much, not all. A more unhappy lady, The
 I feel a division chance, ne'er stood between, 1
 Praying for both parts: 1

For the good gods will mock me presently, My
 And I shall pray, O, bless my lord and Aus- 1
 land! 1

Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud, [ther, Bu
 O, bless my brother! Husband win, win bro- 1
 thers, and destroys the prayer; no midway St
 I twist these extremes at all.

Aut. Gentle Octavia, E
 Let your best love draw to that point, which t
 seeks

Best to preserve it: If I lose mine honour, In
 I lose myself: better I were not yours, P
 Than yours so branchless. But, as you re- Pt
 requested, Cl

You will shall go between us: The mean time, W
 I will be the preparation of a war [lady, Ca
 maintaining your brother: Make your soonest An
 measures are yours. [haste; Sir

Thanks to my lord. He

The love of power make me most weak, most Of
 weak. Ab

To laugh at slackness.—Clandius, we
Will fight with him by sea.

Cleo. By sea? What else?

Can. Why will my lord do so?

Ant. For he dares us to't.

Eno. So hath my lord dared him to single
fight.

Can. Ay, and to wage this battle at Phar-
Where Caesar fought with Pompey: But these
offers,

Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off;
And so should you.

Eno. Your ships are not well mann'd:
Your mariners are muletters, reapers, people
Ingross'd by swift impress; in Caesar's fleet
Are those that often have 'gainst Pompey
fought:

Their ships are yare; yours, heavy. No dis-
shall fall you for refusing him at sea,
Being prepared for land.

Ant. By sea, by sea. (away

Eno. Most worthy sir, you therein throw
The absolute soldiership you have by land;
Distract your army, which doth most consist
Of war-mark'd footmen; leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge; quite forego
The way which promises assurance; and
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard,
From firm security.

Ant. I'll fight at sea.

Cleo. I have sixty sails, Caesar none better.

Ant. Our overplus of shipping will we
burn;

And, with the rest full-mann'd, from the
beat the approaching Caesar. Not if we fail.

Then
That I behold; mine eyes
sight can't, and could not
view.

She, once being loof'd o',
her magic, Antony,
wing, and like a doting mad-

in bright, like after her:
ction of each change;
hood, honour, ne'er before
self.

Alas! what o'—
ter CANIDIUS.

me on the sea is out of breath,
amenable. Had our general
sw himself, it had gone well;
sample for our fight,
his own.

you thereabouts? Why then,
I

[Aside.
Peloponnesus are they sold,
to't; and there I will attend
men.

To Caesar will I render
my horse; six kings already
y of yielding.

I'll yet follow [reason
ance of Antony, though my
against me. [Exeunt.

Alexandria. A Room in the
Palace.

romy, and Attendants.

is land bids me tread no more
[ther,

bear me!—Friends, come hie
a world, that I
ny for ever—I have a ship
y take that, divide it; fly,
peace with Caesar.

Fly! not we
d myself; and have instructed

[be gone;
w their shoulders.—Friends,

involved upon a covert
sed of you; be gone:

the harbour, take it.—O,
blush to look upon:

o meeting; for the white
rown for rashness, and they

ing.—Friends, be gone; yea
can me so come; friends, that

[and,
for you. Pray you, look not

s of loathness; take the hint
sair: proclaim; let that be

[way:
telf: to the sea-side straight

ts of that ship and treasure.

g, a little: 'pussy' you now

r, indeed, I have lost com-

at the wind. —Believe, I beguile
I Directed of the machine.

Therefore I pray you?—I'll see you by and
by.

Enter EROS, and CLEOPATRA, led by CHAR-
MIAN and IRAS.

Eros. Nay, gentle madam, to him:—Com-
Iras. Do, most dear queen. [fort him.

Char. Do! Why, what else?
Eleo. Let me sit down. O Juno!

Ant. No, no, no, no, no.
Eros. See you here, sir!

Ant. O fie, fie, fie.
Char. Madam,—

Iras. Madam; O good empress!—
Eros. Sir, sir,—

Ant. Yes, my lord, yes:—He! at Phil-
His sword even like a dancer; while I struck

The lean and wrinkled Cassius; and 'twas I,
That the mad Brutus ended: he alone

Dealt on lieutenantly, and no practice had
In the brave squares of war: Yet now—No

matter.
Cleo. Ah, stand by.

Eros. The queen, my lord, the queen.
Iras. Go to him, madam, speak to him;

He is ungallick'd with very shame.
Cleo. Well then,—Sustain me:—O!

Eros. Most noble sin, arise; the queen ap-
proaches: [but y

Her head's declined, and death will seize her;
Your comfort makes the rescue.

Ant. I have offended reputation;
A most unpublish'd swerving.

Eros. Sir, the queen.
Ant. O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt!

How I convey my shame out of thine eyes!—See,
By looking back on what I have left behind

'Stroy'd in dishonour...
Cleo. O, my lord, my lord!

Forgive my fearful calls! I little thought,
You would have follow'd.

Ant. Egypt, thou know'st too well,
My heart was to thy riddles tied: by the stripes,

And thou should'st tow me after: O, my spirit
Thy fall supremacy thou know'st; and that

Thy back might from the bidding of the gods
Command me.

Cleo. O, my pardon.
Ant. Now I must

In the young man send humble tractions, dodge
And palter in the shifts of lowliness; who

With self the talk of the world play'd as I
pleased,

Making and marring fortunes. You did know,
How much you were my conqueror; and that

My sword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cases.

Cleo. O pardon, pardon!
Ant. Fall not a tear, I say; one of these rates

All that is lost and lost:—O, to me a kiss; [ter,
Eros, this repairs me.—We must stir schoolmen

Is he come back?—Live, I am full of lead:—
Some wine within there; and our viands:—

Fortune knows,
We scorn her most, when most she offers

blows. [Exeunt.

at the wind. —Believe, I beguile
I Directed of the machine.

SCENE X. Caesar's Camp, in Egypt.

Enter CAESAR, DOLABELLA, THYREUS, and Others.

CAES. Let him appear that's come from Antony. Know you him?

THY. 'Tis his schoolmaster.

CAES. An agreement that he is plac'd, when hither He sends to pour a pinton of his wine, Whence our superfluous kings for messengers, Not many, are thus gone by.

Enter EURYCHMUS.

CAES. Approach, and speak.

EUR. Such as I am, I come from Antony:

I was as late as petty to his ends,
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle leaf
To his grand sea.

CAES. Be it so; Declare thine office.

EUR. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and
Requires to live in Egypt: which not granted,
He besons his requests: and to thee swears
To let him breathe between the heavens and
earth,

A private man in Athens: This for him.
Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness:
Submits her to thy might; and of thee craves
The circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs,
Now hazarded to thy grace.

CAES. For Antony,
I have no ears to his request. The queen
Of audience, nor desire, shall fall; so she
From Egypt drive her all-disgraced friend;
Or take his life there: This if she perform,
She shall not see unheard. So to them both.

EUR. Fortune pursue thee! [Exeunt.]

CAES. Bring him through the

to be his friend: For us, you know, we are; and that's Caesar's.

So, then, thou most renown'd; Caesar entreats, consider in what case thou stand'st, more than he is Caesar.

Go on: Right royal. He knows, that you embrace not Antony, did love, but as you fear'd him. [Tony

The scars upon your honour, therebly, as constrain'd blemishes, [fore, he

He is a god, and knows is most right: Mine honour was not

To be sure of that, [Aside, unto Antony.—Sir, sir, thou'rt so leaky,

We must leave thee to thy sinking; for I must quit thee. [Exit ENOBARBUS.

Shall I say to Caesar you require of him? for he partly begs desired to give. It much would please him,

his fortunes you should make a staff upon: but it would warm his spirits, from me you had left Antony, but yourself under his shroud, universal landlord.

What's your name? My name is Thyreus.

Most kind messenger, great Caesar this, in disputation his conquesting hand: tell him, I am prompt my crown at his feet, and there to kneel: him, from his all-obeying breath I hear loom of Egypt.

'Tis your noblest contrivance and fortune combating together, if the former dare but what it can, [lay hence may shake it. Give me grace; to try on your hand.

Your Caesar's father when he hath mused of taking kingdoms with his lips on that unworthy place, [in his, gain'd kisses.

Enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS. Favours, by Jove that thunders!—hast thou, fellow?

One, that but performs adding of the fullest man, and worthiest command obey'd.

You will be whipp'd. Approach, there:—Ay, you kite!—Now gods and devils! [cry'd, ho!

my melts from me. Of late, when I boys unto a man, kings would start forth, cry, Your will? Have you no ears? I am

Enter Attendants. Ay, yet. Take hence this Jack **, and whip him.

'Tis better playing with a lion's whip, with an old one dying.

Moon and stars!

Whip him:—Were't twenty of the greatest tribulation, I'd not be less than you.

That do acknowledge Caesar, should I find them?—[her name, So savey with the hand of the horse, (What's Since she was Cleopatra?)—Whip him, fellows, Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face, And whine aloud for mercy: Take him hence.

Thy. Mark Antony,

Ant. Tog him away: being whipp'd, Bring him again:—This Jack of Caesar's shall Bear us an errand to him.

[Re-enter Attendants with THYREUS. You were half blasted ere I knew you:—Ha! Have I my pillow left unsweeten'd in Rome? Forborne the getting of a lawful race, And by a gem of women, to be abused By one that looks on feeders? If

Cleo. Good my lord,

Ant. You have been a boggler ever:—But when we in our viciousness grow hard, O misery on't! this wise gods send it our eyes; In our own filth drop our clear judgments; make as

Adore our errors; laugh at us, while we strut To our confusion.

Cleo. O, is it come to this?

Ant. I found you as a morsel, cold upon Dead Caesar's trencher: nay, you were a fragment

Of Cneius Pompey's; besides what hotter Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have Luxuriously pick'd out:—For, I am sure, Though you can guess what temperance should You know not what it is. [be,

Cleo. Wherefore is this?

Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards, And say, God quit you! be familiar with My playfellow, your hand; this kingly seal, And plighter of high hearts!—O, that I were Upon the hill of Basan, to outroar The horned beast! for I have savage cause; And to proclaim it civilly, were like [thank A halter'd neck, which does the hangman

For being yare about him.—Is he whipp'd? Re-enter Attendants, with THYREUS.

1 Att. Soundly, my lord.

Ant. Cry'd he? and begged he pardon?

1 Att. He did ask favour.

Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent Thon wast not made his daughter; and be thou To follow Caesar in his triumph, since [sorry Thon hast been whipp'd for following him: henceforth,

The white hand of a lady fever thee, [Caesar, Shake thou to look on't.—Get thee, back! Tell him thy entertainment: Look, thou say, He makes me angry with him: for he seems Proud and disdainful; harping on what I am;

Not what he knew I was: He makes me angry, And at this time most easy 'tis to do't: When my good stars, that were my former

guides, Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires

posed to be an error for deputation, i. e., by proxy. + Obeyed. ? Grant me the re. ? Conspiring. } Most complete and perfect. } A term of reproach. } 11. Servants. 22. Close up. 23. Whipping. 24. Begging, loudly.

Into the abyss of hell. If he mislike
My speech, and what is done; tell him, he has
Hipparchus, my enfranchis'd bondman, whom
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he shall like, to quit me: Urge it thou!
Hence, with thy stripes, begone. (Exit TAVR.)

Cleo. Have you done yet?

Ant. Alack, our terrour moon
Is now eclipsed; and it portends none
The fall of Antony!

Cleo. I must stay his time.

Ant. To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eyes
With one that dies his points?

Cleo. Not know me yet?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?

Cleo. Ah, dear, if I be so,
From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,
And poison it in the source; and the first stone
Drop in my neck; as it determines, so
Dissolve my life! The next Cæsarion; smite!
Till, by degrees, the memory of my womb,
Together with my brave Egyptians all,
By the discandying of this pelleted storm,
Lie graveless; till the flies and gnats of Nile
Have buried them for prey!

Ant. I am satisfied.

Cæsar sits down in Alexandria; where
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
Hath nobly held; our severed navy too
Have knit again, and fleet, threat'ning most
sea-like.

[thou hear, lady?
Where hast thou been, my heart?—Dost
It from the field I shall return once more
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;
I and my sword will earn our chronicle;

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ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

g, one of these odd tricks, which
ow shoots
mind.

And thou art honest too.
could be made so many men;
you clapp'd up together in
; that I might do you service,
I have done.

The gods forbid!
fellows, wait on me
my good
myself; and make as much of me,
mine empire was your fellow too,
I'd my command.

What does he mean?
I see his followers weep.

Tend me to-night;
is the period of your duty:
you shall not see me more; or if,
by shadow, perchance, to-morrow
in another master. I look on you,
at takes his leave. Mine honest
nds,
not away; but like a master
your good service, stay till death:
ought two hours, I ask no more;
do yield; you for't!

What mean you, sir,
hem this discomfort? Look, they
P;
I am, am onen-eyed; for shame,
I am not to women.

Ho, ho, ho!
which take me, if I meant it thus!
where those drops fall! My hearty
nds,
me is too dolorous a sense:
you for your comfort: did desire
[hearts,
his night with torches: Know, my
ll of to-morrow; and will lead you,
her I'll expect victorious life,
and honour. Let's to supper; come,
a consideration. [Exeunt.

IL. The same. Before the Palace.
Two Soldiers, to their Guard.

Brother, good night; to-morrow is
day. [well.
It will determine one way: fare you
of nothing strange about the streets?
Nothing: What news?

Belike, 'tis but a rumour:
it to you.

Well, sir, good night.
Enter Two other Soldiers.

Soldiers,
ful watch.
And you? Good night, good night.
The first Two place themselves at
their Posts.
Here was [They take their Posts.]
I if to-morrow
thrive, I have an absolute hope
men will stand up.

3 Sold. 'Tis a brave army.
And full of purpose.

[Music of Hautboys under the Stage.
1 Sold. Peace, what noise?

1 Sold. List, list!

2 Sold. Hark!

1 Sold. Music! 't' the air.

3 Sold. Under the earth.

4 Sold. It signs well,

Does't not?

3 Sold. No.

1 Sold. Peace, I say. What should
this mean?

2 Sold. 'Tis the god Hercules, whom Al-

Now leaves him.

1 Sold. 'T'alk; let's see if other watchmen

Do he that we do.

[They advance to another Post.

2 & 3 Id. How now, masters?

1 Sold. How now?

[Several speaking together

1 Sold. Ay; Is't not strange?

3 Sold. Do you hear, masters? do you hear?

1 Sold. Follow the noise so far as we have

quarter.

Let's see how't will give off.

1 Sold. [Several speaking.] Content: 'Tis

strange. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. The same. A Room in the

Palace.

Enter ANTONY and CLEOPATRA; CHAR-

MIAN, and Others, attending.

Ant. Eros! mine armour, Eros!

Cleo. Sleep a little.

Ant. No, my chuck.—Eros, come; mine

armour, Eros!

Enter EROS, with Armour.

Come, my good fellow, put thine iron on:—

If fortune be not our's to-day, it is

Because we brave her.—Come.

Cleo. Nay, I'll help too.

What's this for?

Ant. Ah, let be, let be! thou art

The armourer of my heart:—False, false; this,

this,

Cleo. Sooth, la, I'll help: Thus it must be.

Ant. Well, well;

We shall thrive now.—See'st thou, my good

Go, put on thy defences. [Follow?

Eros. Briefly], sir.

Cleo. Is not this buckled well?

Ant. Rarely, rarely;

He that unbuckles this, till we do please

To doff't for our repose, shall hear a storm.

Thou fumblest, Eros; and my queen's a squire

More tight at this, than thou! Despatch—

O love, [knew]

That thou could'st see my wars to-day, as

The royal occupation! thou should'st see

Enter an Officer, armed.

A workman in't.—Good morrow to thee; we

come! [charge]

Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike

* Perhaps. † Howard. ‡ Stop. § None.

¶ Shortly. † Forward. ‡ Put off. § On. † Ready.

To business that we love, we rise betime,
And go to it with delight.

Off. A thousand, sir,
Early though it be, have on their rivetted trim,
And at the port expect you.

[*Shout. Trumpets. Flourish.*
Enter other Officers, and Soldiers.

Off. The morn is fair.—Good morrow,

Off. Good morrow, general. [*general.*
Ant. 'Tis well blown, lads.

This morning, like the spirit of a youth,
That means to be of note, begins betimes.—
So, so; come, give me that: this way; well
said.

I am too well, dame, whate'er becomes of me:
This is a soldier's kiss: rebukable, [*Kisses her.*
And worthy shameful check it were, to stand
For more mechanic compliment; I'll leave
thee

Now, like a man of steel.—You, that will
Follow me close; I'll bring you to't.—Adieu,

[*Exeunt ANTONY, ENOS, Officers, and
Soldiers.*

Char. Please you, retire to your chamber?
Eno. Lead me,

He goes forth gallantly. That he and Caesar
Meet in this great war in single fight? might
Then, Antony,—But now,—Well on.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. Antony's Camp near Alexandria.

*Trumpets sound. Enter ANTONY and
Enos; a Soldier meeting them.*

Sold. The gods make this a happy day to
Antony!

Ant. 'Would, thou and those thy scars had

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Eno.

• Chas. • Drive • all • Discharge •
allied with power, was the popular characteristic of the drive warriors that by its discharge the moisture is bid farewell.

C B

Ant. I would they'd fight 't the fire, or in
the air;
We'd fight there too. But this it is: Our foot
Upon the hills adjoining to the city,
Shall stay with us: order for sea is given;
They have put forth the haven: Further on,
Where their appointment we may best dis-
And look on their endeavour*. [cover, *Excunt.*

Enter CÆSAR and his Forces, marching.
Cæs. But * being charged, we will be still
by land. [force
Which, as I take't, we shall; for his best
Is forth to man his galleys. To the vales,
And hold our best advantage. [Excunt.

Re-enter ANTONY and SCARUS.
Ant. Yet they're not join'd: Where yonder
pine doth stand,
I shall discover all: I'll bring thee word
Straight how 'tis like to go. [Exit.
Scar. Swallows have built
In Cleopatra's sails their nest: the augurers
Say, they know not,—they cannot tell,—look
grimly,
And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony
Is valiant, and dejected; and, by starts,
His fretted fortunes give him hope and fear,
Of what he has and has not.

Alarm afar off, as at a Sea Fight.
Re-enter ANTONY.
Ant. All is lost;
This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me:
My fleet hath yielded to the foe; and yonder
They cast their caps up, and carouse together
Like friends long lost.—Triple-turn'd whore! I

ble * dislimns; and makes it indistinct,
see is in water.

It does, my lord. [tain is
My good knave†, Eros, now thy cap-
such a body: here I am Antony;
not hold this visible shape, my knave.
these wars for Egypt; and the queen,
heart I thought I had, for she had mine;
whilst it was mine, had annex'd unto't
on more, now lost,—she, Eros, has
cards with Caesar, and false play'd my
enemy's triumph.— [glory
seep not, gentle Eros; there is left us
as to end ourselves.—O, thy vile lady!

Enter MARDIAN.
t robb'd me of my sword.

No, Antony;
ress loved thee, and her fortunes min-
ize entirely. [gled

Hence, saucy eunuch; peace;
betray'd me, and shall die the death.

Death of one person can be paid but
ace: [wouldst do,
at she has discharged: What thou
unto thy hand; the last she spake
ony! most noble Antony!

she midst a tearing groan did break
aze of Antony; it was divided
in her heart and lips: she render'd life,
me so buried in her.

Dead then?
Dead.

Eros, unarm; the long day's task is
done, [hence safe,
we must sleep:—That thou depart'st
pay thy labour richly; Go.—Off, pluck

— [Exit MARDIAN.
venfold shield of Ajax cannot keep
itory from my heart. O, cleave, my
sides!

once be stronger than thy continent;
thy frail case!—Apace, Eros, apace.—
are a soldier:—Bruised pieces, go;
ave been nobly borne.—From me a
while.— [Exit Eros.

o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
for my pardon. So it must be, for now
gth is torture:—Since the torch is out,
wn, and stray no further: Now all labour
what it does; yea, very force entangles
with strength: Seal then §, and all is
done.— [me:—

—I come, my queen:—Eros!—Stay for
souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand
in hand, [gaze:
with our sprightly port make the ghosts
and her /Eneas shall want troops,
I the haunt be ours.—Come, Eros, Eros!

Re-enter Eros.
s. What would my lord?

Since Cleopatra died,
lived in such dishonour, that the gods
my baseness. I, that with my sword
e'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's
back

With ships made cities, condemn myself to
lack.

The courage of a woman; less noble mind
Than she, which, by her death, our Caesar tells,
I, am conqueror of myself. Thou art sworn,

Eros, [now
That, when the exigent should come, (which
is come, indeed,) when I should see behind me
The inevitable prosecution of
Disgrace and horror, that, on my command,
Thou then wouldst kill me: do't; the time is
come:—

Thou strik'st not me, 'tis Caesar thou defeat'st.
Put colour in thy cheek!

Eros. The gods withhold me!
Shall I do that, which all the Parthian darts,
Though enemy, lost aim, and could not?

Ant. Eros,
Wouldst thou be widow'd in great Rome, and
see— [down

Thy master thus with pleach'd arms, bending
His corrug'd neck, his face subdued [sest
To penetrative** shame; whilst the wheel'd
Of fortunate Caesar, drawn before him, branded
His baseness that ensued††?

Eros. I would not see't.

Ant. Come, then; for with a wound I must
be cured. [worn
Draw that, thy honest sword, which thou hast
Most useful for thy country.

Eros. O, sir, pardon me.

Ant. When I did make thee free, I swore
thou not then

To do this when I bade thee! Do it at once;
Or thy precedent services are all
But accidents unperposed. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turn from me, then, that noble coun-
tenance,

Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.

Ant. Lo thee. [Turning from him.

Eros. My sword is drawn.

Ant. Then let it do at once
The thing why thou hast drawn it.

Eros. My dear master,
My captain, and my emperor! let me say,
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

Ant. 'Tis said, man;—and farewell. [now †

Eros. Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike

Ant. Now, Eros.

Eros. Why, there then: [Falls on his sword.

Thus do I escape the sorrow
Of Antony's death. [Dies.

Ant. Thrice nobler than myself!
Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what [Eros
I should, and thou couldst not: My queen and
Have, by their brave instruction, got upon me
A nobleness in record: But I will be
A bridegroom in my death, and run into't
As to a lover's bed. Come, then; and, Eros,
Thy master dies thy scholar; to do thus

[Falls on his sword.

I learn'd of thee. How! not yet dead! not
The guard!—hold—O, despatch me. [dead?—

Enter DANCERAS and Guard.

I Guard. What's the noise?

Ant. I have done my work ill, friends; O,
of what I have begun. [make an end

2 Guard. The star is fallen.

1 Guard. And time is at his period.

All. Alas, and woe!

Ant. Let him that loves me, strike me dead.

1 Guard. Not I.

2 Guard. Nor I.

3 Guard. Nor any one. [Exeunt Guard.

Dr. Thy death and fortunes bid thy fol-
lowers fly.

This sword but shown to Caesar, with this tid-
shall enter me with him.

Enter DIONIDUS.

Dio. Where's Antony?

Dr. There, Diomed, there.

Dio. Lives he?

Wilt thou not answer man? *Dr.* *2 DIONIDUS.*

Ant. Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy

sufficing strokes for death; sword, and give me

Dio. Most absolute lord,

My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.

Ant. When did she send thee?

Dio. Now, my lord,

Ant. Where is she?

Dio. Lock'd in her monument. She had a
prophesying fear

Of what hath come to pass: for when she saw

(Which never shall be found,) you did suspect

She had disposed^e with Caesar, and that your
rage [was dead;

Would not be purged, she sent you word she

But, fearing since how it might work, hath sent

Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,

I dread, too late. [Exeunt. *Dr.* *1 Guard.* I pr'ythee.

slab'd. Now, my spirit is going;

[Dies.]

Noblest of men, woo't die?

care of me! shall I abide

world, which in thy absence is

a stay!—O, see, my women,

the earth doth melt:—My lord!

the garland of the war, *[girls]*

poles is fallen; young boys and

with men: the odds is gone,

nothing left remarkable

sitting moon. *[She faints.]*

O, quietness, lady!

dead, too, our sovereign!

Lady,—

Madam,—

Madam, madam, madam!

Royal Egypt!

peace, Iras. *[commanded]*

ore, but e'en a woman; and

pandion as the maid that milks,

And does the meanest charcs.—It were for me

To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods;

To tell them that this world did equal theirs,

Till they had stolen our jewel: All's but naught;

Patience is sottish; and impatience does

Become a dog that's mad: Then is it sin,

To rush into the secret house of death,

Ere death dare come to us?—How do you,

women?

What, what? good cheer! Why, how now,

Charmian?

My noble girls!—Ah, women, women! look,

Our lamp is spent, it's out:—Good sir, take

heart:— *[To the Guard below.]*

We'll bury him: and then, what's brave, what's

Let's do it after the high Roman fashion, [noble,

And make death proud to take us. Come, away:

This case of that rude spirit now is cold.

Ah, women, women! come; we have no friend

But resolution, and the briefest end.

[Exeunt; those above bearing off]

ANTONY'S Body.

ACT V.

Caesar's Camp before Alexandria.

AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, ME-

US, PROCULEIUS, and others.

him, Dolabella, bid him yield;

ate, tell him, he knocks us by

the maker.

Caesar, I shall. *[Exit DOLAB.*

TAS, with the Sword of AN-

TONY.

fore is that? and what art thou,

us? *[that darest]*

I am call'd Derectus;

I served, who best was worthy

ved: whilst he stood up, and

ster; and I wore my life, *[spoke,*

his haters: If thou please

thee, as I was to him

r; if thou please not,

my life.

What is't thou say'st?

O Caesar, Antony is dead.

aking of so great a thing should

[shook]

: The round world should have

streets, *[Tony]*

their dens:—The death of An-

doom; in the name lay

e world.

He is dead, Caesar;

e minister of justice,

knife; but that self hand,

honour in the acts it did, *[It,*

ourage which the heart did lend

art.—This is his sword,

ond of it; behold it stain'd

noble blood.

Look you sad, friends?

se me, but it is a tidings

es of kings.

And strange it is,

That nature must compel us to lament

Our most persisted deeds.

His taints and honours

Waged equal with him.

Did steer humanity: but you, gods, will give us

Some faults to make us men. Caesar is touch'd.

When such a spacious mirror's set be-

He needs must see himself. *[fore him,*

O Antony!

I have follow'd thee to this;—But we do lance

Diseases in our bodies: I must perforce

Have shown to thee such a declining day,

Or look on thine; we could not stall together

In the whole world: But yet let me lament,

With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,

That thou, my brother, my competitor

In top of all design, my mate in empire,

Friend and companion in the front of war,

The arm of mine own body, and the heart

Where mine his thoughts did kindle,—that our

Unreconcilable, should divide *[stare,*

Our equality to this.—Hear me, good friends;

But I will tell you at some meet season:

Enter a Messenger.

The business of this man look'st out of him,

We'll hear him what he says.—Whence are

you? *[mistress,*

A poor Egyptian yet. The queen, my

Confined to all she has, her monument,

Of thy intents desires instruction;

That she presently may frame herself

To the way she's forced to.

But her have good hearts

She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,

How honourable and how kindly we

Determine for her: for Caesar cannot live

To be ungente.

So the gods preserve thee! *[Exit.*

work.

† Frustrated.

‡ The tribes with me.

§ Iu.

4 B 2

Cæs. Come hither, *Proculeius*: Go, and say,
We purpose her no shame; give her what com-
forts

The quality of her passion shall require;
Lest, in her greatness, by some mortal stroke
She do defeat us; for her life in Rome
Would be eternal in our triumph: Go, [says,
And, with your speediest, bring us what she
And how you find of her.

Pro. *Cæsar*, I shall. [*Exit PROCULEIUS.*

Cæs. Gallus, go you along.—Where's *Dolabella*,

To second *Proculeius*? [*Exit GALLUS.*

Ag. Méc. *Dolabella*!

Cæs. Let him alone, for I remember now
How he's employ'd; he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my tent; where you shall see
How hardly I was drawn into this war;
How calm and gentle I proceeded still
In all my writings: Go with me, and see
What I can show in this. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Alexandria. A Room in the Monument.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.

Cleo. My desolation does begin to make
A better life: 'Tis paltry to be *Cæsar*;
Not being fortune, he's but fortune's knave*,
A minister of her will; And it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds;
Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change;
Which sleeps, and never palates more the
The beggar's nurse and *Cæsar's*. [*ding,*

Enter, to the Gates of the Monument, PROCULEIUS, GALLUS, and Soldiers.

Pro. *Cæsar* sends greeting to the queen of

ben boys or women tell their
lick? [dreams]

I understand not, madam,
am'd there was an emperor
;—
ther sleep, that I might see
ber man!

If it might please you,—
'ace was as the heavens; and
stack [and lighted
oon; which kept their course,
he earth.

Most sovereign creature,—
gs bestrid the ocean: his rear'd

orld: his voice was propertiad
d spheres, and that to friends;
sant to quail & shake the orb,
ling thunder. For his bounty,
winter in't; an autumn 'twas,
more by reaping: His delights
like; they show'd his back above
bey lived in: In his livery
e-and crownets; realms and
were
pp'd from his pocket.

Cleopatra,—
you, there was, or might be,
n'd of? [such a man

Gentle madam, no.
e, up to the hearing of the gods;
e, or ever were one such,
ize of dreaming: Nature wants

[gine
forms with fancy; yet, to ima-
ere nature's piece 'gainst fancy,
shadows quite.

Hear me, good madam:
yourself, great; and you bear it
to the weight: 'Would I might
sed success, but I do feel, [never
id of yours, a grief that shoots
at root.

I thank you, sir.
hat Cæsar means to do with me;
loath to tell you what I would
pray you, sir,— [you knew.

Though he be honourable,—
lead me then in triumph?

Madam, he will;

ake way there,—Cæsar.
e, GALLUS, PROCULIUS, ME-
ELIUCUS, and Attendants.

Which is the queen

is the emperor, madam.

[CLEOPATRA kneels.

Arise,

kneel;—

se; rise, Egypt.

Sir, the gods
hus; my master and my lord

Take to you no hard thoughts:
what injuries you did us,

Though written in our flesh, we shall remem-
As things but done by chance. [ber

Cleo. Sole sir of the world,
I cannot project mine own cause so well
To make it clear; but do confess, I have
Been laden with like frailties, which before
Have often shamed our sex.

Cæs. Cleopatra, know,
We will extenuate rather than enforce:
If you apply yourself to our intents,
(Which towards you are most gentle,) you
shall find

A benefit in this change; but if you seek
To lay on me a cruelty, by taking
Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself
Of my good purposes, and put your children
To that destruction which I'll guard them from,
If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.

Cleo. And may, through all the world, 'tis
yours: and we [shall
Your 'scutcheons, and your signs of conquest,
Hang in what place you please. Here, my
good lord. [patra.

Cæs. You shall advise me in all for Cleo-
Cleo. This is the brief of money, plate, and
jewels,

I am possess'd of: 'tis exactly valued;
Not petty things admitted.—Where's Seleucus?
Sir. Here, madam. [my lord,

Cleo. This is my treasurer; let him speak,
Upon his peril, that I have reserved
To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.

Sci. Madam,
I had rather seal [my lips, than, to my peril,
Speak that which is not.

Cleo. What have I kept back?
Sci. Enough to purchase what you have
made known.

Cæs. Nay, blush not, Cleopatra; I approve
Your wisdom in the deed.

Cleo. See, Cæsar! O, behold,
How pomp is follow'd! mine will now be
yours; [mine.

And, should we shift estates, yours would be
The ingratitude of this Seleucus does [trust
Even make me wild:—O slave, of no more
Than love that's hired!—What, goest thou
back? thou shalt [eyes,

Go back, I warrant thee; but I'll catch thine
Though they had wings: Slave, soul-less villain!
O rarely base! [lain, dog!

Cæs. Good queen, let us entreat you.

Cleo. O Cæsar, what a wounding shame is
That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me, [this;
Doing the honour of thy lordliness

To one so meek, that mine own servant should
Parcel off the sum of my disgraces by
Addition of his envy! Say, good Cæsar,

That I some lady trifles have reserved,
Immement toys, things of such dignity
As we greet modern friends withal; and say,
Some nobler token I have kept apart
For Livia II, and Octavia II, to induce
Their mediation; must I be unfolded
With one that I have bred! The gods! It
smiles me.

+ Silver money. J Shape or form, S Spw up. U Uncommonly.
Add to. ** Common, tt Cæsar's wife. H His slave.

Beneath the fall I have:—Pr'ythee, go hence;
(Exit Seleucus.)

Or I shall show the cinders* of my spirits
 Through the ashes of my chance:—Wert thou
 Thou wouldst have mercy on me. (A man.)

Cæs. Forbear, Seleucus.
(Exit Seleucus.)

Cleo. Be it known, that we, the greatest,
 are misthought.

For things that others do; and, when we fall,
 We answer others' merits in our name,
 Are therefore to be pitied.

Cæs. *Cleopatra,*
 Not what you have reserved, nor what ac-
 knowledged; (Lyons.)

Put we i'the roll of conquest: still be it
 Bestow it at your pleasure; and believe,

Caesar's no merchant, to make prize with;
 Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be

cheer'd; (queen.)

Make not your thoughts your prisons: no, dear

For we intend so to dispose you, as

Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep:

Our care and pity is so much upon you,

That we remain your friend; And so adieu.

Cleo. My master, and my lord!

Cæs. Not so: Adieu.

(Exit Cæsar, and his Train.)

Cleo. He words me, girls, he words me,
 that I should not

Be noble to myself: but hark thee, Charmian.

(Whispers CHARMIAN.)

Iras. Finish, good lady; the bright day is

And we are for the dark. (done.)

Cleo. Hie thee again:
 I have spoke already, and it is provided:

Take thou no care; it shall be heeded.

Very good: give it nothing, I pray
It is not worth the feeding.

Will it eat me?

You must not think I am so simple,
For the devil himself will not eat a
I know, that a woman is a dish for
If the devil dress her not. But,
as same whoreson devils do the gods
in their women; for in every ten
males, the devils mar five.

Well, get thee gone; farewell.

Yes, forsooth; I wish you joy of
[Exit.]

IRAS, with a Robe, Crown, &c.

Give me my robe, put on my crown; I
longings in me: Now no more [have
of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip:
I am, good Iras; quick.—Methinks I
see him rouse himself [hear
my noble act; I hear him mock

—O Caesar, which the gods give men
in their after wrath: Husband, I come:

Let name my courage prove my title!
I bid sir; my other elements

—baser life.—So,—have you done?
Then, and take the last warmth of my
[Exit.]

Kind Charmian;—Iras, long fare-
[Kisses them. IRAS falls and dies.]

Aspic in my lips? Dost fall?
My nature can so gently part,

As of death's as a lover's pinch, [still
And, and is desired. Dost thou
vanishest, thou tell'st the world
worth leave-taking.

Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain; that
themselves do weep! [I may say,

This proves me base:
I meet the curled Antony,

—Demand of her; and spend that
[wretch,

My heaven to have. Come, mortal
the Asp, which she applies to her
breast.

Sharp teeth this knot intrinsicate
Once untie: poor venomous fool,

—O, couldst thou
peak!

—O, couldst thou
hear thee call great Caesar, has
[Exit.]

O eastern star!

Peace, peace!

—O, break! O, break!

As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as
gentle,—

—Nay, I will take thee too:—
[Applying another Asp to her Arm.

—Should I stay?—[Falls on a Bed, & dies.]

In this wild world!—So, fare thee
well—

—O, death! In thy possession lies
unparallel'd.—Downy windows, close;

—Downy windows, close;
—Downy windows, close;
—Downy windows, close;

—Downy windows, close;
—Downy windows, close;
—Downy windows, close;

—Downy windows, close;
—Downy windows, close;
—Downy windows, close;

—Downy windows, close;
—Downy windows, close;
—Downy windows, close;

—Downy windows, close;
—Downy windows, close;
—Downy windows, close;

Of eyes again so royal! Your crown's awry;
I'll mend it, and then play.

Enter the Guard, rushing in.

1 Guard. Where is the queen?

Char. Speak softly, wake her not.

1 Guard. Caesar hath sent—

Char. Too slow a messenger.

[Applies the Asp.]

O, come; apace, despatch: I partly feel thee.

1 Guard. Approach, oh! All's not well:

Caesar's beguiled. [Caesar;—call him.]

2 Guard. There's Dolabella sent from

1 Guard. What work is here?—Charmian,

is this well done? [princess

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a

Descended of so many royal kings,

Ah, soldier! [Dies.]

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. How goes it here?

2 Guard. All dead.

Dol. Caesar, thy thoughts

Touch their effects in this: Thyself art coming

To see perform'd the dreaded act, which thou

So sought'st to hinder.

Within. A way there, way for Caesar!

Enter CAESAR, and Attendants.

Dol. O, sir, you are too sure an augurer;

That you did fear, is done.

Ces. Bravest at the last:

She leav'd at our purposes, and being royal,

Took her own way.—The manner of their

I do not see, them bleed. [Deaths.]

Dol. Who was last with them?

1 Guard. A simple countryman, that brought

This was his basket. [her lips;

Ces. Poison'd then.

1 Guard. O Caesar,

This Charmian lived but now; she stood, and

I found her trimming up the diadem [spoke:

On her dead mistress; tremblingly she stood,

And on the sudden dropp'd.

Ces. O noble weakness!—

If they had swallow'd poison, 'twould appear

By external swelling: but she looks like sleep,

As she would catch another Antony

In her strong toll of grace.

Dol. Here, on her breast,

There is a vent of blood, and something blown:

The like is on her arm. [fig-leaves

1 Guard. This is an aspic's trail: and these

Have slime upon them, such as the aspic leaves

Upon the caves of Nile.

Ces. Most probable,

That so she died; for her physician tells me,

She hath pursued conclusions infinite

Of easy ways to die.—Take up her bed;

And bear her women from the monument:—

She shall be buried by her Antony:

No grave upon the earth shall clip in it

A pair so famous. High events as these

Strike those that make them: and their story is

No less in pity, than his glory, which

Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall,

In solemn show, attend this funeral;

And then to Rome.—Come, Dolabella, see

High order in this great solemnity. [Exeunt.]

Make haste.

+ Unpolitic, to leave me to myself.

† Graceful appearance.

§ Tried experiments.

¶ Enfold.

CLOTEN, son to the Queen by a former husband.

LEONATUS POSTHUMUS, a gentleman, husband to Imogen.

HELIUS, a banished lord, disguised with the name of Morgan.

GUIDERIUS, } sons to Cymbeline, disguised
under the names of Pe-

ABVRAGUS, } doves and Cadwal, a
poised sons to Belarius

PHILARIO, friend to Posthumus. } Italian
IACHIMO, friend to Philario. }

A French Gentleman, friend to Philario

CALPURNIUS, general of the Roman forces

A Roman Captain. Two British Captains
PISANIO, servant to Posthumus.

A

SCENE I. Britain. The Garden before
Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter Two Gentlemen.

1 Gent. You do not meet a man, but from
our bloods *

No more obey the heavens, than our courtiers
shall seem, as does the king's.

2 Gent. But what's the matter?

1 Gent. His daughter, and the heir of
kingdom, whom

He purposed to his wife's sole son, (a wild
That late he married,) hath reserv'd herself
Unto a poor but worthy gentleman: She
wedded;

Her husband banish'd; she imprison'd: all
is outward sorrow; though I think, the king
Be touch'd at very heart.

2 Gent. None but the king?

1 Gent. He, that hath lost her, too: and
the queen,

That must defend the match: But not a

that guided dotards: to his mistress,
as he now is banish'd,—her own price
How she esteem'd him and his vir-
tue may be truly read, [the;
of man he is.

I honour him [me,
of your report. But, 'pray you, tell
child to the king?

His only child. [ing,
two sons, (if this be worth your hear-
the eldest of them at three years old,
nothing clothes the other, from their
rascality [knowledge
often: and to this hour, no guess in
way they went.

How long is this ago?
Some twenty years. [convey'd!
That a king's children should be so
tightly guarded! And the search so slow,
could not trace them!

Howsoe'er 'tis strange,
the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
true, sir.

I do well believe you.
We must forbear: Here comes the
queen, and princess. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. The same.

THE QUEEN, POSTHUMUS, and IMOGEN.
No, be assured, you shall not find
me, daughter,
the slander of most step-mothers,
ed unto you: you are my prisoner, but
I shall deliver you the keys [mus,
pick up your restraint. For you, Posthu-
mus, as I can win the offended king,
I know your advocate: marry, yet
of rage is in him; and 'twere good,
and unto his sentence with what pa-
isdom may inform you. [silence.

Please your highness,
from hence to-day.

You know the peril:—
a turn about the garden, pitying
ings of barr'd affections; though the
king
larged you should not speak together.

[Exit Queen.

O
bling courtesy! How fine this tyrant
sle were she wounds!—My dearest
husband, [thing,
thing fear my father's wrath; but no-
s reserved my holy duty, what
e can do on me: You must be gone;
shall here abide the hourly shot
y eyes; not comforted to live,
t there is this jewel in the world,
may see again.

My queen! my mistress!
weep no more; lest I give cause
spected of more tenderness
oth become a man! I will remain
al'st husband that did e'er plight troth.
idence in Rome, at one Philario's;

Who to my father was a friend, to me
Known but by letter: thither write, my queen,
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you
Though ink be made of gall, [send,

Re-enter Queen.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you:
If the king come, I shall incur I know not
How much of his displeasure: yet I'll move
him [Aside.

To walk this way: I never do him wrong,
But he does buy my injuries, to be friends;
Pays dear for my offences. [Exit.

Post. Should we be taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The loathsomeness to depart would grow: Adieu!

Imo. Nay, stay a little:
Were you but riding forth to air yourself,
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love;
This diamond was my mother's: take it,
heart;

But keep it till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.

Post. How! how! another!—
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And sear up* my embracements from a next
With bonds of death!—Remain thou here.

[Putting on the Ring.

While sense† can keep it on! And sweetest,
fairest,

As I my poor self did exchange for you,
To your so infinite loss; so, in our trifles
I still win of you: For my sake, wear this:
It is a manacle of love; I'll place it
Upon this fairest prisoner.

[Putting a Bracelet on her Arm.

Imo. O, the gods!
When shall we see again?

Enter CYMBELINE and Lords.

Post. Alack, the king!
Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from
my sight!

If, after this command, thou fraught; the court
With thy unworthiness, thou diest: Away!
Thou art poison to my blood.

Post. The gods protect you!
And bless the good remainders of the court!
I am gone. [Exit.

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this is.

Cym. O disloyal thing,
That shouldst repair my youth; thou beapest
A year's age on me!

Imo. I beseech you, sir,
Harm not yourself with your vexation; I
Am senseless of your wrath; a touch more
Subdues all pangs, all fears. [rare]

Cym. Past grace? obedience!
Imo. Past hope, and in despair; that way
past grace. [of my queen.

Cym. That might'st have had the sole son
Imo. O bless'd, that I might not! I chose an
And did avoid a puttock*. [eagle.

Cym. Thou took'st a beggar; wouldst have
made my throne
A seat for baseness.

Imo. No; I rather added
 A lustre to it.
Cym. O thou vile one!
Imo. Sir,
 It is your fault that I have loved Posthumus:
 You bred him as my playfellow; and he is
 A man worth any woman; overbuys me
 Almost the sum he pays.
Cym. What! art thou mad?
Imo. Almost, sir: Heaven restore me!—
 Would I were
 A neat-herd's daughter! and my Leonatus
 Our neighbour shepherd's son!
Re-enter Queen.
Cym. Thou foolish thing!—
 They were again together: you have done
 [To the Queen.
 Not after our command. Away with her,
 And pen her up.
Queen. Beseech your patience:—Peace,
 Dear lady daughter, peace;—Sweet sovereign,
 Leave us to ourselves; and make yourself
 Out of your best advice. [some comfort
Cym. Nay, let her languish
 A drop of blood a day; and, being aged,
 Die of this folly! [Exit.
Enter PISANTO.
Queen. Fle,—you must give way:
 Here is your servant.—How now, sir? What
 news?
Pis. My lord your son drew on my master.
Queen. Ha!
 No harm, I trust, is done?
Pis. There might have been,
 But that my master rather play'd than fought,
 And had no help of anger: they were parted

4. Thou shouldst have made him
as a crow, or less, ere left
my eye him.

Madam, so I did.
I would have broke mine eye-strings;
which'd them, but
upon him; till the diminution
had pointed him sharp as my needle;
I saw'd him, till he had melted from
illness of a goat to air; and then
my eye mine eye, and wept.—But, good
shall we hear from him? [Pisanio,

Be assured, madam,
I merit vengeance.

I did not take my leave of him, but

many things to say: ere I could tell him,
I should think on him, at certain hours,
thoughts, and such; or I could make
him swear

that Italy should not betray [him,
parent, and his honour; or have charged
with hour of morn, at noon, at mid-
night,

master me with orisonst, for then
heaven for him: or ere I could
see that parting kiss, which I had set
two charming words, comes in my
other,

the tyrannous breathing of the north,
and our buds from growing.

Enter a Lady.

The queen, madam,
your highness' company.

Those things I bid you do, get them
send the queen. [despatch'd.—

Madam, I shall.

[Exeunt.

V. Rome. An Apartment in Phi-
lario's House.

PHILARIO, IACHIMO, a Frenchman,
a Dutchman, and a Spaniard.

Believe it, sir: I have seen him in
he was then of a crescent metal, ex-
prove so worthy, as since he hath
showed the name of: but I could then
looked on him without the help of ad-
miration, though the catalogue of his endow-
ment had been tabled by his side, and I to
read by items.

You speak of him when he was less
than now he is, with that which
of him both without and within.

Jack. I have seen him in France: we
my many there, could behold the sun
in firm eyes as he.

This matter of marrying his king's
law, (wherein he must be weighed rather
of value, than his own,) words him, I
not a great deal from the matter.

Jack. And then his banishment:—

A. Ay, and the approbation of those

that weep this lamentable divorce, under her
colours, are wonderfully to extend of him; be
it but to fortify her judgment, which else an
easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar
without more quality. But how comes it, he
is to sojourn with you? How creeps ac-
quaintance?

Ph. His father and I were soldiers toge-
ther; to whom I have been often bound for
no less than my life:—

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Here comes the Briton: Let him be so enter-
tained amongst you, as suits, with gentlemen
of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality.—
I beseech you all, be better known to this
gentleman; whom I commend to you as a
noble friend of mine: How worthy he is, I
will leave to appear hereafter, rather than
story him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have known together in
Orleans.

Post. Since when I have been debtor to
you for courtesies, which I will be ever to
pay, and yet pay still.

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kind-
ness: I was glad I did atone to my country-
men and you; it had been pity, you should
have been put together with so mortal a pur-
pose, as then each bore, upon importance of
so slight and trivial a nature.

Post. By your pardon, sir, I was then a
young traveller: rather shan'd to go even
with what I heard, than in my every action to
be guided by others' experiences: but, upon
my mended judgment, (if I offend not to say
it is mended,) my quarrel was not altogether
slight.

French. Faith, you, to be put to the arbi-
trament of swords; and by such two, that
would, by all likelihood, have confounded
one the other, or have fallen both.

Jack. Can we, with manners, ask what was
the difference?

French. Safely, I think: 'twas a contention
in public, which may, without contradiction,
suffer the report. It was much like an argu-
ment that fell out last night, where each of us
fell in praise of our country mistresses: This
gentleman at that time vouching, (and upon
warrant of bloody affirmation,) his to be mor-
fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant qualified,
and less attemptable, than any the rarest of our
ladies in France.

Jack. That lady is not now living; or this
gentleman's opinion, by this, worn out.

Post. She holds her virtue still, and I my
mind.

Jack. You must not so far prefer her 'fore
ours of Italy.

Post. Being so far provoked as I was in
France, I would abate her nothing; though I
profess myself her adorer, not her friend.

Jack. As fair, and as good, (a kind of hand-

partant.

† Meet me with reciprocal prayer.

† Increasing in fame.

‡ Accomplished.

‡ Forms him.

‡ Presides him.

§ Reconcile.

†† Importantly, instigation.

‡ Destroyed.

§ Lover.—I speak of her as a being I reverence, not as a beauty whom I enjoy

in-hand comparison,) had been something too fair, and too good, for any lady in Britany. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours outlustres many I have beheld, I could not but believe she excelled many: but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

Post. I praised her as I rated her: so do I my stone.

Iach. What do you esteem it at?

Post. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your unparagoned mistress is dead, or she's out-prized by a trifle.

Post. You are mistaken: the one may be sold, or given; if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift: the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

Iach. Which the gods have given you?

Post. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in title years: but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stolen too: so, of your brace of unprizeable estimations, the one is but frail, and the other casual; a cunning thief, or a that way accomplished courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Post. Your Italy contains none so accomplished a courtier, to convince the honour of my mistress; if, in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt, you have store of thieves; notwithstanding I fear not my ring.

Phil. Let us leave here, gentlemen.



bids me ask;) wherefore you
me these most poisonous com-
poisons of a languishing death;
n, deadly?

I do wonder, doctor,
such a question: Have I not
? Has thou not learn'd me
lest distill? preserve? yea, so,
ing himself death woo me oft
ions? Having thus far pro-

nk'st me devilish,) is't not
ify my judgment in
us? I will try the forces
npounds on such creatures as
worth the hanging, (but none

r of them, and apply
beir act; and by them gather
rues and effects.

Your highness
practice but make hard your

ng these effects will be
ad infections.

O, content thee.—
Inter PISANIO.
uttering rascal; upon him

k: he's for his master,
yson.—How now, Pisanio?
rvice for this time is ended;
way.

I do suspect you, madam;
no harm.

Hark thee, a word.—
(To PISANIO.

I do not like her. She doth
has
poisons: I do know her spirit,
st one of her malice with
lamm'd nature: Those she has
l dull the sense awhile:
chance, she'll prove on cats

up higher; but there is
bat show of death it makes,
eking up the spirits a time,
s, reviving. She is fool'd
e effect; and I the truer,
ith her.

No further, service, doctor,
thee.

I humbly take my leave.

as she still, say'st thou? Dost
c in time
sought; and let instructions
v possessions? Do thou work;
k bring me word she loves

the instant, thou art then
y master: greater; for
his speechless, and his name

Is at last gap: Return he cannot, nor
Continue where he is: to shift his being?,
Is to exchange one misery with another;
And every day that comes, comes to decay
A day's work in him: What shalt thou expect
To be depend on a thing that leans?
Who cannot be new built? nor has no friends,

[The Queen drops a Box: PISANIO
takes it up.

So much as but to prop him?—Thou takest up
Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy
labour:

It is a thing I made, which hath the king
Five times redeem'd from death: I do not
know

What is more cordial:—Nay, I prythee, take
It is an earnest of a further good

That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how
The case stands with her; do't, as from thyself.
Think what a chance thou changest on; but
think

Thou hast thy mistress still; to boot, my son,
Who shall take notice of thee: I'll move the
king

To any shape of thy preferment, such
As thou'lt desire; and then myself, I chiefly
That set thee on to this desert, am bound
To load thy merit richly. Call my women:
Think on my words. [Exit PISA.]—A sly
and constant knave;

Not to be shaken: the agent for his master;
And the remembrancer of her, to hold [that,
The hand fast to her lord.—I have given him
Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
Of liegers & for hersweet; and which she, after,
Except she bend her humour, shall be assured
Re-enter PISANIO, and Ladies.

To taste of too.—So, so;—well done, well
done:

The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,
Bear to my closet:—Fare thee well, Pisanio;
Think on my words.

[Exeunt Queen and Ladies.

Pis. And shall do:
But when to my good lord I prove untrue,
I'll choke myself: there's all I'll do for you.

[Exit.

SCENE VII. Another Room in the same.

Enter IMOGEN.
Imo. A father cruel, and a step-dame false;
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
That hath her husband banish'd;—O, that
husband!

My supreme crown of grief! and those re-
vexations of it! Had I been thief-stolen,
As my two brothers, happy! but most mis-
erable

Is the desire that's glorious: Blessed be those,
How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort.—Who may this be?
Fie!

Enter PISANIO and IACHIMO.

Pis. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome;
Comes from my lord with letters.

Iach. Change you, madam!

Imo. I do, Grow cool. To change his shroud. Ambassadors.

The worthy Leonatus is in safety,
And greets your highness dearly.

[Presents a Letter.]

Imo. Thanks, good sir :
You are kindly welcome.

Iach. All of her, that is out of door, most
rich ! *[Aside.]*

If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,
She is alone the Arabian bird ; and I
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend !
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot !
Or, like the Partisan, I shall flying fight ;
Rather, directly fly.

Imo. *[Reads.]*—*He is one of the noblest
noble, to whose kindnesses I am most infi-
nitely tied. Reflect upon him accordingly,
as you value your trust*

LEONATUS.

So far I read aloud :
But even the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by the rest, and takes it thankfully.
You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I
Have words to bid you ; and shall find it so,
In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks, fairest lady.—
What ! are men mad ? Hath nature given them
eyes

To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop
Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The fiery orbs above, and the twinn'd stones
Upon the number'd beach ? and can we not
Partition make with spectacles so precious
'Twixt fair and foul ?

Imo. What makes your admiration ?

Iach. It cannot be i'the eye ; for apes and

ses of hell should at one time
revolt.

My lord, I fear,

in.

And himself. Not I,
intelligence, pronounce
a change; but 'tis your graces
mutest conscience, to my
out. (tongue,

Let me hear no more.
st soul! your cause doth stike

loth make me sick. A lady,
n'd to an empery*, [partner'd
e great'st king double! to be
hired with that self-exhibi-

(ventures,
coffers yield! with diseased
ill infirmities for gold (stuff,
s can lend nature! such boll'd
dson poison! Be revenged;
you, was no queen, and you
r great stock.

Revenged!
revenged? If this be true,
heart, that both mine ears
e abuse,) if it be true,
revenged?

Should he make me
s priest, betwixt cold sheets;
lting variable ramps, (it,
, upon your purse! Revenge
f to your sweet pleasure;
that renegade to your bed;
e fast to your affection,
te.

What ho, Pisanio!
ny service tender on your lips.
-I do condemn mine ears, that

(able,
I thee.—If thou wert honour-
ave told this tale for virtue,
[strange.

nd thou seek'st; as base as
gentleman, who is as far
; as thou from honour; and
lady that disdains

ill alike.—What ho, Pisanio!—
her shall be made acquainted
if he shall think it fit,

' in his court, to mart
stew, and to expound
d to us; he hath a court
or, and a daughter whom
at all.—What ho, Pisanio!—

y Leonatus! I may say;
thy lady hath of thee, (ness
st; and thy most perfect good-
fit!—Blessed live you long!

orthiest sir, that ever
is! and you his mistress, only
orthiest fit! Give me your

I have spoke this, to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted; and shall make your lord,
That which he is, new o'er: And he is one
The truest manner'd; such a holy witch,
That he enchants societies unto him:
Half all men's hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.

Iach. He sits 'mongst men, like a descended
He hath a kind of honour sets him off, [god:
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
Most mighty prince, that I have adventured
To try your taking of a false report; which

hath [ment
Honour'd with confirmation your great judg-
In the election of a sir so rare,

Which you know, cannot err: The love I bear
him [you,

Made me to say you thus; but the gods made
Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your par-
don, [court for yours.

Imo. All's well, sir: Take my power i'the

Iach. My humble thanks. I had almost
forgot

To entreat your grace but in a small request,
And yet of moment too, for it concerns
Your lord; myself, and other noble friends,
Are partners in the business.

Imo. Pray, what is't?

Iach. Some dozen Romans of us, and your
lord, [sums,

(The best feather of our wing) have mingled
To buy a present for the emperor;

Which I, the factor for the rest, have done
In France: 'Tis plate, of rare device; and
jewels,

Of rich and exquisite form; their values great;
And I am something curious, being strange to,
To have them in safe stowage; May it please
To take them in protection? [you

Imo. Willingly;

And pawn mine honour for their safety: since
My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them
In my bed-chamber.

Iach. They are in a trunk,

Attended by my men: I will make bold
To send them to you, only for this night;

I must aboard to-morrow.

Imo. O, no, no.

Iach. Yes, I beseech; or I shall short my
Bylength'ning my return. From Gallia [word,
I cross'd the seas on purpose, and on promise
To see your grace.

Imo. I thank you for your pains;
But not away to-morrow?

Iach. O, I must, madam:

Therefore, I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your lord with writing, do't to-night:
I have outstood my time; which is material
To the tender of our present.

Imo. I will write.

Send your trunk to me; it shall safe be kept,
And truly yielded you: You are very wel-
come. [Krenat.

* Sovereign command.
see, poison.

† Wantons.
To sin, is to winnow.

! A stranger.

ACT II

SCENE I. *Court before Cymbeline's Palace.**Three Gentlemen, and Two Lords.*

1. *Gen.* Was there ever man had such luck !
When I kissed the jack upon an up-cast*, to
be hit away ! I had a hundred pound on't :
And then a whoreson jackanapes must take
me up for swearing ; as if I borrowed mine
words of him, and might not spend them at my
pleasures.

1. *Lord.* What got he by that ? You have
stroke his pate with your bowl.

2. *Lord.* If his wit had been like him that
stroke it, it would have ran all out. [*Aside.*

Gen. When a gentleman is disposed to swear,
it is not for any standers-by to curtail his
words : Ha !

2. *Lord.* No, my lord ; nor [*Aside.*] crop
the ears of them.

Gen. Whoreson dog !—I give him satisfac-
tion :—Would, he had been one of my rank !

2. *Lord.* To have smelt like a fool. [*Aside.*

Gen. I am not more vexed at any thing in
the earth,—A pox on't ! I had rather not be
so noble as I am ; they dare not fight with me,
because of the queen my mother : every jack-
nave hath his belly full of fighting, and I must
crop and down like a cock that nobody can
catch.

2. *Lord.* You are a cock and capon too ; and
you crow, cock, with your comb on. [*Aside.*

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d such:—And the contents
y,—
atural notes about her body,
and measer moveables
to enrich mine inventory :
pe of death, lie dull upon her !
se but as a monument,
spel lying!—Come off, come

(Taking off her Bracelet.)
he Gordian knot was hard!
this will witness outwardly,
he conscience does within,
of her lord. On her left breast
potted, like the crimson drops
a cowlip: Here's a voucher
ver law could make: this secret
think I have pick'd the lock,

(what end?)
her honour. No more.—To
write this down, that's rivetted,
memory! She hath been read-
(down,
ereus; here the leaf's turn'd
I gave up:—I have enough:
gain, and shut the spring of it.
ou dragons of the night!—that

aven's eye: I lodge in fear;
eavenly angel, hell is here.
(Clock strikes.)
—Time, time!

he Trunk. The Scene closes.

*An Ante-Chamber adjoining
ogen's Apartment.*

CLOTEN and Lords.

or lordship is the most patient
most coldest that ever turn'd

d make any man cold to lose.
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;
er of your lordship; You are
arious when you win.

g would put any man into cou-
ld get this foolish Imogen, I
old enough: It's almost morn-

y, my lord.

I this music would come: I am
her music o' mornings; they
etrate.

Enter Musicians.

: If you can penetrate her with
so; we'll try with tongue too:
let her remain; but I'll never
st, a very excellent good-con-
after, a wonderful sweet air,
rich words to it,—and then let

SONG.—

*! the lark at heaven's gite
us' gins arise, [sings,
water at those springs
ed flowers that lies;*

*And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With every thing that pretty bin:
My lady sweet, arise;
Arise, arise.*

So, get you gone: If this penetrate, I will
consider your music the better †: If it do not,
it is a vice in her ears, which horse hairs, and
cats' guts, nor the voice of unpaved ennoch to
boot, can never amend. *[Exit Musicians.]*

Enter CYMBELINE and Queen.

‡ *Lord.* Here comes the king.

Clo. I am glad I was up so late; for that's
the reason I was up so early: He cannot
choose but take this service I have done, fa-
therly.—Good morrow to your majesty, and
to my gracious mother.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our stern
Will she not forth? *(daughter?)*

Clo. I have unsealed her with music, but she
vouchsafes no notice.

Cym. The exile of her mission is too new;
She hath not yet forgot him: some more time
Must wear the print of his remembrance out,
And then she's yours.

Queen. You are most bound to the king;
Who let's go by no vantages, that may
Prefer you to his daughter: Frame yourself
To orderly sollicit; and be friended
With aptness of the season: make denials
Increase your services: so seem, as if
You were inspired to do those duties which
You tender to her; that you in all obey her,
Save when command to your dismissal tends,
And therein you are senseless.

Clo. *(Senseless? not so.)*

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. So like you, sir, ambassadors from
The one is Caius Lælius. *(Rome;)*

Cym. A worthy fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;
But that's no fault of his: We must receive
According to the honour of his sender; [him
And towards himself his goodness forspent
on us

We must extend our notice.—Our dear son,
When you have given good morning to your
mistress,

Attend the queen and us; we shall have need
To employ you towards this Roman.—Come,
our queen.

[Exit Cym., Queen, Lords, and Mess.]

Clo. If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not,
Let her lie still, and dream.—By your leave
ho!— *(Knocks.)*

I know her women are about her: What
If I do line one of their hands? 'Tis gold
Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and
makes

Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up
Their deer to the stand of the stealer; and 'tis
gold *(the thief:*

Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves
Nay, sometime, hangs both thief and true
man: What

† Will pay you more for it. ‡ With sollicitations not only proper, but well-timed.

SHAKSPE

and undo! I will make
 a woman lawyer to me; for
 I will understand the case myself.
[Knocks.]
Enter a Lady.
Clot. Who's there that knocks?
Clot. A gentleman.
Clot. No more?
Clot. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.
Clot. That's more
 than mine, whose tailors are as dear as yours,
 and as ready to best of: What's your lordship's
 pleasure?
Clot. Your lady's person: Is she ready?
Lady. Ay,
 to keep her chamber.
Clot. There's gold for you; sell me your
 good report, *[of you]*
Lady. How! my good name? or to report
 What I shall think is good?—The princess—
Enter IMOGEN.
Clot. Good morrow, fairest sister: Your
 sweet hand. *(much pains)*
Imo. Good morrow, sir: You lay out too
 in purchasing but trouble: the thanks I give
 telling you that I am poor of thanks,
 and scarce can spare them.
Clot. Still I swear I love you. *(with me:)*
Imo. If you but said so, 'twere as deep
 as you swear still, your recompense is still
 that I regard it not.
Clot. This is no answer.
Imo. Not that you shall not say I yield,
 being silent, *(if faith,)*
 I would not speak. I pray you, spare me:
 I shall unfold equal discourtesy *(ing)*

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As all I can do. By this, your king
 heard of great Augustus: Caius Lucius
 his commission throughly: And, I
 think,
 want the tribute, send the arrearages,
 upon our Romans, whose remem-
 break in their grief. [brauce

I do believe,
 though I am none, nor like to be.)
 will prove a war; and you shall hear
 now in Gallia, sooner landed
 not-fearing Britain, than have tidings
 penny tribute paid. Our countrymen
 more order'd than when Julius Cæsar
 at their lack of skill, but found their
 courage
 his frowning at: Their discipline
 mingled with their courages) will make
 knows
 his approvers†, they are people such
 upon the world.

Enter IACHIMO.

See! Iachimo?
 The swiftest harts have posted you by
 hand:

Hands of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
 like your vessel nimble.

Welcome, sir.
 I hope the briefness of your answer
 neediness of your return. [made

Your lady
 the fairest that I have look'd upon.

And, therewithal, the best; or let her
 beauty

through a casement to allure false hearts,
 false with them.

Here are letters for you.
 Their tenour good, I trust.

'Tis very like.
 Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court,
 you were there?

He was expected then,
 not approach'd.

All is well yet.—
 Was this stone as it was wont? or is't not
 small for your good wearing?

If I have lost it,
 had have lost the worth of it in gold.

make a journey twice as far, to enjoy
 one night of such sweet shortness, which
 mine in Britain; for the ring is won.

The stone's too hard to come by.

Not a whit,
 lady being so easy.

Make not, sir,
 loss your sport: I hope you know that
 not continue friends. [we

Good sir, we must,
 a keep covenant: Had I not brought
 knowledge of your mistress home, I grant
 were to question further: but I now
 am myself the winner of her honour,

ther with your ring: and not the wronger
 or, you, having proceeded but
 with your wills.

And now 'tis up again: it must be married
 To that your diamond; I'll keep them.

Post. Jove!—
 Once more let me behold it; is it that
 Which I left with her?

Isch. Sir, (I thank her,) that:

Isch. Sir, (I thank her,) that:

Post. If you can make't apparent
 That you have tasted her in bed, my hand,
 And ring, is yours; if not, the foul opinion
 You had of her pure honour, gains, or loses,
 Yoursword, or mine; or masterless leaves both
 To who shall find them.

Isch. Sir, my circumstances,
 Being so near the truth, as I will make them,
 Must first induce you to believe: whose
 strength

I will confirm with oath; which I doubt not,
 You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall
 You need it not. [find

Post. Proceed.

Isch. First, her bed-chamber,
 (Where, I confess, I slept not; but, profess,
 Had that was well worth watching.) It was
 hang'd

With tapestry of silk and silver: the story
 Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,
 And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for
 The press of boats, or pride: A piece of work
 So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
 In workmanship and value; which I won-
 Could be so rarely and exactly wrought, [der'd
 Since the true life on't was——

Post. This is true;
 And this you might have heard of here, by me,
 Or by some other.

Isch. More particulars
 Must justify my knowledge.

Post. So they must,
 Or do your honour injury.

Isch. The chimney
 Is south the chamber; and the chimney-
 piece,

Chaste Dian bathing: never saw I figures
 So likely to report themselves; the cutter
 Was as another nature, dumb; outwent her,
 Motion and breath left out.

Post. This is a thing
 Which you might from relation likewise reap;
 Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Isch. The roof o'the chamber
 With golden cherubims is fretted: her andi-
 rons†

(I had forgot them,) were two winking cupids
 Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
 Depending on their brands.

Post. This is her honour!
 Let it be granted you have seen all this, (and
 praise

Be given to your remembrance,) the descrip-
 Of what is in her chamber, nothing saves
 The wager you have laid.

Isch. Then if you can,
 [Pulling out the Bracelet.

Be pale; I beg but leave to air this jewel:
 See!—

And now 'tis up again: it must be married
 To that your diamond; I'll keep them.

Post. Jove!—
 Once more let me behold it; is it that
 Which I left with her?

Isch. Sir, (I thank her,) that:

† To those who try them.
 support wood burnt in chimneys.

† Ornaments iron bars w
 † Torches in the hands of cupids..

SHAKSPE

and undo? I will make
a woman lawyer to me; for
I will understand the case myself.

[Knocks.

Enter a Lady.

Who's there that knocks?

A gentleman.

No more?

Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

That's more.

Whose tailors are as dear as yours,
I would be glad to hear of: What's your lordship's
pleasure?

Your lady's person: Is she ready?

Lady.

Ay,

to keep her chamber.

There's gold for you; sell me your
good report.

[of you

How! my good name? or to report
What I shall think is good?—The princess—

Enter IMOGEN.

Good morrow, fairest sister: Your
sweet hand,

[much pains

Good morrow, sir: You lay out too
much purchasing but trouble: the thanks I give
telling you that I am poor of thanks,
and scarce can spare them.

Still I swear I love you. [with me:

If you but said so, 'twere as deep
as you swear still, your recompense is still
that I regard it not.

This is no answer.

But that you shall not say I yield,
being silent,

[I'll faith,

I would not speak. I pray you, spare me:
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as all I can do. By this, your king
word of great Augustus: Caius Lucius
in his commission thoroughly: And, I
think,
want the tribute, send the arrearages,
on upon our Romans, whose remem-
brance in their grief. [brance

I do believe,
though I am none, nor like to be.)
I will prove a war; and you shall hear
I am, now in Gallia, sooner landed
most-fearing Britain, than have tidings
penny tribute paid. Our countrymen
are more order'd than when Julius Cæsar
at their lack of skill, but found their
disgrace
in his frowning at: Their discipline
mingled with their courages) will make
known
in approvers; they are people such
used upon the world.

Enter IACHIMO.

See! Iachimo?
The swiftest harts have posted you by
land:

None of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
like your vessel nimble.

Welcome, sir.
I hope the briefness of your answer
neediness of your return. [made

Your lady
the fairest that I have look'd upon.

And, therewithal, the best; or let her
beauty

through a casement to allure false hearts,
in false with them.

Here are letters for you.
Their tenour good, I trust.

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lady being so easy.

Make not, sir,
lose your sport: I hope you know that
not continue friends. [we

Good sir, we must,
I keep covenant: Had I not brought
knowledge of your mistress home, I grant
rare to question farther: but I now
as myself the winner of her honour,

her with your ring: and not the wronger
r, or you, having proceeded but
with your wills.

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the fairest that I have look'd upon.

And, therewithal, the best; or let her
beauty

through a casement to allure false hearts,
in false with them.

Here are letters for you.
Their tenour good, I trust.

'Tis very like.
Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court,

you were there?

He was expected then,
not approach'd.

All is well yet.—
Was this stone as it was wont? or is't not
well for your good wearing?

If I have lost it,
I had have lost the worth of it in gold.

like a journey twice as far, to enjoy
and night of such sweet shortness, which
mine in Britain; for the ring is won.

The stone's too hard to come by.

Not a whit,
lady being so easy.

Make not, sir,
lose your sport: I hope you know that
not continue friends. [we

Good sir, we must,
I keep covenant: Had I not brought
knowledge of your mistress home, I grant
rare to question farther: but I now
as myself the winner of her honour,

her with your ring: and not the wronger
r, or you, having proceeded but
with your wills.

Post. If you can make't apparent
That you have tasted her in bed, my hand,
And ring, is yours; if not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honour, gains, or loses,
Your sword, or mine; or masterless leaves both
To who shall find them.

Iach. Sir, my circumstances,
Being so near the truth, as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe: whose
strength

I will confirm with oath; which I doubt not,
You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall
You need it not. [find

Post. Proceed.

Iach. First, her bed-chamber,
(Where, I confess, I slept not; but, profess,
that that was well worth watching,) It was
hang'd

With tapestry of silk and silver: the story
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,
And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for
The press of boats, or pride: A piece of work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship and value; which I won-
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought, [der'd
Since the true life on't was —

Post. This is true;
And this you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by some other.

Iach. More particulars
Must justify my knowledge.

Post. So they must,
Or do your honour injury.

Iach. The chimney
Is south the chamber; and the chimney-
piece,

Chaste Dian bathing: never saw I figures
So likely to report themselves; the cutter
Was as another nature, dumb; outwent her,
Motion and breath left out.

Post. This is a thing
Which you might from relation likewise reap;
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Iach. The roof o'the chamber
With golden cherubims is fretted: her andi-
rons;

(I had forgot them,) were two winking cupids
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
Depending on their brands.

Post. This is her honour!
Let it be granted you have seen all this, (and
praise

Be given to your remembrance,) the descipt-
Of what is in her chamber, nothing saves
The wager you have laid.

Iach. Then if you can,
[Pulling out the Bracelet.

Be pale; I beg but leave to air this jewel:
See! —

And now 'tis up again: it must be married
To that your diamond; I'll keep them.

Post. Jove! —
Once more let me behold it; is it that
Which I left with her?

Iach. Sir, (I thank her,) that:

† To those who try them.
support wood burnt in chimneys.

‡ Ornamented iron bars which
Tore in the hands of cupids..

Where there's another man. The vows of
Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,
Than they are to their virtues; which is no-
O, above measure false!

Phil. Have patience, sir,
And take your ring again: 'tis not yet stolen:
It may be probable she lost it; or,
Who knows if one of her women, being cor-
Hath stolen it from her. [rapted,

Post. Very true;
And so, I hope, he came by't:—Back my ring;
Render to me some corporal sign about her,
More evident than this; for this was stolen.

Jack. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

Post. Mark you, he swears; by Jupiter, he
swears. [sure,

'Tis true;—nay, keep the ring—'tis true: I am
She would not lose it: her attendants are
All sworn and honourable:—They indeed to
steal it!

And by a stranger!—No, he hath enjoy'd her:
The cognizance* of her incontinency [dearly,
Is this—she hath bought the name of whore thus
There, take thy hire; and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselves between you!

Phil. Sir, be patient;
This is not strong enough to be believed
Or one persuaded well of—

Post. Never talk on't;
She hath been calted by him.

Jack. If you seek
For further satisfying, under her breast
(Worthy the pressing) lies a mole, right proud
Of that most delicate lodging. By my life,
I kiss'd it; and it gave me present hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This stain upon her?

Post. And it doth confirm

in his feats deserving it,) for him,
in succession, granted Rome a tribute,
three thousand pounds; which by thee
understand'd. [lately
us. And, to kill the marvel,
us so ever.

There be many Cæsars
as another Julius. Britain is
led by itself; and we will nothing pay
using our own noses.

That opportunity,
then they had to take from us, to re-
sume

us again.—Remember, sir, my liege,
as your ancestors; together with
mural bravery of yourisle; which stands
Llud's park, ribbed and paled in
rocks unscalable, and roaring waters;
lands, that will not bear your enemies'
boats,

[conquest
up them up to the top-mast. A kind of
made here; but made not here his brag
be, and saw, and overcame: with shame
that ever touch'd him,) he was carried
[ping,

off our coast, twice beaten: and his ship
[ignominant baubles] on our terrible seas,
egg-shells moved upon their surges,
crack'd

idly 'gainst our rocks: for joy whereof,
[and Cassibelan, who was once at point
[let * fortune!] to master Cæsar's sword,
Llud's town with rejoicing fires bright,
Britons strut with courage.

• Come there's no more tribute to be paid:
kingdom is stronger than it was at that
and, as I said, there is no more such
as; other of them may have crooked
a hand, to owe such straight arms, none.
B. Now, let your mother end.

• We have yet many among us can gripe
us as Cassibelan: I do not say I am one;
have a hand.—Why tribute? why
do we pay tribute? If Cæsar can hide
us from us with a blanket, or put the
in his pocket, we will pay him tribute for
else, sir, no more tribute, pray you now.

B. You must know,
be injurious Romans did extort
tribute from us, we were free: Cæsar's
ambition,

[stretch
as swell'd so much, that it did almost
ideas o' the world,) against all colour, here
put the yoke upon us; which to shake off,
was a warlike people, whom we reckon
sives to be. We do say then to Cæsar,
ancestor was that Mulmutius, which
led our laws; (whose use the sword of

Cæsar
too much mangled; whose repair, and
by the power we hold, be our good deed,
as Rome be therefore angry;) Mulmutius,
was the first of Britain which did put
rows within a golden crown, and call'd
self a king.

Luc. I am sorry, Cymbeline,
That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar
(Cæsar, that hath more kings his servants, than
Thyself domestic officers,) thine enemy: [sion,
Receive it from me, then:—War and confu-
In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee: look
For fury not to be resisted:—Thus dedd,
I thank thee for myself.

Cym. Thou art welcome, Caius.
Thy Cæsar knighted me; my youth I spent
Much under him; of him I gather'd honour;
Which he, to seek of me again, perforce,
Behoves me keep at utterance; I am perfect;
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for
Their liberties, are now in arms: a precedent
Which, not to read, would show the Britons
So Cæsar shall not find them. [could:

Luc. Let proof speak.

Cym. His majesty bids you welcome. Make
pastime with us a day or two longer: If you
seek us afterwards in other terms, you shall
find us in our salt-water girdle: If you beat us
out of it, it is yours; if you fall in the adventu-
rize, our crowns shall fare the better for you;
and there's an end.

Luc. So, sir. [mine:

Cym. I know your master's pleasure, and he
All the remain is, welcome. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. Another Room in the same.

Enter PISANIO.

Pis. How! of adultery? Wherefore write
you not

What monster's her accuser?—Leonatus!
O, master! what a strange infection
Is fallen into thy ear? What false Italian [vall'd
(As poisonous tongued as handed) hath pre-
On thy too ready hearing?—Disloyal? No:
She's punish'd for her truth; and undergoes,
More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults
As would take in some virtue.—O, my master!
Thy mind to her is now as low, as were
Thy fortunes.—How! that I should murder her?
Upon the love, and truth, and vows, which I
Have made to thy command?—I, her?—her
If it be so to do good service, never [blood?
Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,
That I should seem to lack humanity,
So much as this fact comes to? *Doz: The*

letter [Reading.
That I have sent her, by her own command
Shall give thee opportunity.—O damn'd
paper!

[bauble,
Black as the ink that's on thee! Senseless
Art thou a feodary for this act, and look'st
So virgin-like without? Lo, here she comes.

Enter IMMOEN.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

Imo. How now, Pisanio?

Pis. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

Imo. Who? thy lord? that is my lord! Leo-
O, learn'd indeed were that astronomer, [natus?
That knew the stars as I his characters;
He'd lay the future open.—You good gods,
Let what is here contain'd relish of love,

* Strumpet.

† At the extremity of defence.

‡ Well-informed.

§ To take in a town is to conquer it.

¶ Confederate.

Of my lord's health, of his content,—yet not,
That we two are sunder, let that grieve him,—
(Some griefs are med'cinable;) that is one of
For it doth physic love;—of his content, [then,
All but in that!—Good wax, thy leave:—

Bless'd be, [Lovers,
You bees, that make these locks of counsel!
And men in dangerous bonds pray not alike;
Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet
You clasp young Cupid's tables.—Good news,
gods! *Reads.*

*Justice, and your father's wrath, should
he take me in his dominion, could not be so
cruel to me, as you, O the dearest of crea-
tures, would not even renew me with your
eyes. Take notice, that I am in Cambria,
at Milford-Haven. What your own love
will, out of this, advise you, follow. So, he
wishes you all happiness, that remains loyal
to his law, and your, increasing in love,*

LEONATUS POSTHUMUS.

O, for a horse with wings!—Hear'st thou,
Pisanio?

He is at Milford-Haven: Read, and tell me
How far 'tis thither: If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I

Glide thither in a day?—Then, true Pisanio,
(Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who
long'st,— [long'st,—

O, let me 'bate,—but not like me:—yet
But in a faluter kind;—O, not like me;
For mine's beyond beyond,) say, and speak
thick*, [ing,

[Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hear-
To the smothering of the sense,) how far it is

ill, or so slippery, that
bad as falling: the toll of the war,
only seems to seek out danger
of fame and honour; which dies
search;
oft a slanderous epitaph,
fair act; nay, many times,
give by doing well; what's worse,
at the censure:—O, boys, this

ay read in me: My body's mark'd
swords: and my report was once
e best of note: Cymbeline loved

soldier was the theme, my name
off: Then was I as a tree,
he did bend with fruit: but in one

robbery, call it what you will,
my mellow hangings, nay, my
bare to weather. [leaves,

Uncertain favour!
hail being nothing (as I have told
[vill'd
o villains, whose false oaths pre-
fect honour, swore to Cymbeline,
erate with the Romans: so, [years,
of banishment; and, this twenty
of these deincness, have been my

ve lived at honest freedom; paid
ebts to heaven, than in all [tains;
of my time.—But, up to the moun-
nters' language:—He, that strikes
first, shall be the lord o' the feast;
other two shall minister;
fear no poison, which attends
reater state. I'll meet you in the
s. [Exeunt GUI. and ANV.
ls, to hide the sparks of nature!
know little they are sons to the

line dreams that they are alive.
ey are mine: and, though train'd
is meanly [do hit
wherein they bow, their thoughts
salaces; and nature prompts them,
d low things to prince it, much
rick of others. This Polydore,—
ymbeline and Britain, whom
father call'd Gilderhus,—Jove!
y three foot stool I sit, and tell
feats I have done, his spirits fly ont
y: say,—*Thus mine enemy fell;*
et my foot on his neck; even then
blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
ong nerves, and puts him-self in
e [Cardwal-
y words. The younger brother,
agus, in as like a figure, [more
nto my speech, and shows much
oneeving. Hark! the game is
ll.— [knows,
el heaven, and my conscience
justly banish me: whereon,
two years old, I: tole these babes;

Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
Thou rest'st at me of my lands. Bariphille,
Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for their
mother,
And every day do honour to her grave:
Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,
They take for natural father. The game is up.
[Exit.

SCENE IV. Near Milford-Haven.

Enter PISANIO and IMOGEN.

Imo. Thou told'st me when we came from
horse, the place [so
Was near at hand:—Ne'er long'd my mother
To see me first, as I have now:—Pisanio! man!
Where is Posthumus? What is in thy mind,
That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks
that sigh [thus,
From the inward of thee? One, but paluted
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond self-explication: Put thyself
Into a havion^o of less tear, ere wildness
Vanquish my staid senses. What's the matter?
Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with
A look antender? If it be summer news,
Smile to't before: if winterly, thou need'st
But keep that countenance still.—My husband's
hand!

That drug-damn'd Italy hath out-crafted him,
And he's at some hard point.—Speak, man;
thy tongue

May take off some extremity, which to read
Would be even mortal to me.

Pis. Please you, read;
And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
The most disdain'd of fortune.

Imo. [Reads.] *Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath
played the strumpet in my bed; the testi-
monies wherof lie bleeding in me. I speak
not out of weak surmises; from proof as
strong as my grief, and as certain as I ex-
pect my revenge. That part, thou Pisanio,
must act for me, if thy faith be not tainted
with the breach of hers. Let thine own hand
take away her life: I shall give thee opportu-
nities at Milford-Haven: she hath my letter
for the purpose: where, if thou fear to strike,
and to make me certain it is done, thou art
thru-pander to her dishonour, and equally
to me derogat.*

Pis. What shall I need to draw my sword?
the paper

Hath cut her throat already.—No, 'tis slander;
Whose edge is sharper than the sword, whose
tongue [breath
Out-venoms all the worms of Nile; whose
Rides on the posting winds and doth belie
All corners of the world: kings, queens, and
states,

Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave,
This viperous slander enters.—What cheer,
madam?

Imo. False to his bed! What is it to be false?
To lie in watch there, and to think on him?
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? & weep
charge nature,

To break it with a fearful dream of him,
 And cry myself awake! that's false to his bed?
 Is it?

Pos. Alas, good lady! [Iachimo, F

Iach. I tell thee! Thy conscience witness:—
 He durst accuse him of incontinency; [thinks,
 How then look'st thou like a villain: now, me-
 thy lover's good enough.—Some joys of Italy,
 Whose mother was her painting, hath be-
 tray'd him:

Poor I am stale: a garment out of fashion;
 And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls,
 I must be supp'd:—to pieces with me!—O,
 Men's vows are women's drabsters! All good
 seeming,

By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought
 Put on for villany: not born, where't grows;
 But worn, a lout for ladies.

Pos. Good madam, hear me.

Iach. True honest men being heard, like false
 Flaccus, [weeping H

Were, in his time, thought false: and Sinon's
 Did sendal many a holy tear; took pity

For his wretchedness: So, thou, Post-

Whore, thy leaven on all proper men; [hums,
 Goodly and gallant, shall be false and perjured,

From thy great fall.—Come, fellow, be thou

honest: [him, I

Do thou thy master's bidding: when thou see'st

A little witness my obedience: Look!

I draw the sword myself: take it; and hit

The innocent mansion of my love, my heart:

Fear not; 'tis empty of all things, but grief;

Thy master is not there; who was, indeed,

Thy master's shadow: who was, indeed,

ger; you should tread a course
of view: yea, haply, near
Posthumus: so nigh, at least,
actions were not visible, yet
ender him hourly to your ear,
loves.

O, for such means!
my modesty, not death on't,
are.

Well then, here's the point:
(to be a woman; change
obedience; fear and niceness
of all women, or, more truly,
ly self,) to a waggish courage;
quick-answer'd, saucy, and
s the weasel: nay, you must
st treasure of your cheek,
t, O, the harder heart!
ly!) to the greedy touch
ing Titan*; and forget
e and dainty trims, wherein
Juno angry.

Nay, be brief:
d, and am almost

st, make yourself but like one.
is, I have already fit,
k-bag,) doublet, hat, hose, all
tem: Would you, in their serv-
mitation you can borrow (ing,
such a season, 'fore noble

, desire his service, tell him
e happy t, (which you'll make
,
ave ear in music,) doubtless,
embrace you; for he's honour-
[abroad
hat, most holy. Your means
rich; and I will never fall
appliance.

Thou art all the comfort
et me with. Prythee, away:
be consider'd; but we'll even
ne will give us: This attempt
and will abide it with
ge. Away, I prythee.
adam, we must take a short
d, I be suspected of (farewell:
om the court. My noble mis-
bad it from the queen; (trans-
ecious; if you are sick at sea,
m'd at land, a dram of this
distemper.—To some shade,
our manhood:—May the gods
s best!

Amen: I thank thee.

[*Exeunt.*
Room in Cymbeline's Palace.
CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN,
LUCIUS, and Lords.
Enter: and so farewell.

Thanks, royal sir.
h wrote; I must from hence;
cry, that I must report ye

My master's enemy.

Cym. Our subjects, sir,
Will not endure his yoke; and for ourself
To show less sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear unkinglike.

Luc. So, sir, I desire of you
A conduct over land, to Milford-Haven.—
Madam, all joy befall your grace, and you!

Cym. My lords, you are appointed for that
The due of honour in no point omit:—[office;
So, farewell, noble Lucius.

Luc. Your hand, my lord.
Clo. Receive it friendly; but from this time
I wear it as your enemy. [forth

Luc. Sir, the event
Is yet to name the winner; Fare you well.

Cym. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good
my lords

Till he have cross'd the Severn.—Happiness!
[*Exeunt LUCIUS, and Lords.*

Queen. He goes hence frowning; but it ho-
That we have given him cause. [honours us,
Clo. 'Tis all the better;

Your vallant Britons have their wishes in it.

Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the em-
peror

How it goes here. It fits us, therefore, ripely,
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness:
The powers that he already hath in Gallia
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he
His war for Britain. [moves

Queen. 'Tis not sleepy business;
But must be look'd to speedily, and strongly.

Cym. Our expectation that it would be thus,
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,
Where is our daughter? She hath not appear'd
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day: She looks us like
A thing more made of malice than of duty:
We have noted it.—Call her before us; for
We have been too slight in sufferance.

[*Exit an Attendant.*

Queen. Royal sir,
Since the exile of Posthumus, most retired
Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my lord,
'Tis time must do. 'Beseech your majesty,
Forbear sharp speeches to her: she's a lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,
And strokes death to her.

[*Re-enter an Attendant.*

Cym. Where is she, sir? How
Can her contempt be answer'd?

Atten. Please you, sir,
Her chambers are all lock'd; and there's no
answer [make.

That will be given to the lord'st of noles we
Queen. My lord, when last I went to visit
her,

She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close;
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,
She should that duty leave unpaid to you,
Which daily she was bound to proffer: this
She wish'd me to make known; but our great
Made me to blame in memory. [court

Cym. Her doors lock'd t

* The sun. † i. e., Wherein you are accomplished.
r your subsistence abroad, you may rely on me.

Equal to.
4 D 2

Not seen of late? Grant, heavens, that which

I fear
Prove false! [Exit.

Queen. Son, I say, follow the king.

Clo. That man of hers, Pisanio, her old
I have not seen these two days. [servant,

Queen. Go, look after.—
[Exit CLOTEN.

Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthūmus!—
He hath a drug of mine: I pray, his absence
Proceed by swallowing that; for he believes
It is a thing most precious. But for her, [her;
Where is she gone? Haply despair hath seized
Or, wing'd with fervour of her love, she's flown
To her desired Posthūmus: Gone she is
To death, or to dishonour; and my end
Can make good use of either: She being down,
I have the placing of the British crown.

Re-enter CLOTEN.

How now, my son?

Clo. 'Tis certain she is fled;
Go in, and cheer the king; he rages; none
Dare come about him.

Queen. All the better: May
This night forestall him of the coming day!

[Exit Queen.

Clo. I love and hate her: for she's fair and
royal; [site

And that she hath all courtly parts more equal
Than lady, ladies, woman*; from every one
The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,
Outsells them all: I love her, therefore: But,
Disdaining me, and throwing favours on
The low Posthūmus, slanders so her judgment,
That what's else rare, is choked; and in that

nd thing that I have comanded
d is, that thou shalt be a volun-
ny design. Be but dutious, and
nt shall tender itself to thee.—
now at Milford; 'Would I had
v it!—Come, and be true. [*Exit.*]
idd'st me to my loss: for, true

e false, which I will never be,
most true.—To Milford go,
her whom thou pursuest. Flow,
/ blessings, on her! This fool's
th slowness; labour be his meed! [*Exit.*]

Before the Cave of Belarius.

MOGEN, in Boy's Clothes.
a man's life is a tedious one:
nyself; and for two nights to-
[sick,
ne ground my bed. I should be
resolution helps me.—Milford,
he mountain-top Pisanio show'd

thin a ken: O Jove! I think,
fly the wretched: such, I mean,
should be relieved. Two beggars
; as my way: Will poor folks lie,
lictions on them; knowing 'tis
t, or trial? Yes; no wonder,
as scarce tell true: To lapse in

to lie for need; and falsehood
kings than beggars.—My dear
[on thee,
o'the false ones: Now I think
gone; but even before, I was
nk for food.—But what is this?
h to it: 'Tis some savage hold:
not call; I dare not call: yet
; erthrow nature, makes it valiant.
peace, breeds cowards; hardness

is mother.—Ho! who's here?
that's civil, speak; if savage,
id.—Ho!—No answer? then I'll

y sword; and if mine enemy
sword like me, he'll scarcely look
ood heavens! [on't.

[*She goes into the Cave.*
ARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and AR-
VIRAGUS.

Polydore, have proved best wood-
and
of the feast: Cadwal and I
the cook and servant; 'tis our
†:
f industry would dry, and die,
and it works to. Come; our
che [new
what's homely, savoury: Wear-
pon the flint, when restive sloth

Finds the down pillow hard.—Now, peace be
Poor house, that keep'st thyself! [here,

Gul. I am thoroughly weary.

Arr. I am weak with toil, yet strung in
appetite. [browze on that,

Gul. 'There is cold meat 'Phe cave; we'll
Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd.

Bet. Stay; come not in:
[*Looking in.*

But that it eats our victuals, I should think
Here were a fairy.

Gul. What's the matter, sir?

Bet. By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,
An earthly paragon! Behold divineness
No elder than a boy!

Enter Imogen.

Imo. Good masters, harm me not:
Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought
To have begg'd, or bought, what I have took:

Good troth, [I had found
I have stolen nought; nor would not, though
Gold strew'd 'o'the floor. Here's money for
my meat:

I would have left it on the board, so soon
As I had made my meal; and parted
With prayers for the provider.

Gul. Money, youth?

Arr. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship dirty gods.

Imo. I see you are angry:
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have died, had I not made it.

Bet. Whither bound?

Imo. To Milford-Haven, sir.

Bet. What is your name?

Imo. Fidele, sir: I have a kinsman, who
Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford;
To whom being going, almost spent with hun-
I am fallen in; this offence. [Gul,

Bet. Prythee, fair youth,
Think us no churls; nor measure our good
minds [ter'd I

By this rude place we live in. Well encount-
'Tis almost night: you shall have better cheer
Ere you depart; and thanks, to stay and eat
Boys, bid him welcome. [It.—

Gul. Were you a woman, youth,
I should woo hard, but be your groom.—In
I bid for you, as I'd buy. [honesty,

Arr. I'll make't my comfort,
He is a man; I'll love him as my brother:—
And such a welcome as I'd give to him,
After long absence, such as yours:—Most wel-
come!

Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.
Imo. 'Mongst friends

If brothers?—'Would it had been so,
that they [my prize

Had been my father's sons! then had
Been less; and so more equal ballast-
To thee, Posthūmus. [Ing

Bet. He wrings at some distress.

Gul. 'Would, I could free't!

Arr. Or I; what'er it be,

What pain it cost, what danger! Gods!

* Best hunts.

† Agreement.

‡ In, for into.

4 D 2

I'd change my sex to be companion with thee,
Since Leonatus' false.

Bel. It shall be so:

Boys, we'll go dress our hunt.—Fair youth,
come in:

Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have
supp'd,

We'll manfully demand thee of thy story,

So far as thou wilt speak it.

Gul. Pray, draw near.

Arv. The night to the owl, and morn to the

Iso. Thanks, sir. [Lark, less welcome.

Arv. I pray, draw near. [Exit.

ACT

SCENE I. *The Forest, near the Cave.*

Enter CLOTEN.

Clo. I am near to the place where they
should meet, if Plautio have mapped it truly.
How fit his garments serve me! Why should
his mistress, who was made by him that made
the tailor, not be fit too? the rather (saving
reverence of the word) for 'tis said, a wo-
man's fitness comes by fits. Therein I must
play the workman. I dare speak it to myself,
(for it is not vain-glory, for a man and his glass
to confer; in his own chamber, I mean,) the
lines of my body are as well drawn as his;
no less young, more strong, not beneath him
in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of
the time, above him in birth, alike conversant
in general services, and more remarkable in
single oppositions: yet this imperseverant
thing loves him in my despite. What morta-
lity is! Posthumus, thy head, which now is
growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this
hour be off; thy mistress enforced; thy gar-
ments cut to pieces before thy face: and all
this done, spurn her home to her father: who
may hence have little cause for me to touch

Brother, farewell.
 ye sport.
 (on health.—So please you, sir.
 .) These are kind creatures.
 hat lies I have heard!
 say, all's savage but at court:
 , thou disprove report! (dish,
 * seas breed monsters; for the
 rivers as sweet fish.
 ; heart-sick:—Pisanio,
 of thy drug.

I could not stir him:
 is gentle†, but unfortunate;
 flicted, but yet honest. [after
 id he answer me: yet said, here-
 more.

To the field, to the field:—
 n for this time; go in, and rest.
 not be long away.

Pray, be not sick,
 be our housewife.

Well, or ill,
 you.
 I shall be ever. [*Exit IMOGEN.*
 we'er distress'd, appears, he hath
 a. [had

How angel-like he sings!
 neat cookery! He cut our roots
 icters;
 r brothers, as Juno had been sick,
 ster.

Nobly he yokes
 a sigh: as if the sigh
 is, for not being such a smile;
 king the sigh, that it would fly
 e a temple, to commix
 at sailors rail at.

I do note,
 patience, rooted in him both,
 pars; together.

Grow, patience;
 nking elder, grief, untwine
 root, with the increasing vine!
 reat morning. Come; away—
 here?

Enter CLOTEN.
 find those runagates; that vil-
 me;—I am faint. [lain

Those runagates!
 us? I partly know him; 'tis
 o'the queen. I fear some am-

these many years, and yet
 :—We are held as outlaws:—

[search
 but one: You and my brother
 ies are near: pray you, away;
 with him.

Enter BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS.

Soft! What are you
 as? some villain mountaineer?
 if such.—What slave art thou?

A thing
 lid I ne'er, than answering,
 out a knock.

rial. † Well-born.
 ‡ Countenance.

Clo. Thou art a robber,
 A law-breaker, a villain: Yield thee, thief.
Gul. To who? to thee? What art thou?
 Have not I

An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
 Thy words, I grant, are bigger; for I wear not
 My dagger in my mouth. Say, what thou art;
 Why I should yield to thee?

Clo. Thou villain base,
 Know'st me not by my clothes?

Gul. No, nor thy tailor, rascal,
 Who is thy grandfather; he made those clothes,
 Which, as it seems, make thee.

Clo. Thou precious varlet,
 My tailor made them not.

Gul. Hence then, and thank
 The man that gave them thee. Thou art some
 I am loath to beat thee. [fool;

Clo. Thou injurious thief,
 Hear but my name, and tremble.

Gul. What's thy name?
Clo. Cloten, thou villain.

Gul. Cloten, thou double villain, be thy
 name, [spider,
 I cannot tremble at it; were't toad, or adder,
 'Twould move me sooner.

Clo. To thy further fear,
 Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know
 I'm son to the queen.

Gul. I'm sorry for't; not seeming
 So worthy as thy birth.

Clo. Art not afraid? [the wise:
Gul. Those that I reverence, those I fear;
 At fools I laugh, not fear them.

Clo. Die the death:
 When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
 I'll follow those that even now fled hence,
 And on the gates of Lud's town set your heads:
 Yield, rustic mountaineer. [*Exeunt, fighting.*

Enter BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. No company's abroad. [him, sure.
Arv. None in the world: You did mistake
Bel. I cannot tell: Long is it since I saw
 him, [favour]

But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of
 Which then he wore; the snatches in his voice,
 And burst of speaking, were as his: I am ab-
 'Twas very Cloten. [solite,

Arv. In this place we left them:
 I wish my brother make good time with him,
 You say he is so fell.

Bel. Being scarce made up,
 I mean, to man, he had not apprehension
 Of roaring terrors; for the effect of judgment
 Is oft the cause of fear: But see, thy brother.
Re-enter GUIDERIUS, with CLOTEN'S Head.

Gul. This Cloten was a fool; an empty
 purse,

There was no money in't: not Hercules
 Could have knock'd out his brains, for he
 had none:

Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne
 My head, as I do his.

Bel. What hast thou done? [ten's head,
Gul. I am perfect, what: cut off one Clo-

† Spurs are the roots of trees.
 ‡ I am well-informed what.

Son to the queen, after his own report ;
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer ; and
swore,

With his own single hand he'd take us in *.
Displace our heads, where (thank the gods!)
And set them on Lear's town. [they grow,

Bel. We are all undone.

Gul. Why, worthy father, what have we to
lose, [law

But, that he swore, to take our lives? The
Protects not us: Then why should we be
tender,

To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us ;
Play judge, and executioner, all himself ;
For we do fear the law? What company
Discover you abroad?

Bel. No single soul
Can we set eye on, but, in all safe reason,
He must have some attendants. Though his
humour

Was nothing but mutation; ay, and that
From one bad thing to worse; not frenzy, not
Absolute madness could so far have raved,
To bring him here alone: Although, perhaps,
It may be heard at court, that such as we
Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in time
May make some stronger head: the which he
hearing,

(As it is like him,) might break out, and swear
He'd fetch us in: yet is't not probable
To come alone, either he so undertaking,
Or they so suffering: then on good ground we
If we do fear this body hath a tail [fear,
More perilous than the head.

Are. Let ordinance
Come as the gods foresay it: howsoever,

rogues * from off my feet, whose steps too loud. [rudeness]

Why, he but sleeps: he'll make his grave a bed; fairies will his tomb be haunted, till not come to thee.

With fairest flowers, er lasts, and I live here, Fidele, my sad grave: Thou shalt not lack at's like thy face, pale primrose;

ire-bell, like thy veins; no, nor lautine, whom not to slander, I not thy breath: the reddock †

le bill (O bill, sore-shaming heirs, that let their fathers lie nument!) bring thee all this; 'd moss besides, when flowers und† thy corse. [are none,

Pr'y thee, have done; ay in wench-like words with that rious. Let us bury him, act with admiration what bt.—To the grave.

Say, where shall's lay him? od Euphrile, our mother.

Be't so: lydore, though now our voices nandish crack, sing him to the [words,

mother; use like note, and phile must be Fidele.

al, I'll weep, and word it with

orrow, out of tune, are worse ad fates that lie.

We'll speak it then. griefs, I see, medicine the less: en

He was a queen's son, boys: e came our enemy, remember, for that: Though mean and rotting

one dust; yet reverence, the world,) doth make distinc- [princely;

n high and low. Our foe was took his life, as being our foe, is a prince.

Pray you, fetch him hither. is as good as Ajax, are alive.

If you'll go fetch him. ong the whilst.—Brother, begin.

[Exit BELARIUS. adwal, we must lay his head at; a reason for't.

'Tis true. in then, and remove him.

So,—begin.

SONG.

Gul. *Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and t'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.*

Arr. *Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's strokes;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.*

Gul. *Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Arr. Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone,
Gul. Fear not slander, censure, rash;
Arr. Thou hast finish'd joy and moan;
Both. All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign † to thee, and come to dust.*

Gul. *No exorciser harm thee!
Arr. Nor no witchcraft charm thee
Gul. Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Arr. Nothing ill come near thee!
Both. Quiet consummation have;
And renowned be thy grave!*

Re-enter BELARIUS, with the Body of CLOTEN.

Gul. We have done our obsequies: Come lay him down.

Bel. Here's a few flowers, but about mid- night, more: [night,

The herbs, that have on them cold dew o' the Are strewings att'at for graves.—Upon their faces:—

You were as flowers, now wither'd: even so These herb'lets shall, which we upon you strow.—

Come on, away: apart upon our knees. The ground, that gave them first, has them again;

Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain. [Exeunt BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ANVIRAGUS.

Imo. [Asenting.] Yes, sir, to Milford Haven; Which is the way:—

I thank you.—By you besh!—Pray, how far thither?

'Ods pittikins **!—can it be six miles yet? I have gone all night:—Faith, I'll lie down and sleep.

But, soft! no bedfellow:—O, gods and goddesses! [Seeing the Body.

These flowers are like the pleasures of the world; [dream;

This bloody man, the care on't.—I hope I For, so, I thought I was a cave-keeper, And took to honest creatures: But 'tis not so: 'Twas but a bolt † of nothing, shot at nothing, Which the brain makes of fumes: Our very eyes [faith,

Are sometimes like our judgments, blind. Good

* Shoes plated with iron.

† The breast.

corrupt reading, for, *with her round thy corse.*

§ Punished.

|| Judgment.

¶ Seal the same.

Imitative adjuration is derived from God's my

† An arrow.

that were cut on my sword—so many
read,

Be henceforth treacherous!—damn'd Pisanio
Hath with his forged letters,—damn'd I
nio—

From this most bravest vessel of the world
Struck the main-top!—O, Posthumus! alas
Where is thy head? where's that? Ah!
where's that?

Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart
And left this head on.—How should this
Pisanio?

Take, and Cloten: malice and lucre in the
Have laid this woe here. O, 'tis pregn
pregnant?!

The drug he gave me, which, he said, was
And cordial to me, have I not found it

Murd'rous to the senses? That confirm
home:

This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's: O!
Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blo
That we the horrid may seem to those
Which chance to find us: O, my lord,
lord!

*Enter Lucius, a Captain, and other t
cers, and a Soothsayer.*

Cap. To them the legions garrison'd in Ga
After your will, have cross'd the sea: attend
You here at Milford Haven, with your sh
They are here in readiness.

Luc. But what from Ro

Cap. The senate hath stirr'd up the confin
And gentlemen of Italy: most willing apit
That promise noble service: and they cou
Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,
Sienna's brother.

Luc. When expect you them

Cap. With the next benefit o' the wind.

Luc. This I expect

our pikes and partisans
him.—Boy, he is pre-

ie shall be interr'd
heerful; wipe thine eyes:
the happier to arise.

[*Exeunt.*]

Room in Cymbeline's
place.

Lords, and PISANIO.
bring me word, how 'tis

ence of her son;
her life's in danger:—

[*Imogen.*]
it once do touch me!
comfort, gone: my queen
d; and in a time
pint at me; her son gone,
sent: It strikes me past
—But for thee, fellow,
w of her departure, and
we'll enforce it from thee

sir, my life is yours,
our will: But, for my

e she remains, why gone,
es return. 'Beseech your

ervant.

Good, my liege.
missing he was here:
true, and shall perform
tion loyally.

ance in seeking him,
be found.
The time's troublesome:
season; but our jealousy
[*To PISANIO.*]

o please your majesty,
all from Gallia drawn,
past; with a supply
by the senate sent.
counsel of my son and
atter^o. [*Queen!*]

Good my liege,
affront; no less
of: come more, for more
[*motion*]
put those powers; in

sk you: Let's withdraw:
as it seeks us. We fear
annoy us; but [not
here.—Away. [*Exeunt.*]
ter from my master, since
was slain: 'Tis strange:
mistress, who did promise
ings; Neither know I
ten; but remain
heavens still must work:

Wherein I am false, I am honest; not true
to be true.

These present wars shall find I love my coun-
Even to the note of the king, or I'll fall in
them.

All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd:
Fortune brings in some boats, that are not
steer'd. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. Before the Cave.

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and
ARVIRAGUS.

Gul. The noise is round about us.

Bel. Let us from it.

Arv. What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to
From action and adventure? [*lock it*]

Gul. Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us? this way, the Romans
Must or for Britons slay us; or receive us
For barbarous and unnatural revolts;
During their use, and slay us after.

Bel. Sons,
We'll higher to the mountains; there secure us.
To the king's party there's no going; newness
Of Cloten's death (we being not known, not
muster'd

Among the bands) may drive us to a render
Where we have lived; and so extort from us
That which we've done, whose answer would
Drawn on with torture. [*be death*]

Gul. This is, sir, a doubt,
In such a time, nothing becoming you,
Nor satisfying us.

Arv. It is not likely,
That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,
Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their
eyes

And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our notes^o,
To know from whence we are.

Bel. O, I am known
Of many in the army: many years,
Though Cloten then but young, you see, not
wore him

From my remembrance. And, besides, the king
Hath not deserved my service, nor your loves;
Who find in my exile the want of breeding,
The certainty of this hard life; aye hopeless
To have the courtesy your cradle promised,
But to be still hot summer's tanlings, and
The shrinking slaves of winter.

Gul. Than be so
Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to the army:
I and my brother are not known; yourself,
So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,
Cannot be question'd.

Arv. By this sun that shines,
I'll thither: What thing is it, that I never
Did see man die? scarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and ve-
nison?

Never bestrid a horse, save one, that had
A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel
Nor iron on his heel? I am ashamed
To look upon the holy sun, to have

ed by a variety of business.

! Revolters.

† Encounter. † Forces.
† An account.

The benefit of his bless'd beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.

Gut. By heavens, I'll go :
If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,
I'll take the better care ; but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me by
The hands of Romans !

Art. So say I ; Amen.
Bel. No more !, spare on your lives you

So
My

If
The
Le

Til

ACT V

SCENE I. *A Field between the British
and Roman Camps.*

*Enter POSTHUMUS with a bloody
Handkerchief.*

Post. Yea, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee ;
for I wish'd [ones,
Thou shouldst be colour'd thus. You married
If each of you would take this course, how
many [selves,
Most murder wives much better than them-
For wrying* but a little ?—O, Pisano !
Every good servant does not all commands :
No bond, but to do just ones.—Gods, if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I
never
Had lived to put on this : so had you saved
The noble Imogen to repent ; and struck
Me wretch, more worth your vengeance. But,
alack, [love,
You snatch some hence for little faults ; that's
To have them fall no more : you some permit

Ta
Th
Re
A
In
As
If
Th
Is,

Ta

in tools to do't, struck down,
some slightly touch'd, some
[damnd
ear; that the strait pass was
hurt behind, and cowards liv-
hen'd shame. [ing

Where was this lane?
the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd
; ntage to an ancient soldier,—
warrant; who deserved
g, as his white beard came to,
his country;—athwart the

plings, (lads more like to run
; than to commit such slough-
nasks, or rather fairer [ter;
ervation eased, or shame,)
sage; cry'd to those that fled,
'tis die flying, not our men'
'souls that fly backwards:

and will give you that
ch you shun *basely*; and
[These three,
in frown: stand, stand.—
nfident, in act as many,
ners are the file, when all
ig,) with this word, *stand*,

y the place, more charming,
obleness, (which could have
;,) gilded pale looks, (turn'd
; spirit renew'd; that some,
urd

O, a sin in war,
(beginners!) 'gan to look
'did, and to grin like lions
the hunters. Then began
; a retire; anon,
thick: Forthwith they fly
r which they stoop'd eagles;

[cowards
victors made: and now our
(hard voyages,) became
ed; having found the back-
[wound!

hearts, heavens! how they
; some, dying; some, their
[one,
rmer wave: ten, chased by
he slaughter-man of twenty:
die, or ere resist, are grown
o'the field.

This was a strange chance:
old man, and two boys!
not wonder at it: You are

at the things you hear,
Will you rhyme upon't,
mockery! Here is one:
man, twice a boy, a lane,
Britons, was the Roman's
not angry, sir. [done.
'Lack, to what end?

Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend:
For if he'll do, as he is made to do,
I know, he'll quickly fly my friendship too.
You have put me into ryme.

Lord. Farewell, you are angry.
[Exit.

Post. Still going?—This is a lord! O noble
mishery!

To be t' the *lord*, and ask, what news of me!
To-day, how many would have given their
honours

To have saved their carcasses! took heed to do't,
And yet died too! I, in mine own woe charm'd,
Could not find death, where I did hear him
groan;

Nor feel him, where he struck: Being an ugly
'Tis strange, he hides him in fresh cape, soft
beds,

Sweet words; or hath more ministers than we
That draw his knives i' the war.—Well, I will
find him:

For being now a favourer to the Roman,
No more a Briton, I have resumed again
The part I came in: Fight I will no more,
But yield me to the veriest hind, that shall
Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
Here made by the Roman; great the answer be
Britons must take; For me, my ransom's
death;

On either side I come to spend my breath;
Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear again,
But end it by some means for image.

Enter Two British Captains, and Soldiers.

1 Cap. Great Jupiter be praised! Lucius is
taken: [angels.

'Tis thought, the old man and his sons were
2 Cap. There was a fourth man, in a silly
habit,

That gave the affront; with them.

1 Cap. So 'tis reported:

But none of them can be found.—Stand! who

Post. A Roman; [Is there?

Who had not now been drooping here, if so
Had answer'd him. [conds

2 Cap. Lay hands on him; a dog!

A leg of Rome shall not return to tell

What crows have peck'd them here. He brags

his service

As if he were of note: bring him to the king.

Enter CYMBELINE, attended; BELARIUS,

GUTTERUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, and

Roman Captives. The Captains present

POSTHUMUS to CYMBELINE, who delivers

him over to a Gauler: after which, all

go out.

SCENE IV. A Prison.

Enter POSTHUMUS, and Two Gaulers.

1 Gaul. You shall not now be stolen, you
have locks upon you;

So, gaze, as you find pasture.

2 Gaul. Ay, or a stomach.

[Grossus Gaulers.

Post. Most pitiable, bondage! for thou art

I think, to liberty: Yet am I better [a way,

† A country game called prison have, by prison have.
‡ Terrors.

§ Intestines.

ΣΤΑΚΣΡΕΑ

"I am the sick of the goat; since he had
 no opportunity, then he cur'd, rather
 than the physician, death; who is the key
 to the life of the locks. My conscience! thou
 art not to be told! O gods, give me
 strength to speak and write: You, good
 Father, my instrument, to pick that bolt,
 that I may never! I'though, I am sorry!
 O temporal fathers do appease;
 O ye fathers of mercy. Must I repent!
 O Father than in gyves,
 O Father to them constrain'd: to satisfy,
 O Father, 'tis the main part, take
 strength to render of me, than my ail.
 O ye are more eloquent than vile men,

Who of their broken debtors take a third,
A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
On their abatement; that's not my desire:
For Imogen's dear life, take mine; and though
'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life; you coin'd it:
'Tween man and man, they weigh not every
mamp;
Though light, take pieces for the figure sake:
You rather mine, being yours; And so, great
powers,

If you will take this audit, take this life,
And cancel these cold bonds. O Imogen!
I'll speak to thee in silence. *[He sleeps.]*

Solemn Music. Enter, as an Apparition, SICILIUS LEONATUS, Father to POSTHUMUS, an old Man, attired like a Warrior; leading in his Hand an ancient Matron, his Wife, and Mother to POSTHUMUS, with Music before them. Then, after other Music, follow the Two Young Leo-



as bus to smell: the holy eagle
 To foot us: his accension is [bird
 E than our bless'd fields: his royal
 Immortal wing, and cloy his beak,
 As god is pleased.

Thanks, Jupiter!
 As marble pavement closes, he is un-
 roof:—Away! and, to be blest,
 Perform his great behest.

[Ghosts vanish.
 Posing.] Sleep, thou hast been a
 Mixture, and begot
 Fate: and thou hast created
 Two brothers: But (O scorn!)
 I went hence so soon as they were
 [pend

am awake.—Poor wretches that de-
 liver favour, dream as I have done;
 Nothing.—But, alas, I swerve:
 Not to find, neither deserve,
 Whate'er I in favours; so am I, [why.
 This golden chance, and know not
 How to hunt this ground? A book! O
 mine!

To our tangled world, a garment
 That it covers: let thy effects
 Be most unlike our courtiers,
 Promise.

When as a lion's whelp shall, to
 known, without seeking find, and
 used by a piece of tender air; and
 that stately cedar shall be lopped
 by; which, being dead many years,
 Her reviver, be jointed to the old
 tree freshly grow; then shall Post-
 humus his miseries, Britain be fortun-
 ed flourish in peace and plenty.
 Britain; or chesuch stuff as madmen
 brain-not: either both, or nothing:
 speaking, or a speaking such
 matter. Be what it is;
 of my life is like it, which
 But for sympathy.

Enter Gaolers.
 Alas, sir, are you ready for death?
 You roasted rather: ready long ago.
 Hanging is the word, sir; if you be
 dead, you are well cooked.
 If I prove a good repast to the
 the dish pays the shot.

Heavy reckoning for you, sir: But
 you shall be called to no more
 nor no more tavern bills; which
 the sadness of parting, as the pro-
 bation; you come in faint for want
 heart feeling with too much drink;
 you have paid too much, and sorry
 you paid too much; purse and brain
 the brain the heavier for being
 the purse too light, being drawn of
 of this contradiction you shall
 O the charity of a penny cord!
 thousands in a trice: you have no
 and creditor but it; of what
 and to come, the discharge:—Your

neck, sir, is pen, book, and counters; so the
 acquittance follows.

Post. I am merrier to die, than thou art to live.

Gaol. Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not
 the tooth-ach: But a man that were to sleep
 your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed,
 I think, he would change places with his offi-
 cer; for, look you, sir, you know not which
 way you shall go.

Post. Yes, indeed, do I, fellow.

Gaol. Your death has eyes in's head then;
 I have not seen him so pictured: you must
 either be directed by some that take upon
 them to know; or take upon yourself that,
 which I am sure you do not know; or jump
 the after-inquiry on your own peril: and how
 you shall speed in your journey's end, I think
 you'll never return to tell one.

Post. I tell thee, fellow, there are none
 want eyes to direct them the way I am going,
 but such as wink, and will not use them.

Gaol. What an infinite mock is this, that a
 man should have the best use of eyes, to see
 the way of blindness! I am sure, hanging's the
 way of waking.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Knock off his manacles; bring your
 prisoner to the king.

Post. Thou bringest good news;—I am
 called to be made free.

Gaol. I'll be hanged then.

Post. Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler;
 no bolts for the dead.

[Exeunt POSTHUMUS and Messenger.

Gaol. Unless a man would marry a gallows,
 and begot young gibbets, I never saw one so
 prone to. Yet, on my conscience, there are
 verrier knaves desire to live, for all he be a
 Roman: and there be some of them too, that
 die against their wills; so should I, if I were
 one. I would we were all of one mind, and
 one mind good; O, there were desolation of
 gaolers, and gallowses! I speak against my
 present profit; but my wish hath a prefer-
 ment in't. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. Cymbeline's Tent.

Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDE-
 RIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, Lords, Offi-
 cers, and Attendants.

Cym. Stand by my side, you whom the gods
 have made

Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart.
 That the poor soldier, that so richly fought,
 Whose rage shamed gilded arms, whose naked
 breast

Stepp'd before target of proof, cannot be found:
 He shall be happy that can find him, if
 Our grace can make him so.

Bel. I never saw
 Such noble fury in so poor a thing;
 Such precious deeds in one that promised
 But beggary and poor looks. [Noight

[Enter Pisanio.] No tidings of him?
 P. He hath been search'd among the dead
 But no trace of him. [and living.

To my grief, I am
 content of his reward; which I will add
 To your labour, heart, and brain of Britain.
 To BELAK, GUTH, and ARVIL.
 I grant, she lives; 'Tis now the
 time of whence you are:—report it.
 Hail, Sir,
 I thank you, we born, and gentlemen:
 I thank you, were neither fine nor modest,
 I thank you, we are honest.

Now your knees:
 And my knights o'the battle: I create you
 Knights to our person, and will sit you
 With their names becoming your estates.
 To CORNETS and Ladies.
 I thank you in these faces:—Why so sadly
 I thank you victory! you look like Romans,
 I thank you the court of Britain.

Hail, great king!
 I thank your happiness, I must report
 I thank you dead.

Whom worse than a physician
 I thank this report become! But I consider,
 I thank you may be prolong'd, yet death
 I thank you the doctor too.—How ended she?
 I thank you, madly dying, like her life;
 I thank you, cruel to the world, concluded
 I thank you to herself. What she confessed,
 I thank you, please you: These her women
 Can trip me, if I err: who, with wet cheeks,
 Were present when she finish'd.

Ugh.
 Pry'thee, say.
 Cor. First, she confess'd she never loved
 you; only
 Affected greatness got by you, not you:

higness; who, being born
arer. [your vassal,

Wherefore ey'st him so?
i, sir, in private, if you please
'g.

Ay, with all my heart,
attention. What's thy name?

ir.
my good youth, my page;
Walk with me; speak freely.
id I NOGEN converse apart.
boy revived from death?

One said another
les: That sweet rosy lad,
a Fiddle.—What think you?
dead thing alive.

ace! see further; he eyes us
ir;

alike: were't he, I am sure
poke to us.

But we saw him dead.
let's see further.

It is my mistress:
[Aside.
g, let the time run on,

nd I NOGEN come forward.
ome, stand thou by our side;
 aloud.—Sir, [To IACH.] step

his boy, and do it freely:
ness, and the grace of it,
ion, bitter torture shall
rath from falsehood.—On,
in.

is, that this gentleman may
this ring, [render

What's that to him?
[Aside.

mond upon your finger, say,
irs!

torture me to leave unspoken
oke, would torture thee. [that
How! me?

id to be constrain'd to utter
conceal. By villany

twas Leonatus' jewel:
it banish; and (which more

e thee,
noblest sir ne'er lived

ground. Wilt thou hear more,
belongs to this. [my lord!

That paragon, thy daughter,—
sat drops blood, and my false

ber,—Give me leave; I faint.
ghter! what of her? Renew

th: [will,
shouldst live while nature

near more: strive man, and

time, (unhappy was the clock
url, it was in Rome, (accurs'd

here!) 'twas at a feast, (O

Our vlands had been poison'd! or, at least,
Those which I heaved to head!) the good
Posthumus,

(What should I say? he was too good, to be
Where ill men were; and was the best of all
Amongst the rarest of good ones,) sitting sadly,
Hearing us praise our loves of Italy

For beauty that made barren the swell'd boast
Of him that best could speak: for feature,
laming [serva,

The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Mi-
Postures beyond brief nature; for condition,
A shop of all the qualities that man

Loves woman for; besides, that hook of
wiving,

Fairness which strikes the eye:—
Cym. I stand on fire:

Come to the matter.
Iach. All too soon I shall,

Unless thou wouldst grieve quickly.—This
Posthumus

(Most like a noble lord in love, and one
That had a royal lover,) took his hint;

And, not disparaging whom he praised, (therein
He was as calm as virtue) he began

His mistress' picture; which by his tongue
being made,

And then a mind put in't, either our brags
Were crack'd of kitchen trulls, or his descrip-

Proved us unspeaking sots. [tion
Cym. Nay, nay, to the purpose.

Iach. Your daughter's chastity—there it
begins.

He spake of her as Dian had hot dreams,
And she alone were cold: Whereat, I, wretch!

Made scruple of his praise; and wager'd with
him

Pieces of gold 'gainst this which then he wore
Upon his honour'd finger, to attain [ring

In suit the place of his bed, and win this
By hers and mine adultery: he, true knight,

No lesser of her honour confident
Than I did truly love her, stakes this ring;

And would so, had it been a carbuncle
Of Phœbus' wheel; and might so safely, had it

Been all the worth of his ear. Away to Britain
Post I in this design: Well may you, sir,

Remember me at court, where I was taught
Of your chaste daughter the wide difference

'Twixt amorous and villanous. Being thus
quench'd

Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain
'Gan in your duiler Britain operate

Most vilely; for my vantage, excellent;
And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd,

That I return'd with singular proof enough
To make the noble Leonatus mad,

By wounding his belief in her renown
With tokens thus and thus; averring notes

Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bra-
cet,

(O, cunning, how I got it!) nay, some mark
Of secret on her person, that he could not

But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,
I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon,—

Metbinks, I see him now,—

Post. Ay, so thou dost, *[Coming forward.]*
Cloten.—Ah me, most credulous fool,
 I have been overer, thied, any thing
 To do thee hurt: the villain past, being,
 I thought, to give me cord, or knife, or poison,
 To make thee master:—To do, king, send out
 The best of us to execute it: it is I
 That have corrupted things of the earth amend,
 And have worse than they. I am Posthumus
 Of King's daughter—villain-like, I lie;
 I am a lesser villain than myself,
 As well as thief, to do it—the temple
 Of virtue was she; yea, and she herself.
 I have a bow-stone, cast mine upon her, set
 The stones of the street to buy me: every villain
 Shall be Posthumus Leonatus; and
 I will be less than 'twas!—O Imogen!
 Thou shalt be mine, my wife! O Imogen,
 I will have thee!
Imo. Peace, my lord, hear, hear—
 I will have a play of this! Thou
 Shalt have thy page, *[Striking her, she falls.]*
Post. O, gentlemen, help, help!—
 O, your mistress!—O, my lord Posthu-
 mus!—O, Imogen!—Help, help!
 Does the world go round?
Post. How come these staggerers on me?
Post. Wake, my mistress!
Cloten. If this be so, the gods do mean to
 Destroy with mortal joy. strike me!
Post. How fares my mistress?
Imo. O, get thee from my sight;—hence!
 Thou eatest me poison: dangerous fellow.

be worth thou art unpaid for;
wrath! How of descent

In that he spake too far.
a shalt die for't.

We will die all three;
that two of us are as good
out him.—My sons, I must,
rt, unfold a dangerous speech,
tell for you.

Your danger is

good his.

Have at it, then.—
hadst, great king, a subject,
lus.

What of him? he is

He is it, that hath
indeed, a banish'd man;
a traitor.

Take him hence;
shall not save him.

Not too hot:
the nursing of thy sons;
fascate all, so soon
ed it.

Nursing of my sons?
blunt, and saucy: Here's my
I'll prefer my sons; [knee]
the old father. Mighty sir,
gentlemen, that call me father,
re my sons, are none of mine;
in of your toins, my liege,
ur begetting.

How! my issue?
as you your father's. I, old
[wish'd]:
as whom you sometime ba-
vas my mere offence, my pu-

ty treason; that I suffer'd,
I did. These gentle princes
they are, these twenty years
p: those arts they have, as I
hem; my breeding was, sir, as
nows. Their nurse, Euphrate,
left I wedded, stole these chil-
ment: I moved her to't; [dren]
the punishment before,
did then: Broken for loyalty
reason: Their dear loss,
'twas felt, the more it shaped
stealing them. But gracious
us again; and I must lose [sir,
'at companions in the world:
of these covering heavens
rads like dew! for they are
with stars. [worthy]

Thou weep'st, and speak'st.
you three have done, is more
s thou tell'st: I lost my chil-
I know not how to wish [dren];
er sons.

Be pleased a while.—
whom I call Polydore,

Most worthy prince, as yours, is true, Guide-
This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus, [rins;
Your younger princely son; he, sir, was lapp'd
In a most curious mantle, wrought by the hand
Of his queen mother, which, for more proba-
I can with ease produce. [tion,

Cym. Guiderius had
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star;
It was a mark of wonder.

Bel. This is he;
Who hath upon him still that natural stamp;
It was wise nature's end in the donation,
To be his evidence now.

Cym. O, what am I
A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er mother
Rejoiced deliverance more:—Bless'd may you
be,

That, after this strange starting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now!—O Imogen,
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

Imo. No, my lord;
I have got two worlds by't.—O my gentle bro-
Have we thus met? O never say hereafter, [ther,
But I am truest speaker: you call'd me brother,
When I was but your sister; I you brothers,
When you were so indeed.

Cym. Did you ere meet?
Arr. Ay, my good lord.

Gui. And at first meeting loved;
Continued so, until we thought he died.

Cor. By the queen's dream she swallow'd.

Cym. O rare instinct!
When shall I hear all through! This fierce
abridgment

Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
Distinction should be rich in't.—Where? how
lived you? [live?

And when came you to serve our Roman cap-
How parted with your brothers? how first met
them? [These,

Why fled you from the court? and whither?
And your three motives to the battle, with
I know not how much more, should be de-
And all the other by-dependencies. [mandat:
From chance to chance; but nor the time, nor
Will serve our long interrogatories. See, [place,
Posthumus anchors upon Imogen; [eye
And she, like harmless lightning, throws her
On him, her brothers, me, her master; hitting
Each object with a joy; the counterchange
Is severally in all. Let's quit this ground,
And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.—
Thou art my brother; So we'll hold thee ever.

[To BAZANUS.
Imo. You are my father too; and did not
To see this gracious season. [I love me,

Cym. All o'erjoy'd,
Save these in bonds; let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our comfort.

Imo. My good master,
I will yet do you service.

Luc. Happy be you!

Cym. The forlorn soldier, that so long
fought, [gracel

He would have well become this place, and
The thankings of a king.

ld. & c., Which ought to be rendered distinct by an ample narrative.

Post. I am, sir,
The soldier that did company these three
In poor beseeching; 'twas a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd;—That I was he,
Speak, Iachimo; I had you down, and might
Have made you finish.

Iach. I am down again:

[*Kneeling.*
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,
As then your force did. Take that life, beseech

you,
Which I so often owe; but, your ring first;
And here the bracelet of the trust princess
That ever swore her faith.

Post. Kneel not to me;
The power that I have on you, is to spare you;
The malice towards you, to forgive you: Live,
And deal with others better.

Cym. Nobly doom'd:
We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law;
Pardon's the word to all.

Arr. You help us, sir.
As you did mean indeed to be our brother;
Joy'd are we, that you are. [Lord of Rome,

Post. Your servant, princes.—Good my
Call forth your soothsayer: As I slept, me-
Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back, [thought,
Appear'd to me, with other spritely shows *
Of mine own kindred: when I waked, I found
This label on my bosom; whose containing
Is so from sense in hardness, that I can
Make no collection of it; let him show
His skill in the construction.

Luc. Philharmonus,—

Sooth. Here, my good lord.

Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Persons represented.

son to the late Emperor of afterwards declared Empe-	Alarbus, } Chiron, } sons to Tamora. Demetrius, }
ther to Saturninus; in love a.	Aaron, a Moor, beloved by Tamora.
iers, a noble Roman, gene- the Goths.	A Captain, Tribune, Messenger, and Clown Romans.
onius, tribune of the people, to Titus.	Goths and Romans.
us, Martius, Mutius, sons ironicus.	Tamora, Queen of the Goths. Lavinia, daughter to Titus Andronicus. A Nurse, and a Black Child.
a boy, son to Lucius.	Kinsmen of Titus, Senators, Tribunes, (15) cers, Soldiers, and Attendants.
o Marcus, the tribune.	
le Roman.	Scene, Rome, and the country near it.

ACT I.

ome. *Before the Capitol.*

*Andronicus appearing: the
Senators aloft, as in the
er, below, SATURNINUS and
us, on one side; and DAMIA-
Followers, on the other;
nd Colours.*

atricsians, patrons of my right,
ce of my cause with arms;
n, my loving followers,
sive title^o with your swords:
nperial diadem of Rome;
er's honours live in me,
e age with this indignity.
—friends, followers, favourers
ht,—

us, Caesar's son,
n the eyes of royal Rome,
assage to the Capitol;
ishonour to approach
it, to virtue consecrate,
uence, and nobility:
pure election shines;
ght for freedom in your choices.
s ANDRONICUS aloft, with
the Crown.

, that strive by factions and
rule and empery,—
people of Rome, for whom

have, by their common voice,
he Roman empery,

Chosen Andronicus, surnamed Plus,
For many good and great deserts to Rome;
A nobler man, a braver warrior,
Lives not this day within the city walls:
He by the senate is accited + home,
From weary wars against the barbarous Goths:
That, with his sons, a terror to our foes.
Hath yoked a nation strong, train'd up in arms.
Ten years are spent since first he undertook
This cause of Rome, and chastised with arms
Our enemies' pride. Five times he hath re-

turn'd
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons
In coffins from the field;
And now, at last, laden with honour's spoils,
Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,
Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms.

Let us entreat,—By honour of his name,
Whom, worthily, you would have now succeed,
And in the Capitol and senate's right,
Whom you pretend to honour and adore,—
That you withdraw you, and abate your
strength;

Dismiss your followers, and, as suitors should,
Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

Sat. How fair the tribune speaks to calm
my thoughts!

Bas. Marcus Andronicus, so I do asy
In thy uprightness and integrity,
And so I love and honour thee and thine,
Thy nobler brother Titus, and his sons, [all
And her, to whom my thoughts are humbled
Queens Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,
That I will here dismiss my loving friends;
And to my fortunes, and the people's favour,

i.e., My title to the succession. † *Summoned.*

Can enter a cause in balance to be weigh'd.

Enter the Followers of Bassianus.

These things that have been thus forward in
my heart,

Now I speak, and here demands you all;

And for the love and favour of my country

For myself, my person, and the cause,

Enter the Followers of Saturninus.

Be as just and gracious unto me,

As I am content and kind to thee.—

Open the gates, and let me in.

Enter Titus, and me, a poor competitor.

Sat. and Bas. go into the Capitol, and

confer with Senators, MARCUS, &c.

SCENE II. *The same.*

Enter a Captain, and Others.

Ope, Romans, make way; the good An-
tonius,

Progeny of virtue, Rome's best champion,

Successful in the battles that he fights,

With honour and with fortune is return'd,

From where he circumscrib'd with his sword,

And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.

Enter a Trumpet, &c., enter METIUS

and MARTIUS; after them, two Men

carrying a Coffin covered with black;

then QUINTUS and LUCIUS. After them,

TITUS ANDRONICUS; and then TAMORA,

with ALARBUS, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS,

ARON, and other Goths, prisoners,

Soldiers and People, following. The

bearers set down the Coffin, and TITUS

speaks.

And Titus welcome them to
be so, and let Andronicus
latest farewell to their souls.
*My pets sounded, and the Organs
aid in the Tomb.*

Honour rest you here, my sons;
at champions, repose you here,
voridly chances and mishaps!
treason, here no envy swells,
damned grudges; here, are no

silence and eternal sleep:

Enter LAVINIA.

Honour rest you here, my sons!
see and honour live lord Titus

and father, live in fame!
my tributary tears
my brethren's obsequies;
at I kneel with tears of joy
with, for thy return to Rome:
re with thy victorious hand,
in Rome's best citizens applaud,
Rome, that hast thus lovingly

mine age to glad my heart!—
outlive thy father's days,
eternal date, for virtue's praise!
*ANDRONICUS, SATURNINUS,
TITUS, and Others.*

live lord Titus, my beloved

spher in the eyes of Rome!

, gentle tribune, noble brother

[*confused wars,*

welcome, nephews, from suc-

live, and you that sleep in fame.

ar fortunes are alike in all,

country's service drew your

mp is this funeral pomp,

ired to Solon's happiness,

over chance, in honour's bed.—

cus, the people of Rome,

in justice thou hast ever been,

ne, their tribune and their trust,

st of white and spotless hue;

is in election for the empire,

is late-deceased emperor's sons:

is then, and put it on.

at a head on headless Rome.

or head her glorious body its

shakes for age and feebleness:

I don't this robe, and trouble

th proclamations to-day; [yest

held up rule, resign my life,

d new business for you all?

been thy soldier forty years,

ne-and-twenty valiant sons,

eld, slain manfully in arms,

ervice of thy noble country:

st of honour for mine age,

tre to combat the world:

Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.

Mar. Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the
empire. [*thou tell!*—

Sat. Proud and ambitious tribune, canst

Tit. Patience, prince Saturnine.

Sat. Romans, do me right;—

Patricians, draw your swords, and sheath

them not

Till Saturnine be Rome's emperor:—

Andronicus, 'would thou wert shipp'd to hell,

Rather than rob me of the people's hearts.

Luc. Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the

good

That noble-minded Titus means to thee!

Tit. Content thee, prince; I will restore to

thee [*themselves.*

The people's hearts, and wean them from

Sat. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,

But honour thee, and will do till I die;

My faction, if thou strengthen with thy

friends,

I will most thankful be: and thanks, to men

Of noble minds, is honourable meed. [*here,*

Tit. People of Rome, and people's tribunes

I ask your voters, and your suffrages; [*cus?*

Will you bestow them friendly on Androni-

Tit. To gratify the good Andronicus,

And gratulate his safe return to Rome,

The people will accept whom he admits.

Tit. Tribunes, I thank you: and this suit I

make,

That you create your emperor's eldest son,

Lord Saturnine; whose virtues will, I hope,

Reflect on Rome, as Titan's rays on earth,

And ripen justice in this common-weal:

Then if you will elect by my advice, [*perer*

Crown him, and say,—*Long live our em-*

Mar. With voices and applause of every

Patricians, and plebeians, we create [*sort,*

Lord Saturnine Rome's great emperor;

And say,—*Long live our emperor Saturnine!*

[*A long Flourish.*

Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done

To us in our election this day,

I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,

And will with deeds requite thy gentleness:

And, for an onset, Titus, to advance

Thy name, and honourable family,

Lavinia will I make my empress,

Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,

And in the sacred Pantheon her espouse:

Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please

thee? [*much,*

Tit. It doth, my worthy lord; and, in this

I hold me highly honour'd of your grace:

And here, in sight of Rome, to Saturnine,—

King and commander of our common-weal,

The wide world's emperor,—do I consecrate

My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners;

Presents well worthy Rome's imperial lord:

Receive them then, the tribute that I owe,

Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet.

Sat. Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life!

How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts.

her that her life may be longer than his, and her graces longer than time.
him alluded to is, that no man can be pronounced happy before his death.
robe. § 4. c., Do so, put it on. § The sun.

Thou comest not to be made a scorn in Rome.

Princely shall be thy usage every way.

Rest on my word, and let not discontent

Damnt all your hopes; Madam, be comfort

you.

Can make you greater than the queen of Goth.

Lavinia, you are not displeased with this?

Lar. Not I, my lord; with true nobility

Warrants these words in princely courtesy.

Sat. Thanks, sweet Lavinia.—Romans, I

us 202

Ransomed here we set our prisoners free:

Proclaim our honour, lords, with trumpet

drum.

Bas. Lord Titus, by your leave, this seal

is mine. [Seizing Lavinia.]

Tit. How, sir! Are you in earnest then, my

lord?

Bas. Ay, noble Titus; and resolved with

To do myself this reason and this right.

[The Emperor courts TAVORA in this

scene.]

Mar. *Sensus cuique* is our Roman justice

This prince in justice seizeth but his own.

Luc. And that he will, and shall, if Lavinia

live. [Enter his guard.]

Tit. Traitors, away! Where is the en

Treason, my lord; Lavinia is surprised.

Sur. Surprised! By whom?

Bas. By him that justly m

Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.

[Enter MARCUS and BASSIANUS

with LAVINIA.]

Mut. Brothers, help to convey her hence

away,

And with my sword I'll keep this door safe.

[Exeunt LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and

MARTIUS.]

soldiers, and Rome's servitors;
none basely slain in brawls:
you can, he comes not here.
This is impiety in you:
his deeds do plead for him;
ed with his brethren.

And shall, or him we will ac-
(that word?)

11 What villain was it spoke
would youcht it in any place
(spite?)

could you bury him in my de-
ole Titus; but entreat of thee
is, and to bury him. (crest,
ven thou hast struck upon my
boys, mine honour thou hast

pute you every one;
o more, but get you gone.
not with himself; let us with-

till Mutius' bones be buried.
and the Sons of Titus kneel.
, for in that name doth nature

and in that name doth nature
hou no more, if all the rest
l. (soul, —

ned Titus, more than halt my
luer, soul and substance of us

hy brother Marcus to inter-
w here in virtue's nest,
our and Lavinia's cause.
an, be not barbarous.
on advice, did bury Ajax
elf; and wise Laertes' son
dead for his funerals.
Mutius then, that was thy joy,
trance here.

Rise, Marcus, rise: —
ay is this, that e'er I saw,
'd by my sons in Rome! —
and bury me the next.

MUTIUS is put into the Tomb.
ie thy bones, sweet Mutius,
friends,
phies do adorn thy tomb! —
shed tears for noble Mutius;
: that died in virtue's cause,
l, — to step out of these dreary

hat the subtle queen of Goths
us advanced in Rome? (is;
not, Marcus; but, I know, it
rice, or no, the heavens can
beholden to the man (tell:
r for this high good torn so far
bly him remunerate.

enter, at one side, SATUR-
ded; TAMORA, CHIRON, DE-
id AGRON: At the Other,
LAVINIA, and Others.

lanna, you have play'd your

ry, sir, of your gallant bride.

Bas. And you of yours, my lord: I say no
more,

Nor wish no less; and so I take my leave.

Sat. Traitor, if Rome have law, or we have
power,

Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.

Bas. Rape, call you it, my lord, to seize
my own,

My true-betrothed love, and now my wife?

But let the laws of Rome determine all;

Mean while I am possess'd of that is mine.

Sat. 'Tis good, sir: You are very short
with us;

But, if we live, we'll be as sharp with you.

Bas. My lord, what I have done, as best I
may,

Answer I must, and shall do with my life.

Only thus much I give your grace to know,

By all the duties that I owe to Rome,

This noble gentleman, lord Titus here,

Is in opinion, and in honour, wrong'd;

That, in the rescue of Lavinia,

With his own hand did slay his youngest son,

In zeal to you, and highly moved to wrath

To be controll'd in that he frankly gave:

Receive him then to favour, Saturnine;

That hath express'd himself, in all his deeds,

A father and a friend, to thee and Rome.

Tit. Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my
deeds;

'Tis thou, and those, that have dishonour'd me:

Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,

How I have loved and honour'd Saturnine!

Tam. My worthy lord, I ever Tamora

Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,

Then bear me speak indifferently for all;

And at my salt, sweet, pardon what is past.

Sat. What! madam! be dishonour'd openly,

And basely put it up without revenge?

Tam. Not so, my lord; The gods of Rome
forefeud.

I should be author to dishonour you!

But, on mine honour, dare I undertake

For good lord Titus' innocence in all,

Whose fury, not dissembled, speaks his griefs:

Then, at my suit, look graciously on him;

Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose,

Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart. —

My lord, be ruled by me, be won at

last, (tents)

Dissemble all your griefs and discon-

you are but newly planted in your

throne; (too,

Lest then the people, and patricians

Upon a just survey, take Titus' part,

And so supplant us for ingratitude.

(Which Rome repotes to be a heinous

sin,) (alone)

Yield at entreats, and then let me

I'll find a day to massacre them all,

And raze their faction, and their

family, (noise,

The cruel father, and his traitorous

to whom I sued for my dear son's

life; (let appear

And make them know, what 'tis to

Aside.

SHAKSPI

Kneel in the streets, and beg for grace. } *Aside.* T
 Come, come, sweet emperor,—come, Andro-
 nicus.
 T. O, my good old man, and cheer the heart
 That smites in temper of thy angry frown.
 And. Rise, Titus, rise; my empress hath
 I lord:
 Tit. I thank your majesty, and her, my
 T. O, Titus, these looks, infuse new life to me.
 Tit. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,
 A Roman now, adopted happily,
 And must advise the emperor for his good.
 This day all quarrels die, Andronicus;—
 And let it be mine honour, good my lord,
 That I have reconciled your friends and you.—
 For you, prince Bassianus, I have pass'd
 My word and promise to the emperor,
 That you will be more mild and tractable.—
 And hear not, lords,—and you, Lavinia;—
 By my advice, all humbled on your knees,
 You seek pardon of his majesty.
 And. We do; and vow to heaven, and to
 His highness,
 That, what we did, was mildly, as we might,

ACT

SCENE I. *The same. Before the Palace.* T

Enter AARON. M

Aar. Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top, T
 To see the face of heaven, and sit above it. A

ols that warlike Goths adore,
ble will undo us all.—
nd think you not how dangerous
a prince's right?
ia then become so loose,
degenerate,
e such quarrels may be broach'd
iment, justice, or revenge?
ware!—an should the empress
[please.

ground, the music would not
not, I, knew she and all the

more than all the world.
gling, learn thou to make some
choice:

e elder brother's hope.
are ye mad? or know ye not,
nd impatient they be, (tho' Rome
ook competitors in love)
s, you do but plot your deaths

Aaron, a thousand deaths
se, to achieve her whom I love.
love her!—How?

Why miskest thou it so strange?
n, therefore may be wou'd;
n, therefore may be won;
r, therefore must be lov'd.
ore water glideth by the mill
miller of; and easy it is
steal a shive*, we know:
mus be the emperor's brother,
have yet worn Vulcan's badge.
nd as good as Saturninus may.

[Aside.
why should he despair, that
o court it
air look*, and liberality?
ou not full often struck a doe,
e clearly by the keeper's nose?
then, it seems, some contain
our turns. [snatch or so

Ay, so the turn were served.
n, thou hast hit it.

'Would you had hit it too;
ot we be tired with this ado.

hark ye,—And are you such
r this? Would it offend you then
uld speed?

I'faith, not me.

Nor me,
e. [that you jar.
hame, be friends; and join for
d stratagem must do
et; and so must you resolve;
a cannot, as you would, achieve,
force accomplish as you may.
se, Lucrece was not more chaste
inia, Bassianus' love.

nise than lingering languishment
se, and I have found the path.
leinn hunting is in hand;
e lovely Roman ladies troop:
ilks are wide and spacious;

And many unfrequented plots there are,
Fitted by kind; for rape and villany:
Single you thither then this dainty doe,
And strike her home by force, if not by words:
This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.
Come, come, our empress, with her sacred;
To villany and vengeance consecrate, [wit,
Will we acquaint with all that we intend;
And she shall file our engines with advice,
That will not suffer you to square yourselves,
But to your wishes' height advance you both.
The emperor's court is like the house of fame,
The palace full of tongues, of eyes, of ears:
The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and
dull; [your turns:
There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take
There serve your lust, shadow'd from heaven's
And revel in Lavinia's treasury. [eye,
'thi. Toy counsel, lad, smells of no coward-
dlee. 'stream

Dem. *Sit fis aut nefas*, till I find the
To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits,
Per Sitta, per manes rehor. [Exit.

SCENE II. A Forest near Rome. A Lodge
seen at a distance, Horns, and cry of
Hounds heard.

Enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, with Hunters,
&c. MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and
MARIUS.

Tit. The hunt is up, the morn is bright and
grey, [green:

The fields are fragrant, and the woods are
Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,
And wake the emperor and his lovely bride,
And rouse the prince; and ring a hunter's peal,
That all the court may echo with the noise.

Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To tend the emperor's person carefully:
I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inspired.

Horns wind a Peal. Enter SATURNINUS,
TAMORA, BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, CHIRON,
DEMETRIUS, and Attendants.

Tit. Many good morrows to your majesty;
Madam, to you as many and as good!—
I promised your grace a hunter's peal.

Sat. And you have rung it lustily, my lords.
Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.

Bas. Lavinia, how say you?

Lav. I say, no;
I have been broad awake two hours and more.

Sat. Come on then, horse and chariots let
us have,

And to our sport:—Madam, now shall ye see
Our Roman hunting. [To TAMORA.

Mar. I have dogs, my lord,
Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,
And climb the highest promontory top.

Tit. And I have horse will follow where the
game [plain.

Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the
Dem. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse
nor hoand,

But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground.

[Exit.

Quarrel. : By nature.

§ *Sicred* here signifies occurred; a Latin
4 P 2

SCENE III. *A desert part of the Forest.*

Enter AARON, with a Bag of Gold.

Aar. He, that had wit, would think that I
To bury so much gold under a tree, (had none
And never after to inherit^s it.

Let him, that thinks of me so abjectly,
Know, that this gold must coin a stratagem;
Which, cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent piece of villany:

And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest,
(*Hides the Gold.*)
That have their aims out of the empress' chest.

Enter TAMORA.

Tam. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st
thou sad,

When every thing doth make a gleeful boast?
The birds chant melody on every bush;
The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun;
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
And make a chequer'd shadow on the ground:
Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,
And,—whilst the babbling echo mocks the
hounds,

Replying shrilly to the well-tuned horns,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,—
Let us sit down and mark their yelling noise:
And,—after conflict such as was supposed
The wandering prince of Dido once enjoy'd,
When with a happy storm they were surprised,
And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave,—
We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,
Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber;
Whilst hounds, and horns, and sweet melodi-

his is a witness that I am thy son.

[*Stabs Bassianus.*]

d this for me, strack home to show strength. [*Stabbing him likewise.*]
y, come, Semiramis,—nay, barbar-Tamora!

re fits thy nature but thy own!

ve me thy poinard; you shall know, boys,

er's hand shall right your mother's
ay, madam, here is more belongs
x;

sh the corn, then after burn the
a stood upon her chastity,
aptal vow, her loyalty, [mightiness:

that painted hope braves your
be carry this unto her grave!

d if she do, I would I were an
eb.

her husband to some secret hole,
his dead trunk pillow to our lust.

at when you have the honey you
e,

a wasp outlive, us both to sting.

arrant you, madam; we will make
sure.—

tress, now perforce we will enjoy
reserved honesty of yours. [face.—

Tamora! thou bear'st a woman's
will not bear her speak; away with

veet lords, entreat her hear me but
listen, fair madam: let it be your
y

tears: but be your heart to them,
sting flint to drops of rain. [the dam!

hen did the tiger's young ones teach
learn her wrath; she taught it thee:

how suck'dst from her, did turn to
ble;

by teat thou hadst thy tyranny.—
mother breeds not sons alike;

treat her shew a woman pity.

[*To Chiron.*]

bat! wouldst thou have me prove
self a bastard?

is true; the raven doth not hatch a
heard, (O could I find it now!)

oved with pity, did endure
a princely paws pared all away.

that ravens foster forlorn children,
their own birds furnish in their nests:

ie, though thy hard heart say no,
kind, but something pitiful!

know not what it means; away
her.

, let me teach thee: for my father's
three life, when well he might have

thee,
inate, open thy deaf ears.

ad thou in person ne'er offended me,
his sake am I pitiless:—

r, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,
my brother from the sacrifice;

Andronicus would not relent. [will;
away with her, and use her as you

to her, the better loved of me.

Tamora, be call'd a gentle queen,

And with thine own hands kill me in this place:

For 'tis not life that I have begg'd so long;
Poor I was slain when Bassianus died.

Tam. What begg'st thou then; fond woman.
let me go.

Lar. 'Tis present death I beg; and one thing
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:

O, keep me from their worse than killing lust,
And tumble me into some loathsome pit;

Where never man's eye may behold my body:
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

Tam. So should I rob my sweet sons of their
No, let them satisfy their lust on thee. [see:

Dem. Away, for thou hast staid us here too
long.

Lar. No grace? no womanhood? Ah, beast-
The blot and enemy to our general name!

Confusion fall— [thou her husband;

Chi. Nay, then I'll stop your mouth: Bring
[*Drugging off Lavinia.*]

This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him.
[*Exit.*]

Tam. Farewell, my sons; see that you make
her sure:

Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,
Till all the Andronici be made away.

Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,
And let my spleenful sons this trull devour.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *The same.*

Enter AARON, with QUINTUS and MARTIUS.

Aar. Come on, my lords; the better foot
before:

Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit,
Where I spy'd the panther fast asleep.

Quin. My sight is very dull, whate'er it
bodes.

Mart. And mine, I promise you; we'll not
Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile.

[*MARTIUS falls into the Pit.*]

Quin. What art thou fallen? What subtle
hole is this,

Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-growing
Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed

blood,
As fresh as morning's dew distill'd on flowers?

A very fatal place it seems to me:— [fall?

Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the
Mart. O, brother, with the dammallest object

That ever eye, with sight, made heart lament.
Aar. [*Aside.*] Now will I fetch the king to

and them here;

That he thereby may give a likely guess,
How these were they that made away his brother.

[*Exit AARON.*]

Mart. Why dost not comfort me, and help
me out

From this unhallow'd and blood-stained hole?

Quin. I am surprised with an uncouth fear:
A chilling sweat o'er-runs my trembling joints;

My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.
Mart. To prove thou hast a true-divining

heart,
Aaron and thou look down into this den,
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.

Quin. Aaron is gone; and my compassionate
ate heart

And shows the ragged entrance to this pit.
No pale did shine the moon on Pyramus,
When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.
O brother, help me with thy fainting hand,—
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath,—
Out of this fell-devouring receptacle,
As hateful as Cocytus' misty mouth.

Quin. Reach me thy hand, that I may lead
thee out;

Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,
I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb
Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave.

Mart. I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink
Mart. Nor I no strength to climb with
thy help.

Quin. Thy hand once more: I will not let
Thee art here aloft, or I below:

Thou canst not come to me, I come to thee
[Falls]

Enter SATURNINUS and ANON.

Sat. Along with me:—I'll see what hole
here.

And what he is, that now is leap'd into it.
Say, who art thou, that lately didst descend
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

Mart. The unhappy son of old Andronicus
Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,
To find thy brother Bassianus dead.

Sat. My brother dead? I know thou dost
but jest:

He and his lady both are at the lodge,
Upon the north side of this pleasant chase;
'Tis not an hour since I left him there. [all]

Mart. We know not where you left him:
But, out alas! here have we found him dead.

*Enter TAMORA, with Attendants; TIT
ANDRONICUS, and LUCIUS.*

Tit. Where is my lord, the king?



Enter MARCUS.
Is,—my niece, that flies away

Where is your husband?—
Would all my wealth would

se planet strike me down,
er in eternal sleep!—
e, what stern angelic hands
hew'd, and made thy body

ies? those sweet ornaments,
adows kings have sought to

in so great a happiness,
Why dost not speak to me?
ver of warm blood,
g fountain stirr'd with wind,
between thy rosed lips,
; with thy honey breath.
eems bath deslour'd thee;
ouldst detect him, cut thy

st away thy face for shame!
ding all this loss of blood,—
with three issuing spoons,—
look red as Titus's face,
counter'd with a cloud.
thee? shall I say, 'tis so?

O, that I knew thy heart; and knew the
beast,

That I might rail at him to ease my mind!
Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopp'd,
Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.
Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,
And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind:
But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;
A craftier Tereus hast thou met withal,
And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
That could have better sew'd than Philomel.
O, had the monster seen those lily hands
Tremble, like aspen leaves, upon a late,
And make the sifken strings delight to kiss
them;

He would not then have touch'd them for his
Or, had he heard the heavenly harmony,
Which that sweet tongue hath made, [asleep
He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell
As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.
Come, let us go, and make thy father blind:
For such a sight will blind a father's eye:
One hour's storm will drown the fragrant
meads;

What will whole months of tears thy father's
Do not draw back, for we will mourn with
thee;

O, could our mourning ease thy misery!

[*Exit.*]

ACT III

Rome. A Street.

Tribunes, and Officers of
MARTIUS and QUINTUS,
on to the Place of Execu-
ting before, pleading.

grave fathers! noble tri-
age, whose youth was spent
s, whilst you securely slept;
n Rome's great quarrel shed;
nights that I have watch'd;
ter tears, which now you see
rinkles in my cheeks;
condemned sons,
not corrupted as 'tis thought!
my sons I never wept,
d in honour's lofty bed.
ribunes, in the dust I write
ing himself on the Ground.
languor, and my soul's sad

uch the earth's dry appetite;
ood will make it shame and

tors, Tribunes, &c., with the

friend thee more with rain,
rom these two ancient urns,
ril shall with all his showers
ght, I'll drop upon thee still;
rars tears I'll melt the snow,

And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,
So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

Enter LUCIUS, with his sword drawn.

O, reverend tribunes! gentle aged men!
Unblind my sons, reverse the doom of death;
And let me say, that never wept before,
My tears are now prevailing orators.

Luc. O, noble father, you lament in vain;
The tribunes hear you not, no man is by,
And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

Tit. Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me
plead:

Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you.

Luc. My gracious lord, no tribune hears
you speak.

Tit. Why, 'tis no matter, man: if they did
hear,

They would not mark me; or, if they did,
All bootless to them, they'd not pity me.

Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones;
Who, though they cannot answer my distress,
Yet in some sort they're better than the tri-
bunes,

For that they will not intercept my tale:
When I do weep, they humbly at my feet

Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me;
And, were they but attired in grave weeds,

Rome could afford no tribune like to these.
A stone is soft as wax, tribunes more hard

than stones:

A stone is silent, and *refuseth not*; [death:
And tribunes with their tongues doom men to

Mar. Titus, prepare thy noble eyes to weep
Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break;
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

Tit. Will it consume me? let me see it then.

Mar. This was thy daughter.

Tit. Why, Marcus, so she is.

Luc. Ah me! this object kills me!

Tit. Faint-hearted boy, arise, and look upon
her:—

Speak, my Lavinia, what accursed hand
Hath made thee handless in thy father's sight?

What fool hath added water to the sea?

Or brought a fagot to bright-burning Troy?

My grief was at the height before thou camest.

And now, like Nilus*, it disdaineth bounds.—

Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too;

For they have fought for Rome, and all in

vain;

And they have nursed this woe, in feeding life

In bootless prayer have they been held up,

And they have served me to effectless use;

Now, all the service I require of them

Is, that the one will help to cut the other.

'Tis well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands;

For hands, to do Rome service, are but vain.

Luc. Speak, gentle sister, who hath mar-

tyr'd thee? [thoughts]

Mar. O, that delightful engine of his

That blab'd them with such pleasing eloquence

Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage;

Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung

Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear!

Luc. O say thou for her, who hath done

this deed? [parks]

Mar. O, thus I found her, straying in the

Seeking to hide herself, as doth the deer,

That hath received some menacing wound.

I, I'll send the emperor
 thou help to chop it off?
 er; for that noble hand of

down so many enemies,
 my hand will serve the turn:
 er spare my blood than you;
 ne shall save my brothers'

[fended Rome,
 of your hands hath not de-
 ne bloody battle-axe,
 on on the enemy's castle?
 ut are of high desert:
 en but idle; let it serve
 o nephews from their death;
 it to a worthy end.

ie agree, whose hand shall go

before their pardon come.
 shall go.

By heaven it shall not go.
 e no more; such wither'd
 these
 king up, and therefore mine.
 her, if I shall be thought thy

y brothers both from death.
 our father's sake, and more,

a brother's love to thee.
 ween you; I will spare my
 go fetch an axe. [hand.

But I will use the axe.
Enter LUCIUS and MARCUS.
 er, Aaron; I'll deceive them

I, and I will give thee mine.
 be call'd deceit, I will be

t I live, deceive men so;—
 on in another sort,
 y, ere half an hour can pass.

[*Aside.*
 [He cuts off Titus's Hand.
 TITUS and MARCUS.

your strife; what shall be, is
 th.—

r his majesty my hand:
 hand that warder him
 ngers; bid him bury it;

ited, that let it have.
 ay, I account of them
 sed at an easy price;

because I bought mine own.
 ironicus; and for thy hand,
 o have thy sons with thee:—

an.—O, how this villany
 [Exit.

the very thoughts of it!
 , and fair men call for grace,
 his soul black like his face.

[Exit.
 ft this one hand up to heaven,
 ble ruin to the earth:

ses wretched tears,

To that I call;—What, wilt thou kneel with
 me? [To LAVINIA.

Do then, dear heart; for heaven shall hear our
 prayers;

Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,
 And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds,
 When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

Mar. O! brother, speak with possibilities,
 And do not break into these deep extremes.

Tit. Is not my sorrow deep, having no
 bottom?

Then be my passions' bottomless with them.

Mar. But yet let reason govern thy lament.

Tit. If there were reason for these miseries,
 Then into limits could I bind my woes:

When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth
 o'erflow?

If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
 Threat'ning the welkin with his big-swoln face?

And wilt thou have a reason for this coil? I

I am the sea; hark, how her sighs do blow!

She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:

Then must my sea be moved with her sighs;

Then must my earth with her continual tears

Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd:

For why? my bowels cannot hide her woes,

But like a drunkard must I vomit them.

Then give me leave; for losers will have leave

To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

Enter a Messenger, with Two Heads and
 a Hand. [paid

Mess. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou re-

For that good hand thou sent'st the emperor.

Here are the heads of thy two noble sons;

And here's thy hand, in scorn to thee sent back;

Thy griefs their sports, thy resolution mock'd:

That woe is me to think upon thy woes,

More than remembrance of my father's death.

[Exit.

Mar. Now let hot Ætna cool in Sicily,

And be my heart an ever-burning hell!

These miseries are more than may be borne!

To weep with them that weep doth ease some

deal,

But sorrow floated at is double death.

Luc. Ah, that this sight should make so deep

a wound,

And yet detested life not shrink thereat!

That ever death should let life bear his name,

Where life hath no more interest but to breathe!

[LAVINIA kisses him.

Mar. Alas, poor heart, that kiss is comfort-

As frozen water to a starved snake. [lews,

Tit. When will this fearful slumber have an

end? [nicus;

Mar. Now, farewell, flattery: Die, Andro-

Thou dost not slumber: see, thy two sons' heads;

Thy warlike hand; thy mangled daughter here;

Thy other banish'd son, with this dear sight

Struck pale and bloodless; and thy brother I,

Even like a stony image, cold and numb.

Ah! now no more will I control thy griefs:

Rear off thy silver hair, thy other hand [sight

Gnawing with thy teeth; and be this dismal

The closing up of our most wretched eyes!

Now is a time to storm; why art thou still?

* Sufferings.

† The sky.

‡ Still breathe

O, would I might upon my watery eyes,
 make thee as blind with tributary tears;
 when I may shall I find revenge's cave?
 O, would I might do seem to speak to me;
 when I may shall I never come to bliss,
 when I may shall I be returned again,
 when I may shall I see what task I have to do.—
 O, would I might, circle me about;
 that I might find me to each one of you,
 And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.
 I have a word to say—Come, brother, take a head;
 I have a word to say the other will I bear:
 I have a word, shall be employ'd in these things;
 I have a word, sweet wench, between thy
 teeth.
 Away, thou boy, go, get thee from my sight;
 I have a word to say, and thou must not stay:
 He to the Goths, and raise an army there:
 And, if you love me, as I think you do,
 Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do.
 Farewell, Marcus, and Lucius, and Lavinia.
 Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father;
 I have a word to say to thee that ever lived in Rome!
 Farewell, and live! till Lucius come again,
 He lives in my bosom dearer than his life.
 Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister;
 O, would thou wert as thou tofore has been!
 But now not Lucius, nor Lavinia lives
 But in oblivion, and hateful griefs.
 If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs;
 And make proud Sarmolus and his empire

r purposely to poison me.—
thyself, and that's for Tamora.—
I—
ask we are not brought so low,
tween us, we can kill a fly,
in likeness of a coal-black Moor.
as, poor man! grief has so wrought
me,

He takes false shadows for true substances.
Tit. Come, take away.—Lavinia, go with
I'll to thy closet; and go read with thee [me :
Sad stories, chanced in the times of old.—
Come, boy, and go with me; thy sight is
young,
And thou shalt read, when mine begins to
dazzle. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

The same. Before Titus's House.

TITUS and MARCUS. Then enter Lavinia, running after him.

Tit. O granda, help! my aunt La-

every where, I know not why:—

Marcus. See how swift she comes!—

aunt, I know not what you mean.

and by me, Lucius; do not fear

harm.

loves thee, boy, too well to do thee

when my father was in Rome, she

[these signs?]

hat means my niece Lavinia by

her not, Lucius:—Somewhat doth

mean: [thee:]

see, how much she makes of

er would she have thee go with her.

melia never with more care

sons, than she hath read to thee,

y, and Tully's Orator. [thus:]

not guess wherefore she plies thee

lord, I know not, I, nor can I

fit or frenzy do possess her:

heard my granda say full oft,

of griefs would make men mad;

read that Hecuba of Troy [fear:]

rough sorrow: That made me to

my lord, I know, my noble aunt

clear as e'er my mother did,

not, but in fury, fright my youth:

me down to throw my books,

y; [aunt:]

perhaps: But pardon me, sweet

s, if my uncle Marcus go,

willingly attend your ladyship.

clus, I will.

A turns over the books which

Titus has let fall.

v now, Lavinia?—Marcus, what

s this?

there is that she desires to see:—

it, girl, of these?—Open them,

—

deeper read, and better skill'd;

ake choice of all my library,

ile thy sorrow, till the heavens

lamin'd contriver of this deed:—

e ap her arms in sequen[ce] thus?

Mur. I think, she means, that there was
more than one

Confederate in the fact:—Ay, more there was:

Or else to heaven she heaves them for revenge.

Tit. Lucius, what book is that she toseth

so?

Boy. Granda, 'tis Ovid's Metamorphosis;

My mother gave't me.

Mur. For love of her that's gone,

Perhaps she call'd it from among the rest.

Tit. Soft! see, how busily she turns the

Help her:— [leaves!]

What would she find?—Lavinia, shall I read?

This is the tragic tale of Philomel,

And treats of Tereus' treason, and his rape;

And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.

Mur. See, brother, see; note, how she

quotes the leaves. [girl,

Tit. Lavinia, wert thou thus surprised, sweet

Ravish'd and wrong'd, as Philomela was,

Forced in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy

See, see!— [woods?—

Ay, such a place there is, where we did hunt,

(O, had we never, never, hunted there!)

Pattern'd by that the poet here describes,

By nature made for murders and for rapes.

Mur. O, why should nature build so foul a

Unless the gods delight in tragedies! [den,

Tit. Give signs, sweet girl,—for here are

none but friends,—

What Roman lord it was durst do the deed:

Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,

That left the camp to sin in Locrine's bed?

Mur. Sit down, sweet niece;—brother, sit

down by me.—

Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,

Inspire me, that I may this treason find!—

My lord, look here;—Look here, Lavinia:

This sandy plot is plain; guide, if thou canst,

This after me, when I have writ my name

Without the help of any hand at all.

[*He writes his Name with his Staff, and*

guides it with his Feet and Mouth.

Cursed be that heart that forced us to this shift!

Write thou, good niece; and here display, at

last,

What God will have discover'd for revenge:

Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows

plain,

That we may know the traitors, and the truth!

[*She takes the Staff in her Mouth, and*

guides it with her stumps, and writes.

* This was formerly not a disrespectful expression.
satiate on Eloquence, entitled *Orator*. † Succession. § To quote is to observe.
‡ Pitiless.



TITUS ANDRONICUS.

320.

Joy the emperor hath a son.
He comes here!
He, with a Black-a-moor
In her Arms.

Good morrow, lords:
I see Aaron the Moor.
He or less, or ne'er a whit

And what with Aaron now?
Aaron, we are all undone!
Beside thee evermore!
At a caterwauling dost thou
[arms]
Wrap and fumble in thine
Which I would hide from hea-
[grace]
ven, and stately Rome's disor-
ders; she is deliver'd.

Can she's brought to bed.
Well, God
What hath he sent her?
A devil.
Is she's the devil's dam; a
dismal, black, and sorrow-

As loathsome as a toad
At breeders of our clime.
It thee, thy stamp, thy seal,
Listen it with thy dagger's

You whore! Is black so base
[sure].
How are a beauteous blossom,
What hast thou done?

Done! that which thou
Hast undone our mother.
Have done thy mother.
Rein, hellish dog, thou hast
[choice]
Me, and dam'd her loathed
Pring of so foul a seed!
I live.

It shall not die.
Must: the mother wills it
[man but I].
Must I, nurse? then let no
My flesh and blood.
Hast the tadpole on my rapier's
[despatch it].
Me; my sword shall soon
As sword shall plough thy

Child from the Nurse, and
[brother?]
Villains! will you kill your
Ing tapers of the sky.
Fitting when this boy was got,
Scimitar's sharp point.
My first-born son and heir!
Up, not Roxelana!
King band of Typhoeus' brood,
Is, nor the god of war,

Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.
What, what, ye sanguine, shallow-hearted
Boys!

Ye white-lim'd walls! ye alehouse painted
Coal black is better than another hue,
To that it scorns to bear another hue:
For all the water in the ocean

Can never turn a swan's black legs to white,
Although she lave them hourly in the flood.
Tell the empress from me, I am of age
To keep mine own; excuse it how she can.

Dem. Will thou betray thy noble mistress
Thus?

Aar. My mistress is my mistress, this
The vigour and the picture of my youth:
This, before all the world, do I prefer;
This, maugre all the world, will I keep safe.
Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.

Dem. By this our mother is for ever
shamed.

Chl. Rome will despise her for this foul
Nur. The emperor, in his rage, will doom
her death.

Chl. I blush to think upon this ignomy.
Aar. Why, there's the privilege your beauty
bears:

Fie, treacherous hue! that will betray with
The close enacts and counsels of the heart!
Here's a young lad framed of another leer:
Look how the black slave smiles upon the
father;

As who should say, *Old lad, I am thine own*.
He is your brother, lords; sensibly fed
Of that self-blood that first gave life to you:
And from that womb, where you imprison'd
were,

He is enfranchised and come to light:
Nay, he's your brother by the surer side,
Although my seal be stamped in his face.

Nur. Aaron, what shall I say unto the em-
press?

Dem. Advise thee, Aaron, what is to I
And we will all subscribe to thy advice;
Save thou the child, so we may all be safe.

Aar. Then sit we down, and let us all con-
sult.

My son and I will have the wind of you:
Keep there: Now talk at pleasure of your
safety.

[They sit on the Ground].
Dem. How many women saw this child of
his?

Aar. Why so, brave lords! when we all
I am a lamb: but, if you brave the Moor,
The chafed boar, the mountain lioness,
The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms.—
But, say again, how many saw the child!

Nur. Cornelia, the midwife, and myself,
And no one else, but the deliver'd empress.

Aar. The empress, the midwife, and your-
self?

Two may keep counsel when the third's
Go to the empress; tell her what I said:—

[Stealing her].
Woke, woke!—so open a pig, prepared to the
spit.

giant, the son of Tifen and Tarsus.
I &c., I grooming... T. Complutensis.

let down fell both the ram's horns in the court; [villain?]
 and who should find them but the empress's
 laugh'd, and told the Moor, he should not
 choose
 to give them to his master for a present.

Tit. Why, there it goes: God give your
 lordship joy.

Enter a Clown, with a Basket and Two Pigeons.

Tit. News from heaven! Marcus, the post is
 come.

Tit. What tidings? have you any letters?
 all I have justice? what says Jupiter?
Tit. Hol! the gibbet-maker! he says, that he
 has taken them down again, for the man must
 be hanged till the next week.

Tit. But what says Jupiter, I ask thee?

Tit. Alas, sir, I know not Jupiter; I never
 talk with him in all my life.

Tit. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?

Tit. Ay, of my pigeons, sir; nothing else.

Tit. Why, didst thou not come from heaven?

Tit. From heaven? alas, sir, I never came
 there: God forbid, I should be so bold to press
 heaven in my young days. Why, I am going
 with my pigeons to the tribunal plebs*, to
 set up a matter of brawl betwixt my uncle
 and one of the imperial's men.

Tit. Why, sir, that is as fit as can be, to
 give for your oration; and let him deliver the
 news to the emperor from you.

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to
 the emperor with a grace?

Tit. Nay, truly, sir, I could never say grace
 all my life.

Tit. Sirrah, come hither: make no more ado,
 I give your pigeons to the emperor:
 when thou shalt have justice at his hands.

Tit. Hold;—mean while, here's money for
 thee as a pen and ink.— [thy charges]

Tit. Can you with a grace deliver a suppli-
 cation? [caltion?]

Tit. Ay, sir.
 Then here is a supplication for you.
 When you come to him, at the first ap-
 proach, you must kneel; then kiss his foot;
 then deliver up your pigeons; and then look
 for your reward, I'll be at hand, else see you
 it bravely.

Tit. I warrant you, sir; let me alone. [see it.]

Tit. Sirrah, hast thou a knife? Come, let me
 see, Marcus, fold it in the oration; [phant:—]
 Thou hast made it like an humble sup-
 plication when thou hast given it to the emperor,
 seek at my door, and tell me what he says.
Tit. God be with you, sir; I will.

Tit. Come, Marcus, let's go:—Publius, fol-
 low me. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. The same. Before the Palace.

*Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, CHIRON, DE-
 STRICKS, Lords, and Others: SATURNI-
 NUS with the Arrows in his Hand, that
 ITCHES.*

Tit. Why, lords, what wrongs are these?
 Was ever seen

An emperor of Rome thus overborne,
 Troubled, confronted thus: and, for the extent
 Of equal justice, used in such contempt?
 My lords, you know, as do the mighty gods,
 However these disturbers of our peace pass'd,
 Ruz in the people's ears, there nought bath
 But even with law, against the wilful sons
 Of old Andronicus. And what an if
 His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits,
 Shall we be thus afflicted in his wrecks,
 His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness?
 And now he writes to heaven for his redress:
 See, here's to love, and this to Mercury;
 This to Apollo; this to the god of war:
 Sweet scrolls to fly about the streets of Rome!

What's this, but libelling against the senate,
 And blazing our injustice every where?
 A goodly humour, is it not, my lords?

As who would say, in Rome no justice were.
 But, if I live, his feigned ecstasies
 Shall be no shelter to these outrages:

But he and his shall know that justice lives
 In Saturninus' health; whom, if she sleep,
 He'll so awake, as she in fury shall
 Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.

Tit. My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine,
 Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,
 Calm thee, and bear the faults of Time's age,
 The effects of sorrow for his valiant sons,
 Whose loss hath pierced him deep, and scar'd
 his heart;

And rather comfort his distressed plight,
 Than prosecute the meanest, or the best, [come
 For these contempts. Why, thus it shall be.
 High-witted Tamora to glaze: with all: [Aside.
 But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick,
 Thy life-blood out: if Aaron now be wise,
 Then is all safe, the anchor's in the port.—

Enter Clown.

How now, good fellow! wouldst thou speak
 with us? [imperial.]

Clow. Yes, forsooth, an your mastership be
Tam. Empress I am, but yonder sits the
 emperor.

Clow. 'Tis he.—God, and saint Stephen, give
 you good den:—I have brought you a letter,
 and a couple of pigeons here.

[SATURNINUS reads the letter.]

Sat. Go, take him away, and hang him pre-
 sently.

Clow. How much money must I have?

Tam. Come, sirrah, you must be hang'd.

Clow. Hang'd! By'r lady, then I have brought
 up a neck to a fair end. [Exit, guarded.]

Sat. Despicable and intolerable wrongs!
 Shall I endure this monstrous villany?
 I know from whence this same device proceeds;
 May this be borne!—as if his traitorous sons,
 That died by law for murder of our brother,
 Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully.
 Go, drag the villain hither by the hair;
 Nor age, nor honour, shall shape privilege:—
 For this proud mock, I'll be thy slaughter-man;
 Sly frantic wretch, that, help'st to make me
 great,

In hope thyself should govern Rome and me.

* *Clown means to say plebeian tribune, i. e., tribune of the people. † Equal. ‡ Flatter.*

Enter LUCIUS.

What news with thee, *Familias*? [more cause!
Luc. Arm, arm, my lords; Rome never had
 A better gathered head; and with a
 Strong, resolved men, bent to the spoil, [power
 They rather march again, under conduct
 Of *Lucius*, son to old *Andronicus*;
 With rats, in course of this revenge, to do
 As much as ever *Coriolanus* did.

Ant. Is warlike *Lucius* general of the Goths?
Luc. So things improve, and I hang the head
 Of power with frost, or grass beat down with
 storms.

Ant. I begin our sorrows to approach:

For to the common people love so much;

As that he often overheard them say.

When I have walked like a private man,

And I have seen him wrongfully,

As they have wish'd that *Lucius* were their
 captain.

Luc. Why should you fear? is not your

Ant. Ay, but the citizens favour *Lucius*;

Which will move me to succour him.

Luc. Hark, to thy thoughts imperious*,
 As they name.

For methinks that gnats do fly in it?

As though some birds to sing,

As not a bird what they mean thereby;

As though with the shadow of his wings,

As though their melody:

Even so

Then cheer

I will enc

With won

Than bats

When as

The other

Sat. Bu

Tam. If

For I can

With golde

Almost imp

Yet should

Go thou be

Say, that th

(Of warlike

Even at his

Sat. *Æm*

And if bea

Bid him de

Æmil. Y

Tam. No

And temper

To pluck pre

And now, s

And bury al

Sat. Thei

ACT V.

Upon the w

to speak? What! deaf? No; not I!

hangers; hang him on this tree, de his fruit of bastardy.

not the boy, he is of royal blood. like the sire for ever being good. e child, that he may see it sprawl; x the father's soul withal.

der.
Lucius brought, which Aaron is led to ascend.

Lucius, save the child; from me to the empress. [things, this, I'll show thee wondrous may advantage thee to hear: not, befall what may befall, more; But vengeance rot you all! on; and, if it please me which peak'st, I'll live, and I will see it nourish'd. It please thee? why, assure thee,

thy soul to hear what I shall speak; I'll of murders, rapes, and massacres; night, abominable deeds, [cries, mischief, treason; villainies; ar, yet piteously perform'd: I'll be buried by my death, wear to me, my child shall live. on thy mind; I say, thy child shall

[begin.
or, that he shall, and then I will should I swear by? thou believest I;

how canst thou believe an oath? t if I do not? as, indeed, I do: now thou art religious, [not: ng within thee, called conscience; popish tricks and ceremonies, e seen thee careful to observe,— rge thy oath;—For that, I know, s his bauble for a god, [swears: he oath, which by that god he rge him:—Therefore, thou shalt : god, what god soe'er it be, [vow rest and hast in reverence,— oy, to nourish, and bring him up; discover nought to thee.

by my god, I swear to thee, I [empress.

know thou, I begot him on the st insatiate, luxurious woman! Lucius! this was but a deed of

thou shalt hear of me anon, sons that murder'd Basianus: sister's tongue, and ravish'd her, hands; and trimm'd her as thou [trimming?

testable villain! call'st thou that, she was wash'd, and cut, and d; and 'twas r them that had the doing of it. barbarous, beastly villains, like I [them;

st, I was their tutor to instruct spirit had they from their mother, I as ever won the bet;

That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of me, As true a dog as ever fought at head.—

Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth. I train'd thy brethren to that gulleful hole,

Where the dead corpse of Basianus lay:

I wrote the letter that thy father found,

And hid the gold within the letter mention'd;

Confederate with the queen, and her two sons;

And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,

Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it!

I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand;

And, when I had it, drew myself apart,

And almost broke my heart with extreme

laughter.

I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall,

When, for his hand, he had his two sons' heads;

Beheld his tears, and laugh'd so heartily,

That both mine eyes were rainy like to his;

And when I told the empress of this sport,

She swoonded almost at my pleasing tale,

And, for my tidings, gave me twenty kisses.

Goth. What! canst thou say all this, and

never blush?

Aar. Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.

Luc. Art thou not sorry for these heinous

deeds? [more.

Aar. Ay, that I had not done a thousand

Even now I curse the day, (and yet, I think,

Few come within the compass of my curse.)

Wherein I did not some notorious ill:

As kill a man, or else devise his death;

Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it;

Accuse some innocent, and forswear myself;

Set deadly enmity between two friends;

Make poor men's cattle break their necks;

Set fire on barns and hay-stacks in the night,

And bid the owners quench them with their

tears. [graves,

Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their

And set them upright at their dear friends'

doors,

Even when their sorrows almost were forgot;

And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,

Have with my knife carved in Roman letters,

Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead!

Yea, I have done a thousand dreadful things,

As willingly as one would kill a fly;

And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,

But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

Luc. Bring down the devil; for he must

not die

So sweet a death, as hanging presently.

Aar. If there be devils, 'would I were a

To live and burn in everlasting fire; [devil,

So I might have your company in hell,

But to torment you with my bitter tongue!

Luc. Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak

no more.

Enter a Goth.

Goth. My lord, there is a messenger from

Rome,

Desires to be admitted to your presence.

Luc. Let him come near.—

Enter Emilius.

Welcome, Emilius, what's the news from

Rome?

Emil. Lord Lucius, and you prince of the

The Roman emperor greets you all by

Enter Lucius, 1582.

And now with thee, *Lucius*, *(more cause)*
 I have a tale to tell thee, Rome never had
 A nobler loving traitor's head; and with a
 thousand loved men, bent to the spoil, power
 I have brought hither, under conduct
 Of my dear brother Antonius;
 And for the purpose of this revenge, to do
 As I have ever Antonius did.

And I will so I will *general of the Goths!*
 I will hang the head
 Of the worst traitor, or grass beat down with
 the sword.

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Even so m.
 Then cheer:
 I will enchi:
 With words:
 Than baits t
 When as th
 The other r
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Say, that the
 Of warlike
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Suf. Him
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Emil. Ye

Tim. Now
 And temper
 To pluck pro
 And now, a
 And bury all
Suf. Then

ACT V.

SCENE I. Plains near Rome. | Upon the wa

Speak! What! deaf? No; not
ers; hang him on this tree,
e his fruit of bastardy.
not the boy, he is of royal blood.
ke the sire for ever being good.
child, that he may see it sprawl;
the father's soul withal.

er.
*der brought, which AARON is
d to ascend.*

Lucius, save the child;
om me to the empress. [things,
is, I'll show thee wondrous
ay advantage thee to hear:
st, befall what may befall,
ore; But vengeance rot you all!
n; and, if it please me which
eak'st,
live, and I will see it nourish'd.
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Even now I curse the day, (and yet, I think,
Few come within the compass of my curse.)
Wherein I did not some notorious ill:
As kill a man, or else devise his death;
Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it;
Accuse some innocent, and forswear myself;
Set deadly enmity between two friends;
Make poor men's cattle break their necks;
Set fire on barns and hay-stacks in the night,
And bid the owners quench them with their
tears. [graves,

Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their
And set them upright at their dear friends'
doors,

Even when their sorrows almost were forgot;
And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,
Have with my knife carved in Roman letters,
Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.
Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things,
As willingly as one would kill a fly;
And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,
But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

Luc. Bring down the devil; for he must
not die

So sweet a death, as hanging presently.

Aar. If there be devils, 'would I were a
To live and burn in everlasting fire; [devil,
So I might have your company in hell,
But to torment you with my bitter tongue!

Luc. Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak
no more.

Enter a Goth.

Goth. My lord, there is a messenger from
Rome,

Desires to be admitted to your presence.

Luc. Let him come near.—

Enter EMILIUS.

Welcome, *Emilius*, what's the news from
Rome? [Goths,

Emil. Lord Lucius, and you princes of the
The Roman emperor greets you all by name.

Titus. Thus, in this strange and sad habil-
I will encounter with Andronicus: [sings,
And say, I am Revenge, sent from below,
To join with him, and right his heinous wrongs.
Knock at his study where, they say, he keeps,
To ruminate strange plots of dire revenge;
Tell him, Revenge is come to join with him,
And work confusion on his enemies.

[*They knock.*

Enter Titus, above.

Tit. Who doth molest my contemplation?
Is it your trick, to make me open the door;
That so my sad decrees may fly away,
And all my study be to no effect?
You are deceived: for what I mean to do,
See here, in bloody lines I have set down;
And what is written shall be executed.

Tam. Thus, I am come to talk with thee.

Tit. No; not a word: How can I grace my
Wanting a hand to give it action? [talk,
Thou hast the odds of me, therefore no more.

Tam. If thou didst know me, thou wouldst
talk with me. [enough:

Tit. I am not mad: I know thee well
Witness this wretched stamp, these crimson
lines: [care:

Witness these trenches, made by grief and
Witness the living day, and heavy night;
Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well

For our proud empress, mighty Tamora:
Is not thy coming for my other hand? [mora:

Tam. Know, thou sad man, I am not Tamora:
She is thy enemy, and I thy friend: [dow,
I am Revenge; sent from the infernal king-
To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,
By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.
Come down, and welcome me to this world's

there; and in the emperor's
attended by a Moor: court
a know her by thy own pro-

she doth resemble thee:
in them some violent death,
solent to me and mine. [we do.
ast thou lesson'd us; this shall
ase thee, good Andronicus,
us, thy thrice valiant son,
rds Rome a band of warlike

ne and banquet at thy house:
even at thy solemn feast,
e empress and her sons,
self, and all thy foes:
y shall they stoop and kneel,
alt thou ease thy angry heart.
onics to this device? [falls.
my brother!—tis, and Titus
ster, Marcus,

as, to thy nephew Lucius;
re him out among the Goths:
o me, and bring with him
epest princes of the Goths;
his soldiers where they are:
peror and the empress too
use: and he shall feast with

my love; and so let him,
s aged father's life.
If I do, and soon return again.

[Exit.
ill I hence about thy business,
insters along with me.
y, let Rape and Murder stay

ny brother back again,
e revenge but Lucius,
ay you, boys! will you abide
ylord the emperor, (with him,
ern'd our determined jest?
our, smooth and speak him

[Aside.
im, till I come again.
hem all, though they suppose

ch them in their own devices,
hell-hounds, and their dam.

[Aside.
y, depart at pleasure, leave us
hful of ever contented souls [goes
t, Andronicus: Revenge now
t to betray thy foes.

[Exit TAMORA.
ondost; and, sweet Revenge,
did man, how shall we be em-

[do.—
ve work enough for you to
ther, Caius, and Valentine!
'ORBUS, and Others.

your will?
Know you these two?

Th' empress's sons,
ron and Demetrius.

Tit. Fie, Publius, fie! thou art too much
deceived:

The one is Murder, Rape is the other's name:
And therefore bind them, gentle Publius;
Caius, and Valentine, lay hands on them:
Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,
And now I find it; therefore bind them sure;
And stop their mouths, if they begin to cry.

[Exit TITUS.—PUBLIUS, &c., lay hold on
CHIRON and DEMETRIUS.

Chl. Villains, forbear: we are the empress's
sons.

Pub. And therefore do we what we are
Stop close their mouths, let them not speak a
word:

Is he sure bound? look, that you bind them
Re-enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, with LAVI-
NIA; she bearing a Basin, and he a Knife.

Tit. Come, come, Lavinia; look, thy foes
are bound;—

Sirs, stop their mouths, let them not speak to
But let them hear what fearful words I utter.
O villains, Chiron and Demetrius!

Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd
with mud;

This goodly summer with your winter mix'd.
You kill'd her husband; and, for that vile fault,
Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death:
My hand cut off, and made a merry jest;
Both her sweet hauds, her tongue, and that,
more dear

Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,
Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forced.
What would you say, if I should let you
speak?

Villains, for shame you could not beg for
Hark, wretches, how I mean to martyr you.
This one hand yet is left to cut your throats;
Whilst that Lavinia 'tween her stumps doth
hold

The basin, that receives your guilty blood.
You know, your mother means to feast with
me,

And calls herself, Revenge, and thinks me
dark, villains; I will grind your bones to dust,
And with your blood and it, I'll make a
And of the paste a coffin: I will rear, [paste;
And make two pasties of your shameful heads;
And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dam,
Like to the earth, swallow her own increase.
This is the feast that I have bid her to,
And this the banquet she shall sort on;

For worse than Philomel you used my daughter,
And worse than Progne I will be revenged;
And now prepare your throats.—Lavinia,
come,

[He cuts their throats.
Receive the blood; and, when that they are
dead,

Let me go grind their bones to powder small,
And with this hateful liquor temper it;
And in that paste let their vile heads be baked.

Come, come, be every one officious, prove
To make this banquet; which I wish may
More stern and bloody than the Centaur's feast,
So, now bring them in, for I will play the
cook,

And see them ready 'gainst their mother comes.

Exeunt, bearing the dead bodies.

SCENE III. *The same. A Pavilion, with Tables, &c.*

Enter LUCIUS, MARCUS, and Goths, with AAXON, Prisoner.

Luc. Uncle Marcus, since 'tis my father's
Will I refer to Rome, I am content.

Tit. And ours, with thine, befall what
fortune will.

Luc. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous

This ravenous tiger, this accursed devil;
Let him receive no sustenance, fether him,
Till he be brought unto the empress' face,
For testimony of her foul proceedings:
And see the ambush of our friends be strong:
I fear, the emperor means no good to us.

Aar. Some devil whisper curses in mine ear,
And prompt me, that my tongue may utter
forth

The venomous malice of my swelling heart!

Luc. Away, inhuman dog! unhallow'd slave!
Nir, help our uncle to convey him in.—

[Exeunt Goths, with AAXON: Flourish.
The trumpets show the emperor is at hand.

*Enter SATURNINUS and TAMORA, with Tri-
bunes, Senators, and Others.*

Sat. What, hath the firmament more suns
than one?

Luc. What boots 't thee, to call thyself a
Mar. Rome's emperor, and nephew, break
the parle;

These quarrels must be silently debated.

Tit.

A pat

For m

Die, d

And,

Sat

Tit.

Tit.

I am a

And h

To do

Sat.

Tit.

Tam

Tit.

They

And t

Sat.

Tit.

Where

Eating

'Tis tre

Sat.

Luc

There's

1831

ve you to attend me most,
counmiseration :
let him tell the tale ;
rob and weep to hear him

[you,
le auditory, be it known to
and Demetrius [thet ;
ordered our emperor's bro-
that ravished our sister :
our brothera were behed-

[zen'd
despised ; and basely co-
that fought Rome's quarrel
ies unto the grave. [out,
indly banished,
e, and turn'd weeping out,
g Rome's enemies ;

r enunity in my true tears,
s to embrace me as a friend :
il-forth, be it known to you,
d her welfare in my blood ;
m took the enemy's point,
in my advent'rous body.

am no vaunter, I ;
as, dumb although they are,
ust, and full of truth.

s, I do digress too much,
ss praise : O, pardon me ;
ls are by, men praise them-
[child.

r turn to speak ; Behold this
the Child in the arms of
ndant.

a delivered ;
eligious Moor,
l plotter of these woes ;
in Titus' house,
witness this is true.

ance had Titus to revenge
peakable, past patience,
living man could bear.
rd the truth, what say you,

it amiss? Show us wherein,
: where you behold us now,
r of Andronic
all headlong cast us down,
stones beat forth our brains,
ut closure of our honno.
peak ; and, if you say, we

Lucius and I will fall.
ome, thou reverend man of

eror gently in thy hand,
r ; for, wail I know,
do cry, it shall be so.
speak.] Lucius, all hail ;
yal emperor!

s, &c. descend.
old Titus' sorrowful house ;
[To an Attendant.

it misbelieving Moor,
edictful slaughtering death,
his most wicked life.

speak.] Lucius, all hail ;
cloas governor!

Luc. Thanks, gentle Romans ; May I govern
so,

To beat Rome's harms, and wipe away her woe!
But, gentle people, give me alm awhile,—
For nature puts me to a heavy task ;—
Stand all aloof :—but, uncle, draw you near,
To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk :—
O, take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips,

[Kisses Titus.
These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd
The last true duties of thy noble son! [face.

Mar. Tear for tear, and loving kiss for kiss,
Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips:
O, were the sum of these that I should pay
Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them!

Luc. Come hither, boy ; come, come, and
learn of us [well :

To melt in showers : Thy grandsire loved thee
Many a time he danced thee on his knee,
Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow ;
Many a matter hath he told to thee,

Meet, and agreeing with thine infancy ;
In that respect then, like a loving child, [spring,
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender
Because kind nature doth require it so : [woe :

Friends should associate friends in grief and
Bid him farewell ; commit him to the grave ;
Do him that kindness, and take leave of him.

Boy. O grandsire, grandsire! even with all
my heart

Would I were dead, so you did live again!—
O lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping ;
My tears will choke me, if I ope my mouth.

Enter Attendants, with AARON.

I Rom. You sad Andronic, have done with
Give sentence on this execrable wretch, [wore,
That hath been breeder of these dire event.

Luc. Set him breast-deep in earth, and fa-
mish him ;

There let him stand and rave, and cry for food!
If any one relieves or pities him,
For the offence he dies. This is our doom:

Some stay, to see him fastened in the earth.

Aar. O, why should wrath be mute, and
fury dumb?

I am no baby, I, that, with base prayers,
I should repeat the evils I have done ;
Ten thousand worse, than ever yet I did,
Would I perform, if I might have my will ;
If one good deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very soul.

Luc. Some loving friends convey the em-
peror hence,

And give him burial in his father's grave :
My father, and Lavinia, shall forthwith
Be closed in our household's monument.

As for that belinous tiger, Tamora,
No funeral rite, nor man in mournful weeds,
No mournful bell shall ring her burial ;
But throw her forth to beasts and birds of prey :

Her life was beast-like, and devoid of pity,
And, being so, shall have like want of pity.

See justice done to Aaron, that damp'd Moor,
By whom our heavy haps had their begin-
Then, afterwards, to order well the state.

That like eyes may never be ruin'd.

PERICLES, PRINCE

Persons represent

Antioch.	BORCH, f
Phryne of Tyre.	GOWLA,
The Lords of Tyre.	The Dan;
Phryne's Father.	DIONAZ;
Phryne's Mother.	THALIA,
Phryne's Sister.	MARINA,
Phryne's Brother.	LYBON,
Phryne's Uncle.	Lords, f.
Phryne's Aunt.	Pira
Phryne's Wife.	Scene,—d

Every know through how many regi
 to serve, that *Antioch* was the r
Larsus, the metropolis of Cilicia, a
 island in the *Egean* sea; an
 Asia.

ACT I.

Enter GOWER*,

By ena

acements even of Jove himself;
ception, (till Lucina reign'd,)
owry gave, to glad her presence,
use of planets all did sit,
their best perfections.

He Daughter of Antiochus.
where she comes, apparell'd like
ing,
jects, and her thoughts the king
te gives renown to men!
book of praises, where is read
arious pleasures, as from thence
ever rased, and testy wrath
e her mild companion.
made me man, and sway in love,
amed desire in my breast,
ruit of you celestial tree,
adventure, be my helps,
und servant to your will,
ich a boundless happiness!

Pericles,—
e would be son to great Antiochus.
e thee stands this fair Hesperides,
ruit, but dangerous to be touch'd;
: dragons here affright thee hard:
: heaven, enticeth thee to view
ory, which desert must gain:
vithout desert, because thine eye
reach, all thy whole heap must

e famous princes, like thyself,
ort, advent'rous by desire,
speechless tongues, and sem-
pale,
covering, save you field of stars,
and martyrs, slain in Cupid's

d cheeks advise thee to desist,
death's net, whom none resist.
chus, I thank thee, who hath
sility to know itself, [taught
fearful objects to prepare
e to them, to what I must:
ember'd, should be like a mir-
[error.

, life's but breath; to trust it,
will then; and as sick men do,
e world, see heaven, but feeling

arthly joys, as erst they did;
a happy peace to you,
nen, as every prince should do;
e earth from whence they came;
ded fire of love to you.

[*To the Daughter of Antiochus.*
r the way of life or death,
rpeat blow, Antiochus,
ice.

Read the conclusion then;
nd not expounded, 'tis decreed,
e thee thou thyself shalt bleed.
all, save that, may'st thou prove
ous!
it, I wish thee happiness!
a bold champion, I assume the

Nor ask advice of any other thought
But faithfulness, and courage.

[*He reads the Riddle:—*

*I am no viper, yet I feed
On mother's flesh, which did me breed.
I sought a husband, in which labour
I found that kindness in a father.
He's father, son, and husband mild,
I mother, wife, and yet his child.
How they may be, and yet in two,
As you will live, resolve it you.*

Sharp physic is the last: but, O you powers!
That give heaven countless eyes to view men's
acts,

Why cloud they not their sights perpetually,
If this be true, which makes me pale to read
it?

Fair glass of light, I loved you, and could still,
[*Takes hold of the hand of the princess.*
Were not this glorious casket stored with ill:
But I must tell you,—now, my thoughts re-
volt;

For he's no man on whom perfections wait,
That knowing sin within, will touch the gate.
You're a fair viol, and your sense the strings:
Who, finger'd to make man his lawful music,
Would draw heaven down, and all the gods to
hearken;

But, being play'd upon before your time,
Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime:
Good sooth, I care not for you. [Life,

Ant. Prince Pericles, touch not, upon thy
For that's an article within our law,
As dangerous as the rest. Your time's expired;
Either expound now, or receive your sentence.

Per. Great king,
Few love to hear the sins they love to act;
I would I braid yourself too near for me to
tell it;

Who has a book of all that monarchs do,
He's more secure to keep it shut than shown;
For vice repeated, is like the wand'ring wind,
Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself;
And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,
The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear:
To stop the air would hurt them. The blind
mole casts

[*is wrong'd*
Copp'd hills towards heaven, to tell, the earth
By man's oppression; and the poor worm
doth die for't.

Kings are earth's gods: in vice their law's
their will;

And if Jove stray, who dares say, Jove doth
It is enough you know; and it is fit, [ill
What being more known grows worse, to
smother it.

All love the womb that their first beings bred,
Then give my tongue like leave to love my
head.

Ant. Heaven, that I had thy head! he has
found the meaning;—

But I will gloss't with him. [*Aside.*] Young
prince of Tyre,

Though by the tapour of our strict edict,
Your exposition misinterpret,

* Rising to a top or head.

† *Flatter, cajoling.*

We might proceed to cancel of your days* ;
 Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree
 As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise :
 Forty days longer we do respite you ;
 If by which time our secret be undone,
 This mercy shows, we'll joy in such a son :
 And until then, your entertain shall be,
 As doth befit our honour, and your worth.

*Exeunt ANTIOCHUS, his Daughter,
 and Attendants.*

Per. How courtesy would seem to cover
 When what is done is like an hypocrite, [sin]
 Tho' which is good in nothing but in sight.

If it be true that I interpret false,
 Then were it certain, you were not so bad,
 As with foul incest to abuse your soul ;
 'Tis here : now you're both a father and a son,
 By your untimely clasplings with your child,
 Which pleasure fits an husband, not a father ;
 And she an eater of her mother's flesh,
 By the defiling of her parent's bed ;
 And both like serpents are, who though they
 feed

On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.
 Antioch, farewell ! for wisdom sees, those men
 Rush not in actions blacker than the night,
 Will shun no course to keep them from the
 light.

For sin, I know, another doth provoke :
 Murder's as near to lust, as flame to smoke.
 Rapin and treason are the hands of sin,
 Ay, and the targets, to put off the shame :
 Then, lest my life be cropp'd to keep you

His eye doth
 Unless thou

Thal. My
 Can get him
 I'll make his
 ness.

Ant. Thal
 My heart ca

SCENE II.

Enter PER.

Per. Let ;
 of tho
 The sad com
 By me so us
 In the day's
 (The tomb
 breed

Here pleasu
 And danger,
 Whose arm ;
 Yet neither)
 Nor yet the)
 Then it is this
 That have th
 Have after-n
 And what w
 done,

Grows elder
 And so with
 ('Gainst who
 Since he's so

ignior Sooth here does proclaim a
face,
ers you, makes war upon your life :
pardon me, or strike me, if you
lease ;

be much lower than my knees.

All leave us else ; but let your cars
erlook : [heaven,

hipping, and what ladg's in our
a return to us. [Exit Lords.] Hel-
anus, thou

ved us : what seest thou in our looks ?

An angry brow, dread lord. [frowns,

If there be such a dart in princes'

rat thy tongue move anger to our face ?

How dare the plants look up to haven,

om whence

ve their nourishment ?

Thou knowest I have power

thy life. [myself ;

Knocking.] I have ground the axe

but strike the blow.

Rise, prythee rise ;

t, sit down ; thou art no flatterer :

hee for it ; and high heaven forbid

ips should let their ears hear their

alts hid !

hellow, and servant for a prince,

thy wisdom maketh a prince thy ser-

vuldst thou have me do ? [vant,

With patience bear

efs as you do lay upon yourself.

Thou speak'st like a physician, Hel-

ater'st a potion unto me, [canus ;

u wouldst tremble to receive thyself.

me then : I went to Antioch, [death,

is thou know'st, against the face of

the purchase of a glorious beauty,

sence an issue I might propagate,

mas to princes, and to subjects joys.

was to mine eye beyond all wonder ;

[hark in thine ear,) as black as incest ;

by my knowledge found, the sinful

ther [know'st this,

not to strike, but smooth : but thou

to fear, when tyrants seem to kiss.

ear so grew in me, I hither fled,

a covering of a careful night,

me'd my good protector ; and being

re'd, [cecd.

at me what was past, what might suc-

in tyrannous ; and tyrants' fears

not, but grow faster than their years :

old he doubt it, (as no doubt he doth,) [

ould open to the listening air,

my worthy princes' bloods were shed,

his bed of blackness unlaid open,—

at doubt, he'll fill this land with arms.

re pretence of wrong that I have done

in ;

for mine, if I may call't offence,

war's blow, who spares not inno-

see :

we to all (of which thyself art one,

reprovest me for it)——

Alas, sir !

In our different spleen.

Per. Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood
from my cheeks,

Musings into my mind, a thousand doubts
How I might stop this tempest, ere it came ;
And finding little comfort to relieve them,
I thought it princely charity to grieve them.

Hel. Well, my lord, since you have given
me leave to speak,

Freely I'll speak. Antiochus you fear,
And justly too, I think, you fear the tyrant,
Who either by public war, or private treason,
Will take away your life.

Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while,

Till that his rage and anger be forgot,

Or Destinies do cut his thread of life.

Your rule direct to any ; if to me,

Day serves not light more faithful than I'll be.

Per. I do not doubt thy faith ;

But should he wrong my liberties in absence—

Hel. We'll mingle bloods together in the

earth

From whence we had our being and our birth.

Per. Tyre, I now look from thee then, and

to Tharsus

Intend my travel, where I'll hear from thee ;

And by whose letters I'll dispose myself.

The care I had and have of subjects' good,

On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can

bear it.

I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath ;

Who shuns not to break one, will sure crack

both ;

But in our orbs* we'll live so round and safe,

That time of both this truth shall ne'er con-

vince t,

Thou show'dst a subject's shine, I a true prince.

[Exit.

SCENE III. Tyre. An Antechamber in the
Palace.

Enter THALIAUD.

Thal. So, this is Tyre, and this is the court.

Here must I kill king Pericles ; and if I do

not, I am sure to be hang'd at home : 'tis

dangerous.—Well, I perceive he was a wise

fellow, and had good discretion, that being bid

to ask what he would of the king, desired he

might know none of his secrets. Now do I

see he had some reason for it : for if a king

bid a man be a villain, he is bound by the in-

denture of his oath to be one.—Hush, here

come the lords of Tyre.

Enter HELICANUS, ESCANES, and other

Lords.

Hel. You shall not need, my fellow peers

of Tyre,

Further to question of your king's departure.

His seal'd commission, left in trust with me,

Doth speak sufficiently, he's gone to travel.

Thal. How ! the king gone ! [Aside.

Hel. If further yet you will be satisfied,

Why, as it were unlicensed of your loves,

He would depart, I'll give some light unto you.

Being at Antioch—

Thal. What from Antioch ? [Aside.

Overcome.

4 H

Hier. I say, Antioch, on what cause I Judged so: The name
I know not. *Die. C*
I know not, says he, at him; at least he *Cle. I*
Asks nothing, that he had er'd or sinn'd, *These m*
I say, with some, would correct himself: *at*
say, to himself, into the shipman's tail, *Were all*
With some, in a minute threatens life or *Althoug*
To die.

I am I would perceive *As you*
I say, I would perceive, although I would: *As house*
I say, I would perceive, the king it sure must please, *They are*
I say, I would perceive, to perish on the seas.— *Those p*
I say, I would perceive, to perish on the seas.— *yo*
I say, I would perceive, to perish on the seas.— *Must hav*
I say, I would perceive, to perish on the seas.— *Would n*
I say, I would perceive, to perish on the seas.— *These no*

Hier. I say, I would perceive, to perish on the seas.— *Thought*
I say, I would perceive, to perish on the seas.— *To eat it*

I say, I would perceive, to perish on the seas.— *So sharp*
I say, I would perceive, to perish on the seas.— *Draw to*
I say, I would perceive, to perish on the seas.— *Here sta*

Hier. We have no reason to desire it, since *Here m*
Committed to our master, not to us: *fa*
Yet, as you shall depart, this we desire,— *Have se*
As much as to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre. *Is not th*

[Exeunt.] *Die. C*

SCENE IV. *Tharmon. A Room in the* *Cle. C*
Governor's House. *And her*

I say, I would perceive, to perish on the seas.— *With the*

I say, I would perceive, to perish on the seas.— *The mi-c*

I say, I would perceive, to perish on the seas.— *Lord.*

I say, I would perceive, to perish on the seas.— *Cle. I*

I say, I would perceive, to perish on the seas.— *Speak o*

I say, I would perceive, to perish on the seas.— *For com*

red, to amaze your eyes.
 or miseries as far as Tyre,
 tion of your streets:
 ld sorrow to your tears,
 of their heavy load;
 is you happily may think
 horse, war stuff'd within,
 , expecting overthrow,
 rn, to make your needy
 Half dead.
 , who are hunger-starved,
 Greece protect you!
 you.
 Rise, I pray you, rise!

We do not look for reverence but for love.
 And harborage for ourst warships and men.
Cle. The which when any shall but find
 Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought.
 Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves
 The curse of heaven and men against our
 evils!
 Till when, 'the which, I hope, shall never be
 seen,
 Your grace is welcome to our town and us.
Per. Which welcome we'll accept, fast
 here a while,
 Until our stars that frown, lend us a smile.
Exeunt

ACT II.

Per. GOWER.
 e you seen a mighty king
 to incest bring;
 and benign lord,
 in deed and word.
 incu should be,
 I necessity.
 e in trouble's reign,
 nountain gain.
 eration;
 my bruizon'd,
 , where each man
 he spoken can;
 r what he does,
 rious:
 : contrary
 e eyes; what need speak I?
End Show.

*PERICLES, talking with
 train with them. Enter
 a Gentleman with a Letter.
 PERICLES shows the Letter
 gives the Messenger a vi-
 sity him. Exeunt PERICLES,
 rally.*

silicane bath staid at home,
 , like a drone,
 ours; forth he strive
 up good alive;
 prince's desire
 that haps in Tyre:
 me full bent with sin,
 murder him;
 us was not best
 make his rest:
 put forth to seas,
 been, there's seldom ease;
 d begins to blow;
 ind deeps below,
 t, that the ship
 safe, is wreck'd and split;
 ince, having all lost,
 past to coast is lost:
 sin, of self,
 but himself;
 with doing bad,
 e, to give him glad:

And here he comes: what shall be next,
 Pardon old Gower; this lounge the text.
Exit.

SCENE I. Pentapolis. An open Place by the Sea side.

Enter PERICLES, wet.

Per. Yet cease your ire, ye angry stars of
 heaven!
 Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly
 Is but a substance that must yield to you;
 And I, as fits my nature, do obey you;
 Alas, the sea hath cast me on the rocks,
 Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left me
 Nothing to think on, but ensuing death: 'breath
 Let it suffice the greatness of your powers,
 To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes;
 And having thrown him from your wat'ry
 grave,

Here to have death in peace, is all he'll crave.
Enter three Fishermen.

1 *Fish.* What, ho, Filche!
 2 *Fish.* Ho! come, and bring away the nets.
 1 *Fish.* What Patch-braceh, I say!
 3 *Fish.* What say you, master?
 1 *Fish.* Look how thou stirrest now! come
 away, or I'll fetch thee with a wannon.
 3 *Fish.* 'Faith, master, I am thinking of the
 poor men that were cast away before us, even
 now.

1 *Fish.* Alas, poor souls! I grieved my heart
 to hear what pitiful cries they made to us, to
 help them, when, well-a-day, we could scarce
 help ourselves.

3 *Fish.* Nay, master, said not I as much,
 when I saw the porpus, how he bounced and
 tumbled? they say, they are half fish, half flesh:
 a plague on them, they ne'er come, but I look
 to be washed. Master, I marvel how the fishes
 live in the sea.

1 *Fish.* Why as men do a-land; the great ones
 eat up the little ones: I can compare our rich
 misers to nothing so fitly as to a whale: 'a plays
 and tumbles, driving the poor fry before him,
 and at last devours them all at a mouthful.
 Such whales have I heard on a' the land, who
 never leave gaping, till they've swallow'd the
 whole parish, church, steeple, belfry and all.

Per. A pretty moral.

† Know.

‡ i. e., Conduct, behaviour.

§ Bleating.

These fishers tell the infirmities of men
And from their wat'ry empire recollect
All that may men approve, or men detest
Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen
1 *Fish*. Honest! good fellow, what's that
it be a day fits you, scratch it out of the
day, and nobody will look after it.

Per. Nay, see, the sea hath cast upon
coast—

2 *Fish*. What a drunken knave was that
to cast thee in our way!

Per. A man whom both the waters and
wind,

In that vast tennis-court, hath made the
For them to play upon, entreats you pity
He asks of you, that never need to beg.

1 *Fish*. No, friend, cannot you beg of
them in our country of Greece, gets more
begging, than we can do with working.

2 *Fish*. Canst thou catch any fishes,

Per. I never practised it.

2 *Fish*. Nay, then thou wilt starve now
here's nothing to be got now-a-days,
thou canst fish for't.

Per. What I have been, I have forgotten
know;

But what I am, want teaches me to this
A man shrunk up with cold; my veins are
And have no more of life, than may an
To give my tongue that heat, to ask you
Which if you shall refuse, when I am
For I am a man, pray see me buried.

1 *Fish*. Die, quoth'st? Now gods for
have a gown here; come, put it on; keep
warm. Now, afore me, a handsome fellow
Come, thou shalt go home, and we'll have
for holidays, fish for fasting-days, and m

garment through the rough
there are certain con-
valla. I hope, sir, if you
nber from whence you had

will. [steel;
therance, I am clothed in
rupture of the sea,
s hiding * on my arm;
I mount myself
ose delightful steps
er joy to see him tread.—
yet am unprovided
e provide: thou shalt have
nake thee a pair; and I'll
ut myself.
ar be but a goal to my will;
else add ill to ill. [Exeunt.

same. A public Way, or
ng to the Lists. A Pavil-
of it, for the reception of
ess, Lords, &c.

es, THAIS, Lords, and
Attendants.

nights ready to begin the
c, my liege; [triumph
ing to present themselves.
n, we are ready; and our

birth these triumphs are,
ty's child, whom nature gat
seeing wonder at.

[Exit a Lord.
you, my father, to express
great, whose merit's less.
ould be so; for princes are
aven makes like to itself:
glory, if neglected,
nown, if not respected.
ar, daughter, to explain
knight, in his device.
preserve mine honour, I'll

he passes over the Stage,
presents his Shield to the

first that doth prefer || him-
[father;
of Sparta, my renowned
ears upon his shield
reaching at the sun;
na vita mihi.
on well that holds his life
he second Knight passes.
that presents himself
Macedon, my royal father;
bears upon his shield
that's conquer'd by a lady:
Spanish, *Piu per dulcure*
you **.

The third Knight passes.
the third †

Thal. The third of Antioch;
And his device a wreath of chivalry:
The word, *Me pompe provexit aperi.*

[The fourth Knight passes.
Sim. What is the fourth? [down;
Thal. A burning torch that's turned upside
The word, *Quod me alit, me extinguit.*

Sim. Which shows that beauty hath his
power and will,
Which can as well inflame as it can kill.

[The fifth Knight passes.
Thal. The fifth an hand environed with
clouds; [tried:
Holding out gold that's by the touchstone
The motto thus, *Sic speranda fides.*

[The sixth Knight passes.
Sim. And what's the sixth and last, which
the knight himself
With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd?

Thal. He seems a stranger; but his present is
A wither'd branch that's only green at top;
The motto, *In hac spe vivo.*

Sim. A pretty moral;
From the dejected state wherein he is,
He hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.

1 Lord. He had need mean better than his
outward show
Can any way speak in his just commend:
For, by his rusty outside, he appears
To have practis'd more the whiptock † than
the lance. [comes

2 Lord. He well may be a stranger, for he
To an honour'd triumph strangely furnished.

3 Lord. And on set purpose let his armour
Until this day to scour it in the dust. [rust

Sim. Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan
The outward habit by the inward man.
But stay, the knights are coming; we'll with-
draw

Into the gallery. [Exeunt.
[Great shouts; and all cry, The mean
Knight.

SCENE III. The same. A Hall of State.
A Banquet prepared.

Enter SIMONIDES, THAIS, Lords, Knights,
and Attendants.

Sim. Knights,
To say you're welcome were superfluous.
To place upon the volume of your deeds,
As in a title-page, your worth in arms,
Were more than you expect, or more than's fit,
Since every worth in show commends itself.
Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast:
You are my guests.

Thal. But you, my knight and guest;
To whom this wreath of victory I give,
And crown you king of this day's happiness.

Per. 'Tis more by fortune, lady, than my
merit. [yours;

Sim. Call it by what you will, the day is
And here, I hope, is none that envies it.
In framing artists, art hath thus decreed,
To make some good, but others to exceed;

† A kind of loose breeches. † i. e., Return them notice.
d. || Offer. † The motto. ** i. e., More by sweetness than by force
† Handle of a whip.

ed not free;
h gods not mending

ice that they had in
al offence, [store,
wide of all his glory,
d his daughter with
le value, [him,
and shiver'd up
ing; for they seestruk,
them are their fall,
uld give them burial-
ge.

but just; for though
is greatness was no
sin had his reward.

Lords.
a private conference,
th him but he.
nger grieve without

[It.
that will not second
en: Lord Helicane,
[my lords.
elcome: Happy day,
r griefs are risen to

verflow their banks.
that I wrong not the
[Helicane;
ourselves, then, noble
let us salute him,
made happy by his

re'll seek him out;
e'll find him there;
es to govern us,
sour his funeral,
election.
indeed, the strongest

n, if, without a head,
it without a roof,
er noble self,
to rule, and how to
er sovereign. [reign,
and [frags:

se, forbear your suf-
ericles, forbear.
into the sea,
r a minator's case.
me then entreat you
bance of your king;
he not return,
bear your yoke.
e this love,
like noble subjects,
d your adventurous

in unto return,
sit about his crown.
's a spot that will not
enjoineth us, [yield;
endeavour it.

1 there.

† Satisfied.

Het. Then you love us, we you, and we'll
clasp hands;
When peers thus knitt, a kingdom ever stands.

[Exeunt.
SCENE V. *Pentapolis. A Room in the
Palace.*

*Enter SIMONIDES, reading a Letter; the
Knights meet him.*

1 *Knight.* Good morrow to the good Simo-
nides. [you know,

Sim. Knights, from my daughter this I let
That for this twelvemonth, she'll not undertake
A married life.

Her reason to herself is only known,
Which from herself by no means can I get.

2 *Knight.* May we not get access to her, my
lord? [died her

Sim. Faith, by no means; she hath so strictly
To her chamber, that it is impossible. [Nervy;
One twelve months more she'll wear Diana's
This by the eye of Cynthis hath she vow'd.
And on her virgin's head will not break it.

3 *Knight.* Though loath to bid farewell, we
take our leave. [Exeunt.

Sim. So [her's letter:
They're well despatch'd; now to my daugh-
She tells me here, she'll wed the stranger
knight,

Or never more to view nor day nor light.
Marries, 'tis well, your choice agrees with
mine;

I like that well:—nay, how absolute she's in't,
No minding whether I dislike or no!
Well, I commend her choice;
And will no longer have it be delay'd.

Soft, here he comes:—I must dissemble it.
Enter PANTOLUS.

Per. All fortune to the good Simonides!
Sim. To you as much, sir! I am beholden
to you,

For your sweet music this last night: my ears,
I do protest, were never better fed
With such delightful pleasing harmony.

Per. It is your grace's pleasure to commend;
Not my desert.

Sim. Sir, you are music's master. [lord.
Per. The worst of all her scholars, my good
Sim. Let me ask one thing. What do you
My daughter? [think: ah, of

Per. As of a most virtuous princess.
Sim. And she is fair too, is she not? [fair.
Per. As a fair day in summer; wondrous
Sim. My daughter, sir, thinks very well of you;
Ay, so well, sir, that you must be her master,
And she'll your scholar be; therefore look to it.

Per. Unworthy I to be her schoolmaster.
Sim. She thinks not so; peruse this writing
Per. What's here! [else.

A letter, that she loves the knight of Tyre!
'Tis the king's subtilty, to have my life. [Aldo.
O, seek not to entrap, my gracious lord,
A stranger and distressed gentleman. [ter,
That never aim'd so high, to love your daugh-
But bent all offices to honour her.

Sim. Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter, and
A villain. [thou art

† Judgment, opinion.

Per. By the gods, I have not, sir.
 Never did thought of mine levy offence;
 Nor never did my actions yet commence
 To gain her love, or your displeasure.
Ant. Traitor, thou liest. [Aside.]

Per. Traitor? [Aside.]
Ant. Ay, traitor, sir.

Per. Even in his throat, (unless it be the
 Throat of some traitor, I return the lie. [King.]

Ant. Now, by the gods, I do applaud his
 courage. [Aside.]

Per. My actions are as noble as my thoughts,
 That never relish'd of a base descent.
 I came into your court for honour's cause,
 And not to be a rebel to her state;
 And so that otherwise accounts of me,
 His sword shall prove he's honour's enemy.

Ant. No!—

Here comes my daughter, she can witness it.

Enter THAISIA.

Per. Then, as you are as virtuous as fair,
 Reconcile your angry father, if my tongue
 Cannot sollicit, or my hand subscribe
 For any syllable that made love to you?

ACT

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Now sleep yslaked* hath the roat;
 No din but snores, the house about,
 Made louder by the o'er-fed breast
 Of this most pompous marriage-feast.
 The cat, with eyne of burning coal,

NE I.

on a ship at sea.

this great vast*, rebuke
 [that hast
 ven and hell; and thou,
 and, bind them in brass,
 om the deep! O still thy
 [nimble,
 as; gently quench thy
 -O how, Lychorida,
 -Thou storm, thou! ve-

iff The seaman's whistle
 ears of death,

!—Lucina†, O
 I midwife, gentle
 light, convey thy delty
 at; make swift the pangs
 !—Now, Lychorida—
 sa, with an infant.

place, who if it had
 I am like to do. [queen.
 his piece of your dead
 ychorida! [storm.
 d sir; do not assist the
 iving of your queen,—
 the sake of it,
 mfort.

O you gods!
 love your goodly gifts,
 ight away! We, here

ve, and therein may
 rselves.

Patience, good sir,

v, mild may be thy life!
 birth had never babe:
 onditions!

liet welcomed to this
 [lows!

child. Happy what fol-
 a nativity,

h, and heaven can make,
 womb: even at the first,

an thy portage quit**,
 d here.—Now the good

upon it! [gods
 so Sailors.

ge, sir! God save you.
 igh: I do not fear the

[love
 e worst. Yet, for the
 is fresh-new sea-farer,

quiet.
 dings† there; thou wilt
 and split thyself.

an the brine and cloudy:
 I care not.

en must overboard; the
 ad is loud, and will not

red of the dead.

Per. That's your superstition.

I Sull. Pardon us, sir; with us at sea it still
 hath been observed; and we are strong in
 earnest. Therefore briefly yield her; for she
 must overboard straight.

Per. Be it as you think meet.—Most wretched

Lyr. Here she lies, sir. [queen!

Per. A terrible child-bed hast thou had,
 my dear,

No light, no fire: the unfriendly elements
 Forgot thee utterly: nor have I time
 To give thee hallow'd to thy grave, but straight
 Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the ooze;
 Where, for a monument upon thy bones,
 And aye-remaining §§ lamps, the belching
 whale,

And humming water rust o'erwhelm thy
 Lying with simple shells. Lychorida, [corpse,
 Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink, and paper,
 My casket and my jewels; and bid Nicander
 Bring me the satin coffer: lay the babe
 Upon the pillow; hie thee whiles I say
 A priestly farewell to her: suddenly, woman.

[Exit LYCHORIDA.

2 Sull. Sir, we have a chest beneath the
 hatches, caul'd and bitum'd ready. [is this?

Per. I thank thee. Mariner, say what coast

2 Sull. We are near Tharsus.

Per. Thither, gentle mariner. [reach it!
 Alter thy course for Tyre. When canst thou

2 Sull. By break of day, if the wind cease.

Per. O make for Tharsus.

There will I visit Cleon, for the babe
 Cannot hold out to Tyrrus; there I'll leave it
 At careful nursing. Go thy ways, good ma-
 riner;

I'll bring the body presently. [Exit.

SCENE II. Ephesus. A Room in Cerimon's
 House.

Enter CERIMON, a Servant, and some per-
 sons who have been shipwrecked.

Cer. Philemon, ho!

Enter PHILEMON.

Phil. Doth my lord call?

Cer. Get fire and meat for these poor men;
 It has been a turbulent and stormy night.

Serv. I have been in many; but such a night
 Till now I ne'er endured. [as this,

Cer. Your master will be dead ere you return;
 There's nothing can be minister'd to nature,
 That can recover him. Give this to the 'po-
 thecary,

And tell me how it works. [To PHILEMON.

[Exit PHILEMON, Servant, and those
 who had been shipwrecked.

Enter Two Gentlemen.

1 Gent. Good morrow, sir.

2 Gent. Good morrow to your lordship.

Cer. Gentlemen,

Why do you stir so early?

1 Gent. Sir,
 Our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea,

see. † Maliciously.

‡ The goddess of child-bearing.

§ Contend with you in honour.

¶ As noisy a one.

|| Into life can requite.

†† Blast.

‡‡ Bowlines, ropes of the sails.

§§ Ever-burning.

Shook, as the earth did quake;
The very principals* did seem to rood,
And all to topple; pure surprise and fear
Made me to quit the house.

2 *Gent.* That is the cause we trouble you so
Tis not our husbandry. [*early;*

Over. O, you say well.

1 *Gent.* But I much marvel that your lord-
ship, having
Rich tithes about you, should at these early
hours

Shake off the golden slumber of repose.
It is most strange,
Nature should be so conversant with pain,
Being thereto not compell'd.

Over. I held it ever,
Virtue and cunning were endowments greater
Than nobleness and riches: careless heirs
May the two latter darken and expend;
But immortality attends the former,
Making a man a god. 'Tis known, I ever
Have studied physic, through which secret art,
By turning o'er authorities, I have
(Together with my practice,) made familiar
To me and to my aid, the blest infusions
That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones;
And I can speak of the disturbances
That nature works and of her cures; which
give me

A more content in course of true delight
Than to be thirsty after tottering honour,
Or to my treasure up in silken bags,
To please the fool and death.

2 *Gent.* Your honour has through Ephesus
pou'd forth
Your charity, and hundreds call themselves

mus. A Room in Cleon's House.

CLEON, DIONTYA, LY,
and MARINA.

er'd Cleon, I must needs
are expired, and Tyrus
Yon, and your lady,
all thankfulness! The gods
pon you! {you mortally,
of fortune, though they hurt
d'ringly on us.

O your sweet queen!
tea had pleased you had
ie eyes! {brought her hither.

We cannot but obey
us. Could I rage and roar
lies in, yet the end
y babe Marina (whom,
sea, I have named so,) here
ity withal, and leave her
care; beseeching you
ly training, that she may be
born.

Fear not, my lord: {oorn,
fed my country with your
ple's prayers still fall upon
tion

be thought on. If neglect
ake me vile, the common

ould force me to my duty:
ature need a spur,
t upon me and mine,
ration!

I believe you; {dit,
our goodness teach me cre-
s. Till she be married, ma-
whom we honour all, {dam,
his hair of mine remain,

Though I show will; isn't. So I take my leave.
Good madam, make me blessed in your care
In bringing up my child.

Dion. I have one myself,
Who shall not be more dear to my respect
Than yours, my lord.

Per. Madam, my thanks and prayers.

Cle. We'll bring your grace even to the edge
o'the shore;

Then give you up to the mask'd Neptune's, and
The gentlest winds of heaven.

Per. I will embrace
Your offer.—Come, dear'st madam.—O no
Lychorida, no tears:

Look to your little mistress, on whose grace

You may depend hereafter.—Come, my lord.

{*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Ephesus. A Room in Cerimon's House.*

Enter CERIMON and THAIDA.

Cer. Madam, this letter, and some certain
jewels,

Lay with you in your coffer: which are now
At your command. Know you the character?

Thaid. It is my lord's.

That I was ship'd at sea, I well remember,
Even on my yearning time; but whether there
Delivered or no, by the holy gods,

I cannot rightly say: But since king Pericles.
My wedded lord, I ne'er shall see again,

A postal livery will I take me to,
And never more have joy.

Cer. Madam, if this you purpose as you
Diana's temple is not distant far,

Where you may 'bide until your date expire.
Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine

Shall there attend you.

Thaid. My recompense is thanks, that's all;
Yet my good will is great, though the gift small.

{*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

er GOWLER.
ericles at Tyre,
wn desire.

ave at Ephesus,
tarsus.

ad your mind,
wing scene must find

y Cleon train'd
who hath gain'd

a grace,
both the heart and place

. But alack!

oft the wrack
Marina's life

y treason's knife.

ath our Cleon
a wench full grown,

lage fight; this mink
and it is said

For certain in our story, she
Would ever with Marina be:

Be't when she weaved the silken silk
With fingers, long, small, white as milk;

Or when she would with sharp needl wound
The cambric, which she made more sound

By hurting it; or when to the lute
She sang, and made the night-bird mute,

Tha still records with moan; or when
She would with rich and constant pen

Vall to her mistress Dian; still
This Philoten contends in skill

With absolute Marina: so
With the dove of Paphos might the crow

Wife feathers white. Marina gets
All praises, which are paid as debts,

And not as given. This so dark
In Philoten all graceful marks,

That Cleon's wife, with envy rare,

† The common people.
as that wear a treacherous smile.

†† Needle.

‡ Appear wilful, perverse by such conduct.
‡ Groaning.

‡‡ Sings.

‡ Called.

‡‡ Accomplished, perfect.

A present murderer does prepare
 For good Marina, that her daughter
 Might stand peerless by this slaughter.
 I'll counter her vile thoughts to dead,
 For haughty, our nurse, is dead;
 And, as yet, Dionysa hath
 The pregnant instrument of wrath
 Prepared for this blow, The unborn event
 I'll command to your content:
 Thus, I, on my winged time
 Will carry the feet of my rhyme;
 And, as ever could I so convey,
 Your sweet thoughts went on my way.—
 Myself, I now appear,
 As Leonine, a murderer. [Exit.]

SCENE I. Tharnia. An open Place near
 the Sea-shore.

Enter DIONYSA and LEONINE.

Dion. Thy oath remember; thou hast sworn
 to do it:

'Tis but a blow, which never shall be known.
 Thou canst not do a thing i' the world so soon,
 To yield thee so much profit. Let not con-
 science,

Which is but cold, inflame love in thy bosom,
 Inflame too nicely; nor let pity, which
 Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be
 A soldier to thy purpose. [creature.

Leon. I'll do't; but yet she is a goodly

Dion. The fitter then the gods should have
 her. Here

Weeping she comes for her old nurse's death.
 Thou art resolved?

Leon. I am resolved.

On
 life
 Bu

No
 Wa
 Th

The
 l c

A
 But

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 W

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 W

Is

Bu
 Hi

As
 Th

W
 H

Th

show'd well in you; do so

my life: come you between,
we, the weaker.

I am sworn,
th.

, whilst MARINA is strugg-
ling.

Id, villain!

[LEONINE runs away.
size! a prize!

part, mates, half-part. Come
ward suddenly.

seems Pirates with MARINA.

E II. The same.

fter LEONINE.

oving thieves serve the great
des;

ized Marina. Let her go:
she'll return. I'll swear she's

the sea.—But I'll see further;
it but please themselves upon
board. If she remain, [her,
ravish'd, must by me be slain.

[Exit.

Mitylene. A Room in a
Brothel.

der, Bawd, and BOULT.

the market narrowly; Myte-
allants. We lost too much
, by being too wenchious.
re never so much out of crea-
but poor three, and they can
they can do; and with con-
even as good as rotten.

ore let's have fresh ones,
for them. If there be not a
used in every trade, we shall

ay'st true: 'tis not the bring-
bastards, as I think I have
eleven—

eleven, and brought them
I shall I search the market?
se, man? The stuff we have,
I blow it to pieces, they are

ay'st true; they are too un-
science. The poor Transyl-
at lay with the little baggage.
s quickly poop'd him; she
seat for worms:—but I'll go

four thousand chequins were
tion to live quietly, and so

o give over, I pray you? Is
when we are old?

credit comes not in like the
the commodity wages not
therefore, if in our youths

we could pick up some pretty estate, 'twere
not amiss to keep our door hatch'd*. Besides,
the sore terms we stand upon with the gods,
will be strong with us for giving over.

Bawd. Come, other sorts offend as well as
we.

Pand. As well as we! ay, and better too;
we offend worse. Neither is our profession
any trade; it's no calling:—but here comes
Boul.

Enter the Pirates, and BOULT, dragging in
MARINA.

Boul. Come your ways. [To MARINA.]—
My masters, you say she's a virgin?

Pirate. O, sir, we doubt it not.

Boul. Master, I have gone thorough† for
this piece, you see: if you like her, so; if
not, I have lost my earnest.

Bawd. Boul, has she any qualities?

Boul. She has a good face, speaks well,
and has excellent good clothes; there's no fur-
ther necessity of qualities can make her be re-
fused.

Bawd. What's her price, Boul?

Boul. I cannot be bated one doit of a
thousand pieces.

Pand. Well, follow me, my masters; you
shall have your money presently. Wife, take
her in; instruct her what she has to do, that
she may not be raw in her entertainment.

[Exit Pand and Pirates.

Bawd. Boul, take you the marks of her;
the colour of her hair, complexion, height,
age, with warrant of her virginity; and cry,
He that will give most, shall have her first.
Such a maidenhead were no cheap thing, if
men were as they have been. Get this done
as I command you.

Boul. Performance shall follow.

[Exit BOULT.

Mar. Alack, that Leonine was so slack, so
slow!

[these pirates,
(He should have struck, not spoke;) or that
(Not enough barbarous,) had not overboard
Thrown me, to seek my mother!

Bawd. Why lament you, pretty one?

Mar. That I am pretty.

Bawd. Come, the gods have done their part
in you.

Mar. I accuse them not.

Bawd. You are lit into my hands, where
you are like to live.

Mar. The more my fault,
To 'scape his hands, where I was like to die.

Bawd. Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.

Mar. No.

Bawd. Yes, indeed, shall you, and taste
gentlemen of all fashions. You shall fare well;
you shall have the difference of all com-
plexions. What! do you stop your ears!

Mar. Are you a woman?

Bawd. What would you have me be, an I
be not a woman?

Mar. An honest woman, or not a woman.

Bawd. Marry, whip thee, goeling: I think
I shall have something to do with you. Come.

* i. e., Half open.

† Bid a high price for her.

find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort?

Boult. Faith, they listened to me, as they would have hearkened to their father's testament. There was a Spaulard's mouth so watered, that he went to bed to her very description.

Baud. We shall have him here to-morrow with his best ruff on.

Boult. To-night, to-night. Hark, mistress, do you know the French knight that cowers 't' the hams?

Baud. Who? Monsieur Veroles?

Boult. Ay; he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.

Baud. Well, well; as for him, he brought his disease hither; here he does but repair it. I know he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun.

Boult. Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this sign!

Baud. Pray you, come hither awhile. You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me; you must seem to do that fearfully, which you commit willingly; to despise profit, where you have most gain. To weep that you live as you do, makes pity in your lovers: Seldom, but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a mere profit.

Mar. I understand you not.

Boult. O, take her home, mistress, take her home: these blushes of her's must be quenched with some present practice.

Baud. Thou say'st true, I faith, so they must: for your bride goes to that with shame.

an enterprise of kindness,
or sole daughter.

Heavens forgive it!
for Pericles,
say? We wept after her hearse,
e mourn: her monument
l, and her epitaphs
den characters express
to her, and care in us.
se 'tis done.

Thou art like the harpy,
y, doth wear an angel's face,
gle's talons.
e like one, that superstitiously
he gods, that winter kills the

you'll do as I advise. *[Exit.*
before the Monument of
MARINA at Tharsus.
time we waste, and longest
make short;
kies, have, and wish but for't;
ake your imagination.)
hournt, region to region.
pardon'd, we commit no crime
guage, in each several clime,
enes seem to live. I do be-
on *[You*

, who stand i'the gap to teach
our story. Pericles
hwarning the wayward seas,
by many a lord and knight,
ghter, all his life's delight.
whom Helicanus late
time to great and high estate,
rn. Bear you it in mind,
s goes along behind.
ships, and bounteous winds,
ought *[Thought;*

Tharsus, (think his pilot
steerage shall your thoughts
gone.

daughter home, who first in
nd shadows see them move

your eyes I'll reconcile.
Dumb Show.

door, PERICLES with his
and DIONYZA at the other.

PERICLES the tomb of MAR-
at PERICLES makes lamen-
n sackcloth, and in a mighty
rts. Then CLEON and
ire.

ow belief may suffer by soul
woe;

passion stands for true old
in sorrow all devour'd,
ot through, and biggest tears
r'd, *[swears*
is, and again embarks. He
his face, nor cut his hairs;
ackcloth, and to sea. His

ch his mortal vessel's tears,

And yet he rides it out. Now please you wit
The epitaph is for Marina writ
By wicked Dionyza.

*[Reads the inscription on MARINA'S
Monument.*

The fairest, sweetest, and best lies here,
Who wither'd in her spring of year.
She was of Tyrus, the king's daughter,
On whom foul death hath made this
slaughter;

Marina was she call'd; and at her birth,
Thetis, being proud, swallow'd some
part o'the earth: *[Now'd,*

Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'er-
Hath Thetis birth-child on the heavens
bestow'd: *[never stint'd.]*

Wherefore she does, (and swears she'll
Make raging battery upon shores of Aint.
No visor does become black villany,
So well as soft and tender flattery.

Let Pericles believe his daughter's dead,
And bear his courses to be ordered
By lady fortune; while our scenes display
His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day,
In her unholy service. Patience then,
And think you now are all in Mitylen. *[Exit.*

SCENE V. Mitylene. A Street before the
Brothel.

Enter, from the Brothel, Two Gentlemen.

1 Gent. Did you ever hear the like?

2 Gent. No, nor never shall do in such a
place as this, she being once gone.

1 Gent. But to have divinity preached
there! did you ever dream of such a thing?

2 Gent. No, no. Come, I am for no more
bawdy-houses: shall we go hear the vestals
sing?

1 Gent. I'll do any thing now that is vir-
tuous; but I am out of the road of ranting, for
ever. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. The same. A Room in the
Brothel.

Enter Pander, Bawd, and BOULT.

Pand. Well, I had rather than twice the
worth of her, she had ne'er come here.

Bawd. Fie, be upon her: she is able to
freeze the god Priapus, and undo a whole
generation. We must either get her ravished,
or be rid of her. When she should do for
clients her fitment, and do me the kindness of
our profession, she has me her quirks, her rea-
sons, her master-reasons, her prayers, her
knees; that she would make a puritan of the
devil, if he should cheapen a kiss of her.

Boult. Faith, I must ravish her, or she'll
disfurnish us of all our cavaliers, and make all
our swearers priests.

Pand. Now, the pox upon her green-sick-
ness for me?

Bawd. Faith, there's no way to be rid on't,
but by the way to the pox. Here comes the
lord Lysimachus, disguised.

Boult. We should have both lord and lown,

† Travelling.
‡ To know.

‡ From one boundary to another.
§ The sea.

§ His body.

¶ Never came.

would—but there never came her like in
distresses.

Lys. If she'd do the deeds of darkness,
thou wouldst say—

Bawd. Your honour knows what 'tis to say,
well enough.

Lys. Well; call forth, call forth.

Bawd. For flesh and blood, sir, white and
red, you shall see a rose; and she were a rose
indeed, if she had but—

Lys. What, prythee?

Bawd. O, sir, I can be modest.

Lys. That dignifies the renown of a bawd,
no less than it gives good report to a number
to be chaste.

Enter MARINA.

Bawd. Here comes that which grows to the
stalk;—never plucked yet, I can assure you.
Is she not a fair creature?

Lys. Faith, she would serve after a long
voyage at sea. Well, there's for you;—leave
us.

Bawd. I beseech your honour, give me
leave a word, and I'll have done presently.

Lys. I beseech you, do.

Bawd. First I would have you note, this is
an honourable man.

(To MARINA, whom she takes aside.)

Mar. I desire to find him so, that I may
worthily note him.

Bawd. Next, he's the governor of this
country, and a man whom I am bound to.

Mar. If he govern the country, you are
bound to him indeed; but how honourable he
is in that, I know not.

Bawd. Pray you, without any more virgi-
nal fencing, will you use him kindly? He will
line your apron with gold.

with you. If your peevish chafing,
Not worth a breakfast in the cheapest
under the cope, shall undo a whole
man, let me be gelded like a spaniel.
[Exit Bawd.]

Whither would you have me?
I must have your maidenhead taken
The common hangman shall execute it.
[Exit Bawd.] We'll have no more gentle-
men away. Come your ways, I say.
[Re-enter Bawd.]

How now! what's the matter?
Worse and worse, mistress; she
has spoken holy words to the lord Ly-

O abominable!
She makes our profession as if were
the face of the gods.
Marry, hang her up for ever!
The nobleman would have dealt
like a nobleman, and she sent him
told as a snowball; saying his prayers

Bowl, take her away; use her at
night: crack the glass of her virginity,
the first malleable.

As if she were a thornier piece of
wood she is, she shall be ploughed.

Hark, hark, you gods!
She conjures away with her. Would
never come within my doors! Marry
now! She's horn to undo us. Will you
take the way of women-kind? Marry come
down of chastity with rosemary and
[Exit Bawd.]

Ex. Come, mistress; come your way

Whither would you have me?
To take from you the jewel you
dear.

Pray thee tell me one thing first.
Come now, your one thing.

What canst thou wish thine enemy
Why, I could wish him to be my
rather, my mistress. [thou art,
Neither of these are yet so bad as

these they do better thee in their command.
Thou hold'st a place, for which the pained'st
soul

Of hell would not in reputation change:
Thou'rt the damn'd door-keeper to every coyn-
That hither comes inquiring for his tid; (strict
To the choleric fasting of each rogue thy ear
Is liable; thy very food is such
As hath been belch'd on by infected lungs.

Bowl. What would you have me? go to
the wars, would you? where a man may serve
seven years for the loss of a leg, and have not
money enough in the end to buy him a wooden
one? [Empty

Mar. Do any thing but this thou doest.
Old receptacles, common sewers, of stink;
Serve by indenture to the common hangman;
Any of these ways are better yet than this:
For that which thou professest, a baboon,
Could be but speak, would own a name too
dear.

O that the gods would safely from this place
Deliver me! Here, here is gold for thee.
If that thy master would gain aught by me,
Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and
dance,

With other virtues, which I'll keep from boast;
And I will undertake all these to teach.
I doubt not but this populous city will
Yield many scholars.

Bowl. But can you teach all this you speak
of?

Mar. Prove that I cannot, take me home
again,
And prostitute me to the basest groom
That doth frequent your house.

Bowl. Well, I will see what I can do for
thee: if I can place thee, I will.

Mar. But, amongst honest women?

Bowl. Faith, my acquaintance lies little
amongst them. But since my master and
mistress have bought you, there's no going
but by their consent; therefore I will make
them acquainted with your purpose, and I
doubt not but I shall find them tractable
enough. Come, I'll do for thee what I can;
come your ways. [Exit Bowl.]

ACT V.

Enter Gower.

Mar. Marina thus the brothel escapes, and
chances
an honest house, our story says.
sings like one immortal, and she dances
goddess-like to her admir'd lays:
up clerks! she dumbs; and with her
need; composes
her's own shape, of bad, bird, branch,
or berry;
it even her art sisters the natural roses:
fickle, alk, twin with the rebelled cherry:
it pupils lacks she none of noble race,
so pour their bounty on her; and her gain

pe or canopy of heaven.

† Paltry fellow.

She gives the cursed bawd. Here we lie
place;

And to her father turn our thoughts again,
Where we left him, on the sea. We there
him lost; [arrived

Whence, driven before the winds, he is
Here where his daughter dwells; and on this
coast [arrived

Suppose him now at anchor. The city
God Neptune's annual feast to keep: from
whence

Leontechus our Tyrian ship espies,
His banners sable, trimm'd with rich ex-
pense;

And to him in his barge with fervent bliss

† Lamented men.

† Needs

Enter Two Sailors, one belonging to the Tyrian Vessel, the other to the Barge; to them HELICANUS.

Tyr. Sail. Where's the lord Helicanus? he can resolve you.

[To the Sailor of Mitylene.]

Is here he is.—

Sir, there's a barge put off from Mitylene.

And in it is Lyzimachus the governor.

Who craves to come aboard. What is your will? *[Gentlemen.]*

Hel. That he have his. Call up some gen-

Tyr. Sail. Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls.

Enter Two Gentlemen.

I Gent. Doth your lordship call?

Hel. Gentlemen,

[I pray you,

There is some of worth would come aboard; To greet them fairly.

[The Gentlemen and the Two Sailors descend, and go on board the Barge.]

Enter from thence LYZIMACHUS and Lords; the Tyrian Gentlemen, and the Two Sailors.

Tyr. Sail. Sir,

This is the man that can, in aught you would, Resolve you. *[you]*

Lys. Hail, reverend sir! The gods preserve

Hel. And you, Sir, to out-live the age I am, And die as I would do.

Lys.

You wish me well.

Being on shore, honouring of Neptune's triumphs.

Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,

I made to it, to know of whence you are.

Hel. First, sir, what is your place?

Lys. I am governor of this place you lie

Hel. Sir,

[before.]

Our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king;

A man, who for this three months hath not

To any one, nor taken sustenance, *[spoken*

But to prologue his grief. *[sure?]*

Lys. Upon what ground is his distemper?

and equivalent with mighty kings:
 bath rooted out my parentage,
 the world and awkward casualties
 in servitude.—I will desist;
 as something glows upon my cheek,
 lapers in mine ear, *Go not till he*
speak. *[Aside.]*
 My fortunes—parentage—good paren-
 tage—*[you?]*
 mine!—was it not thus? what say
 I said, my lord, if you did know my
 did not do me violence. *[parentage,*
I do think so.]
 me, turn your eyes again upon me.—
 like something that—What country
 these shores? *[woman?]*
 No, nor of any shores:
 as mortally brought forth, and am
 than I appear.
 am great with woe, and shall deliver
 eping.
 at wife was like this maid, and such
 me *[square brows;]*
 hter might have been: my queen's
 re to an inch; as wand-like straight;
 voiced; her eyes as jewel-like,
 d as richly: in pace another Juno;
 ves the ears she feeds, and makes
 m hungry, *[you live?]*
 she gives them speech.—Where do
 Where I am but a stranger: from the
 discern the place. *[deck]*
 Where were you bred?
 I achieved you these endowments,
 a more rich to owe? *[which]*
 Should I tell my history,
 seem like lies disdain'd in the re-
 Pythee speak: *[porting,*
 cannot come from thee, for thou
 sk't
 a justice, and thou seem'st a palace
 rown'd truth to dwell in: I'll believe
 e my senses credit thy relation, [thee,
 t that seem impossible; for thou
 sk't *[friends?]*
 I loved indeed. What were thy
 ou not say, when I did push thee
 ck, *[camest]*
 was when I perceived thee,) that thou
 out descending?
 So indeed I did.
 Report thy parentage. I think, thou
 dost
 hast been toss'd from wrong to injury,
 thou thought'st thy griefs might equal
 ere open'd. *[mine,*
 Some such thing indeed
 did said no more but what my thoughts
 ant me was likely.
 Tell thy story;
 onsider'd prove the thousandth part
 surance, thou art a man, and I
 fer'd like a girl. Yet thou dost look
 ence, gazing on kings' graves, and
 illing
 y out of act. What were thy friends?

How lost thou them? Thy name, my most
 kind virgin?
 Recount, I do beseech thee; come, sit by me.
Mar. My name, sir, is Marina.
Per. O, I am mock'd,
 And thou by some incensed god sent hither
 To make the world laugh at me.
Mar. Patience, good sir,
 Or here I'll cease.
Per. Nay, I'll be patient;
 Thou little know'st how thou dost startle me
 To call thyself Marina.
Mar. The name Marina
 Was given me by one that had some power;
 My father, and a king.
Per. How! a king's daughter?
 And call'd Marina?
Mar. You said you would believe me;
 But, not to be a troubler of your peace,
 I will end here.
Per. But are you flesh and blood?
 Have you a working pulse, and are no fairy?
 No motion?—Well, speak on, Where were
 And wherefore call'd Marina? *[you born?]*
Mar. Call'd Marina.
 For I was born at sea.
Per. At sea? thy mother?
Mar. My mother was the daughter of a
 Who died the very minute I was born, [king:
 As my good nurse, Lychorida, hath oft
 Deliver'd weeping.
Per. O, stop there a little!
 This is the rarest dream that e'er dull sleep
 Did mock sad fools withal: this cannot be.
 My daughter's buried. *[Asides.]* Well:—where
 were you bred?
 I'll hear you more, to the bottom of your story,
 And never interrupt you. *[I did give o'er.]*
Mar. You'll scarce believe me; 'twere best
Per. I will believe you by the syllable
 Of what you shall deliver. Yet, give me
 leave:—*[you bred?]*
 How came you in these parts? where were
Mar. The king, my father, did in Tharsus
 leave me;
 Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,
 Did seek to murder me: and having woo'd
 A villain to attempt it, who having drawn,
 A crew of pirates came and rescued me;
 Brought me to Mitylene. But now, good sir,
 Whither will you have me? Why do you
 weep? It may be,
 You think me an impostor. No, good faith,
 I am the daughter to king Pericles,
 If good king Pericles be.
Per. Ho, Helicanna!
Hcl. Calls my gracious lord?
Per. Thou art a grave and noble counsellor,
 Most wise in general: Tell me, if thou canst,
 What this maid is, or what is like to be,
 That thus hath made me weep?
Hcl. I know not; but
 Here is the regent, sir, of Mitylene
 Speaks nobly of her.
Lys. She would never tell
 Her parentage; being demanded that,

HELIANUS, MARINA, and a

ian! to perform thy just com-

yself the king of Tyre;
om my country, did wed
n Pentapolis.

nd died she, but brought forth
l'd Marina; who, O goddess,
lver livery*. She at Tharsus
h Cleon, whom at fourteen

nder: but her better stars
Mitylene; against whose

ines brought the maid aboard
[she
own most clear remembrance,
rself my daughter.

Voice and favour!—
e—O, royal Pericles!—

[*She faints.*
means the woman? she dies!
[help, gentlemen!
Diana's altar true,

Reverend appearer, no;
board with these very arms.
s coast, I warrant you.

'Tis most certain.
the lady; O, she's but o'er-
ing morn this lady was [joy'd
here. I oped the coffin, and
jewels; recover'd her, and

temple.

May we see them?
they shall be brought you to

you. Look! Thaisa is

e look!
niece, my sanctity
t bend no licentious ear,
of seeing. O, my lord,
cles? Like him you speak,
Did you not name a tem-
h? [past,

The voice of dead Thaisa!
diana I, supposed dead

Dian!

Now I know you better.—
ars parted Pentapolis,
ier, gave you such a ring.

[*Shows a Ring.*
if no more, ye gods! your
dness
series sport. You shall do

ing of her lips I may
be seen. O come, be buried
thin these arms.

My heart

Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.

[*Kneels to THAIS.*

Per. Look, who kneels here! Flesh of thy
Beah, Thaisa;

Thy burden at the sea, and call'd Marina,
For she was yielded there.

Thai. Bless'd and mine own

Hel. Hail, madam, and my queen!

Thai. I know you not.

Per. You have heard me say, when I did
fly from Tyre,
I left behind an ancient substitute.

Can you remember what I call'd the man?
I have named him oft.

Thai. 'Twas Helicanus then.

Per. Still confirmation:
Embrace him, dear Thaisa; this is he.

Now do I long to hear how you were found;
How possibly preserved; and whom to
thank,

Besides the gods, for this great miracle.

Thai. Lord Cerimon, my lord; this man
Through whom the gods have shown their
power; that can

From first to last resolve you.

Per. Reverend sir,
The gods can have no mortal officer
More like a god than you. Will you deliver
How this dead queen re-lives?

Cer. I will, my lord.
Beseech you, first go with me to my house,
Where shall be shown you all was found with
her;

How she came plac'd here within the temple;
No needful thing omitted.

Per. Pure Diana!
I bless thee for thy vision, and will offer,
My night oblations to thee. Thaisa, [*Enter*
This prince, the fair-betrothed of your daughter,
Shall marry her at Pentapolis. And now,
This ornament; that makes me look
dismal,

Will I, my loved Marina, clip to form;
And what this fourteen years no razor touch'd,
To grace thy marriage-day I'll beautify.

Thai. Lord Cerimon hath letters of good
Sir, that my father's dead. [*Exit*

Per. Heavens make a star of him! Yet
there, my queen,

We'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves
Will in that kingdom spend our following
days;

Our son and daughter shall in Tyros reign.
Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay,
To hear the rest untold.—Sir, lead the way.

[*Exit.*

Enter GOWEN.

Gow. In Antioch's, and his daughter, you
have heard

Of monstrous lust the due and just re-
ward;

In Pericles, his queen and daughter, seen
(Although assail'd, with fortune fierce and
keen.)

White robe of innocence.

† Sensual passion.

‡ 4. e., His beard.

§ 4. e., The king of Antioch.

And so preserved from fell destruction's blast,
 Let him by heaven, and crown'd with joy
 Sit at the foot.

I think now they you well decry
 As you of truth, of faith, of loyalty :
 I think you'd Common there well appears,
 I think you'd learned charity eye* wears.
 I think you'd know and his wife, when fame
 His speak of their cursed deed, and honour'd
 name.

Of Perk
 That his
 The god
 To pen
 m
 So as y
 New jo,
 on

* Ever.

If it is truly has some merit, it were vain to deny ;
 but that Shakspeare is more than can be hastily granted. It
 is certain that the hand of our great poet is only visi-
 ble in several passages dispersed over each of these dis-
 tinct works by itself that he was the original fabricator of
 them, &c. — STEEVENS.

The story is of great antiquity, and is related by various
 old English.

KING LEAR.

Persons represented.

Britain.

ly.
li.

Gloster.

rd son to Gloster.

ler.

t to Gloster.

nding on the King, Officers, Messengers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

Scene, Britain.

Physician.

Fool.

OSWALD, *steward to Goneril.*

An Officer, *employed by Edmund.*

Gentleman, *attendant on Cordelia.*

A Herald.

Servants to Cornwall.

GONERIL,

REGAN,

CORDELIA,

} *daughters to Lear.*

ACT I.

Room of State in King
Lear's Palace.

GLOSTER, and EDMUND.

it, the king had more affected
any, than Cornwall.

vays seem so to us: but now,

the kingdom, it appears not

as he values most; for equa-

hed, that curiosity in nel-

oice of either's moiety?

his your son, my lord?

ding, sir, hath been at my

so often blushed to acknow-

ow I am brazed to it.

t conceive you.

young fellow's mother could:

ew round-wombed; and had,

for her cradle, ere she had a

bed. Do you smell a fault?

t wish the fault undone, the

so proper?

he, sir, a son by order of law,

han this, who yet is no dearer

bough this knave came some-

the world before he was sent

nother fair; there was good

ing, and the whoreson must

—Do you know this noble

nd?

lord.

of Kent: remember him here-

arable friend.

ices to your lordship.

ove you, and sue to know

all study deserving.

seen out nine years, and away

The king is coming.

[*Trumpets sound within.*]

crapulous nicety.

§ More secret.

Enter LEAR, CORNWALL, ALBANY, GONE-
RIL, REGAN, CORDELIA, & Attendants.

Lear. Attend the lords of France and Bur-
gloster. [gundy,

Glo. I shall, my liege.

[*Exit GLOSTER and EDMUND.*]

Lear. Mean-time we shall express our
darker & purpose. [divided,

Give me the map there.—Know, that we have

In three, our kingdom: and 'tis our fast intent]

To shake all cares and business from our age;

Conferring them on younger strengths, while we

Unburden'd crawl toward death.—Our son of

Cornwall,

And you, our no less loving son of Albany,

We have this hour a constant will to publish

Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife

May be prevented now. The princes, France

and Burgundy,

Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love,

Long in our court have made their amorous

sojourn,

And here are to be answer'd.—Tell me, my

daughters,

(Since now we will divest us, both of rule,

Interest of territory, cares of state,)

Which of you shall we say, doth love us most?

That we our largest bounty may extend

Where merit doth most challenge it.—Goneril,

Our eldest-born, speak first.

Gon. Sir, I [matter,

Do love you more than words can wield the

Dearer than eye-sight, space, and liberty;

Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare;

No less than life, with grace, health, beauty,

honour:

As much as child e'er loved, or father found.

A love that makes breath poor, and speech

unable;

Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

† Part or division.

‡ Determined resolution.

§ Random.

SHAKSPEARE.

Cor. What shall Cordelia do? Love, and
be silent. [Aside.
Lear. Of all these bounds, even from this
hour to this, [rich'd,
With shadowy forests and with champains
Vex'd with piteous rivers and wide skirted meads,
We make thee lady: To thine and Albany's issue
Is this perpetual.—What says our second
daughter,
Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall? Speak.
Reg. I am made of that self metal as my sister,
And prize her at her worth. In my true heart
I find, she names my very deed of love;
Only she comes too short,—that I profess
Myself an enemy to all other joys, [senses;
Which the most precious square of sense pos-
sess; and, I am alone felicitate;
I love your highness' love.
Cor. Then poor Cordelia! [Aside.
And yet not so; since, I am sure, my love's
More richer than my tongue.
Lear. To thee, and thine, hereditary ever,
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom;
No less in space, validity, and pleasure,
Than that confin'd on Goneril.—Now, our
joy, [love
Although the fast, not least; to whose young
Daughters of France, and milk of Burgundy,
We yet do interest'd: what can you say to draw
A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak.
Cor. Nothing, my lord.
Lear. Nothing! [again.
Cor. Nothing.
Lear. Nothing can come of nothing: speak.
Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth: I love your majesty

Or he that
To gorge h
Be as well
As thou m
Kent.

Lear. I
Come not
I loved her
On her kin
sight
So be my g
Her father's
Who

Call Burgu
With my t
third

Let pride, v
I do invest
Pre-eminen
That troops
With reserv
By you to t
Make with;
The name,
The sway,
Revenge, a
Beloved son
This coronet

Kent,
Whom I hav
Loved as my
As my great

Lear. Th
from t
Kent. Let

fool disease. Revoke thy gift;
I can vent clamour from my throat,
See, thou dost evil.

Hear me, recreant!
Alliances hear me!—

A hast sought to make us break our
[pride,
A darest never yet,) and, with strain'd
intwixt our sentence and our power;
[our nature nor our place can bear,
[my make good, take thy reward.
[we do allot thee, for provision
[thee from diseases of the world;
[the sixth, to turn thy hated back
[kingdom: If, on the tenth day fol-
[lowing,

his trunk be found in our dominions,
That is thy death: Away! By Jupiter,
Not be revoked. [wilt appear,
[Dost thou well, king: since thus thou
[divine, and banishment is here.—
[Bath their dear shelter take thee, maid,

[To CORDLIA.

think'st and hast most rightly said!—
[large speeches may your deeds ap-
[To REGAN and GONERIL.
[Effects may spring from words of

O princes, bids you all adieu;
[his old course* in a country new.
[Exit.

GLOSTER, with FRANCE, BUR-
GUNDY, and Attendants.

France and Burgundy, my no-
[ble lord of Burgundy, [ble lord.
[towards you, who with this
[least,

for our daughter; What, in the
[present dower with her,
[quest of love?]

Most royal majesty,
[more than hath your highness
[tender less. [offer'd,

Right noble Burgundy,
[was dear to us, we did hold her so;
[price is fall'n: Sir, there she stands;
[that little, seeming † substance,
[with our displeasure pieced,
[ing more, may fitly like your grace,
[and she is yours.

I know no answer.

with those infirmities she owes ‡,
[new-adapted to our hate,
[with our curse, and stranger'd with
[or leave her? [our oath,

Pardon me, royal sir;
[makes not up] on such conditions.
[then, leave her, sir; for, by the
[that made me,

and her wealth.—For you, great king,
[To FRANCE.
[not from your love make such a stray,

To match you where I hate; therefore beseech
you

To avert † your liking a more worthier way,
Than on a wretch whom nature is ashamed
Almost to acknowledge hers.

France. This is most strange!
That she, that even but now was your best object,
The argument of your praise, balm of your age,
Most best, most dearest, should in this trice
of time

Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle
So many folds of favour! Sure, her offences
Must be of such unnatural degree, [tion
That monsters it, or your fore-vouch'd ‡ ‡ ‡
Fall into taint †: which to believe of her,
Must be a faith, that reason without miracle
Could never plant in me.

Cor. I yet beseech your majesty,
[If sure † I want that glib and oily art, [tend,
To speak and purpose not; since what I well un-
I'll do't before I speak,) that you make known
It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness,
No unchaste action, or dishonour'd step,
That hath deprived me of your grace and favour:
But even for want of that, for which I am richer:
A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue [It,
That I am glad I have not, though not to have
Hath lost me in your liking.

Lear. Better thou [me better.
Hadst not been born, than not to have pleased

France. Is it but this? a tardiness in nature,
Which often leaves the history unspeoke,
That it intends to do!—My lord of Burgundy,
What say you to the lady? Love is not love,
When it is mingled with respects, that stand
Aloof from the entire point †. Will you
She is herself a dowry. [have her?]

Bur. Royal Lear,
Give but that portion which yourself proposed,
And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
Duchess of Burgundy.

Lear. Nothing: I have sworn; I am firm.

Bur. I am sorry then, you have so lost a
That you must lose a husband. [father,

Cor. Peace be with Burgundy!
Since that respects of fortune are his love,
I shall not be his wife. [being poor;

France. Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich,
Most choice, forsaken; and most loved, despis'd!
Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon:
Be it lawful, I take up what's cast away.

Gods, gods! 'tis strange, that from their cold † †
neglect

My love should kindle to inflamed respect.—
Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my
chance,

Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France:
Not all the dukes of wat'rish Burgundy
Shall buy this unprized precious maid of me.—
Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind:
Thou lovest here, a better where † to find.

Lear. Thou hast her, France: let her be
thine; for we

show his old mode of life.

is possessed of.

high or obscure.

Concludes not.

† Became.

‡ Amorous expedition.

† Turn.

‡ Place.

† Specious.

‡ ‡ ‡ Former declaration of.

‡ ‡ ‡ Who seeks for sight in love but love alone.

Have no such two daughters, nor shall ever see
 The face of her that begot me.—Therefore be gone,
 With no more love, nor love, our benison!—
 O, my dear Cordelia!

Enter the Duke of Burgundy.
 O, my dear Cordelia, ALBANY, GLOSTER,
 and the Nobles attend.

Enter the Duke of Burgundy. I have well to your sisters, loves;
 I have well to our father, with wish'd
 Obedience; and I know you what you are:
 A virtuous daughter, most loath to call 'father;
 A virtuous daughter, as you named. Use well our
 Father's love, as I commit him;
 I have well to him, and I within his grace,
 I have well to him, to a better place.
 So, my dear Cordelia, both.

Enter the Duke of Burgundy. It is not us our duties.
 Let your study
 Be to obey your lord; who hath received you
 With love and grace. You have obedience wanted.
 A virtuous daughter, with the want that you have
 wanted.

Enter the Duke of Burgundy. I have well to what plaited
 my Cordelia, it is not shame them derides.
 A virtuous daughter, as you named!

Enter the Duke of Burgundy. Come, my fair Cordelia.

Enter the Duke of Burgundy. I have well to what plaited
 my Cordelia, it is not shame them derides.
 A virtuous daughter, as you named!

Enter the Duke of Burgundy. Come, my fair Cordelia.

Enter the Duke of Burgundy. I have well to what plaited
 my Cordelia, it is not shame them derides.
 A virtuous daughter, as you named!

For the
 Lag of
 When
 My na
 As hon
 With h
 Who, i
 More c
 Than d
 Gild to
 lost 'tw
 Legiti
 Our fat
 As to ti
 Well, r
 And my
 Shall to
 Now, g

Glo.
 c
 And the
 Confine
 Upon th
 Edm.

Glo.
 Edm.
 Glo.
 Edm.
 Glo.!

despatch
 of nothin
 Let's see

of brought me, my lord,
of it; I found it thrown
of my closet.

the character to be your

ter were good, my lord, I
his; but, in respect of that,
it were not.

nd, my lord; but, I hope,
ie contents.

er heretofore sounded you

lord: But I have often
it to be fit, that, sons at
hers declining, the father
o the son, and the son ma-

villain!—His very opinion
orred villain! Unnatural,
laine! worse than Brutus!
im; I'll apprehend him:—
!—Where is he?

tell know, my lord. If it
suspend your indignation
till you can derive from
y of his intent, you shall
; where*, if you violently
a, mistaking his purpose,
it gap in your own honour,
the heart of his obedience.
ny life for him, that he hath
affection to your honour†,
tence‡ of danger.

of
now judge it meet, I will
u shall hear us confer of
ular assurance have your
at without any further de-
vening.

so such a monster.

sure.
r, that so tenderly and en-
Heaven and earth!—Ed-
t; wind me into him, I
e business after your own
nstate myself, to be in a

him, sir, presently; con-
s I shall find means, and

clipses in the sun and moon
as: Though the wisdom
s it thus and thus, yet na-
ourged by the sequent
friendship falls off, brothers
utiles; in countries, dis-
treason; and the bond
s and father. This villain
r the prediction; there's
the king falls from bias of
r against child. We have
time: Machinations, hol-

lowness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders,
follow us disquietly to our graves!—Find out
this villain, Edmund, it shall lose thee nothing;
do it carefully:—And the noble and true-
hearted Kent banished! his offence, honesty!
—Strange! strange!

[Exit.

Edm. This is the excellent foppery of the
world! that, when we are sick in fortune,
(often the surfeit of our own behaviour,) we
make guilty of our disasters, the sun, the
moon, and the stars: as if we were villains
by necessity: fools, by heavenly compulsion;
knaves, thieves, and treachers[§], by spherical
predominance; drunkards, liars, and adul-
terers, by an enforced obedience of planetary
influence; and all that we are evil in, by a
divine thrusting on: An admirable evasion of
whomsoever man, to lay his goatish disposition
to the charge of a star! My father compounded
with my mother under the dragon's tail; and
my nativity was under wren major††; so that
it follows, I am rough and lecherous.—Tut, I
should have been that I am, had the maiden-
liest star in the firmament twinkled on my bas-
tardizing. Edgar—

Enter EDGAR.

and pat he comes, like the catastrophe of the
old comedy: My cue is villainous melan-
choly, with a sigh like Tom o' Bedlam.—O,
these eclipses do portend these divisions! fa,
sol, la, mi!‡.

Edg. How now, brother Edmund! What
serious contemplation are you in?

Edm. I am thinking, brother, of a predic-
tion I read this other day, what should follow
these eclipses.

Edg. Do you busy yourself with that?

Edm. I promise you, the effects he writes
of, succeed unhappily; as of unnaturalness be-
tween the child and the parent; death, dearth,
dissolutions of ancient amities; divisions in
state, menaces and maledictions against king
and nobles; needless diffidences, banishment
of friends, distipation of cohorts§§, nuptial
breaches, and I know not what.

Edg. How long have you been a sectary
astronomical?

Edm. Come, come; when saw you my fa-
ther last?

Edg. Why, the night gone by.

Edm. Spake you with him?

Edg. Ay, two hours together.

Edm. Parted you in good terms? Found
you no displeasure in him, by word or coun-
tenance?

Edg. None at all.

Edm. Beshink yourself, wherein you may
have offended him: and at my entreaty, for-
bear his presence, till some little time hath
qualified the heat of his displeasure; which at
this instant so rageth in him, that with the mis-
chief of your person it would scarcely allay.

Edg. Some villain hath done me wrong.

ens. † The usual address to a lord.

§ Design.

possest of, to be certain of the truth.

|| Message.

¶ Following.

great bear, the constellation so named.

‡ These sounds are unnatural

in music.

§§ For cohorts want other such qualifications.

you, away.

Edg. Shall I hear from you anon?

Edm. I do serve you in this business.—

[*Exit EDMOND.*]

A credulous father, and a brother noble,
Whose nature is so far from doing harms,
That he suspects none; on whose foolish honesty
My practices ride easy!—I see the business.—
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit:
All with me's meet, that I can fashion it. [*Exit*]

SCENE III. *A Room in the Duke of Albany's Palace.*

Enter GONNIL and Steward.

Gon. Did my father strike my gentleman?

Stew. Ay, madam, (for chiding of his fool)

Gon. By day and night! he wrongs me; every
He dashes into one gross crime or other, (how
That sets us all at odds:—I'll not endure it:—

His knights grow riotous, and himself up
braids us. [*Ring*]

On every trifle:—When he returns from hunt

I will not speak with him; say, I am sick;

If you come slack of former services,

You shall do well: the fault of it I'll answer.

Stew. He's coming, madam: I hear him.

[*Horns within.*]

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you

please, [*question*]

You and your fellows; I'd have him come to

If he dislike it, let him to my sister,

Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are one

Not to be over-ruled. Idle old man,

That still would manage those authorities,

That he hath given away!—Now, by my life

Old fools are babes again; and must be used

With checks, as flatteries,—when they are seen

we were wont; there's a great abatement kindness appears, as well in the attendants, as in the duke himself your daughter.

Ma! sayst thou so?

I beseech you, pardon me, my be mistaken; for my duty cannot be as I think your highness is wronged. Then but remember't me of mine emotion; I have perceived a most hot of late; which I have rather mine own jealous curiosity*, than sentence† and purpose of unkind- look further into't.—But where's I have not seen him this two days.

Since my young lady's going into, the fool hath much plac'd away. He more of that; I have noted it you, and tell my daughter I would that.—Go you, call hither my fool.—
[Enter Steward.]

My son sir, come you hither: Who

My lady's father.

My lady's father! my lord's knave: you dog; you slave! you cur! I am none of this, my lord; I beseech pardon me.

Do you bandy looks with me, you

[Striking him.]

Do not be struck, my lord.

You tripp'd neither; you base fool.

[Tripping up his heels.]
I thank thee, fellow; thou servest I love thee.

Come, sir, arise, away; I'll teach you; away, away: If you will your lubber's length again, tarry: I go to; Have you wisdom? so.

[Pushes the Steward out.]
Now, my friendly knave, I thank you's earnest of thy service.

[Giving KENT money.]

Enter Fool.

Now, my hire him too;—Here's my

[Giving KENT his Cap.]

Now now, my pretty knave? how

Sirrah, you were best take my cox-

Why, fool?

Why? For taking one's part that is true: Nay, an thou canst not smile at this, thou'lt catch cold shortly: Is my coxcomb? Why, this fellow had two of his daughters, and did the wrong against his will; if thou follow must needs wear my coxcomb.—My nuncle? 'Would I had two cox- and two daughters!

Why, my boy?

As I gave them all my living†, I'd coxcombs myself: There's mine; here of thy daughters.

Take heed, sirrah; the whip.

Insolence, jealousy.

† Design.

... I Ownest, possessest.

Fool. Truth's a dog that must to kennel! he must be whipped out, when Lady, the brach*, may stand by the fire, and stink.

Lear. A pestilent gall to me!

Fool. Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech.

Lear. Do.

Fool. Mark it, nuncle:

Have more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest,
Lend less than thou owest‡,
Ride more than thou goest,
Learn more than thou trowest¶,
Set less than thou throwest;
Leave thy drink and thy whore,
And keep in-a-door,
And thou shalt have more
Than two tens to a score.

Lear. This is nothing, fool.

Fool. Then 'tis like the breath of an un- feed lawyer: you gave me nothing for't: Can you make no use of nothing, nuncle?

Lear. Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out of nothing.

Fool. Pry'thee, tell him, so much the rent of his land comes to; he will not believe a fool.
[To KENT.]

Lear. A bitter fool!

Fool. Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a sweet fool?

Lear. No, lad; teach me.

Fool. That lord, that counsell'd'd thee
To give away thy land,
Come, place him here by me,—
Or do thou for him stand:
The sweet and bitter fool
Will presently appear;
The one in motley here,
The other found out there.

Lear. Dost thou call me fool, boy?

Fool. All thy other titles thou hast given away; that thou wast born with.

Kent. This is not altogether fool, my lord.

Fool. No, 'faith, lords and great men will not let me; if I had a monopoly out, they would have part on't: and ladies too, they will not let me have all fool to myself; they'll be snatching.—Give me an egg, nuncle, and I'll give thee two crowns.

Lear. What two crowns shall they be?

Fool. Why, after I have cut the egg i' the middle, and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg. When thou clovest thy crown i' the middle, and gavest away both parts, thou borest thine ass on thy back over the dirt: Thou hadst little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gavest thy golden one away. If I speak like myself in this, let him be whipp'd that first finds it so.

Fools had ne'er less grace** in a year; [Sings.]

For wise men are grown foolish;

And know not how their wits to wear,

Their manners are so apish.

Lear. When were you wont to be so full of songs, sirrah?

Fool. I have used it, nuncle, ever since thou

† Estate or property.

‡ Black hand.

¶ Belongest. ... Favours.

madest thy daughters thy mother: for when thou gavest them the rod, and put'st down thine own breeches,

Then they for sudden joy did weep, [Sings]

And I for sorrow sung,

That such a king should play bo-peep,

And go the fools among.

Fry 'three, nunckle, keep a school-master that can teach thy fool to tin; I would learn to lie.

Lear. If you lie, death, we'll have you whipped.

Fool. I marvel, what kin thou and thy daughters art: they'll have me whipped for speaking true, thou'lt have me whipped for lying; and, sometimes, I am whipped for holding my peace. — I had rather be any kind of thing, than a fool: and yet I would not be the worse for it: thou hast pared thy wit o' both sides and left nothing in the middle: Here come one o' the parings.

Enter GONZILL.

Lear. How now, daughter! what make that frontlet * on? Methinks, you are too much of late i' the frown.

Fool. Thou wast a pretty fellow, when thou hadst no need to care for her frowning: now thou art an O+ without a figure: I am better than thou art now: I am a fool, the art nothing. — Yes, forsooth, I will hold in tongue; so your face [To GON.] bids me though you say nothing. Num, num,

He that keeps nor crust nor crum,

Wary of all, shall want some. —

That's a shealed peascod. [Pointing to LEAR.]

Gon. Not only, sir, this your all-licensed fool

But other of your insolent retinue

Do hourly carp and quarrel; breaking fort

In rank and not-to-be-endured shifts. Sir,

I had thought, by making this well known in you, [fear]

To have found a safe redress; but now grow

By what yourself too late have spoke and don

That you protect this course, and put it on

By your allowance; which if you should, it

fault [slee]

Would not 'scape censure, nor the redress

Which in the tender of a wholesome weal,

Might in their working do you that offence,

Which else were shame, that then necessity

Will call discreet proceeding.

Fool. For your own sake, I

rogate* body never spring
ar her! If she must teem,
of spleen; that it may live,
t disnatured torment to her!
inkies in her brow of youth;
ars fret channels in her cheeks;
ther's pains, and benefits,
contempt; that she may feel
an a serpent's tooth it is—
ess child!—Away, away! [Exit.
ods, that we adore, whereof
[cause;
afflict yourself to know the
dition have that scope
es it.

te-enter LEAR.
lity of my followers, at a clap!
ght?

t's the matter, sir? [ashamed
l thee;—Life and death! I am
power to shake my manhood

[To GONERIL.
tears, which break from me
[fogs upon thee!

hee worth them.—Blasts and
oundings of a father's curse

se about thee!—Old fond eyes,
se again, I'll pluck you out;

ith the waters that you lose,
—Ha! Is it come to this!

et have I left a daughter,
is kind and comfortable;

car this of thee, with her nails
rolfish visage! Thou shalt find

the shape which thou dost think
ever; thou shalt, I warrant thee.

LEAR, KENT, and Attendants.
mark that, my lord!

be so partial, Goneril,
e I bear you,—

, content.—What, Oswald, hol!
knoave than fool, after your

[To the Fool.
Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry, and
th thee.

en one has caught her,
a daughter,

re to the slaughter,
p would buy a halter;

ol follows after. [Exit.
in hath had good counsel:—A

knights!
safe, to let him keep

ndred knights. Yes, that on
am,

iney, each complaint, dislike,
his dotage with their powers,

sin mercy.—Oswald, I say!—
sa may fear too far.

Safer than trust:
away the harness I fear,

be taken. I know his heart:
ter'd, I have writ my sister;

m and his hundred knights,
show'd the unfitness.—How

said?

Enter Steward.

What, have you writ that letter to my sister?

Stew. Ay, madam, [to horse:

Gon. Take you some company, and away
Inform her full of my particular fear;

And thereto add such reasons of your own,
As may compact it more. Get you gone;

And hasten your return. [Exit Stew.] No,
no, my lord,

This milky gentleness, and course of yours,
Though I condemn it not, yet, under pardon,

You are much more attack'd for want of wis-
Than praised for harmful mildness. [dom,

Alb. How far your eyes may pierce, I can-
not tell;

Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.
Gon. Nay, then—

Alb. Well, well; the event. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. Court before the same.

Enter LEAR, KENT, and Fool.

Lear. Go you before to Gloucester with these
letters: acquaint my daughter no further with

any thing you know, than comes from her de-
mand out of the letter: If your diligence be

not speedy, I shall be there before you.
Kent. I will not sleep, my lord, till I have

delivered your letter. [Exit.
Fool. If a man's brains were in his heels,

were't not in danger of kibes!
Lear. Ay, boy.

Fool. Then, I pr'ythee, be merry; thy wit
shall not go slipshod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha!
Fool. Shalt see, thy other daughter will use

these kindly: for though she's as like this as a
crab is like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. Why, what canst thou tell, my boy?
Fool. She will taste as like this, as a crab

does to a crab. Thou canst tell, why one's
nose stands i' the middle of his face?

Lear. No.
Fool. Why, to keep his eyes on either side

his nose; that what a man cannot smell out,
he may spy into.

Lear. I did her wrong:—
Fool. Canst tell how an oyster makes his shell?

Lear. No.
Fool. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a

snail has a house.
Lear. Why?

Fool. Why, to put his head in; not to give
it away to his daughters, and leave his horns

without a case.
Lear. I will forget my nature.—So kind a

father!—Be my horses ready!
Fool. Thy asses are gone about 'em. The

reason why the seven stars are no more than
seven, is a pretty reason.

Lear. Because they are not eight?
Fool. Yes, indeed; thou wouldst make a

good fool.
Lear. To take it again perforce!—Monster

ingratitude!
Fool. If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I'd have

thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Falling. Undressed. Asleep. F. L. Lashes to reprehension.

Enter EDMUND and CORBAN, meeting.

Edm. Sawesthee, Corban.

Cor. And you, sir. I have been with your father; and given him notice, that the duke of Cornwall, and Regan his duchess, will be here with him to-night.

Edm. How comes that?

Cor. Nay, I know not: You have heard of the news abroad; I mean, the whispered ones, for they are yet but ear-kissing arguments?

Edm. Not I; 'Pray you, what are they?

Cor. Have you heard of no likely war toward, 'twixt the dukes of Cornwall and Albany?

Edm. Not a word.

Cor. You may then, in time. Fare you well, sir. *[Exit.*

Edm. The duke be here to night! The better! Best!

This weaves itself perforce into my business! My father hath set guard to take my brother; And I have one thing, of a queary * question, Which I must act:—Briefness, and fortune, work!—

Brother, a word; descend:—Brother, I say;

Enter EDGAR.

My father watches:—O sir, fly this place; Intelligence is given where you are hid;

You have now the good advantage of the night:— *[Cornwall!]*

Have you not spoken 'gainst the duke of Gloucester coming hither; now, 't' the night, 't' the haste,

And Regan with him; Have you nothing said Upon his party 'gainst the duke of Albany? Advise† yourself.

Edg. I am sure on't, not a word.

Strong and fasten'd villain!
May his better I—I never got him.

[*Trumpets within.*]

Take's trumpets! I know not why
comes:—

Bar; the villain shall not scape;
must grant me that: besides, his

far and near, that all the kingdom
we note of him; and of my land,
natural boy, I'll work the means
capable.

Now I, REGAN, & Attendants.
Now now, my noble friend! since I

hither, [strange news
can call but now,] I have heard

be true, all vengeance comes too
[my lord!]

pursue the offender. How dost,
madam, my old heart is crack'd,

did! [your life!]
st, did my father's godson seek

my father named? your Edgar?
my, lady, shame would have it hid!

he not companion with the riotous
pon my father? [knights

I know not, madam:
I, too had.—

Yes, madam, he was.
marvel then, though he were ill:

erl;
re put him on the old man's death,

waste and spoil of his revenues.
present evening from my sister

inform'd of them; and with such
me,

come to sojourn at my house,
here.

Nor I, assure thee, Regan.—
hear that you have shown your

office. [father]
I was my duty, sir. [ceiv'd]

Ed bewray'd his practice; and re-
see, striving to apprehend him,

he pursued?
Ay, my good lord, he is.

us be taken, he shall never more
doing harm: make your own

me. [Edmund]
strength you please.—For you,

and obedience doth this instant
mend itself, you shall be ours;

sch deep trust we shall much need;
I seize on.

I shall serve you, sir,
over else.

him I thank your grace.
a know not why we came to visit

— [ey'd night.
s out of season; shrouding dark-

rible Gloster, of some poison,
must have use of your advice:—

ie bath writ, so hath our sister,
me, which I best thought it fit [gers

run our home; the several means

From hence attend despatch. Our good old
friend,

Lay comforts to your bosom; and bestow
Your needful counsel to our business,

Which craves the instant use.
Glo. I serve you, madam:

Your graces are right welcome. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Before Gloucester's Castle.

Enter KENT and Steward, severally.

Stew. Good dawning to thee, friend: Art
of the house?

Kent. Ay.
Stew. Where may we set our horses?

Kent. I'll t' the stable.
Stew. Pr'ythee, if thou love me, tell me.

Kent. I love thee not.
Stew. Why, then I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in Lipbury pinfold, I
would make thee care for me.

Stew. Why dost thou use me thus? I know
thee not,

Kent. Fellow, I know thee.
Stew. What dost thou know me for?

Kent. A knave; a rascal, an eater of broken
meats; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-

sulted, hundred-pound, filthy worsted-stocking
knave; a lily-livered, action-taking knave; a

whoreson, glass-gazing, supererogable, finical
rogue; one-trunk inheriting slave; one

that wouldst be a bawd, in way of good-ser-
vice, and art nothing but the composition of a

knave, beggar, coward, pander, and the son
and heir of a mongrel bitch: one whom I

will beat into clamorous whining, if thou de-
niest the least syllable of thy addition.

Stew. Why, what a monstrous fellow art
thou, thus to rail on one, that is neither known

of thee, nor knows thee!
Kent. What a brazen-faced varlet art thou,

to deny thou knowest and is it two days
ago, since I tripp'd up thy heels, and beat

thee, before the king? Draw, you rogue: for,
though it be night, the moon shines; I'll make

a sop o' the moonshine of you: Draw, you
whoreson, cullionly barber-monger, draw.

[*Drawing his sword.*]
Stew. Away; I have nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw, you rascal: you come with
letters against the king; and take vanity

the puppet's part, against the royalty of her
father: Draw, you rogue, or I'll so carbonado

your shanks:—draw, you rascal; come your
ways.

Stew. Help, ho! murder! help!
Kent. Strike, you slave; stand, rogue,

stand; you neat slave, strike. [*Beating him.*]
Stew. Help, ho! murder! murder!

*Enter EDMUND, CORNWALL, REGAN,
GLOSTER, and Servants.*

Edm. How now! What's the matter? Part,
Kent. With you, goodman boy, if you please;

come, I'll flesh you; come on, young master.
Glo. Weapons! arms! What's the matter

here?

Capable of succeeding to my land.

Weight. I Tilley,

† Betray,

† Wicked persons

† A character in the old moralities.

Kent. Keep your hands upon your lives;
 What is the matter?
 Corn. 'Tis nothing from our sister and
 Kent. 'Tis nothing of difference I speak.
 Kent. 'Tis nothing of death, my lord.
 Corn. 'Tis nothing you have so bestirred
 You cowardly rascal, nature
 Has made thee a man, and thou made thee
 A base and base fellow; a tailor
 Has cut thee out; a stone-cutter, or a
 Carver, have made him so ill, though
 But we hours at the trade.
 Kent. 'Tis true, you grew your apparel?
 Corn. 'Tis true, sir, where life I
 Have spared my life;—(have spared)
 Kent. 'Tis where you red!—then unbecom-
 ing. My lord, if you will give me
 Leave, I will cut this unbolted* villain into
 A thousand times the will of a iake* with
 My sword; a very board, you wagtail!
 Kent. 'Tis a reb!'
 You beastly knave, know you no reverence?
 Kent. Yes, sir; but anger has a privilege.
 Corn. Why art thou angry?
 Kent. That such a slave as this should wear
 A sword, [as these,
 Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues
 Like rats, oft bite the holy cords atwain
 Which are too lustrine; t' unloose; smooth
 every passion
 That in the natures of their lords rebels;
 Using oil to fire, snow to their colder moods;
 Rouse us, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks

fairs.—Put in his legs.—
It is put in the Stocks.
 away.

LEAR and CORNWALL.
 For thee, friend; 'tis the
 re,
 all the world well knows,
 nor stopp'd; I'll entreat
 [and travell'd hard;
 not, sir: I have watch'd,
 epout, the rest I'll whistle.
 e may grow out at heels:
 'ow!
 o blame in this; 'twill be

[*Exit.*
 . that must approve the
 e!
 's benediction comest

on to this under globe,
 able beams I may [clea,
 Nothing almost sees mira-
 'tis from Cordelia;
 nately been inform'd
 tree; and shall find time
 state,—seeking to give
 es:—All weary and o'er-

eyes, not to behold
 e.
 ; smile once more; turn
 [*He sleeps.*

Part of the Heath.

EDGAR.
 elf proclaim'd;
 hollow of a tree,
 No port is free; no place,
 t unusual vigilance,
 siking. While I may scape,
 elf; and am bethought
 nd most poorest shape,
 contempt of man. [filth;
 st: my face I'll grim with
 lft all my hair in knots;
 nakedness outface
 ceptions of the sky.
 ie proof and precedent
 who, with roaring voices,
 d and mortified bare arms
 ; nails, sprigs of rosemary;
 le object, from low farms,
 , sheep cotes and mills,
 sic bans, sometime with
 [Tom!
 .—Poor Turlygood! poor
 t;—Edgar I nothing am.
 [*Exit.*

Before Gloucester's Castle.

ool, and Gentleman.
 r, that they should so de-
 ne,

And not send back my messenger.

Gent. As I learn'd,
 The night before there was no purpose in them
 Of this remove.

Kent. Hail to thee, noble master!

Lear. How!

Makest thou this shame thy pastime?

Kent. No, my lord.

Fool. Ha, ha; look! he wears cruel gar-
 ters! Horses are tied by the heads; dogs, and
 bears, by the neck; monkeys by the loins,
 and men by the legs: when a man is over-
 lusty at legs, then he wears wooden nether-
 stocks &c.

Lear. What's he, that hath so much thy
 To set thee here? [*place mistook*

Kent. It is both he and she,

Your son and daughter.

Lear. No.

Kent. Yes.

Lear. No, I say.

Kent. I say, yea.

Lear. No, no; they would not.

Kent. Yes, they have.

Lear. By Jupiter, I swear no.

Kent. By Juno, I swear, ay.

Lear. They durst not do't; [than murder,
 They could not, would not do't; 'tis worse
 To do upon respect such violent outrage:
 Resolve me, with all modest haste, which way
 Thou mightst deserve, or they impose, this
 Coming from us. [*usage,*

Kent. My lord, when at their home
 I did commend your highness' letters to them,
 Ere I was risen from the place that show'd
 My duty kneeling, came there a reeking post,
 Stew'd in his haste, half breathless, panting
 From Generil his mistress, salutations; [forth
 Deliver'd letters, spite of intermission,
 Which presently they read: on whose contents,
 They summon'd up their melody^{oo}, straight
 took horse;

Commanded me to follow, and attend
 The leisure of their answer; gave me cold looks:
 And meeting here the other messenger,
 Whose welcome, I perceived, had poison'd
 (Being the very fellow that of late [*mine,*
 Display'd so saucily against your highness,
 Having more man than wit about me, drew;
 He rais'd the house with loud and coward cries:
 Your son and daughter found this trespass
 The shame which here it suffers. [*worth*

Fool. Winter's not gone yet, if the wild
 geese fly that way.

Fathers, that wear rags,
 Do make their children blind;
 But fathers, that bear bags,
 Shall see their children kind.

Fortune, that arrant whore,
 Ne'er turns the key to the poor.—

But, for all this, thou shalt have as many
 dolours^{tt} for thy daughters as thou canst tell
 in a year.

^o † Hair thus knotted was supposed to be the work of elves and fairies
 ‡ Skewers. § Curves. ¶ A quibble on crewel, worsted

reel for stockings.

^{oo} People, train or retinue.

^{tt} A quibble between dolours and dollars.

Isis. O, how this mother^o swells up
 [row, For th
 How she sits down, then climbing sor-
 1. Where is this daughter? Should
Ant. With the earl, sir, here within. That th
Isis. Follow me not; Is prac
S. [Exit. Go, tell
Isis. More vex no more offence than what
Ant. Now, (you speak of? Now, p
Isis. The king comes with so small a Or at th
Isis. And thou hast been set if the stocks Till it c
Isis. And thou hadst well deserved it. *Wla.*
Isis. Why, then? *Leav*
Isis. Well, get thee to school to an ant, to *Fool.*
 to the *to the e*
 All that follow their noses are led by their alive; i
 eyes, but blind men; and there's not a nose stick,
 among twenty, but can smell him that's stink- 'Twas i
 ing. Let go thy hold, when a great wheel horse, l
 runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with Enter
 following it; but the great one that goes
 up the hill, let him draw thee after. When
 a wise man gives thee better-counsel, give me
 none a-bain: I would have none but knaves
 follow it, since a fool gives it.
 That, sir, which serves and seeks for gain,
 And follows but for form,
 Will pack, when it begins to rain,
 And leave thee in the storm.
 But I will tarry, the fool will stay,
 And let the wise man fly:
 The knave turns fool, that runs away;
 The fool no knave, perdy.
Kent. Where learn'd you this, fool?

To take
For th
Should
That th
Is prac
Go, tell
Now, p
Or at th
Till it c
Wla.
Leav
Fool.
to the e
alive; i
stick,
'Twas i
horse, l
Enter
Leav
Corn
Reg.
Leav
I have
I would
Sepulch
Some o
Thy'st
Sharp-

abated me of half my train; [tongue,
black upon me; struck me with her
scorn-like, upon the very heart:—
stored vengeance of heaven fall
grateful top! Strike her young bones,
ang airs, with lameness!

Fie, fie, fie!
You nimble lightnings, dart your
flaming flames

scornful eyes! Infect her beauty,
smok'd fogs, drawn by the powerful
and blast her pride!

O the blest gods!
You wish on me, when the rash mood's
[my curse;

No, Regan, thou shalt never have
sun-baked nature shall not give [thine
to harshness; her eyes are fierce, but
art, and not burn: 'Tis not in thee
my pleasures, to cut off my train,
by empty words, to scant my sizes*,
commission, to oppose the bolt
my coming in: thou better know'st
of nature, bond of childhood,
of courtesy, dues of gratitude;
of the kingdom hast thou not forgot,
in I thee endow'd.

Good sir, to the purpose.

[Trumpets within.

Who put my man in the stocks?

What trumpet's that?

Enter Steward.

I know't, my sister's: this approves
her letter, [come!
she would soon be here.—Is your lady
in? This is a slave, whose easy-borrow'd
grace
win the sickle grace of her he follows:—
quit, from my sight?

What means your grace?

Who stock'd my servant? Regan, I
have good hope [O heavens,
that not know of't.—Who comes here?

Enter GONERIL.

do love old men, if your sweet sway
obedience, if yourselves are old,
your cause; send down, and take my
part!—

ashamed to look upon this beard?—

[To GONERIL.

Will thou take her by the hand?
Why not by the hand, sir? How have
I offended?

Of offence, that indiscretion finds,
stings terms so.

O, slides, you are too tough!
Can yet hold?—How came my man in the
stocks? [orders

I set him there, sir; but his own dis-
obedience much less advancement.

You! did you?

I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.

the expiration of your month,
will return and sojourn with my sister,
using half your train, come then to me;

I am now from home, and out of that provision
Which shall be needful for your entertainment.

Lear. Return to her, and fifty men dismiss'd!
No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose
To wage against the enmity o' the air;
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,—
Necessity's sharp pinch!—Return with her!
Why, the hot-blooded France, that dowerless
took

Our youngest born, I could as well be brought
To kneel his throne, and, squire-like, pension beg
To keep base life afoot:—Return with her!
Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter;
To this detested groom.

[Looking on the Steward.

Gon.

At your choice, sir. [mad;

Lear. I pr'ythee, daughter, do not make me
I will not trouble thee, my child; farewell:
We'll no more meet, no more see one another:—
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daugh-
Or, rather, a disease that's in my flesh, [ter;
Which I must needs call mine: thou art a boil,
A plague-sore, an embossed carbuncle, [thee;
In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it:
I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove:
Mend, when thou canst; be better, at thy let-
I can be patient; I can stay with Regan, [sure:
I and my hundred knights.

Reg.

Not altogether so, sir;

I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
For your fit welcome: Give ear, sir, to my sister;
For those that mingle reason with your passion,
Must be content to think you old, and so—
But she knows what she does.

Lear.

Is this well spoken now?

Reg. I dare avouch it, sir: What, fifty fol-
lowers?

Is it not well? What should you need of more?
Yea, or so many? sith that both charge and
danger [one horse,

Speak 'gainst so great a number? How, in
Should many people, under two commands,
Hold amity? 'Tis hard; almost impossible.

Gon. Why might not you, my lord, receive
attendance [mine?

From those that she calls servants, or from

Reg. Why not, my lord? If then they
chanced to slack you,

We could control them: If you will come to me,
[For now I spy a danger,] I entreat you
To bring but five and twenty; to no more
Will I give place or notice.

Lear.

I gave you all.—

Reg.

And in good time you gave it.

Lear. Made you my guardians, my deposita-
But kept a reservation to be follow'd [ries:
With such a number: What, must I come to you
With five and twenty, Regan? said you so?

Reg. And speak it again, my lord; no more
with me. [well-favour'd,

Lear. Those wicked creatures yet do look
When others are more wicked; not being the
worst,

* Contract my allowances.

† Approve.

‡ Wait.

A horse that carries necessaries on a journey.

§ Swelling.

¶ Sine-

4 L

Allow not nature more than nature needs,
 Man's life is cheap as beast's: thou art a lady;
 If only to go warm were gorgeous, [wear'st,
 Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous
 Which scarcely keeps thee warm.—But, for
 true need,— [I need!
 You heavens, give me that patience, patience
 You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
 As full of grief as age; wretched in both!
 If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts
 Against their father, fool me not so much
 To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger!
 O, let not women's weapons, water-drops,
 Stain my man's cheeks!—No, you unnatural
 I will have such revenges on you both, [hags,
 That all the world shall—I will do such things,—
 What they are, yet I know not; but they shall be
 The terrors of the earth. You think, I'll weep;
 No, I'll not weep:—
 I have full cause of weeping; but this heart
 Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,
 Or ere I'll weep:—O, fool, I shall go mad!
 [Exit LEAR, GLOSTER, KENT, & Fool.

ACT

SCENE I. A Heath.

A Storm is heard, with Thunder and Lightning.

Enter KENT and a Gentleman, meeting.

Kent. Who's here, beside foul weather?

Gent. One minded like the weather, most
 unquietly.

Kent. I know you: Where's the king?

Gent. Contending with the fretful element;
 Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
 Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,
 That things might change or cease: tears his
 white hair;

k further with you.

No, do not.
bat I am much more
open this purse, and take
If you shall see Cordelia,
(you shall,) show her this ring;
on who your fellow* is,
it know. He on this storm!
king. [more to say]

your hand: Have you no
ds, but, to effect, more than
[your pain
ve found the king, (in which
) he that first lights on him,
[*Exeunt severally.*

*'her Part of the Heath.
m continues.*

LEAR and Fool.

nd, and crack your cheeks!

hurricanes, spout
ch'd our steeples, drown'd

d thought-executing† fires,
oak-cleaving thunder-bolts,
ad! And thou, all-shaking

c rotundity o'the world!
lds, all gerinens spill at once,
fal man!

count holy water§ in a dry
this rain-water out o'door.
id ask thy daughter's bless-
pit is neither wise men
[spout, rain!

thy belly full! Spit, fire!
sfer, fire, are my daughters;
elements, with unkindness,
ngdom, call'd you children,
scription‡; why then let fall
sure; here I stand, your

k, and despised old man:—
servile ministers,
pernicious daughters join'd
r'd battles, 'gainst a head
s this. O! O! 'tis foul!
as a house to put his head
piece.

c, that will house,
e head has any,
id he shall louse;—
s marry many.
at makes his toe
his heart should make,
orn cry woe,
his sleep to wake.
ver yet fair woman, but she
glass.

ter KENT.
l be the pattern of all pe-
nothing.

Kent. Who's there?

Fool. Marry, here's grace, and a cod-piece;
that's a wise man, and a fool.

Kent. Alas! sir, are you here? things that
love night, [skies
Love not such nights as these; the wrathful
Gallow† the very wanderers of the dark,
And make them keep their caves: Since I was
man, [thunder,

Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
Remember to have heard: man's nature can-
The affliction, nor the fear. [not carry

Lear. Let the great gods,
That keep this dreadful pother** o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou
wretch,

That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipp'd of justice: Hide thee, thou bloody
hand; [tue,

Thou perjured, and thou simular†† man of vir-
That art incestuous: Cank'rd, to pieces shake,
That under covert and convenient seeming‡
Hast practis'd on man's life!—Close pent-up
gulls,

Rive your concealing continents, and cry
These dreadful summoners grace§§.—I am a
More sinn'd against, than sinning. [man,

Kent. Alack, bare-headed!
Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel;
Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the
tempest;

Repose you there: while I to this hard house,
(More hard than is the stone whereof 'tis raised;
Which even but now, demanding||| after you,
Denied me to come in,) return, and force
Their scantied courtesy.

Lear. My wits begin to turn,—
Come on, my boy: How dost, my boy? Art
cold? [follow!

I am cold myself.—Where is this straw, my
The art of our necessities is strange, [hovel,
That can make vile things precious. Come, your
Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart
That's sorry yet for thee.

Fool. He that has a little tiny wit,—
With heigh ho, the wind and the
rain,— [tunes fit;
Must make content with his for-
For the rain it raineth every
day¶¶.

Lear. True, my good boy.—Come, bring'ss
to this hovel. [*Exeunt LEAR & KENT*

Fool. This is a brave night to cool a cour-
tezan.—I'll speak a prophecy ere I go:
When priests are more in word than matter
When brewers mar their malt with water
When nobles are their tailors' tutors;
No heretics burn'd, but wenches' suitors
When every case in law is right;
No squire in debt, nor no poor knight;
When slanders do not live in tongues;
Nor cutpurses come not to throngs;

† Quick as thought.
phrase for fair words.

‡ Counterfeit. †† Appearance. ‡‡ Favour. §§ Inquisition.

¶¶ Part of the Clown's song in Twelfth Night.



Their gold i'the field;
 And new towers do churches build:—
 And thus the realm of Albion
 Groweth into confusion.
 But you, the duke, who lives to see't,
 That gold shall be used with feet.
 Except by Nothing shall make; for I live
 [Exit.

Scene II. A Room in Gloster's Castle.

Enter GLOSTER and EDMUND.

Glo. How now, Edmund, I like not this
 When I desired their leave
 that I might pity him, they took from me the
 use of mine own house; charged me, on pain
 of their perpetual displeasure, neither to speak
 of him, entreat for him, nor any way sus-
 tain him.

Edm. Most savage, and unnatural!

Glo. Go to; say you nothing: There is di-
 vision between the dukes; and a worse mat-
 ter than that: I have received a letter this
 night,—'tis dangerous to be spoken;—I have
 locked the letter in my closet: these injuries
 the king now bears will be revenged home;
 there is part of a power already footed*: we
 must incline to the king. I will seek him,
 and privily relieve him: go you, and maintain
 talk with the duke, that my charity be not of
 him perceived: if he ask for me, I am ill,
 and gone to bed. If I die for it, as no less is
 threatened me, the king my old master must
 be relieved: There is some strange thing to-
 ward, Edmund; pray you, be careful. [Exit.

Edm. This courtesy, for bid thee, shall the duke
 instantly know; and of that letter too:—

In such
 Your o
 O, tha
 No mo
 As
 Lea
 This te
 On this
 In, boy
 Nay, go

Poorn
 That bi
 How sh
 Your le
 From
 Too lit
 Expose
 That th
 And sh
 Edg.

Fool
 spirit.
 Kent
 Fool.
 Kent
 Come f
 Edg.
 Throug



hat discarded fathers
little mercy on their flesh?
sent! 'twas this flesh begot
ghsters.
sat on pillicock's-hill;—
, loo!

night will turn us all to fools

o'the foul fiend: Obey thy
word justly; swear not;
nan's sworn spouse; set not
proud array: Tom's a-cold.
it thou been?

man, proud in heart and
my hair; wore gloves in my
lust of my mistress's heart,
darkness with her; swore
I spake words, and broke
thace of heaven; one, that
ing of lust, and waked to do
leely; dice dearly; and in
oured the Turk: False of
r, bloody of hand; Hog in
r, wolf in greediness, dog in
rey. Let not the creaking of
ling of silks, betray thy poor
leep thy foot out of brothels,
ickets, thy pen from lenders'
e foul fiend.—Still through
s the cold wind: Says sum,
, dolphin my boy, my boy,
by.

[*Storm continues.*
were better in thy grave,
th thy uncover'd body this
des.—Is man no more than
well: Thou owest the worm
no hide, the sheep no wool,
e:—Ha! here's three of us
—Thou art the thing itself:
man is no more but such a
l animal as thou art.—Off,
—Come, unbutton here!

[*Tearing off his clothes.*
uncle, be contented; this is
swim in.—Now a little fire
e like an old lecher's heart;
the rest of his body cold.—
a walking fire.

foul fiend Flibbertigibbet:
, and walk till the first cock;
id the pin; squints the eye,
re-lip; mildews the white
the poor creature of earth.
dy footed thrice the world;
light-mare, and her nine-
light, [fold;
roth plight,
hee V, which, aroint thee!
s your grace?
sken, with a Torch.

is?

Kent. Who's there? What is't you seek?

Glo. What are you there? Your names?

Edg. Poor Tom; that eats the swimming
frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt, and
the water^{ss}; that in the fury of his heart, when
the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for sallies;
swallows the old rat, and the ditch-dog; drinks
the green mantle of the standing pool; who is
whipped from tything to tything^{tt}, and stocked,
punished, and imprisoned; who hath had three
suits to his back, six shirts to his body, horse
to ride, and weapon to wear,—

*But mice and rats, and such small deer,
Have been Tom's food for seven long year.*
Beware my follower.—Peace, Smolkin^{tt}; peace,
thou fiend!

Glo. What, hath your grace no better com-

Edg. The prince of darkness is a gentleman;
Noddy he's call'd, and Mahn^{ss}. [so vile,

Glo. Our flesh and blood, my lord, is grown
That it doth hate what gets it.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.

Glo. Go in with me; my duty cannot suffer
To obey in all your daughters' hard commands;
Though their injunction be to bar my doors,
And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you;
Yet have I ventured to come seek you out,
And bring you where both fire and food is
ready.

Lear. First let me talk with this philo-
What is the cause of thunder?

Kent. Good my lord, take his offer;
Go into the house.

Lear. I'll talk a word with this same learned
What is your study?

Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill

Lear. Let me ask you one word in private.

Kent. Impertune him once more to go, my
His wits begin to unsettle.

Glo. Canst thou blame him? [Kent!—
His daughters seek his death:—Ah, that good
He said it would be thus:—Poor banish'd man!—
Thou sayst the king grows mad; I'll tell thee,
friend,

I am almost mad myself; I had a son, [life,
Now outlaw'd from my blood; he sought my
But lately, very late; I loved him, friend,—
No father his son dearer: true to tell thee,

[*Storm continues.*
The grief hath crazed my wits. What a night's
I do beseech your grace,— [this!

Lear. O, cry you mercy,
Noble philosopher, your company.

Edg. Tom's a-cold. [thee warm.

Glo. In, fellow, there, to the hovel; keep

Lear. Come, let's in all.

Kent. This way, my lord.

Lear. With him;

I will keep still with my philosopher.

Kent. Good my lord, soothe him; let him

Glo. Take him you on. [take the fellow.

he custom to wear gloves in the hat, as the favour of a mistress.
[*Edg.* Here, are probably only a marginal direction crept into the matter.
ye. § A saint said to protect his devotees from the disease called
§ Wild down, so called in various parts of England. ¶ A want-
newt. ¶ A tything is a division of a county. ¶ A kuma of a ty-
§ The chief devil.



KING LEAR.

943

like, or trundle-tail ;
ake them weep and wail :
browng thus my head,
he hatch, and all are fled.
Sessa. Come, march to wakes
arket towns :—Poor Tom, thy

et them anatomize Regan, see
out her heart: Is there any
that makes these hard hearts ?
ertain you for one of my hun-
lo not like the fashion of your
will say, they are Persian
tem be changed. [To EDGAR.
good my lord, lie here, and

so noise, make no noise ; draw
o, so, so : We'll go to supper
So, so, so.

I go to bed at noon.

Enter GLOSTER.

Other, friend: Where is the
master ?

sir ; but trouble him not, his
pore. [thy arms ;

riend, I pr'ythee take him in
d a plot of death upon him :

ready ; lay him in't,
rds Dover, friend, where thou

t [master :
and protection. Take up thy

daily half an hour, his life,
all that offer to defend him,

iloes : Take up, take up ;
that will to some provision

conduct.
as'd nature sleeps :— [senses,

yet have balm'd thy broken
sience will not allow,

care.—Come, help to bear thy

may bind. [To the Fool.

Come, come, away.
swe, GLOSTER, and the Fool,
g off the King.

we our betters see bearing our

sink our miseries our foes.
rs, suffers most i' the mind ;

ngs, and happy shows, behind :
ind much sufferance doth o'er-

mates, and bearing fellowship.
portable my pain seems now,
ch makes me bend, makes the

father'd !—Tom, away :
noises ; and thyself bewray t,
tion, whose wrong thought de-

repeals, and reconciles thee.
more to-night, safe scape the

[Exit.

he great events that are approaching.
and invested with his father's title.

§ Decentral. oo Live.

§ Betray, discover.

§ Inquiries. § Bend to our wish.

§ Betray, discover.

SCENE VII. A Room in Gloster's Castle.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GONERIL,
EDMUND, and Servants.

Corn. Post speedily to my lord your hus-
band ; show him this letter :—the army of
France is landed :—Seek out the villain Glo-
ster. [Exeunt some of the Servants.

Reg. Hang him instantly.

Gen. Pluck out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my displeasure. Edmund,
keep you our sister company ; the revenges
we are bound to take upon your traitorous
father, are not fit for your beholding. Advise
the duke, where you are going, to a most festi-
mate preparation ; we are bound to the like.
Our posts shall be swift, and intelligent betwixt
us. Farewell, dear sister ;—farewell, my lord
of Gloster !

Enter Steward.

How now ? Where's the king ? [him hence :

Stew. My lord of Gloster hath convey'd
Some five or six and thirty of his knights,

Hot questrists ; after him, met him at gate ;
Who, with some other of the lord's dependants,

Are gone with him towards Dover ; where
To have well-arm'd friends. [they boast

Corn. Get horses for your mistress.

Gen. Farewell, sweet lord, and sister.

[Exeunt GONERIL and EDMUND.

Corn. Edmund, farewell.—Go, seek the
traitor Gloster,

Pluck him like a thief ; bring him before us :
[Exeunt other Servants.

Though well we may not pass upon his life
Without the form of justice ; yet our power

Shall do a courtesy to our wrath, which men
May blame, but not control. Who's there ?

The traitor ?

Re-enter Servants, with GLOSTER.

Reg. Ingrateful fox ! 'tis he.

Corn. Bind fast his corky arms.

Glo. What mean your graces ?—Good my
friends, consider

You are my guests : do me no foul play, friends.
Corn. Bind him, I say. [Servants bind him.

Reg. Hard, hard :—O filthy traitor !

Glo. Unmerciful lady as you are, I am none.

Corn. To this chair bind him :—Villain, thou
shalt find— [REGAN plucks his beard.

Glo. By the kind gods, 'tis most ignobly done
To pluck me by the beard.

Reg. So white, and such a traitor.

Glo. Naughty lady,
These hairs, which thou dost ravish from my
chin, host ;

Will quicken **, and accuse thee : I am your
With rubbers' hands, my hospitable favours ?

You should not ruffle thus. What will you do ?

Corn. Come, sir, what letters had you late
from France ? [truth.

Reg. Be simple-answer'd, for we know the
Corn. And what confederacy have you with

Late footed in the kingdom ? [the traitors

he great events that are approaching.
and invested with his father's title.

§ Decentral. oo Live.

§ Betray, discover.

§ Inquiries. § Bend to our wish.

§ Betray, discover.

How many watchmen have you sent the
 {lunatic king?
 How have I have a letter guessingly set down,
 And that to come that's of a neutral heart,
 And not from one opposed.
 Canning.
 And false.
 Where hast thou sent the king?
 To Dover.
 Wherefore
 Wert thou not charged at thy peril—
 Wherefore to Dover? Let him first
 answer that. {stand the course.
 I am tied to the stake, and I must
 Reg. Wherefore to Dover?
 Because I would not see thy cruel nails
 Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce sister
 In a forced and flesh stick boarish fangs.
 Thou, with a step as stern as his bare head
 In flaming torchlight ending, would have buoy'd
 Up to the stelled * fires: yet, poor old
 Asleep, the heavens to rain.
 How dost thou feel at thy gate how'd that stern
 {the key:
 As thou hast have said, *Good porter, turn*
 In the old and cribbed?—But I shall see
 My aged vengeance overtake such children.
 See it shalt thou never:—Fellows,
 hold the chair;
 For these eyes of thine I'll set my foot.
 OSTER is held down in his Chair,
 while CORNWALL plucks out one of
 his Eyes, and sets his Foot on it.
 Glo. He, that will think to live till he be old,
 Give me some help: O cruel! O ye gods!

Serr. I
 cha
 {Dr
 Reg. G
 A
 {Sai
 Serr. C
 To see son
 Corn. I
 Where is t
 {Tiar
 Glo. Al
 my
 Edmund,
 To quit t
 Reg.
 Thou call'
 That made
 Who is for
 Glo.
 Then Edg:
 Kind gods
 Reg. G
 him
 His way to
 Corn. I
 lady
 Turn out th
 Upon the d
 Untimely c
 {Exit
 umbi
 1 Serr. I
 If this man



KING LEAR.

945

res us; and our mere defects
modities.—Ah, dear son Edgar,
y abused father's wrath!
e to see thee in my touch,
es again!

How now? Who's there?
.) O gods! Who isn't can say,
the worst!

in e'er I was.
'Tis poor mad Tom.
t.] And worse I may be yet:
st is not,
can say, *This is the worst.*
ow, where goest?

Is it a beggar-man?
man and beggar too. [not beg-
s some reason, else he could
's storm I such a fellow saw;
e think a man a worm: My son
' my mind; and yet my mind
're friends with him: I have
ore things
ton boys, are we to the gods;
r their sport.

How should this be?—
e must play the fool to sorrow,
f and others. [*Aside.*—Bless
ster!

the naked fellow?
Ay, my lord.
pr'ythee, get thee gone: If, for
ake us, hence a mile or twain,
over, do it for ancient love;
e covering for this naked soul,
eat to lead me.

Alack, sir, he's mad.
time's plague, when madmen
blind.

e, or rather do thy pleasure;
, be gone. [have,
ring him the best 'parel that I
t will. [*Exit.*
naked fellow!

Tom's a-cold—I cannot daub
t. [*Aside.*
ither, fellow.

| And yet I must.—Bless thy
as, they bleed.

: thou the way to Dover?
tile and gate, horse-way, and
or Tom hath been scared out of
Bless the good man from the
: hands have been in poor Tom
, as *Obolus*; *Hobdiddance*,
sees; *Mahu*, of stealing; *Mado*,
i *Flubbertigibbet*, of mopping
who since possesses chamber-
lading-women. So, bless thee,

like this parcel, thou whom the
plagues
all strokes: that I am wretched
, happier:—Heavens, that so

Let the superfluous, and lust-dieted man,
That slaves your ordinance, that will not see
Because he doth not feel your power
So distribution should undo excess, [quickly;
And each man have enough.—Dost thou

Edg. Ay, master. [know Dover?

Glo. There is a cliff, whose high and bending
Looks fearfully in the confined deep: [head
Bring me but to the very brim of it,
And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear,
With something rich about me: from that place
I shall no leading need.

Edg. Give me thy arm;
Poor Tom shall lead thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Before the Duke of Albany's
Palace.*

*Enter GONERIL and EDMUND; Steward
meeting them.*

Gon. Welcome, my lord: I marvel, our mild
husband [master?
Not met us on the way:—Now, where's your
Stew. Madam, within; but never man so
changed;

I told him of the army that was landed;
He smiled at it: I told him, you were coming;
His answer was, *The worse*: of Gloucester's trea-
And of the loyal service of his son, [chery,
When I inform'd him, then he call'd me so;
And told me, I had turn'd the wrong side out:—
What most he should dislike, seems pleasant
What like, offensive. [to him;

Gon. Then shall you go no further.
[*Edmund.*

It is the cowardly terror of his spirit,
That dares not undertake: he'll not feel wrongs,
Which tie him to an answer: Our wishes, on
the way, [brother:
May prove effects. Back, Edmund, to my
Hasten his musters, and conduct his powers:
I must change arms at home, and give the distaff
Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant
Shall pass between us: ere long, you are like
to hear,

If you dare venture in your own behalf,
A mistress's command. Wear this; spare
speech; [Giving a favour.

Decline your head: this kiss, if it durst speak,
Would stretch thy spirits up into the air;—
Conceive, and fare thee well.

Edm. Yours in the ranks of death.

Gon. My most dear Gloucester!

[*Exit EDMUND.*

O, the difference of man, and man! To thee
A woman's services are due; my fool
Unpurpos'd bed.

Stew. Madam, here comes my lord.
[*Exit Steward.*

Enter ALBANY.

Gon. I have been worth the whistle.

Alb. [To Goneril]

You are not worth the dust which the rude wind
Blows in your face—I fear your disposition
That nature, which contains its own seeds,
Cannot be border'd certain in its issue.

* A. C. To which is subject to my friend of writing in the
us wishing the road may be completed.

She that herself will sliver * and disbranch
From her material sap, perforce must wither,
And come to deadly use.

Gen. No more! the text is foolish. [vile:]

Alb. Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem
Faiths saviour but themselves. What have you
done?

Tigers, not daughters, what have you perform'd!
A father, and a gracious aged man,

Whose reverence the head-lugg'd bear would
lick, [maddened.]

Most barbarous, most degenerate! have you
Could my good brother suffer you to do it?

A man, a prince, by him so benefited?

If that the heavens do not their visible spirits
Send quickly down to tame these vile offences,

'Twill come,
Humanity must perforce prey on itself,
Like monsters of the deep.

Gen. Milk-liver'd man!
That bearest a cheek for blows, a head for

wrongs:

Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning
Thine honour from thy suffering; that not

know'st,

Fools do those villains pity, who are punish'd
For they have done their mischief. Where's

thy drum? land;

France spreads his banners in our noiseless
With plumed helm thy slayer begins threats;

Whilst thou, a moral fool, sit'st still, and criest,
Alack! why does he so?

Alb. See thyself, devil!
Proper deformity seems not in the fiend

Upon m
The new

Alb. V

hi

Mess.

Alb.

Mess.

Alb. E

Mess.

ag

And qui

Might ha

Alb.

To thank

ki

And to

Tell me

SCENE

E

Kent.

gone bac

Gen. S

Which si

wi

Imports

That his

And nece

Kent.

Gen.

le

Kent.

any dem

self mate and mate could not beget
erent issues. You spoke not with her
No. [since]

Was this before the king return'd?

No, since.

Well, sir; The poor distress'd Lear is
the town;

sometime, in his better tune, remembers
are come about, and by no means
to see his daughter.

Why, good sir?

A sovereign shame so elbows him:
own unkindness, [her
ipp'd her from his benediction, turn'd
on casualties, gave her dear rights
long-hearted daughters,—these things
ing
ing so venomously, that burning shame
him from Cordelia.

Alack, poor gentleman!

Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers
on heard not?

'Tis so; they are afoot. [Lear,

Well, sir, I'll bring you to our master
to you to attend him: some dear cause

concealment wrap me up awhile;
am known aright, you shall not grieve

me this acquaintance. I pray you, go
with me. [Exeunt.]

ENE IV. *The same. A Tent.*

CORDELIA, Physician, and Soldiers.

Alack, 'tis he; why, he was met even
as the vex'd sea; singing aloud; [now

I with rank funner], and furrow
roads, [ers,

locks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flow-
and all the idle weeds that grow

sustaining corn.—A century send forth;
every acre in the high-grown field,

ng him to our eye. [Exit an Officer.]—
What can man's wisdom do,

restoring his bereaved sense?
helps him, take all my outward worth.

There is means, madam:
her-nurse of nature is repose,

leth he lacks; that to provoke in him,
my simples operative, whose power

ee the eye of anguish.

All bless'd secrets,
unpublish'd virtues of the earth,

with my tears! beadant, and remediate,
god man's distress!—Seek, seek for him;

ungovern'd rage dissolve the life
into the means to lead it].

Enter a Messenger.

Madam, news;
fish powers are marching hitherward.

'Tis knowna before; our preparation
lands

station of them.—O dear father,
business that I go about;

ve great France

My mourning, and important tears, hath
pited.

No blown ambition doth our arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our aged father's right:

Soon may I hear, and see him. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V. *A Room in Gloucester's Castle.*

Enter REGAN and Steward.

Reg. But are my brother's powers set forth?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Reg. Himself

In person there?

Stew. Madam, with much ado:

Your sister is the better soldier. [at home]

Reg. Lord Edmund spake not with your lord

Stew. No, madam. [him]

Reg. What might import my sister's letter to

Stew. I know not, lady. [matter]

Reg. 'Faith, he is posted hence on serious

It was great ignorance, Gloucester's eyes being out,

To let him live; where he arrives, he moves

All hearts against us: Edmund, I think, is gone,

In pity of his misery, to despatch

His nighted life; moreover, to descry

The strength o'the enemy. [my letter]

Stew. I must needs after him, madam, with

Reg. Our troops set forth to-morrow; stay

The ways are dangerous. [with us]

Stew. I may not, madam;

My lady charged my duty in this business.

Reg. Why should she write to Edmund?

might not you

Transport her purposes by word? Believe,

Something—I know not what:—I'll love thee

Let me unseal the letter. [much]

Stew. Madam, I had rather—

Reg. I know, your lady does not love her

husband;

I am sure of that: and, at her late being here,

She gave strange orillades, and most speaking

looks [bosom]

To noble Edmund: I know, you are of her

Stew. I, madam? [know it]

Reg. I speak in understanding; you are, I

Therefore, I do advise you, take this note:

My lord is dead; Edmund and I have talk'd;

And more convenient is he for my hand,

Than for your lady's:—You may gather more

If you do find him, pray you, give him this;

And when your mistress hears thus much from

I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her. [you,

So, fare you well.

If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,

I'll referment falls on him that cuts him off.

Stew. 'Would I could meet him, madam! I

What party I do follow. [would show]

Reg. Fare thee well. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI. *The Country near Dover.*

Enter GLOSTER, and EDGAR, dressed like a

Peasant.

Glo. When shall we come to the top of that

same hill?

• Forces. • Important business.

• The reason which should guide it.

• A, His life made dark as night.

• Observe what I am saying.

• Fumitory.

• Important.

• A cast, or significant

• labor

• Charlocting.

• labor the eye

Edg. You do climb up it now; look, how
we labour.
Glo. Methinks, the ground is even.
Edg. Horrible steep:
Hark, do you hear the sea?
Glo. No, truly.
Edg. Why, then your other senses grow im-
perfect
By your eyes' anguish.
Glo. So may it be, indeed:
Methinks, thy voice is alter'd; and thou speakest
In better phrase, and matter, than thou didst.
Edg. You are much deceived; in nothing
But in my garments. [am I changed,
Glo. Methinks, you are better spoken.
Edg. Come on, sir; here's the place:—stand
still.—How fearful
And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low!
The crows, and choughs*, that wing the mid-
way air,
Showscar, e so gross as beetles: Half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire†; dreadful
trade!
Methinks, he seems no bigger than his head:
The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice; and you tall anchoring bark,
Diminish'd to her cock‡; her cock, a buoy
Almost too small for sight: The murmuring
surge,
That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high:—I'll look no more;
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong.
Glo. Set me where you stand.
Edg. Give me your hand: You are now

Thus:
What:
Glo.
Edg.
So ma
Thou h
Hast h
Ten m
Which
Thy li
Glo.
Edg.
Look t
Cannot
Glo.
Is wro
To en
When
And fr
Edg.
Up: &
Glo.
Edg.
Upon t
Which
Glo.
Edg.
e
Weret
Horns
It was



KING LEAR.

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voice.
 ril! with a white beard I—
 like a dog; and told me, I
 my beard, ere the black
 o say *ay*, and *no*, to every
 and no too was no good
 he rain came to wet me
 to make me chatter; when
 not peace at my bidding;
 o, there I smelt them out.
 t men o'their words: they
 cry thing; 'tis a lie; I am

of that voice I do well
 (remember:
 Ay, every inch a king:
 e, how the subject quakes.
 life; what was thy cause?—

Die for adultery! Nô:
 , and the small gilded fly
 sight.
 ve, for Gloucester's bastard son
 father, than my daughters
 ful sheets.
 sell, for I lack soldiers.—
 ing dame
 her forks presageth snow;
 , and does shake the head.
 's name;
 e soiled horse, goes to't
 is appetite.
 let they are centaurs,
 above;
 to the gods inherit,
 lend's: there's hell, there's

rons pit, burning, scalding,
 m;—Fie, fie, fie! pah, pah!
 f civet, good apothecary, to
 nation: there's money for

as that hand!
 pe it first; it smells of mor-

iece of nature! This great
 (me!
 o naught.—Dost thou know
 er thine eyes well enough.
 at me? No, do thy worst,
 not love.—Read thou this
 nt the penning of it.
 he letters sans, I could not

take this from report;—it is,
 aks at it.

the case of eyes?
 e you there with me? No
 sor no money in your purse!
 heavy case, your purse in a
 how this world goes.
 lagly.
 mad? A man may see how
 with no eyes. Look with

thine ears: see how you' justice rails upon you'
 simple thief. Hark, in thine ear: Change
 places; and, handy-dandy, which is the jus-
 tice, which is the thief?—Thou hast seen a far-
 mer's dog bark at a beggar?

Glo. Ay, sir.
Lear. And the creature run from the cur?
 There thou mightst behold the great image of
 authority: a dog's obeyed in office.
 Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand:
 Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thine
 own back;
 Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind
 For which thou whipp'st her. The usurer
 hangs the cozener.

Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;
 Robes, and furr'd gowns, hide all. Plate sin
 with gold,
 And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks:
 Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.
 None does offend, none, I say, none; I'll able
 'em:

Take that of me, my friend, who have the power
 To seal the accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes;
 And, like a scurvy politician, seem [now, now:
 To see the things thou dost not.—Now, now,
 Pull off my boots:—harder, harder; so.

Edg. O, matter and impertinency mix'd!
 Reason in madness! [my eyes,
Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take
 I know thee well enough; thy name is Gloucester:
 Thou must be patient; we came crying hither,
 Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air,
 We wawl, and cry:—I will preach to thee;
 mark me.

Glo. Alack, alack the day! [are come
Lear. When we are born, we cry, that we
 To this great stage of fools:—This is a good block!
 It were a delicate stratagem, to shoe
 A troop of horse with felt: I'll put it in proof;
 And when I have stolen upon these sons-in-law,
 Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

Enter a Gentleman, with Attendants.
Gent. O, here he is, lay hand upon him,—sir,
 Your most dear daughter—

Lear. No rescue? What a prisoner! I am even
 The natural fool of fortune.—Use me well;
 You shall have ransome. Let me have a surgeon,
 I am cut to the brains.

Gent. You shall have any thing.
Lear. No seconds? All myself?
 Why, this would make a man, a man of salt,
 To use his eyes for garden water-pots,
 Ay, and for laying autumn's dust.

Gent. Good sir,— [What?
Lear. I will die bravely, like a bridegroom:
 I will be jovial; come, come; I am a king.
 My masters, know you that!

Gent. You are a royal one, and we obey you.
Lear. Then there's life in it. Nay, as you
 get it, you shall get it by running. Sa, sa, sa,
 sa. [Exit, running; Attendants follow.

Gent. A sight most pitiful in the meanest
 wretch, [daughter,
 Past speaking of in a king! Thou hast one

man. † Only. ‡ Possess. § Look upward.
 uly dignified the head part of a hat. ¶ E. e., A man of tears.
 18

Edg. I thank you, sir, for your kindness.
Gent. Though that the queen on special
Her army is moved on. [cause is here,

Edg. I thank you, sir. [Exit *Gent.*

Glo. You ever-gentle gods, take my breath
from me;

Let not my worsen'd spirit tempt me again
To die before you please!

Edg. Well pray you, father.

Glo. Now, good sir, what are you?

Edg. A most poor man, made tame by for-
tune's blows;

Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows,
Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand,
I'll lead you to some biding.

Glo. Hearty thanks:
The bounty and the benison of heaven
To boot, and boot!

Enter Steward.

Stew. A proclaim'd prize! most happy!
That eyeless head of thine was first framed flesh
To raise my fortunes.—Thou old unhappy
traitor,

Briefly thyself remember:—The sword is out
That must destroy thee.

Glo. Now let thy friendly hand
Put strength enough to it. [*Edgar opposes.*

Stew. Wherefore, bold peasant,
Darest thou support a publish'd traitor? Hence:
Lest that the infection of his fortune take

Like hold on thee. Let go his arm. [*'Casion.*

Edg. Ch'll not let go, sir, without further

Stew. Let go, slave, or thou die.

Edg. Good gentleman, go your gait, and let
poor folk pass. And ch'ud ha' been zwagger'd
out of my life, 'twould not ha' been so long as
'tis by a fortnight. Nay, come not near this
old man: keep out, che vor'ye, or ise try

Then be it so, my good lord.—How
was the king? *(To the Physician.)*

Madam, sleeps still.
O you kind gods,
a great breach in his abused nature!
med and jarring senses, O wind up,
child-change father!

So please your majesty,
may wake the king? he hath slept long.
Be govern'd by your knowledge, and
used

my of your own will. Is he array'd?
Ay, madam; in the heaviness of his
break garments on him. *(sleep,*

Be by, good madam, when we do
not of his temperance. *[awake him;*

Very well. *[music there.*
Please you, draw near.—Louder the
b, my dear father! Restoration, hang
kiss on my lips; and let this kiss
use violent harms, that my two sisters
thy reverence made!

Kind and dear princess!
had you not been their father, these
kiss shakes

longed pity of them. Was this a face,
posed against the warring winds?
against the deep dread-boiled thunder?
not terrible and nimble stroke
cross lightning to watch *(poorperdu!)*
a thin helm? Mine enemy's dog,
is had bit me, should have stood that
gilt *[father,*

my fire; And wast thou fain, poor
flesh with swine, and rogues forlorn,
and musty straw? Alack, alack!
der, that thy life and wits at once
concluded all.—He wakes; speak to
Madam, do you; 'tis fittest. *[him.*
How does my royal lord? How fares
or majesty? *[o'the grave:—*

'You do me wrong, to take me out,
a soul in bliss; but I am bound
wheel of fire, that mine own tears
like molten lead.

Sir, do you know me?
You are a spirit, I know: When did
kill, still, far wide! *[you die?*
He's scarce awake; let him alone
while.

Where have I been?—Where am I?
sir day-light! *[pity,*
jelly abused.—I should even die with
other thus.—I know not what to say.—

I will not swear, these are my hands:—let's see;
I feel this pin prick. Would I were assured
Of my condition.

Cor. O, look upon me, sir,
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me:—
No, sir, you must not kneel.

Lear. Pray do not mock me:
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward; and, to deal plainly,
I fear, I am not in my perfect mind: *[man;*
Methinks, I should know you, and know this
Yet I am doubtful: for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is: and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments; nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night: Do not laugh at me,
For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.

Cor. And so I am, I am. *[weep not:*
Lear. Be your tears wet? Yes, faith. I pray,
If you have poison for me, I will drink it.
I know, you do not love me; for your sisters
Have, as I am a man, done me wrong:
You have some cause, they have not.

Cor. No cause, no cause.

Lear. Am I in France?

Kent. In your own kingdom, sir.

Lear. Do not abuse me. *[great rage,*

Phys. Be comforted, good madam: the
You see, is cured in him: and yet it is danger
To make him even? o'er the time he has lost.
Desire him to go in; trouble him no more,
Till further settling.

Cor. Will't please your highness walk?

Lear. You must bear with me:
Pray now forget and forgive: I am old, and
foolish. *[KENT LEAR, CORN. PHYSI-
cian, & Attendants.*

Gent. Holds it true, sir,
That the duke of Cornwall was so slain?

Kent. Most certain, sir.

Gent. Who is conductor of his people?

Kent. As 'tis said,

The bastard son of Gloster.

Gent. They say Edgar,
His banish'd son, is with the earl of Kent
In Germany.

Kent. Report is changeable.

'Tis time to look about; the powers of the king-
Approach apace. *[dom.*

Gent. The arbitrement is like to be a bloody.

Fare you well, sir. *[Exit.*

Kent. My point and period will be thoroughly
wrought.

Or well, or ill, as this day's battle's fought. *[Exit.*

ACT V.

I. The Camp of the British Forces
near Dover.

With Drums, and Colours, EDMUND,
IN, Officers, Soldiers, and others.

Know of the duke, if his last purpose
has since he is advised by night *[hold;*

he attention is to the forlorn hope in an army, called, in French, *enfens*

of hair. *[To reconcile it to his apprehension.*

His settled resolution.

To change the course: He's full of alteration,
And self-reproving;—bring his constant plea-
sure. *[To an Officer, who goes out.*

Reg. Our sister's man is certainly miscarried.

Edm. 'Tis to be doubted, madam.

Reg. Now, when

Forces

And I will not put it on you:
 I will not speak the truth,
 To make you think me false?

Edg. Honour'd love,
Alb. Have you never found my brother's
 Cause to be just? *Edg.* [way] I have.
Alb. And yet you might abuse me.
Edg. I would not, that you have been con-

vinced with her, as I am as we call hers.
Alb. No, my brother's honest, madam.
Edg. He says so, and I hear it: Dear my lord,
 I will not go with him.

Edg. Fear me not:—
Alb. I will make her husband, —
Edg. Myself, my country, and Soldiers.
Alb. I will rather lose the battle, than that

you should lose her and me. *[Aside.]*
Edg. My ever-loving sister, well be met.—
Alb. I have heard, the king is come to his

own castle.
Edg. There, where the vigour of our state
 Is to be kept. Where I could not be honest,
 I have been thus violent for this business.

Alb. How is it that you invade our land,
 Not to subvert the king, or to dole us, whom, I fear,
 His subjects' heavy causes make oppose?

Edg. I speak nobly.
Alb. Why is this reason'd?
Edg. To join together 'gainst the enemy:
 To do the state and particular broils

*He-
 Elm.* The *the*
 powers.

Here is the ga-
 By diligent dis-
 Is now urged on

Alb. W-
Edm. To Fort
 Each jealous of
 Are of the add-
 Both lone? or n
 If both remain
 Exasperates, m
 And hardly sha
 Her husband be
 His countenance
 done.

Let her, who v
 His speedy tak
 Which he inter
 The battle don
 Shall never see
 Stands on me t

SCENE II. A.
*Alarum with
 Colours, Lights
 and drums.*

*Enter
 Edg.* Here, fa
 For your good
 If ever I return



so, no! Come, let's away to

lising like birds i'the cage:
ask me blessing, I'll kneel

orgiveness: So we'll live,
g, and tell old tales, and laugh
es, and hear poor rogues
s; and we'll talk with them

[out;—
who wins; who's in, who's
the mystery of things,
's spies: And we'll wear out,
packs and sects of great ones,
r by the moon.

Take them away.
sh sacrifices, my Cordella,
ves throw incense. Have I

? [heaven,
, shall bring a brand from
like foxes. Wipe thine eyes;
all devour them, flesh and
starve first.

ke us weep: we'll see them
t LEAR and COR. guarded.
her, captain; hark.

te; [Giving a Paper.] go,
to prison:

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see, thou dost make thy way
Know thou this,—that men
to betender-minded [ment
sword:—Thy great employ-
ion; either say, thou'lt do't,
r means.

I'll do't, my lord.
and write happy, when thou

tantly; and carry it so,
own.

aw a cart, nor eat dried oats;
k, I will do it. [Exit Officer.

ALBANY, GONNILL, REGAN,
, and Attendants.

veshown to-day your vallant
[tives

ou well: You have the cap-
posites of this day's strife:
m of you; so to use them,
heir merits and our safety
rmine.

Sir, I thought it fit
ad miserable king
, and appointed guard;
arms in it, whose title more,
mon bosom on his side,
ress'd lances in our eyes
and them. With him I sent

same; and they are ready
further space, to appear
hold your session. At this

[friend:
ed: the friend hath lost his

And the best quarrels, in the heat, are curd
By those that feel their sharpness:—
The question of Cordella, and her father,
Requires a sifter place.

Alb. Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a subject of this war,
Not as a brother.

Reg. That's as we list to grace him.
Methinks, our pleasure might have been de-
manded,

Ere you had spoke so far. Heled our powers;
Bore the commission of my place and person;
The which immediacy || may well stand up,
And call itself your brother.

Gon. Not so hot:
In his own grace he doth exalt himself,
More than in your advancement.

Reg. In my rights,
By me invested, he compeers the best.

Gon. That were the most, if he should hus-
band you.

Reg. Jesters do oft prove prophets.

Gon. Holloo, holloo!
That eye, that told you so, look'd but a-squint.

Reg. Lady, I am not well; else I should
answer

From a full flowing stomach.—General,
Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony;
Dispose of them, of me, the walls are thine:
Witness the world, that I create thee here
My lord and master.

Gon. Mean you to enjoy him?

Alb. The let-alone ** lies not in your good
Edm. Nor in thine, lord. [will.

Alb. Half-blooded fellow, yes.

Reg. Let the drum strike, and prove my title
thine. [To EDMUND.

Alb. Stay yet; hear reason: Edmund, I
arrest thee

On capital treason; and, in thy arrest,
This gilded serpent: [Pointing to GON.]—for
your claim, fair sister,

I bar it in the interest of my wife;
'Tis she, is sub-contracted to this lord,
And I, her husband, contradict your bans.
If you will marry, make your love to me,
My lady is bespoke.

Gon. An interlude! [pet sound:

Alb. Thou art arm'd, Gloucester:—Let the trum-
If none appear to prove upon thy person,
Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,
There is my pledge; [Throwing down a Glove.]

I'll prove it on thy heart,
Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less
Than I have here proclaim'd thee.

Reg. Sick, O, sick!

Gon. If not, I'll ne'er trust poison. [Aside.

Edm. There's my exchange: [Throwing
down a Glove.] what in the world he is

That names me traitor, villain-like he lies:
Call by thy trumpet: he that dares approach,
On him, on you, (who not?) I will maintain
My truth and honour firmly.

Alb. A herald, ho!

ase. † Skin. ‡ Admit of debate. § To be discoursed of in greater privacy.
on his own judgment. ¶ Alluding to the proverb, "Love being jealous
makes a good eye look a-squint." ** The hindermost.

And with my brother's I intend upon you:

But I will not say so: but then speak the truth,

And tell me how you sister?

Edm. In honour'd love.

Reg. But have you never found my brother's

affection in this place?

Edm. That thought abuses you.

Reg. I am glad that you have been con-

stant with me.

Edm. I am with you, as far as we call here.

Reg. No, by my honour, madam.

Edm. I have not endur'd her: Dear my lord,

I am content with her.

Reg. Fear me not:—

Edm. And the duke her husband,——

Edm. *Alarum, Guns, and Soldiers.*

Edm. I had rather lose the battle, than that

sister.

Edm. I am with you and me.

Edm. Our very loving sister, well be met.—

Edm. The king is come to his

daughter.

Edm. With those, whom the rigour of our state

excludes out. Where I could not be honest,

I have not been so virtuous for this business,

as I should have been, as France invades our land,

Not that I, the king, with others, whom I fear,

Not that our heavy causes make oppose.

Edm. Sit, you speak nobly.

Edm. Why is this reason'd?

Edm. Combine together 'gainst the enemy:

These domestic and particular broils

Are not to question here.

Edm.

Edm.

Edm.

Edm.

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Edm.

Edm.

Edm.

Edm.

no, no! Come, let's away to

sing like birds i'the cage:
ask me blessing, I'll kneel

forgiveness: So we'll live,
and tell old tales, and laugh
at, and hear poor rogues
; and we'll talk with them
[out;—

who wins; who's in, who's
the mystery of things,
spies: And we'll wear out,
picks and sects of great ones,
by the moon.

Take them away.
his sacrifices, my Cordelia,
let's throw incense. Have I

[heaven,
shall bring a brand from
like foxes. Wipe thine eyes;
all devour them, flesh and
starve first.

let us weep: we'll see them
LEAR and COR. guarded.
er, captain; hark.

e; [GIVING a Paper.] go,
to prison:
Invanced thee; if thou dost
see, thou dost make thy way

Know thou this,—that men
to betender-minded [ment
sword:—Thy great employ-
ment; either say, thou'lt do't,
means.

I'll do't, my lord.
and write happy, when thou

antly; and carry it so,
won.

Wear a cart, nor eat dried oats;
if I will do it. [Exit Officer.
ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN,
and Attendants.

reshown to-day your vallant
[dives

on well: You have the cap-
sides of this day's strife:
on of you; so to use them,
their merits and our safety
mine.

Sir, I thought it fit
and miserable king
, and appointed guard;
rms in it, whose title more,
mon bosom on his side,
ress'd lances in our eyes
ad them. With him I sent

same; and they are ready
further space, to appear
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ad: the friend hath lost his

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By those that feel their sharpness:—
The question of Cordelia, and her father,
Requires a sifter place.

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That eye, that told you so, look'd but a-squint.

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From a full flowing stomach.—General,
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Dispose of them, of me, the walls are thine:
Witness the world, that I create thee here
My lord and master.

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On capital treason; and, in thy arrest,
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'Tis she, is sub-contracted to this lord,

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If you will marry, make your love to me,
My lady is bespoken.

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Gon. If not, I'll ne'er trust poison. [Aside.

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On him, on you, (who not?) I will maintain

My truth and honour firmly.

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see. † Skin. ‡ Admit of debate. § To be discoursed of in greater privacy.
on his own judgment. ¶ Alluding to the proverb, "Love being yestern
takes a good eye look a-squint." ** The hindrance.

Edm. A herald, ho, a herald!
Alb. Trust to thy single virtue*; for thy soldiers,
 All levied in my name, have, in my name,
 Took their discharge.
Reg. This sickness grows upon me.
Enter a Herald.
Alb. She is not well; convey her to my tent.
[Exit REGAN, led.]
 Come hither, herald.—Let the trumpet sound,—
 And read out this.
Off. Sound, trumpet. *[A Trumpet sounds.]*
Herald reads.
If any man of quality, or degree, within
the lists of the army, will maintain upon
Edmund, supposed earl of Gloster, that he
is a manifold traitor, let him appear at the
third sound of the trumpet: He is bold in
his defence.
Edm. Sound. *[1 Trumpet.]*
Her. Again. *[2 Trumpet.]*
Her. Again. *[3 Trumpet.]*
[Trumpet answers within.]
Enter EDGAR, armed, preceded by a
Trumpet.
Alb. Ask him his purposes, why he appears
 U'pon this call o'the trumpet.
Her. What are you?
 Your name, your quality? and why you answer
 This present summons?
Edg. Know, my name is lost;
 By treason's tooth bare-guawn, and canker-bit:
 Yet am I noble as the adversary
 I come to cope withal.
Alb. Which is that adversary?
Edg. What's he, that speaks for Edmund

Which
 This
 Where
Alb.
Gon.
 By the
 An unk
 But coo
Alb.
 Or with
 Thou v
 No tea
Gon.
 Who sh
Alb.
 Know?
Gon.
Alb.
Edm.
 And m
 'Tis pas
 That ha
 I do fou
Edg.
 I am ne
 If more
 My nan

fault!) reveal'd myself unto him, a half hour past, when I was arm'd, through hoping, of this good success, a blessing, and, from first to last, my pilgrimage: But his flaw'd heart, so weak the conflict to support!) to extremes of passion, joy and grief, flung.

This speech of yours hath moved me, R., perchance, do good: but speak it on;

...on you had something more to say. There be more, more woful, hold it in; almost ready to dissolve, of this.

This would have seem'd a period in love not sorrow; but another, my too much, would make much more, extremity.

Thus big in clamour, came there a man, long seen me in my worst estate, my abhor'd society; but then, finding so that so endared, with his strong arms fell on my neck, and bellow'd out burst heaven; threw him on my father; most piteous tale of Lear and him, fear received: which in recounting grew pleasant, and the strings of life crack: Twice then the trumpet to I left him trauced. [sounded,

But who was this? [disguise Kent, sir, the banish'd Kent; who in his enemy king, and did him service as for a slave.

Gentleman hastily, with a bloody Knife.

Help! help! O help!

What kind of help?

Speak, man.

What means that bloody knife?

'Tis hot, it smokes;

even from the heart of—

Who, man? speak.

Your lady, sir, your lady: and her is poison'd; she confesses it. [sister I was contracted to them both; all three wry in an instant.

Produce their bodies, be they alive or dead!— [tremble,

gment of the heavens, that makes us as not with pity. [Exit Gentleman.

Enter KENT.

Here comes Kent, sir.

O! it is he.

Will not allow the compliment, very manners urges.

I am come

by kingly and master eye a good night; t here?

Great thing of us forgot!— Edmund, where's the king? and where's this object, Kent? [Cordelia?— Bodies of GONERIL and REGAN are brought in.

Alack, why thus?

rer. † Destroyed herself. circumstances preceding it.

Edm.

Yet Edmund was beloved: The one the other poison'd for my sake, And after slew herself.

Alb. Even so.—Cover their faces. [to do,

Edm. I pant for life.—Some good I mean Despite of mine own nature. Quickly send,— Be brief in it,—to the castle; for my writ Is on the life of Lear, and on Cordelia— Nay, send in time.

Alb.

Run, run, O, run—

Edg. To who, my lord?—Who has the office? Thy token of reprieve. [send

Edm. Well thought on; take my sword, Give it the captain.

Alb. Haste thee, for thy life. [Exit Edm.

Edm. He hath commission from thy wife To hang Cordelia in the prison, and [and me, To lay the blame upon her own despair, That she fordid herself.

Alb. The gods defend her! Bear him hence awhile. [EDMUND is borne off.

Enter LEAR, with CORDELIA dead in his arms; EDGAR, Officer, and others.

Lear. Howl, howl, howl, howl!—O, you are men of stones;

Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so That heaven's vauk should crack:—O, she is gone for ever!—

I know when one is dead, and when one lives; She's dead as earth:—Lend me a looking glass; If that her breath will mist or stain the stone, Why, then she lives.

Kent. Is this the promised end?

Edg. Or image of that horror?

Alb.

Fall, and cease!

Lear. This feather stirs; she lives! If it be so, It is a chance that does redeem all sorrows That ever I have felt.

Kent. O my good master! [Kneeling.

Lear. Prythee, away.

Edg. 'Tis noble Kent, your friend.

Lear. A plague upon you, murderers, traitors, all! [ever!—

I might have saved her; now she's gone for Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little. Ha!

What is't thou sayst?—Her voice was ever soft, Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman:— I kill'd the slave that was a hanging thee.

Off. 'Tis true, my lords, he did.

Lear. Did I not, fellow?

I have seen the day, with my good biting falchion

I would have made them skip: I am old now, And these same crosses spoil me.—Who are you?

My eyes are none o'the best:—I'll tell you Kent. If fortune brag of two she loved and

One of them we behold. [hated,

Lear. This is a dull sight: Are you not Kent?

Kent.

The same;

Your servant Kent: Where is your servant Caius?

Lear. He's a good fellow, I can tell you that; He'll strike, and quickly too:—He's dead and rotten.

† The end of the world, or the horrible
§ i. e., Die; Albany speaks to LEAR.

Off. Edmund is dead, my lord.

Alb.

That's but a trifle here,—

You, lords, and noble friends, know our intent,
What comfort to this great decay† may come.
Shall be applied: for us, we will resign,
During the life of this old majesty,
To him our absolute power:—You, to your
rights;

[To EDGAR and KENT.]

With boot, and such addition, as your honours
Have more than merited:—All friends shall
The wages of their virtue, and all foes
The cup of their deservings.—O, see, see!

Lear. And my poor fool‡ is hang'd! No,
no, no life!

Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,

* Useless.

† *i. e.*, Lear.

‡ *Poor fool*, in the time of Shakspeare, was

The tragedy of Lear is deservedly celebrated
perhaps no play which keeps the attention so
passions, and interests our curiosity. The ardu-
oppositions of contrary characters, the sudden
of events, fill the mind with a perpetual tumult
scene which does not contribute to the aggravi-
and scarce a line which does not conduce to the
current of the poet's imagination, that the mind
irresistibly along.

On the seeming improbability of Lear's condi-
according to histories at that time vulgarly rec-
thoughts upon the barbarity and ignorance of the
appear not so unlikely as while we estimate Lea-
one daughter to another, or resignation of don-
dible, if told of a petty prince of Guinea or Ma-

variety, by the art with which he is made to co-operate with the chief design, nity which he gives the poet of combining perfdy with perfdy, and connect- son with the wicked daughters, to impress this important moral, that villany p, that crimes lead to crimes, and at last terminate in ruin.

is moral be incidentally enforced, Shakspeare has suffered the virtue of Cor- in a just cause, contrary to the natural ideas of justice, to the hope of the it is yet more strange, to the faith of chronicles. Yet this conduct is justified .TON, who blames Tate for giving Cordelia success and happiness in his altera- es, that in his opinion, "the tragedy has lost half its beauty." Dennis has her justly or not, that, to secure the favourable reception of "Cato, the town ith much false and abominable criticism," and that endeavours had been t and decry poetical justice. A play in which the wicked prosper, and the ry, may doubtless be good, because it is a just representation of the common life: but since all reasonable beings naturally love justice, I cannot easily at the observation of justice makes a play worse; or that if other excellen- he audience will not always rise better pleased from the final triumph of e.

case, the public has decided. Cordelia, from the time of Tate, has always tory and felicity. And, if my sensations could add any thing to the general t relate, I was many years ago so shocked by Cordelia's death, that I know ver endured to read again the last scenes of the play till I undertook to revise r.

her controversy among the critics concerning this play. It is disputed whe- nant image in Lear's disordered mind be the loss of his kingdom, or the ughters. Mr. Murphy, a very judicious critic, has evinced by induction of ges, that the cruelty of his daughters is the primary source of his distress, and yalty affects him only as a secondary and subordinate evil. He observes, ess, that Lear would move our compassion but little, did we not rather con- f father than the degraded king.

this play, except the episode of Edmund, which is derived, I think, from originally from Geoffry of Monmouth, whom Holingshed generally copied; mediately from an old historical ballad. My reason for believing that the lor to the ballad, rather than the ballad to the play, is, that the ballad has speare's nocturnal tempest, which is too striking to have been omitted, and se chronicle; it has the rudiments of the play, but none of its amplifications: ar's madness, but did not array it in circumstances. The writer of the bal- hing to the history, which is a proof that he would have added more, if more his mind, and more must have occurred if he had seen Shakspeare.

JOHNSON.

ROMEO AND JULIET

Persons represented

PRINCE, <i>Prince of Verona.</i>	ABRAM, <i>see</i>
PARIS, <i>a young nobleman, kinsman to the Prince.</i>	<i>An Apothecary.</i>
MONTAGUE, <i>head of one house, at variance with each other.</i>	<i>Three Musicians.</i>
CAPULET, <i>head of the other house, at variance with each other.</i>	<i>An Officer.</i>
TYBALT, <i>Montague's kinsman.</i>	<i>Lady Montague.</i>
ROMEO, <i>son to Montague.</i>	<i>Lady Capulet.</i>
MERCUTIO, <i>kinsman to the Prince, and friend to Romeo.</i>	<i>JULIET, daughter to Capulet.</i>
BENVOLIO, <i>friend to Montague, and friend to Romeo.</i>	<i>Nurse to Juliet.</i>
ISCUARDO, <i>son to Lady Capulet.</i>	<i>Citizens of Verona.</i>
FRIAR LAWRENCE, <i>a Franciscan.</i>	<i>Guards.</i>
FRIAR SIMON, <i>of the same order.</i>	<i>Scene,—duchess's Palace.</i>
BALTHAZAR, <i>servant to Romeo.</i>	<i>Play, at the end of the first act.</i>
SAMPSON, <i>servant to Capulet.</i>	
GRIOFFIO, <i>servant to Capulet.</i>	

PROLOGUE.

Two households, both alike in dignity,	The fearful
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,	And the cruel
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,	Which, but
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean,	removes
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes	Is now th

of the house of the Mon-

and BALTHASAR.

upon is out; quarrel, I

y back and run?

fear thee!

e law of our sides; let

as I pass by; and let

lare. I will bite my

is a disgrace to them,

ur thumb at us, sir?

umb, sir.

ur thumb at us, sir?

our side, if I say,—ay?

not bite my thumb at

thumb, sir.

, sir?

o, sir.

I am for you; I serve

, at a distance.

ere comes one of my

men.—Gregory, re-

slow. [They fight.

up your swords; you

down their Swords.

TYBALT.

drawn among these

ok upon thy death.

he peace; put up thy

ese men with me.

and talk of peace? I

agues, and thee:

[They fight.

as of both Houses, who

enter Citizens, with

and partisans! strike!

[agues!

l down with the Mon-

's Gown; and Lady

LET.

is!—Give me my long

[for a sword!

utch!—Why call you

ty!—Old Montague is

in spite of me. [come,

d Lady MONTAGUE.

pulet.—Hold me not,

La. Mon. Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek
a foe.

Enter Prince, with Attendants.

Prin. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,

Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,—

Will they not hear?—what ho! you men, you

beasts,—

That quench the fire of your pernicious rage

With purple fountains issuing from your veins,

On pain of torture, from those bloody hands

Throw your mitemper'd weapons to the

ground,

And hear the sentence of your moved prince.—

Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,

By thee, old Capulet and Montague,

Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets;

And made Verona's ancient citizens

Cast by their grave beseeching ornaments,

To wield old partisans, in hands as old,

Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd

If ever you disturb our streets again, [hate:

Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.

For this time, all the rest depart away:

You, Capulet, shall go along with me;

And, Montague, come you this afternoon,

To know our further pleasure in this case, [place,

To old Free-town, our common judgment—

Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[Exeunt Prince, and Attendants; CA-

PULET, Lady CAPULET, TYBALT,

Citizens, and Servants. [abroach.

Mon. Who set this ancient quarrel new

Speak, nephew, were you by when it began?

Ben. Here were the servants of your adver-

sary

And yours, close fighting ere I did approach:

I drew to part them; in the instant came

The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepared;

Which, as he breathed defiance to my ears,

He swung about his head, and cut the winds,

Who nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in scorn:

While we were interchanging thrusts and

blows, [part,

Came more and more, and fought on part and

Till the prince came, who parted either part.

La. Mon. O, where is Romeo!—saw you him

to-day?

Right glad I am, he was not at this fray. [sun

Ben. Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd

Peer'd; forth the golden window of the east,

A troubled mind drove me to walk abroad;

Where,—underneath the grove of sycamore,

That westward rooteth from the city's side,—

So early walking did I see your son:

Towards him I made; but he was 'ware of me,

And stole into the covert of the wood;

I, measuring his affections by my own,—

That most are busied when they are most

Pursued my humour, not pursuing his, [alone,—

And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.

Mon. Many a morning hath he there been

seen, [dew,

With tears augmenting the fresh morning's

Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep

But all so soon as the all-cheering sun [sights:

record is in character
acts, as we now call watch!

† Clings! was the usual exclamation
‡ Angry. § Appeared.

1. In the tomb, I must begin to draw
 2. Aurora's bed,
 3. And from I go home my heavy son,
 4. Private to consider peno himself,
 5. Sleeps fair daylight out,
 6. Artificial night.
 7. Must this humour prove,
 8. Unless good counsel may the cause remove.
 9. Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the
 10. cause?
 11. Mon. I neither know it, nor can learn of
 12. Hen. Have you importuned him by any
 13. means?
 14. Mon. Both by myself and many other
 15. But he, his own affections' counsellor,
 16. Is to himself,—I will not say how true—
 17. But to himself so secret and so close,
 18. So far from sounding and discovery,
 19. As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
 20. Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
 21. Or dedicate his beauty to the sun. [grow,
 22. Could we but learn from whence his sorrows
 23. We would as willingly give cure, as know.
 24. Enter ROMEO, at a distance.
 25. Ben. See, where he comes: So please you,
 26. step aside;
 27. I'll know his grievance, or be much denied.
 28. Mon. I would thou wert so happy by thy
 29. stay,
 30. To bear true shrift,—Come, madam, let's away.
 31. [Exit MONTAGUE and Lady.
 32. Ben. Good morrow, cousin.
 33. Rom. Is the day so young?
 34. Ben. But new-struck nine.
 35. Rom. Ah me! sad hours seem long.
 36. Was that my father that went thence so fast?

Grief of
 Which t
 With me
 sh
 Both ad
 Love is
 Being pe
 Being v
 te
 What is
 A chokin
 Farewell
 Ben.
 An if yo
 Rom.
 be
 This is n
 Ben.
 lo
 Rom.
 Ben.
 But sad
 Rom.
 Ab, wor
 In sadne
 Ben.
 lo
 Rom.
 Ben.
 hi
 Rom.
 With Cu
 And, in
 From lo
 he
 She will

anet not teach me to forget.
that doctrine, or else die in
[*Exeunt.*]

E II. A Street.

ET, PARIS, and Servant.
atague is bound as well as I,
and 'tis not hard, I think,
swe to keep the peace. [both;
urable reckoning* are you
lived at odds so long.
'd, what say you to my suit?
ing o'er what I have said

a stranger in the world,
en the change of fourteen

mmers wither in their pride,
k her ripe to be a bride.

than she arc happy mothers
[made.

oon marr'd are those so early
swallow'd all my hopes but
l lady of my earth: [she,
ttle Paris, get her heart,
nsent is but a part;
thin her scope of choice
and fair according voice.
an old accustom'd feast,
invited many a guest,
nd you, among the store,
welcome, makes my number

s, look to behold this night
ars, that make dark heaven

do lusty young men feel
reil'd April on the heel
er treads, even such delight
ale buds shall you this night
ouse; hear all, all see,
it, whose merit most shall be:
ew of many, mine being one,
nber, though in reckoning t

ie;—Go, sirrah, trudge about
ona; find those persons out,
are written there, [*Gives a
nd to them say,
elcome on their pleasure stay.*
remus CAPULET and PARIS.
hem out whose names are
t is written—that the shoe-
iddle with his yard, and the
st, the fisher with his pencil,
with his nets; but I am sent
ons, whose names are here
ever find what names the
ath here writ. I must to the
nd time.

NOBILIO and ROMEO.
! one fire burns out another's

s'd by another's anguish;

Turn giddy, and be holp by backward turning;
One desperate grief cures with another's
anguish:

Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
And the rank poison of the old will die.

Rom. Your plantain leaf is excellent for
Ben. For what, I pray thee? [that.

Rom. For your broken shiu.

Ben. Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a
madman is:

Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipp'd, and tormented, and—Good e'en,
good fellow.

Serv. God gi' good e'en.—I pray, sir, can
you read?

Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

Serv. Perhaps you have learn'd it without
book:

But I pray, can you read any thing you see?

Rom. Ay, if I know the letters, and the
language.

Serv. Ye say honestly; Rest you merry!

Rom. Stay, fellow; I can read. [*Reads.*

Signior Martino, and his wife, and daugh-
ters; Countess Anselme, and his beautiful
sisters; The lady widow of Virtruvio; Signior
Placentio, and his lovely nieces; Mercutio,
and his brother Valentine, Mine uncle Capu-
let, his wife, and daughters; My fair niece
Rosaline; Livia; Signior Valentio, and his
cousin Tybalt; Lucio, and the lively Helena.
A fair assembly; [*Gives back the Note.*

Whether should they come?

Serv. Up.

Rom. Whither?

Serv. To supper; to our house.

Rom. Whose house?

Serv. My master's. [before.

Rom. Indeed, I should have asked you that

Serv. Now I'll tell you without asking:

My master is the great rich Capulet; and if
you be not of the house of Montagues, I pray,
come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you
merry. [*Exit.*

Ben. At this same ancient feast of Capulet's
Supers the fair Rosaline, whom thou so lovest;
With all the admired beauties of Verona.

Go thither; and, with unattainted eye,

Compare her face with some that I shall show.

And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

Rom. When the devout religion of mine
eye

Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to

And these,—who, often drows'd, could never
die,—

Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars!

One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun

Ne'er saw her match, since first the world
began. [by.

Ben. Tut! you saw her fair, none else being;

Herself pois'd || with herself in either eye:

But in those crystal scales, let there be weigh'd

Your lady's love against some other maid

ation.
on.

† To *inheris*, in the language of Shakspeare is to possess
§ We still say in cant language—to crack a bottle.
|| Weigh'd.

Which way, shining at this feast,
 I'll show well, that now
 [shown,
 I'll show along, no such sight to be
 seen in splendour of mine own.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. A Room in Capulet's House.

Enter Lady Capulet and Nurse.

Lady Cap. Nurse, where's my daughter?
 [Nurse, look to me.]

Nurse. Not, by my maiden-head,—at
 [Nurse, look to me.]

What, lamb! what, lady!
 [Nurse, look to me.]

[*Enter Juliet.*

Jul. Madam, who calls?

Nurse. Your mother.

Jul. Madam, I am here,

What can she will?

Lady Cap. This is the matter:—Nurse, give

What can she will?—Nurse, come back

[Nurse, look to me.]

What can she will?—Nurse, come back

[Nurse, look to me.]

What can she will?—Nurse, come back

[Nurse, look to me.]

What can she will?—Nurse, come back

[Nurse, look to me.]

What can she will?—Nurse, come back

[Nurse, look to me.]

What can she will?—Nurse, come back

[Nurse, look to me.]

Thou wilt

more

Will thou

The pretty

To see now

I warrant,

I never shall

And, pretty

La. Cap.

thy p

Nurse.

To think it

And yet, I

A bump as

A parlous k

Yes, quoth

Jurr.

Thou wilt

Will thou

Jul. And

say I.

Nurse. P

Thou wast th

An I might

I have my v

La. Cap.

them

I came to tal

How stands

Jul. It is

Nurse. A

nurse.

I'd say, tho

La. Cap.

all that he doth possess,
asking yourself no less.

If may, bigger; women grow
{Paris' love!

ask briefly, can you like of
like, if looking liking move:

p will I endart mine eye,
gives strength to make it fly.

for a Servant.
the guests are come, supper

asked, my young lady asked
sed in the pantry, and every

ty. I must hence to wait;
low straight.

follow thee.—Juliet, the
a. {happy days.

girl, seek happy nights to
{dreamt.

E IV. A Street.

[MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, with
askers, Torch-Bearers, and

all this speech be spoke for
?

without apology?
is out of such proximity*:

Cupid hood-wink'd with a

s painted bow of lath,
s like a crow-keeper†;

ook prologue, faintly spoke
er, for our entrance:

sure as by what they will,
em a measure ‡, and be gone.

is a torch §,—I am not for this

I will bear the light.

the Romeo, we must have
[shoes,

believe me: you have dancing
s: I have a soul of lead

se ground, I cannot move.
s a lover; borrow Cupid's

em above a common bound.
so sore enpierced with his

light feathers; and so bound,
pitch above dull woe:

y burden do I sink. [love;
ink is it, should you burden

ion for a tender thing.
tender thing? It is too rough,

st'rous; and it prick's like
[with love;

s rough with you, be rough
wicking, and you beat love

put my visage in: [down.—
[Putting on a Mask.

†—What care I,
doth quote deformities?

Here are the beetle-brows, shall blush for me.

Ben. Come, knock, and enter: and no
sooner in,

But every man betake him to his legs.

Rom. A torch for me: let wantons, light
of heart,

Tickle the senseless rushes¶ with their heels;
For I am proverbed with a grandaire phrase,

I'll be a candle-holder, and look on,—
The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done**.

Mer. Tut! dun's the mouse, the constable's
own word: [mice

If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the
Of this (have reverence) love, wherein thou

stick'st
Up to the ears.—Come, we burn day-light, ho.

Rom. Nay, that's not so.
Mer.

I mean, sir, in delay
We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day.

Take our good meaning; for our judgment sits
Five times in that, ere once in our five wits.

Rom. And we mean well, in going to this
But 'tis no wit to go. [mask;

Mer. Why, may one ask?
Rom. I dreamt a dream to-night.

Mer. And so did I.
Rom. Well, what was yours?

Mer. That dreamers often lie.
Rom. In bed, asleep, while they do dream

things true. [with you.
Mer. O, then I see queen Mab hath been

She is the fairies' midwife; and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone

On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies††

Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep: [legs
Her waggon-spokes made of long splinters'

The cover of the wings of grasshoppers;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web;

The collars, of the moonshine's wat'ry beams;
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film:

Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm

Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid:
Her chariot is an empty hazel-butt,

Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.

And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of

love: [straight;
On courtiers' knees, that dream on courtiers'

O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on
feet:

O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream;
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues;

Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted
are,

Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit‡‡:

And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's
Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep, [tall,

Then dreams he of another benefice:
[A place in court.

ches are out of fashion. † A scare-crow, a figure made up to frighten crows.

§ A torch-bearer was a constant appendage to every troop of maskers.

¶ It was anciently the custom to strew rooms with rushes.

‡‡ It was in common use—I am done for, it is over with me.

Atoms.

†† A place in court.

4 N 2

Shall be the death of a soldier's neck,
 Shall cut off the heads of sleeping foreign throats,
 Shall cut off the heads of Spaniards, Spanish blades,
 Shall cut off the heads of mad dogs, and then anon
 Shall cut off the heads of him who starts, and wakes;
 And when I am asleep, I swear a prayer for
 My countrymen. Hence that very Mab, it two,
 I have seen her dance on graves in the night;
 And make the dead to walk in their strotish hairs,
 And bring down the dead much of misfortune bodes.
 I will be the first, when next I lie on their backs,
 I will press them, and learn them first to
 Kiss the gilded women of good carriage. [beat,
 Enter the women]

Rom. Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace;
 Thou talk'st of nothing.

Merc. True, I talk of dreams;
 Which are the children of an idle brain,
 Which are not born with you in fantasy;
 Which are no more than substance as the air;
 I have seen the dead start from the wind, who woues
 To blow the frozen bosom of the north,
 And have seen golden girdles away from thence,
 And have seen a torch to the dew dropping south.

Rom. It is windy to talk of, blows us from
 Between you and me.

Merc. It is windy, and we shall come too late.
 I have seen the earth early for my mind misgives,
 And have seen the stars yet hanging in the stars,
 And have seen the dead in his fearful state
 And have seen the stars yet hanging in the stars,
 And have seen the stars yet hanging in the stars,
 And have seen the stars yet hanging in the stars,

Rom. I have seen the stars yet hanging in the stars,
 And have seen the stars yet hanging in the stars,
 And have seen the stars yet hanging in the stars,
 And have seen the stars yet hanging in the stars,

I swear ha
 You are we
 That I have
 A whisperin
 Such as we
 You are we
 cians
 A ball! a ba

More light.
 And quench
 Ah, sirrah,
 Nay, sit, na
 For you are
 How long in
 Were in a r

2 Cap.
1 Cap. W
 'Tis since th
 Come penite
 Some five :
2 Cap. 'T
 His son is th
1 Cap.

His son was
Rom. Wh
 Of yonder k
Sert. I kn
Rom. O, t
 Her beauty l
 Like a rich j
 Beauty too r

So shows a
 As yonder la
 The

He shall be endured;
in boy!—I say, he shall;—Go

er here, or you? go to: (soul—
ure him!—God shall mend my
mating among my guests!
ck-a-hoop! you'll be the man!
ncle, 'tis a shame.

Go to, go to,
boy:—Is't so, indeed!—
chance to scath* you;—I know

ary me! marry, 'tis time—
hearts;—You are a princecox;
(shame!—

More light, more light, for
quiet; What!—Cheerly, my
(meeting,
e perforce with wilful choler
tremble in their different greet-

w: but this intrusion shall,
sweet, convert to bitter gall.

[Exit.
ofane with my unworthy hand
[To JULIET.

hrine, the gentle fine is this,—
lashing pilgrims, ready stand
that rough touch with a tender

[too much,
lgrim, you do wrong your hand
nearly devotion shows in this;
hands that pilgrims' hands do

to palm is holy palmers' kiss:
not saints lips, and holy palmers

[prayer.
gim, lips that they must use in
s, dear salnt, let lips do what

do; [despair.
grant thou, lest faith turn to
do not move, though grant for

s' sake. [effect I take.
move not, while my prayer's
lips, by yours, my sin is purged.

[Kissing her.
ave my lips the sin that they
ook, [urged!

um my lips! O trespass sweetly
a again.

You kiss by the book,
am, your mother craves a word

is her mother! [with you.
Marry, bachelor,

he lady of the home,
y, and a wise, and virtuous!

ighter, that you talk'd withal;
that can lay hold of her,

chinks.

Jury. † A cockcomb.

Rom.

O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.

Ben. Away, begone; the sport is at the
best.

Rom. Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.

I Cap. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be
gone;

We have a trifling foolish banquet towards;—
Is it e'en so? Why, then I thank you all;

I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night:—
More torches here!—Come on, then let's to

bed.
Ab, stirrah, [To 2 Cap.] by my fay, it waxes
late;

I'll to my rest.

[Exit all but JULIET and Nurse.

Jul. Come hither, nurse: What is your
gentleman?

Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.

Jul. What's he, that now is going out of
door? [trachio.

Nurse. Marry, that, I think, be young Pe-

Jul. What's he, that follows there, that would
Nurse. I know not. [not dance!

Jul. Go, ask his name:—If he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

Nurse. His name is Romeo, and a Mont-
ague;

The only son of your great enemy. [hate!

Jul. My only love sprung from my only
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!

Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathed enemy.

Nurse. What's this? what's this?
Jul. A rhyme I learn'd even now
Of one I danced withal.

[One calls within, JULIET.
Nurse. Anon, anon:—
Come, let's away; the strangers all are gone.

[Exit all.
Enter CHORUS.

Now old Desire doth in his death-bed lie,
And young Affection gapes to be his heir;

That fair, which love groan'd for, and would
die,

With tender Juliet match'd is now not fair.
Now Romeo is beloved, and loves again;

Alike bewitched by the charms of looks;
But to his foe supposed he must complain,

And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful
hooks:

Being held a foe, he may not have accers
To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear;

And she as much in love, her means much less
To meet her new-beloved any where;

Hot passion lends them power, time means to
meet,

Tempting extremities with extreme sweet.
[Exit.

‡ A collation of fruit, wine, &c. † Faith-



ACT II.

SCENE I. *An open Place, adjoining Capulet's Garden.**Enter ROMEO.*

Rom. Can I go forward, when my heart is here?

Enter back, dull earth, and find thy centre out.
[He climbs the Wall, and leaps down within it.]**Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.*

Ben. Romeo! my cousin Romeo!

Mer. He is wise;—

Not, on my life, hath stolen him home to bed.

Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard

wall:—good Mercutio.

Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too.—

Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover!

Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh,

Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied;

Cry but—Ah me! couple but—love and dove;

Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,

One tickle name for her purblind son and heir,

Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim,

When King Cophetua loved the beggar-maid?—

He heareth not, stirreth not, he moveth not;

The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.—

I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,

By her high forehead, and her scarlet lip,

By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering

tongue,

And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,

To come to this likeness, then appear to us!

But, soft! what

It is the east, and

Arise, fair sun,

Who is already

That thou hast

Be not her mix

Her vestal lies

And none but

It is my lady:

O, that she knew

She speaks, y

Her eye discov

I am too bold,

Two, of the fair

Having some

To twinkle in

What if her eye

The brightness

those stars

As daylight do

Would through

That birds wou

right.

See how she is

O, that I were

That I might

Jul.

Rom.

O, speak again

As glorious to

As is a winged

Unto the white

Of mortals, th

dear, saint, is hateful to myself,
 an enemy to thee;
 Then, I would tear the word.
 Tears have not yet drunk a hundred
 [sound;
 thy utterance, yet I know the
 Romeo and a Montague?
 O, fair saint, if either thee
 [wherefore?
 I camest thou hither, tell me? and
 walls are high, and hard to climb;
 death, considering who thou
 I knowen find thee here. [art,
 A love's light wings did I o'er
 these walls;
 canst, cannot hold love out:
 we can do that dares love attempt,
 O, kinmen are no less to me. [thee.
 may do sea thee they will murder,
 and there lies more peril in thine
 [sweet
 of their swords; look thou but
 roof against their enmity. [here.
 could not for the world they saw thee
 mine night's cloak to hide me from
 night; [here:
 how love met, let them find me
 a better ended by their hate,
 proruoged, wanting of thy love.
 whose direction sound'st thou out
 place? [inquire:
 Love, who first did prompt me to
 counsel, and I lent him eyes.
 yet, wert thou as far
 as were wash'd with the furthest sea,
 wouldst thou for such merchandise. [face,
 I know't the mask of night is on my
 a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,
 which thou hast heard me speak to-
 b.
 I dwell on form—fain, fain deny
 I spoke. But farewell compliment!
 ove me? I know thou wilt say—Ay;
 take thy word: yet, if thou swear'st,
 at prove false; at lover's perjuries,
 love laughs. O, gentle Romeo,
 if love pronounce it faithfully:
 think'st I am too quickly won,
 and be perverse, and say thee nay,
 it woo; but else not for the world.
 Is Montague, I am too fond; [light:
 ore thou may'st think my haviour
 me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
 e that have more cunning to be
 age.
 I've been more strange, I must coun-
 ion overheard'st, ere I was 'ware,
 ve's passion: therefore pardon me;
 nupte this yielding to light love,
 dark night hath so discovered.
 ady, by yonder blessed moon I
 ur,
 with silver all these fruit-tree tops,—
 swear not by the moon, the incon-
 t moon
 my changes in her circled orb,

Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.
 Rom. What shall I swear by?
 Jul. Do not swear at all;
 Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
 Which is the god of my idolatry,
 And I'll believe thee.
 Rom. If my heart's dear love—
 Jul. Well, do not swear: although I joy in
 I have no joy of this contract to-night: [thee,
 It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden;
 Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
 Ere one can say—It lightens. Sweet, good
 night!
 This bad of love, by summer's ripening breath,
 May prove a beauteous flower when next we
 meet. [rest
 Good night! good night! as sweet repose and
 Come to thy heart, as that within my breast!
 Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?
 Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have
 to-night?
 Rom. The exchange of thy love's faithful
 vow for mine. [quest it.
 Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst re-
 And yet I would it were to give again.
 Rom. Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what
 purpose, I love? [again.
 Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee
 And yet I wish but for the thing I have:
 My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
 My love as deep; the more I give to thee
 The more I have, for both are infinite.
 [Nurse calls within.
 I hear some noise within; Dear love, adieu!
 Anon, good nurse!—Sweet Montague, be true.
 Stay but a little, I will come again. [Exit.
 Rom. O blessed, blessed night! I am afeard,
 Being in night, all this is but a dream,
 Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.
 Re-enter JULIET above.
 Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good
 night, indeed.
 If that thy bent of love be honourable, [rom.
 Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-mor-
 By one that I'll procure to come to thee, [rite:
 Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the
 And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
 And follow thee, my lord, throughout the
 Nurse. [Within.] Madam. [world:
 Jul. I come anon:—But if thou mean'st not
 I do beseech thee,— [well,
 Nurse. [Within.] Madam.
 Jul. By and by I come:
 To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief:
 To-morrow will I send.
 Rom. So thrive my soul,—
 Jul. A thousand times good night! [Exit.
 Rom. A thousand times the worse to want
 thy light.— [their books:
 Love goes toward love as school-boys from
 But love from love, toward school with heavy
 looks. [Retiring slowly.
 Re-enter JULIET, alone.
 Jul. Hist! Romeo, hist!—O, for a falconer's
 To lure this tassel-gentle back again! [voice,
 Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;

Hindrance.
 Free.

† Unless thou love me.
 ‡ Inclination.

† Behaviour.
 ‡ The make of the goddess.

§ Sky.

where echo lies,
more hoarse than
mine.

Rom. 'Tis my soul, that calls upon my name:
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by
lake softest music to attending ears! [night

Jul. Romeo!

Rom. My sweet!

Jul. At what o'clock to-morrow
shall I send to thee?

Rom. At the hour of nine.

Jul. I will not fail; 'tis twenty years till
I have forgot why I did call thee back. [then.

Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand
Rememb'ring how I love thy company. [there.

Rom. And I'll still stay, to have thee still
Forgetting any other home but this. [forget.

Jul. 'Tis almost morning, I would have thee
And yet no further than a wanton's bird; [gone:

Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Take a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves*,

And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would, I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet, so would I:
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.

Good night, good night! parting is such sweet
sorrow,

That I shall say—good night, till it be morrow.
[Exit.

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace
in thy breast!—

'Would I were sleep and peace so sweet to
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell;

For this, being
each pa

Being tasted, el

Two such oppo

In man as well

And where the

Full soon the ci

Rom. Good

Fri.

What early ton

Young son, it a

So soon to bid

Care keeps his

And where care

But where and

brain

Doth coach his

Therefore thy e

Thou art up-rom

Or if not so, th

Our Romeo had

Rom. That lai

mine.

Fri. God par

Rom. With Re

I have forgot th

Fri. That's m

thou been

Rom. I'll tell!

I have been fear

Where, on a sud

That's by me wo

Within thy help

I bear no hatred.

My father's cell

eat me bury love.
Not in a grave,
rather out to have. [love now,
see, chide not: she, whom I
ace and love for love allow:
so.

O, she knew well,
by rote, and could not spell.
waverer, come go with me,
thy assistant be;
may so happy prove,
sholds' rancone to pure love.
hence; I stand on sudden

and slow; they stumble that
[Exeunt.

E IV. A Street.

YOLIO and MERCUTIO.

he devil should this Romeo
be to-night? [he?
is father's; I spoke with his
[that Rosaline,
une pale hard-hearted wench,
that he will sure run mad.
se kinsman of old Capulet,
to his father's house.
age, on my life.
ill answer it.
that can write, may answer

will answer the letter's mas-
being dared.
r Romeo, he is already dead!
ite wench's black eye; she
with a love-song; the very pin
with the blind bow-boy's butt-
a man to encounter Tybalt!
ut is Tybalt?

in prince of cats? I can tell
e courageous captain of com-
mits as you sing prick-song?
ce, and proportion; rests me
e, two, and the third in your
butcher of a silk button, a
t; a gentleman of the very
e first and second cause: Ah,
adp! the punio reverso! the

I
of such antic, fipping, affect-
hese new tuners of accents!—
good blades—a very tall
ad where?—Why, is not this
g, grandfire, that we should
with these strange flies, these
these *gardonnes-mays*, who
in the new form, that they
on the old bench? O, their
!!

most consequence for me to be hasty.

By notes pricked down.

A pen on counterfeit money called slips.

any direction the leader chooses to take.

stretching leather.

Enter ROMEO.

Ben. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried bir-
ring:—O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified!
—Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch
flowed in: Laura, to his lady, was but a kitch-
en-wench:—marry, she had a better love to
be-rhyme her: Dido, a dowdy; Cleopatra, a
gipsy; Helen and Hero, hiddings and harlots;
Thilabe, a grey eye or so, but not to the pur-
pose.—Signior Romeo, *bon jour!* there's a
French salutation to your French slop **. You
gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

Rom. Good-morrow to you both. What
counterfeit did I give you?

Mer. The slip, sir, the slip it; Can you not
conceive?

Rom. Pardon, good Mercutio, my business
was great; and, in such a case as mine, a man
may strain courtesy.

Mer. That's as much as to say—such a case
as yours constrains a man to bow in the hands.

Rom. Meaning—to court'sy.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Rom. A most courteous exposition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

Rom. Pink for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why then is my pump? well flowered.

Mer. Well said: Follow me this jest now,
till thou hast worn out thy pump: that, when
the single sole of it is worn, the jest may re-
main, after the wearing, solely singular.

Rom. O single-soled jest, solely singular
for the singleness!

Mer. Come between us, good Benvolio;
my wits fail.

Rom. Switch and spurs, switch and spurs;
or I'll cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if thy wits run the wild-goose
chase †, I have done; for thou hast more of
the wild-goose in one of thy wits, than, I am
sure, I have in my whole five: Was I with
you there for the goose?

Rom. Thou wast never with me for any
thing, when thou wast not there for the goose.

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

Rom. Nay, good goose, bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting **;
it is a most sharp sauce.

Rom. And is it not well served in to a
sweet goose?

Mer. O, here's a wit of cheverel ***, that
stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad!

Rom. I stretch it out for that word—broad:
which, added to the goose, proves thee fat and
wide a broad goose.

Mer. Why, is not this better—now
groaning for love? new art thou sociable, now
art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art
by art as well as by nature: for this drivelling

† Arrow. ‡ See the story of

§ By notes pricked down. ¶ Terms of the fencing school. ** In

† A pen on counterfeit money called slips. ‡ Shoe. § Slight, thin-

any direction the leader chooses to take. ¶ An apple.

stretching leather.

Ben. Two, two; a shirt, an

Nurse. Tis so!

Peter. Anon!

Nurse. My fan, Peter?

Mer. Prithee, do, good P
fare; for her fan's the fairer of

Nurse. God ye good morrow

Mer. God ye good den +, fair

Nurse. Is it good den +

Mer. 'Tis no less, I tell you; t

hand of the dial is now upon the 3

Nurse. Out upon you! what a

Rom. One, gentlewoman, t

made himself to mar.

Nurse. By my troth, it is we

himself to mar, quoth'a!—Gentle

of you tell me where I may find

Romeo!

Rom. I can tell you; but y

will be older when you have fou

he was when you sought him

youngest of that name, for fault

Nurse. You say well.

Mer. Yes, is the worst well? va

faith; wisely, wisely.

Nurse. If you be he, sir, I

confidence with you.

Ben. She will indite him to so

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd

Rom. What hast thou found?

Mer. No hare, sir; unless a ha

leuten pie, that is something stale

it be spent.

An old hare hear,

And an old hare hear,

Is very good meat in Lent

But a hare that is hear

that would fain lay knife
on soul, had as lieve see a
as see him. I anger her
her that Paris is the pro-
warrant you, when I say
as any clout in the vernal
rosemary and Romeo be-
er?

What of that? both with
ser! that's the dog's name,
Go! I know it begins with
and she hath the prettiest
you and rosemary, that it
to hear it.

Go to thy lady. [Exit.
stand times.—Peter!

like my fan, and go before.
[Exit.

Capulet's Garden.

struck nine, when I did
e;

promised to return. [so,—
not meet him; that's not
love's heralds should be
beams,
sister glide than the sun's
wa over low'ring hills;
piston'd doves draw love,
ie wind-swift Cupid wings.
the highest hill
ney; and from nine till

—yet she is not come.
and warm youthful blood,
motion as a ball;
ady* her to my sweet love,

feign as they were dead;
sivy and pale as lead.

rise and PETER.
[—O honey nurse, what

him? Send thy man away.
ay at the gate.

[Exit PETER.
sweet nurse,—O lord! why
ad!

t, yet tell them merrily;
st the music of sweet news
with so sour a face.

try, give me leave a while:
achie! What a haunt have

[thy news:
on hadst my bones, and I
thee, speak;—good, good

[awhile?
hat haste? can you not stay
t I sit out of breath?

out of breath, when thou

To say to me—that thou art out of breath!
The excuse, that thou dost make in this delay,
Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.
Is thy news good, or bad? answer to that;
Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance;
Let me be satisfied, Is't good or bad?

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple
choice; you know not how to choose a man;
Romeo! no, not he; though his face be better
than any man's, yet his leg excels all men's;
and for a hand, and a foot, and a body,
though they be not to be talked on, yet they
are past compare! He is not the flower of
courtesy,—but, I'll warrant him, as gentle as a
lamb.—Go thy ways, wench! serve God—
What have you dined at home?

Jul. No, no; But all this did I know be-
fore. What says he of our marriage? what of that?

Nurse. Lord, how my head aches! what a
head have I!

It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.
My back o'ther side,—O, my back, my back!

Brashew your heart, for sending me about,
To catch my death with jamming up and down.

Jul. I faith, I am sorry that thou art not
well:

Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says
Nurse. Your love says like an honest gen-
tleman,

And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,
And, I warrant, a virtuous.—Where is your
mother?

Jul. Where is my mother?—why, she is
Where should she be? How oddly thou re-
ply'st!

Your love says like an honest gentleman,—
Where is your mother?

Nurse. O, God's lady dear!
Are you so hot? Marry, come up, I trow
Is this the posture for my young lady?

Henceforward on your messenger yourself.
Jul. Here's such a wall,—come, what says
Romeo?

Nurse. Have you got leave to go to church?
Jul. I have.

Nurse. Then lie you hence to sleep till
There stays a husband to make you a wife.
Now comes the wedding blood up in your
cheeks.

They'll be in scarlet straight at any word.
He you to church; I must another way.
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Must climb a bird's nest soon, when it's
dark.

I am the bridge, and tell in your delight,
But you shall bear the burden of my night.
Go, I'll to dinner; he you to dinner.

Jul. He is high fortune's minion, and
favours me.

SCENE VI. Friar Laurence's Cell.
Enter Friar Laurence and Romeo.

Fri. So smile the heavens upon this holy act,
That after hours with sorrow chide him not.

a ball struck with a bandy, i. e., a bat or bannister.

2 Noise, bustle.

Is loathsome in his own delicias
And in the taste confounds the food;
Therefore, love moderately; my
Too swift arrives as tardy as too

Enter JULIET.

Here comes the lady: O, so light
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting
A lover may bestride the gossamer
That idles in the wanton summer
And yet not fall; so light is van

SCENE I. *A public Place*

Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO
Servants.

Bex. I pray thee, good Mercutio,
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad;
And, if we meet, we shall not 'scap
For now, these hot days, is the
stirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of these
that, when he enters the church,
claps me his sword upon the table
God send me no need of thee!
operation of the second cup, draw
drawer, when, indeed, there is no

Ben. Am I like such a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as
thy mood as any in Italy; and as
to be moody, and as soon minding

Ben. And what to?

Mer. Nay, an there were two
should have none shortly, for on
the other. Then! why thou wilt

hate I bear thee, can afford
on this—Thou art a villain.
reason that I have to love

the appertaining rage
—Villain am I none;

I see, thou know'st me not,
shall not excuse the injuries
one me; therefore turn and

eat I never injured thee;
er than thou canst devise,
ow the reason of my love:

mist,—which name I tender
own,—be satisfied. (shout
dishonourable, vile submits

urries it away. (Draws
cher, will you walk?

didst thou have with me?
g of cats, nothing but one

that I mean to make bold
on shall use me hereafter,
of the light. Will you pluck

his pilchers by the ears?
since be about your ears ere

on. (Drawing
ercutio, put thy rapier up.

your parrado. (They fight.
avollo; (shame

weapons.—Gentlemen, for
ge. Tybalt—Mercutio—

ly hath forbid this bandy-
cutio.

—hold, Tybalt; good Mer-
tybalt and his Partisans.

—he houses!—I am sped.—
th nothing?

What, art thou hurt?
scratch, a scratch: marry,

I—go, villain, fetch a nar-
[Exit Page.

man; the hurt cannot be
not so deep as a well, nor

arch-door; but 'tis enough,
for me to-morrow, and you

ave man. I am peppered, I
world.—A plague o' both

unds, a dog, a rat, a mouse,
e man to death! a buggart,

that fights by the book of
the devil came you between

der your arm.
t all for the best.

into some house, Benvolio,
a plague o' both your houses!

worms' meat of me:
ndly, too!—Your houses!

ROMEO and BENVOLIO.
eman, the prince's near ally,

My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt
in my behalf; my reputation stain'd
With Tybalt's slander.—Tybalt, that an hour
Hath been my kinsman!—O, sweet Juliet,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper soft'n'd valour's steel.

Re-enter BENVOLIO.
Ben. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio

dead;
That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds,

Which too unjustly here did scorn the earth.
Rom. This day's black fate on more days

doth depend;
This but begins the woe, others must end.

Re-enter TYBALT.
Ben. Here comes the furious Tybalt back

again. (shout
Rom. Alive! in triumph! and Mercutio

Away to heaven, respectively! lenity,
And fire-eyed fury be my conduct! now!

Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again,
That late thou gavest me; for Mercutio's soul

Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company;

Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.
Tyb. Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort

shalt with him hence. (shout here
Rom. This shall determine that.

(They fight. TYBALT falls.
Ben. Romeo, away, be gone!

The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain;
Stand not amazed!—the prince will doom

thee death,
If thou art taken;—hence!—be gone!—away!

Rom. O, I am fortune's fool!
Ben. Why dost thou stay?

[Exit ROMEO.
Enter Citizens, &c.

1 Cit. Which way ran he that kill'd Mer-
cutio?

Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?
Ben. There lies that Tybalt.

1 Cit. Up, sir, go with me;
I charge thee in the prince's name, obey.

Enter Prince, attended; MONTAGUE, CA-
PELLA, their Ulices, and Others.

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this
fray?

Ben. O noble prince, I can discover all
This un lucky manage of this fatal brawl:

There lies the man slain by young Romeo,
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

La. Cap. Tybalt, my cousin!—O my bro-
ther's child!

Unhappy sight! ah me, the blood is spilt!
Of my dear kinsman!—Prince, as thou art

true,
For blood of ours shed Mood of Montague.—
O cousin, cousin!

Prin. Benvolio, who began this bloody
fray? (shout
Ben. Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand

Romeo, that spoke him fair, bade him betide!
How nice the quarrel was, and urged with

an term for a thrust or stab with a rapier. † Case or scabbard.

humble gentleness. ‡ Conduct for conductor. § Necessary.

† Just and upright. ** Flight, unimportant. 40

than his tongue,
His eagle arm beats down the
And twist them round; and

arm
An envious thrust from Tybal
On stout Mercutio; and then
But by and by comes back to
Who had but newly entertain'd
And he'll they go like lightning
Could draw to part them, w
And as he fell did Romeo turn
This is the truth, or let heaven

La Cap. He is a kinsman to
Affection makes him false, he
Some twenty of them fought
strife.

And all these twenty could but
I beg for justice, which thou, prin
Romeo slew Tybal, Romeo mu

Prin. Romeo slew him, he s
Who now the price of his de
ows?

Mon. Not Romeo, prince, he
His fault concludes but what
The life of Tybal.

Prin. And, for th
Immediately we do exile him b
I have an interest in your hate
My blood for your rude bra
bleeding;

But I'll amerce* you with so st
That you shall all repent the lo
I will be deaf to pleading and ex
Nor tears nor prayers shall
Therefore none; let Romeo
Else, when he's found, that ho
Bear hence this body, and att



ROMEO AND JULIET.

401

Tybalt, the best friend I
! honest gentleman! had I
live to see thee dead!

Is this, that blows so con-
fused; and is Tybalt dead?
sin, and my dearer lord!—
umpet, sound the general

If those two are gone?
gone, and Romeo banished;
him, he is banished.

—did Romeo's hand shed
ed?
it did; alas the day! it did.
heart, hid with a downy ring
deep to fair a cave! [face]

fiend angelical!
en! wolfish-ravelling lamb!
of divinity show!
hat thou justly seem'st,
in honourable villain!—
adst thou to do in hell,
lower the spirit of a fiend
of such sweet flesh?
containing such vile matter,
O, that deceit should dwell
a palace!

There's no trust,
sty in men; all perjured,
caught, all dissemblers.—
man! give me some *agua*
me old.
e woes, these sorrows make
ome!

Blister'd be thy tongue,
he was not born to shame!
ame is ashamed to sit;
here honour may be crown'd
the universal earth.

as I to chide at him
on speak well of him that
cousin? [husband]
peak ill of him that is my
, what tongue shall smooth?

[il]—
e-hoers wife, have mangled
villain, didst thou kill my
band:
o would have kill'd my hus-
sars, back to your native

rops belong to woe,
aking, offer up to joy.
es, that Tybalt would have

[husband]
d, that would have slain my
f! Wherefore weep I then?
t was, worse than Tybalt's

e; I would *deuot* it fair;
ts to my
illy dead
and *Rom*
that *one*

* To smooth, i
e than the loss o

Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's
death

Was woe enough, if it had ended there:
Or,—if sour woe delights in fellowship,
And needly will be rank'd with other griefs.—
Why follow'd not, when she said—Tybalt's
dead,

Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,
Which modern lamentation might have
moved?

But, with a rear-ward following Tybalt's death,
Romeo is banished.—to speak that word,
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
All slain, all dead:—*Romeo is banished*.—
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that word's death; no words can that woe
sound.—

Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?
Nurse. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's
corse:

Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.
Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears?
mine shall be spent,

When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment,
Take up those cords:—Poor ropes, you are
begot,

Both you and I; for Romeo is exil'd:
He made you for a highway to my bed;
But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.

Come, cords; come, nurse; I'll to my wed-
ding bed:
And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!

Nurse. Hie to your chamber: I'll find
Romeo
To comfort you:—I wot well where he is.

Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night;
I'll to him; he is hid at Laurence's cell.
Jul. O find him! give this ring to my true
knight,

And bid him come to take his last farewell.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE III. Friar Laurence's Cell.

Enter Friar Laurence and Romeo.

Fri. Romeo, come forth; come forth thou
fearful man;

Affliction's enanour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.

Rom. Father, what news! what is the
prince's doom?

What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?

Fri. Too familiar
Is my dear son with such sour company:
I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

Rom. What less than doom-day is the
prince's doom?

[Ups,
Fri. A gentler judgment vanish'd from his
Not body's death, but body's banishment.
Rom. Ha! banishment! be merciful, say—
For exile hath more terror in his look, [death]
Much more than death! do not say—banish-
ment.

Fri. Hence from Verona art thou banished:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

language, is to stroke, to caress.
usual Tybalts.
Common.
402

ment;
This is dear mercy, and thou
Rom. 'Tis torture, and this
is here,
Where Juliet lives; and even
And little mouse, every unwe
live here in heaven, and may
But Romeo may not:—Must
More honourable state, more
In carrion flies, than Romeo
On the white wonder of dear
And steal immortal blessing
Who, even in pure and vesta
Still blush, as thinking their
But Romeo may not; he is b
Flies may do this, when I tro
They are free men, but I am
And say't than yet, that exile
Hadt thou no poison mix'd,
knife,
No sudden mean of death,
But—banished—to kill me;
O friar, the damned ste that
Howlings attend it: How has
Being a divine, a ghostly coun
A sin-absolver, and my friend
To mangle me with that word
Fri. Thou fond mad man, h
a word.
Rom. O, thou wilt speak
Fri. I'll give thee armour
word;
Adversity's sweet milk, philo
To comfort thee, though thou
Rom. Yet banished?—Hap
Unless philosophy can make
Distant a town, reveries a

of heaven, and earth, all three

; which thou at once wouldst
[thy wit;

shamest thy shape, thy love,
usurer, abound'st in all,
in that true use indeed

defect thy shape, thy love, thy
is but a form of wax, [wit-
the valour of a man:

sworn, but hollow perjury,
which thou hast vow'd to

inament to shape and love,
the conduct of them both,

a skill-less soldier's flask,
y thine own ignorance,
ember'd with thine own de-

re, man! thy Juliet is alive,
sake thou wast but lately dead;

appy: Tybalt would kill thee,
Tybalt; there art thou happy

[friend,
breath'd death, becomes thy
exile; there art thou happy:

sings lights upon thy back;
its thee in her best array;

chev'd and sullen wench,
on thy fortune and thy love;

a heed, for such die miserable.
thy love, as was decreed,

umber, hence and comfort her;
stay not till the watch be set,

canst not pass to Mantua;
all live, till we can find a time

marriage, reconcile your friends,
the prince, and call thee back

undred thousand times more joy
Est forth in lamentation.—

best commend me to thy lady;
open all the house to bed,

sorrow makes them apt unto:
ing. [the night,

ard, I could have staid here all
counsel: O, what learning is!

ill my lady you will come,
and bid my sweet prepare to

[you, sir:
w, sir, a ring she bid me give

haste, for it grows very late.
[Exit Nurse.

well my comfort is revived by
[all your state &

ces: Good night; and here stands
before the watch be set,

day disguised from hence:
stus; I'll find out your man,

dearly from time to time
up to you, that chance here

aud; 'tis late: farewell; good
[me,

that a joy past joy calls out on
so brief to part with thee:

[Exit.

as with thine own weapons.
I shut up

SCENE IV. A Room in Capulet's House.

Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, and
PARIS.

Cap. Things have fallen out, sir, so unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our daugh-

ter. [By,
Look you, she loved her kinsman Tybalt dear—

And so did I;—Well, we were born to die—
'Tis very late, she'll not come down to-night;

I promise you, but for your company,
I would have been a-bed an hour ago. [Exit.

Par. These times of woe afford no time to
Madam, good night: commend me to your

daughter. [to-morrow
La. Cap. I will, and know her mind early

To-night she's mew'd up to her heaviness.
Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate

tender
Of my child's love: I think, she will be ruled

In all respects by me: nay more, I doubt it not.
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed;

Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love;
And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday

But soft; What day is this? [next—
Par. Monday. Monday, my lord.

Cap. Monday? ha! ha! Well, Wednesday is
too soon;

O' Thursday let it be;—o' Thursday, tell her,
She shall be married to this noble earl:—

Will you be ready? do you like this haste?
We'll keep no great ado;—a friend, or two;—

For hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,
It may be thought we held him carelessly,

Being our kinsman, if we revel much;
Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,

And there an end. But what say you to Thurs-
day? [to-morrow.

Par. My lord, I would that Thursday were
Cap. Well, get you gone;—O' Thursday be

Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed, [in then;—
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding day;—

Farewell, my lord. Light to my chamber, ho!
Afore me, it is so very late, that we

May call it early by and by:—Good night.
[Exit.

SCENE V. Juliet's Chamber.

Enter ROMEO and JULIET.

Jul. Will thou be gone? It is not yet near
It was the nightingale, and not the lark. [day;

That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree:

Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.
Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn;

No nightingale: look, love, what eastern
streaks

Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east;
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day

Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops;
I must be gone, and live, or stay and die.

Jul. You light it not day-light, I know it, [it
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,

To be to this night a torch-bearing,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua;

[The whole of your tortuous progress we will
hold.

Some say, the lark makes us
This death-bed so, for she did
Some say, the lark and he
O, now I would they had this
Since some from him that was
Hunting then hence with him
O, now begone; more light

Rom. More light and light
Dark our ways.

Enter Nurse

Nurse. Madam!

Jul. Nurse!

Nurse. Your lady mother
chambres.

The day is broke; be wary,

Jul. Then, window, let day

Rom. Farewell, farewell!
descend.

Jul. Art thou gone so? I no
my friend!

I must hear from thee every
For in a minute there are ma

O! by this count I shall be n
Here I again behold my *Rom.*

Rom. Farewell! I will and
That may convey my greeting

Jul. O, think't thou, ever
again?

Rom. I doubt it not; and al
For sweet discourses in our

Jul. O God! I have an ill
Methinks, I see thee, now th

As one dead in the bottom of
Either my eye-sight fails, or t

Rom. And trust me, love,
you:

Then

ould be husband, comes to woo,
ell my lord and father, madam,
ry yet; and, when I do, I swear,
omeo, whom you know I hate,
Paris;—These are news indeed!
ere comes your father; tell him
rself.

he will take it at your hands.
r CAPULET and Nurse.
the sun sets, the air doth drizzle
met of my brother's son, (dew;
right.—

conduit, girl? what, still in tears!
owering? In one little body
felt a bark, a sea, a wind:
yes, which I may call the sea,
flow with tears; the bark thy

is salt flood; the winds, thy sighs;
with thy tears, and they with
dden calm, will overcast them,—
lashed body.—How now, wife?
livered to her our decree?
Ay, sir; but she will none, she
on thanks.

not were married to her grave!
take me with you, take me with
life.

[thanks]
he none? doth she not give us
road? doth she not count her

she is, that we have wrought
gentleman to be her bridegroom!
proud, you have; but thankful,
n have:

never be of what I hate;
even for hate, that is meant love.

now! how now, chop-logic!
s this? [not:—

I thank you,—and, I thank you
proud;—Mistress minion, you
o thankings, nor proud me no

[next,
for fine joints 'gainst Thursday
aris to Saint Peter's church,
g thee on a hurdle thither.

ten-sickness cart! out, you
ice! [baggage!

Fit, fit! what are you mad?
ther, I beseech you on my knees,
patience but to speak a word.
hee, young baggage; disobedient

! [day,
hat,—get thee to church o' Thurs-
r look me in the face!

ply not, do not answer me:
sh.—Wife, we scarce thought us

I sent us but this only child;
e this one is too much,
have a care in having her:
liding o'!

God in heaven bless her!—
ame, my lord, to rate her so.
why, my lady wisdom! hold
sue,

Good prudence; smatter with your gossip
Nurse. I speak no treason. [go.

Cap. O, God ye good den!

Nurse. May not one speak?

Cap. Peace, you mumbling fool!
Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl,
For here we need it not.

1st. Cap. You are too hot.

Cap. God's bread! It makes me mad: Day,
night, late, early,

As home, abroad, alone, in company,
Waking, or sleeping, still my care hath been
To have her match'd: and having now pre-
vided

A gentleman of princely parentage,
Of fair demerces, youthful, and nobly train'd,
Stuff'd (as they say,) with honourable parts,
Proportion'd as one's heart could wish a man,
And then to have a wretched pining fool,
A whining mainnet, in her fortune's tender,
To answer—*I'll not wed,—I cannot love,
I am too young,—I pray you, pardon me;*
But, as you will not wed, I'll pardon you:
Graze where you will, you shall not house
with me;

Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest.
Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advice:
An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;
An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die [the
streets,

For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good:
Trust to't, bethink you, I'll not be forewarn'd.
[Exit.

Jul. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
That sees into the bottom of my grief?

O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!
Delay this marriage for a month, a week;
Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

La. Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak
a word;

Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee.
[Exit.

Jul. O God!—O nurse! how shall this be
prevented?

My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven;
How shall that faith return again to earth,
Unless that husband send it from heaven.
By leaving earth!—comfort me, counsel me.—
Alack, alack, that heaven should practise stra-
pion so soft a subject as my self!— [stagnant
What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort, nurse.

Nurse. Faith, here 'tis: Romeo
is banish'd; and all the world to nothing,
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge
you;

O, if he do, it needs must be by stratht.
Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
I think it best you married with the county.
O, he's a lovely gentleman!
Romeo's a dishclout to him; an eagle, madam,
Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye,
As Paris hath. Methrew my very heart,
I think you are happy in this second match.

SCENE I. *Prior La*

Enter Prior Laurence

Fri. On Thursday, sir, I the

Par. My father Capulet

And I am nothing slow, to st

Fri. You say, you do not

Uneven is the course, I like

Par. Immoderately she w

And therefore have I little talk

For Venus smiles not in a boy

Now, sir, her father comes, it

That she doth give her sorrow

And, in his wisdom, hastes on

To stop the inundation of her

Which, too much minded by

May be put from her by societ

Now do you know the reason

Fri. I would I knew not w

slow'd.

Look, sir, here comes the lady

Enter JULIET.

Par. Happily met, my lady.

Jul. That may be, sir, when

Par. That may be, must be,

Jul. What must be shall be.

Fri. That

Par. Come you to make co

father?

Jul. To answer that, were to

Par. Do not deny to him tha

Jul. I will confess to you, th

Par. So will you, I am sure

a new-made grave,
a dead man in his shroud;
or them told, have made me

without fear or doubt,
I'd wife to my sweet love,
I; go home, be merry, give

Wednesday is to-morrow:
look that thou lie alone,
lie with thee in thy cham-
ber, being then in bed, [her:
liquor drink thou off:
through all thy veins shall run
my humour, which shall seize
for no pulse shall keep
warm, but surcease to beat:
death, shall testify thou liv'st;
and cheeks shall fade
from eyes' windows fall,
he shuts up the day of life;
red of supple government,
dark, and cold, appear like
death's likeness of shrunk
full two and forty hours,
from a pleasant sleep.
midnight in the morning
[dead:
in thy bed, there art thou
[er of our country is,]
incover'd on the bier,
to that same ancient vault,
fred of the Capulets lie.
against thou shalt awake,
my letters know our drift;
come; and he and I
singing, and that very night
three hence to Mantua.
we thee from this present

my, nor womanish fear,
in the acting it.
O give me! tell me not of
[prospers
you gone, be strong and
I send a friar with speed
my letters to thy lord.
me strength! and strength
ford.
her! [Exeunt:
Room in Capulet's House.

Lady CAPULET, Nurse,
and Servant.
guests invite as here are
[Exit Servant.
twenty cunning cooks.
all have none ill, sir; for
lick their fingers.
I thou try them so?
sir, 'tis an ill cook that can-
singers: therefore he that can-
goes not with me.
c.— [Exit Servant.
unfurnish'd for this time.

What, is my daughter gone to friar Lawrence?
Nurse. Ay, forsooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good
A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is. [on her:
Enter JULIET.

Nurse. See, where she comes from shrift*
with merry look.

Cap. How now, my headstrong? where
have you been gadding? [sin

Jul. Where I have learn'd me to repent the
Of disobedient opposition

To you, and your behests; and am enjoind
By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here,

And beg your pardon:—Pardon, I beseech
Henceforward I am ever ruled by you. [you;

Cap. Send for the county; go tell him of
this;

I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.
Jul. I met the youthful lord at Laurence's cell,

And gave him what becom'd; love I might,
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

Cap. Why, I am glad on't; this is well,
stand up:

This is as't should be.—Let me see the county;
Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.—

Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar,
All our whole city is much bound to him.

Jul. Nurse, will you go with me into my
closet,

To help me sort such needful ornaments
As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?

La. Cap. No, not till Thursday; there is
time enough. [church to-morrow.

Cap. Go, nurse, go with her:—we'll to
[Exeunt JULIET and Nurse.

La. Cap. We shall be short in our provision;
'Tis now near night.

Cap. Tush! I will stir about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee.

Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her; [wife:
I'll not to bed to-night:—let me alone;

I'll play the housewife for this once. What, ho!—
They are all forth: Well, I will walk myself

To county Paris, to prepare him up. [light,
Against to-morrow: my heart is wondrous
Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III. Juliet's Chamber.

Enter JULIET and Nurse.

Jul. Ay, those attires are best:—But, gentle
I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night; [nurse,
For I have need of many orisons;

To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of
sin.

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. What, are you busy? do you need
my help? [servants

Jul. No, madam; we have call'd such ne-
As are behoveful for our state to-morrow:

So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the nurse this night sit up with you.

For, I am sore, you have your hands full all,
In this so sudden business.

La. Cap. Good night!

Scath'd have missest to be
Lest in this marriage he shou
Because he married me befo
I fear it is; and yet, methin
For he hath still been tried;
I will not entertain so bad a
How if, when I am laid in
I wake before the time that
Come to redeem me? there?
Shall I not then be stifled in
To whose foul mouth no
breaches in.

And there the strangled are
Or, if I live, is it not very ill
The horrible conceit of death
Together with the terror of th
As in a vault, an ancient rece
Where, for these many hun
Of all my buried ancestors an
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but
Lies festring in his shroud; w
At some hours in the night spi
Alack, alack! is it not like, th
No early waking,—what with
And shrieks like mandrakes'
earth,

That living mortals, hearing the
O! if I wake, shall I not be d
Environed with all these hide
And madly play with my foes
And pluck the mangled Tybalt?
And, in this rage, with some
bone,

As with a club, dash out my de
O, look! methinks, I see my c
Seeking out Romeo, that did s
Upon a rapier's point:—Stav

Enter Lady CAPULET.

What noise is here?

O lamentable day!

What is the matter?

Look, look! O heavy day!

O me, O me!—my child, my

de, up, or I will die with thee!—

—call help.

Enter CAPULET.

Shame, bring Juliet forth; hie

come. [*Alack the day!*]

he's dead, deceased, she's dead;

Alack the day! she's dead, she's

she's dead. [*Exit.*]

let me see her:—Out, alas! she's

settled; and her joints are stiff;

her lips have long been separated:

her, like an untimely frost

entext flower of all the field.

me! unfortunate old man!

lamentable day!

O woful time!

h, that hath ta'en her hence to

me wail,

ange, and will not let me speak.

LAUNCELOTT AND PARIS, with

Musicians. [*church!*]

s, is the bride ready to go to

ly to go, but never to return:

ght before thy wedding-day

lain with thy bride!—See, there

was, dower'd by him. [*she lies,*

son-in-law, death is my heir;

he hath wedded! I will die,

mall; life leaving, all is death's.

's I thought long to see this thorne-

ace,

give me such a sight as this?

Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched,

I day!

ble hour that e'er time saw

our of his pilgrimage!

r one, one poor and loving child,

g to rejoice and solace in,

with hath catch'd it from my sight.

wo! O woful, woful, woful day!

able day! most woful day.

er, I did yet behold!

ay! O day! O hateful day!

een so black a day as this:

I O woful day!

uiled, divorced, wronged, spited,

ble death, by thee beguiled, [*slain!*]

act thee quite overthrown!—

fe!—not life, but love in death!

laced, distressed, hated, martyr'd,

—

ble time! why camest thou now

murder our solemnity!—

child!—my soul, and not my child!

s, dead!—Alack! my child is dead;

y child, my joys are buried!

e, ho, for shame! confusion's cure

not

In these confusions. Heaven and yourself

Had part in this fair maid; now heaven hath

And all the better is it for the maid: [all,

Your part in her you could not keep from

death;

But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.

The most you sought was her promotion;

For 'twas your heaven, she should be advanced:

And weep ye now, seeing she is advanced,

Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?

O, in this love, you love your child so ill,

That you run mad, seeing that she is well:

She's not well married, that lives married long;

But she's best married, that dies married young.

Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary

On this fair corpse; and, as the custom is,

In all her best array bear her to church:

For though fond nature bids us all lament,

Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

[*Exit.* All things, that we ordained festival,

Turn from their office to black funeral:

Our instruments, to melancholy bells;

Our wedding cheer, to a sad burial feast;

Our solemn hymns, to sullen dirges change;

Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corpse,

And all things change them to the contrary.

Fri. Sir, go you in,—and, madam, go with

And go, sir Paris;—every one prepare him:—

To follow this fair corpse unto her grave:

The heavens do low'r upon you, for some ill;

Move them no more, by crossing their high

will. [*Exit CAPULET, Lady*

CAPULET, PARIS, and Friar.

1 *Mus.* 'Faith we may put up our pipes, and

be gone.

Nurse. Honest good fellows, ah, put up; put

For, well you know, this is a pitiful case. [up;

Exit Nurse.

1 *Mus.* Ay, by my troth, the case may be

amended.

Enter PETR.

Pet. Musicians, O, musicians, *Heart's ease,*

heart's ease; O, an you will have me live,

play—*heart's ease.*

1 *Mus.* Why *heart's ease?*

Pet. O, musicians, because my heart itself

plays—*My heart is full of wee:* O, play me

some merry dump*, to comfort me.

2 *Mus.* Not a dump we; 'tis no time to play

now.

Pet. You will not then?

Mus. No.

Pet. I will then give it you soundly.

1 *Mus.* What will you give us?

Pet. No money, on my faith; but the

gleek†: I will give you the minstrel.

1 *Mus.* Then will I give you the serving-

creature.

Pet. Then will I lay the serving-creature's

dagger on your backs. I will carry no crotchets:

I'll re you, I'll fa you; Do you note me?

1 *Mus.* An you re us, and fa us, you note us.

2 *Mus.* Pray you, put up your dagger, and

put out your wit.

Pet. Then have at you with my wit; I will

* *Dumps* were heavy mournful tunes.

† To *gleek* is to scoff, and a *gleekman* signified a minstrel.

SCENE I. Mantua.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. If I may trust the flattering
My dreams presage some joy
My bosom's lord sits lightly
And, all this day, so unaccustomed
Lifts me above the ground
thoughts.

I dreamt my lady came and
(Strange dream! that gives a
to think.)

And breathed such life with
That I revived, and was an eagle
Ah me! how sweet is love's
When but love's shadows are

Enter BALTHASAR.

News from Verona!—How
Doest thou not bring me letters
How doth my lady? Is my father
How fares my Juliet? That I
For nothing can be ill, if she

Bal. Then she is well, and
Her body sleeps in Capels' arms
And her immortal part with
I saw her laid low in her kind
And presently took post to tell
O pardon me for bringing thee
Since you did leave it for my care

Rom. Is it even so? then I do
Thou know'st my lodging: go
paper,

And hire post-horses; I will hasten

Bal. Pardon me, sir, I will

ers in this loathsome world,
ompon is that thou may'at

thou hast sold me none.
d, and get thyself in flesh —
not poison, go with me
for there must I use thee.

[*Exit.*]

Friar Laurence's Cell.

Friar JOHN
neiscan friar brother, ho!
riar L.
should be the voice of friar

mntua: What says Romeo?
wait, give me his letter.
find a barefoot brother out,
o associate me,
isting the sick,
he searchers of the town,
both were in a house
us pestilence did reign,
and would not let us forth:
o Mantua there was stay'd.
my letter then to Romeo?
send it—here it is again,—
er to bring . . . thee,
ry of infection.
ortune by my brotherhood,
nice but full of charge,
nd the neglecting it
ger Friar John, go hence;
w, and bring it straight

ll go and bring it thee; [*Exit.*]
: I to the monument alone;
hours will fair Juliet wake;
me much, that Romeo
: of these accidents:
ain to Mantua,
y cell till Romeo come;
losed in a dead man's tomb!

[*Exit.*]

urch-Yard: In it a Monu-
ing to the Capulets.
and L's Page, bearing
s and a Torch.

by torch, boy: Hence, and
I would not be seen.
es lay thee all along,
close to the hollow ground;
on the church-yard tread,
y, with digging up of graves,
it: whistle then to me,
hear'st something approach
ers. Do as I bid thee, go.
et afraid to stand alone
yard; yet I will adventure.

[*Retires.*]

ver, with flowers I strew
d:
thy clement doth contain
of eternity;

n a trivial or idle subject.

Pair Juliet, that with angels dost remain,
Accept this latest favour at my hands;
That living honour'd thee, and, being dead,
With funeral praises do adorn thy tomb!

[*The boy whistles.*]

The boy gives warning, something doth ap-
proach.

What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,
To cross my obsequies, and true-love's rites?
What, with a torch!—muffle me, night, a
while.

[*Retires.*]

*Enter ROMEO and BALTHASAR with a
Torch, Mattock, &c.*

Rom. Give me that mattock, and the wrench-
ing iron.

Hold, take this letter: early in the morning
Sec thou deliver it to my lord and father.
Give . . . the light: Upon thy life charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my course.
Why descend into his bed of death,
Is, partly to behold my lady's face: [*Finger*
But chiefly, to take thence from her dead
A precious ring, a ring that I must use
In dear employment: therefore hence, be
gone:—

But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry
In what I further shall intend to do,
By heaven, will fear thee joint by joint,
And strew this hungry church-yard with thy
limbs:

The time and my intents are savage-wild;
More fierce, and more inexorable far
Than empty tigers, or the roaring sea.

Jul. I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Rom. So shalt thou show me friendship.—

Take thou that: [*Follow.*]

Live, and be prosperous; and farewell, good
Jul. For all this same, I'll hide me here
about;

His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt.

[*Retires.*]

Rom. Thou detestable maw, thou womb of
death,

Gorged with the dearest morsel of the earth,
Thus I conjure thy rotten bow to open,

*Breaking open the Door of the
Monument.*

And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food!
Par. This is that banish'd haughty Monta-
gue,

That murder'd my love's cousin:—with which
It is supposed the fair creature died,—
And here is come to do some villainous shame
To the dead bodies I will apprehend him.

[*Advances.*]

Stop thy shallow'd toil, vile Montague;
Can vengeance be pursued further than death?
Condemned villain, do apprehend thee:
Obey, and go with me; for thou must die.

Rom. I must, indeed; and therefore came I
hither.—

Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man.
Fly hence and leave me;—think upon these
gone;

merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with Ju-
liet. In faith, I will :—Let
face :—

Mercutio's kinsman, noble count
What said my man, when lay he
Did not attend him as we rode?
He told me, Paris should have
Said he not so! or did I dream
Or am I mad, hearing him talk
To think it was so?—O give me
One-wit with me in sour mis-
I'll bury thee in a triumphant
grave! O, no! a lantern, slung
For here lies Juliet, and her
This vault a feasting presence! O
Death, lie thou there, by a dead!

(Laying Paris in the tomb.)
How oft when men are at the point
Have they been merry? which
A lightning before death! O, how
Call this a lightning?—O, my love,
Death that hath suck'd the honey
Hath had no power yet upon thee
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's
Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy
And death's pale flag is not advanced
Tybalt, liest thou there in thy blood?
O, what more favour can I do to
Than with that hand that cut
To render him that was thine enemy
Forgive me, cousin!—Ah, dear Juliet,
Why art thou yet so fair? Shall
That unsubstantial death is amorous
And that the lean abhorred monster
Thee here in dark to be his paramour
For fear of that, I will still stay.

hence, for I will not
[hand]
enp, closed in my true love's
ath been his timeless end :—
all; and leave no friendly
er?—I will kiss thy lips;
ison yet doth hang on them,
e with a restorative.

[*Kisses him.*
arm!
[*way!*
[*Fl. in.*] Lead, boy :—Which
ose?—then I'll be brief.—O
agger!
[*Snatching Romeo's Dagger.*
th; [*Stabs herself.*] there rust,
ne die.
s on Romeo's body, and dies.
ch, with the Page of Paris.
Is the place; there, where the
th burn.
e ground is bloody;—Search
e church-yard:
ou, who e'er you find, attach.

[*Exeunt some.*
ere lies the county slain;—
ding; warm, and newly dead,
lain these two days buried.—
nce,—run to the Capulets,—
ontagues,—some others search;
[*Exeunt other Watchmen.*
und whereon these woes do lie;
ound of all these piteous woes,
hout circumstance deary.
the Watch, with BALTHASAR.
ere's Romeo's man, we found
he church-yard.
old him in safety, till the prince
ther.

ther Watchman, with Friar
LAWRENCE.
lere is a friar, that trembles,
d weeps:
atlock and this spade from him,
ing from this church-yard side.
great suspicion; Stay the friar

e Prince and Attendants.
at misadventure is so early up,
erion from our morning's rest!
LET, Lady CAPULET, and
Others.
should it be, that they so shriek
[*Romeo.*
he people in the street cry—
and some—Paris; and all run,
cry toward our monument.
at fear is this, which startles in
[*Paris slain;*
overrign, here lies the county
ad; and Juliet, dead before,
w kill'd.
rch, seek, and know how this
der comes. [*Romeo's man;*
ere is a friar, and slaughter'd
ats upon them, fit to open

These dead men's tombs.

[*Cap. O, heavens!—*] wife! look how our
daughter bleeds!

This dagger hath mista'en.—for lo! his house*
Is empty on the back of Montague.—
And is mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom.

[*Lat. Cap. O me!* this sight of death is as a
That warns my old age to a sepulchre. [*Hell,*
Enter MONTAQUE and Others.

Prince. Come, Montague; for thou art early
ap,

To see thy son and heir more early down.

Mon. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-
night;

Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her
breath:
What further woo conspires against mine age!

Prince. Look, and thou shalt see. [*His.*

Mon. O thou untanght! what manners is in
To press before thy father to a grave!

Prince. Seal up the mouth of outrage for a
Till we can clear these ambiguities, (while,
And know their spring, their head, their true
descent;

And then will I be general of your woes,
And lead you even to death: Mean time forbear.
And let mischance be slave to patience.—
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

Fri. I am the greatest, able to do least,
Yet most suspected, as the time and place
Doth make against me, of this direful murder;
And here I stand, both to impeach and purge
Myself condemned and myself excused.

Prince. Then say at once what thou dost
know in this.

Fri. I will be brief, for my short date of
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.

Romeo, thou dead, was husband to that
Juliet;

And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful
I married them; and their stolen-marriage-day
Was Tybalt's dooms-day, whose naturally
death

Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from the
For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pined.
You—to remove that siege of grief from her
Betroth'd, and would have married her per
force,

To county Paris :—Then comes she to me;
And, with wild looks, bid me devise some
means

To rid her from this second marriage,
Or, in my cell there would she kill herself.
Then gave I her, so tutor'd by my art,
A sleeping potion; which so took effect

As I intended, for it wrought on her
The form of death: meantime I writ to Romeo
That he should hither come as this dire night,
To help to take her from her borrow'd grave
Being the time the potion's force should cease
But he which bore my letter, friar John,
Was staid by accident; and yesternight
Return'd my letter back: Then all alone,
At the prefixed hour of her waking,
Came I to take her from her kindred's vault
Meaning to keep her closely at my cell,
Till I conveniently could send to Romeo:

The scabbard.

* The dagger.

* See.

Where's Romeo's man? what d'
Raf. I brought my master no
death?

And then in post he came from
To this same place, to this same
This letter he early bid me give
And threaten'd me with death,
If I departed not, and left him the
Prince. Give me the letter, I

It.—

Where is the county's page, the
Sirrah, what made your master

Page. He came with flowers
lady's grave!

And bid me stand aloof, and so I
Anon, comes one with light to o'

This play is one of the most
and various, the incidents number
the process of the action carries
popular opinions, as tragedy requires.

Here is one of the few attempts
represent the airy sprightliness of
might easily reach his time, of a
Mercutio in the third Act, lest
no such formidable person, but
his bed, without danger to the
pointed sentence, that more regard
is very seldom to be rigorously
rescue him. stands that with his

HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

Persons represented.

of Denmark.
the former, and nephew to
king.
chamberlain.
to Hamlet.

Polonius.
ROSENCRANZ,
and courtiers.
ier.

ficers.

FRANCISCO, a soldier.
REYNALDO, servant to Polonius.
A Captain. An Ambassador.
Ghost of Hamlet's father.
FORTINBRAS, prince of Norway.

GERTRUDE, queen of Denmark, and mother
of Hamlet.
OPHELIA, daughter of Polonius.

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Players.
Grave-diggers, Sailors, Messengers, and
other Attendants.

Scene—Eldonore.

ACT I.

nore. A Platform before
he Castle.

his Post. Enter to him
BERNARDO.

re?
wer me: stand, and unfold

the king!
Bernardo?

He.
re most carefully upon your
bed, Francisco.
struck twelve, get thee to
relief much thanks: 'tis
heart. [bitter cold,
had quiet guard?

Not a mouse stirring.
I night,
Horatio and Marcellus,
watch, bid them make haste.
Horatio and MARCELLUS.

I hear them.—Stand, ho!
e?

this ground.
And liegemen to the Dane.
good night.

O, farewell, honest soldier:
d you?

Bernardo bath my place.
ht. [Exit FRANCISCO.

Holla! Bernardo!
Say.

here?
A place of him.

Ber. Welcome, Horatio; welcome, good
Marcellus. [to night?

Hor. What, has this thing appear'd again
Ber. I have seen nothing.

Mar. Horatio says, 'tis but our fantasy;
And will not let belief take hold of him.

Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us;
Therefore I have entreated him, along

With us to watch the minutes of this night;
That, if again this apparition come,

He may approve our eyes, and speak to it.
Hor. Tush! tush! 'twill not appear.

Ber. Sit down awhile;
And let us once again assail your ears,

That are so fortified against our story,
What we two nights have seen.

Hor. Well, sit we down,
And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.

Ber. Last night of all, [the pole,
When yon same star that's westward from

Had made his course to illumine that part of
heaven

Where now it burns, Marcellus and myself,
The bell then beating one,—

Mar. Peace, break thee off; look, where
it comes again! [Enter Ghost.

Ber. In the same figure like the king that's
dead. [ratio.

Mar. Thou art a scholar, speak to it, Ho-
Ber. Looks it not like the king? mark it,

Horatio. [fear and wonder.
Hor. Most like:—it harrows me with

Ber. It would be spoke to.
Mar. Speak to it, Horatio.

Hor. What art thou that usurp'st this time
of night,

Mar. Is it not

Har. As thou art to thyself
Such was the very argument he
When he the ambitious Norweg
So drew'd he on, when, in a
He smote the stuffed Polack
This strange.

Mar. Thou twice soldier, and
dead lover,

With martial stalk hath he gone

Har. In what particular thou
know not;

But, in the gross and scope of
This bodes some strange eruption

Mar. Good now, sit down, and
that knows,

Why this same surfeit and most ope
So slightly toils the subject of it

And why such daily cast of bra
And foreign mart for implements

Why such impress of shipwright
task

Does not divide the Sunday for
What might be toward, that the

Doth make the night joint-labour
Who is't that can inform me?

Hor.

At least, the whisper goes so.
Whose image even but now ap

Was, as you know, by Fortinbras
Thereto prick'd on by a most a

Dared to the combat; in which

Hamlet

(For so this side of our known
Did slay this Fortinbras; who

compact,
Well ratified by law and herald

rant and erring^o spirit here
and of the truth herein
ject made probation^t.

ed on the crowing of the cock.
ever 'gainst that season comes
aviour's birth is celebrated,
winning singeth all night long;
say no spirit dares stir abroad;
: wholesome; then no planets

[charm,
s, nor witch hath power to
nd so gracious is the time.
re I heard, and do in part be-

morn, in russet mantle clad,
dew of yon high eastern hill:
watch up: and, by my advice,
what we have seen to-night
anlet: for, upon my life,
nb to us, will speak to him:
t we shall acquaint him with it,
ur loves, fitting our duty?
lo't, I pray; and I this morning

ll find him most convenient.
[*Exeunt.*

*The same. A Room of State
in the same.*

ing, Queen, HAMLET, POLO-
RYES, VOLTIMAND, CORNE-
s, and Attendants.

ugh yet of Hamlet, our dear
's death

ve green; and that it us befitted
hearts in grief, and our whole
n

led in one brow of woe;
a discretion thought with nature,
wisest sorrow think on him,
remembrance of ourselves.

sometime sister, now our queen,
ointress of this warlike state,
were, with a defeated joy,—
icious, and one-dropping eye;
tuneral, and with dirge in mar-

weighing delight and dole;—
; nor have we herein barr'd
isdoms, which have freely gone
ir along:—For all, our thanks.
s, that you know, young Fortin-

ak supposal of our worth;
y our late dear brother's death,
e disjoint and out of frame,
ith this dream of his advantage,
n'd to posterity with message,
urrender of those lands
ther, with all bands of law,
valiant brother.—So much for

elf, and for this time of meeting.
e business is: We have here writ
ncle of young Fortinbras,—

Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears
Of this his nephew's purpose,—to suppress
His further gait herein; in that the levies,
The lists, and full proportions, are all made
Out of his subject:—and we here despatch
You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand,
For bearers of this greeting to old Norway;
Giving to you no further personal power
To business with the king, more than the scope
Of these dilated articles allow.

Farewell; and let your haste commend^o your
duty. [show our duty.

Cor. Vol. In that, and all things, will we
King. We doubt it nothing heartily the well.

[*Exeunt VOLTIMAND and CORNELIUS.*

And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?
You told us of some suit; What is't, Laertes?

You cannot speak of reason to the Dane,
And lose your voice: What wouldst thou beg,
Laertes,

That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?
The head is not more native to the heart,
The hand more instrumental to the mouth,
Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.

What wouldst thou have, Laertes?
Laer. My dread lord,

Your leave and favour to return to France;
From whence though willingly I came to Den-
To show my duty in your coronation; [mark,
Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend again toward

France, [pardon,

And how them to your gracious leave and
King. Have you your father's leave? What
says Polonius?

[slow leave,
Pol. He hath, my lord, [warning from me may

By labour'some petition; and, at last,
Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent.]

I do beseech you, give him leave to go.

King. Take thy fair hour, Laertes: time I e-
thine,

And thy best graces: spend it at thy will.—
But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,—

Ham. A little more than kin, and less than
kind^o. [Aside.

King. How is it that the clouds still hang on
you? [saw.

Ham. Not so, my lord, I am too much 't'he
Queen. Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted co-
lour off, [mark,

And let thine eye look like a friend on Den-
Do not, for ever, with thy valid lids^{oo}

Seek for thy noble father in the dust:
Thou know'st 'tis common; all that live, must

Passing through nature to eternity. [dis,
Ham. Ay, madam, it is common.

Queen. If it be,
Why seems it so particular with thee?

Ham. Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know
not seems.

'Tis not alone my ink'd cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forced breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the defected haviour of the visage,

† Proof. § Grief. § Bonds. | Way, path. ¶ Nature -
e than a kinsman, and less than a natural one. ^{oo} Lowering eye

In obstinate contention; 'tis a
Of impious stubbornness; 'tis a
It shows a will most incorrect;
A heart uncharitable, or mindless
An understanding single and
For what, we know, must be

As any the most vulgar thing
Why should we, in our perversity
Take it to heart? Fly! 'tis a
A fault against the dead, a fault
To reason most absurd; whose
Is death of fathers, and who it
From the first cage, till he this
This must be so. We pray you
This unprevailing woe; and th
As of a father! for let the w
You see the most immediate to
And, with no less nobility of
Than that which dearest father
Do I import toward you. For
In going back to school in W
It is most retrograde * to our
And, we beseech you, bend yo
Here, in the cheer and comfort
Our chiefest courtier, woman,

Queen. Let not thy mother
Hamlet :

I pray thee, stay with us, go no

Ham. I shall in all my best ob

King. Why, 'tis a loving an

He as ourself in Denmark.—M

This gentle and unforced accor

Sits smiling to my heart: in g

No jocund health that Denmark

But the great cannon to the ch

And the king's rouse† the hea

d, the king your father.

The king my father !
your admiration for a while
ear ; till I may deliver,
as of these gentlemen,
yon.

For God's love, let me hear.
ghts together had these gentle-
bernardo, on their watch, [men,
st and middle of the night,
outer'd. A figure like your
, exactly, cap-à-pé, [father,
them, and, with solemn march,
I stately by them : thrice he

w'd and fear-surprized eyes,
nebeon's length : whilst they,
with the act of fear, [distill'd
nd speak not to him. This to
recy impart they did ; [me
nem, the third night kept the

had deliver'd, both in time,
ing, each word made true and

comes : I knew your father ;
e not more like.

But where was this ?
d, upon the platform where we
on not speak to it ? [watch'd.

My lord, I did ;
de it none : yet once, methought,
head, and did address
n, like as it would speak :
n, the morning cock crew load ;
nd it shrunk in haste away,
from our sight.

'Tis very strange.
lo live, my honour'd lord, 'tis

ink it writ down in our duty,
ow of it. [me.
rd, indeed, alas, but this troubles
watch to-night ?

We do, my lord.
'd, say you ?

Arm'd, my lord.
From top to toe ?
'd, from head to foot.

Then saw you not
n, my lord ; he wore his beaver +
it, look'd he frowningly ? [up.
A countenance more
n in anger.

Pale, or red ?
very pale.
And fix'd his eyes upon you ?
constantly.

I would, I had been there.
ould have much amazed you.
Very like,
say'd it long ? [tell a hundred.
e one with moderate haste might
Longer, longer.

Hor. Not when I saw it.

Ham. His beard was grizzled ? no ?

Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his life,
A sable silver'd.

Ham. I will watch to-night ;
Perchance, 'twill walk again.

Hor. I warrant, it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble father's person,
I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape,
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
Let it be tenable in your silence still ;
And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue ;
I will requite your loves : So, fare you well :
Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
I'll visit you.

All. Our duty to your honour.

Ham. Your loves, as mine to you : Fare-
well.

[*Exit* HORATIO, MARCELLUS, and
BERNARDO.

My father's spirit in arms ! all is not well ;
I doubt some foul play : 'would, the night
were come !

Till then sit still, my soul : Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them to men's
eyes. [*Exit*.

SCENE III. *A Room in Polonius' House.*

Enter LAERTES and OPHELIA.

Laer. My necessities are embark'd ; fate-
And, sister, as the winds give benefit, [we'll :
And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,
But let me hear from you.

Oph. Do you doubt that ?
Laer. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood : [favour,
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute ;
No more.

Oph. No more but so ?
Laer. Think it no more :

For nature, crescent, does not grow alone
In thews, and bulk ; but, as this temple waxes,
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal. Perhaps, he loves you
now ;

And now no soul, nor earnest, doth beam in it :
The virtue of his will : but, you must fear,
His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own
For he himself is subject to his birth :
He may not, as unvalued persons do,
Carve for himself ; for on his choice depends
The safety and the health of the whole state ;
And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd :
Unto the voice and yielding of that body,
Whereof he is the head : Then if he says he
loves you,

It fits your wisdom so far to believe it,
As he in his particular act and place
May give his saying deed ; which is no farther,
Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.
Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain,

Intensive.
ending.

+ That part of the helmet which may be lifted up.

§ Sineux.

¶ Subduty, deceit.

* Discreetum.

Be wary there: not every one
Yields to itself rebels, though a
Opk. I shall the effect of it
keep.

As watchman to my heart:
Do not, as some suggestions go
Show me the steep and thorny;
Whiles, like a post 'n' a rock
Himself the precipitate path at
And rocks not his own road &
Lear.

I stay too long:—But here my

Ander POLONIUS:
A double blessing is a double
Occasion smiles upon a second.

Pol. Yet here, Laertes! above
The wind sits in the shoulder of
And you are staid for: There
with you.

[Laying his Hand on La
And these few precepts in thy
Look thou character²². Give
tongue,

Not any unproportion'd thought
Be thou familiar, but by no means
The friends thou hast, and their
Grapple them to thy soul with
But do not dull thy palm with
ment.

Of each new-hatch'd, unfledged
Of entrance to a quarrel: but,
Bear it that the opposer may be
Give every man thine ear, but
Take each man's censur²³ in
judgment.

Costly thy habit as thy purse can
But not express'd in fancy; rich
For the apparel oft proclaims the

IV. *The Platform.*

ET, HORATIO, and MARCELLUS.

bites shrewdly; it is very cold.
ipping and an eager^o air.
our now?

I think it lacks of twelve.
s struck.

I heard it not; it then draws
season,
rit held is wont to walk.

ish of Trumpets, and Ord-
shot off, within.

mean, my lord?
ng doth wake to-night, and
rouset. (spring) reels;

l, and the swaggering up-
his draughts of Rhenish down,
and trumpet thus bray out
his pledge.

Is it a custom?
arry, let's:
,—though I am native here,
ner born,—it is a custom
in the breach, than the ob-

ed revel, east and west,
ed, and taxed of other nations:
drunkards, and with swinish
; and, indeed it takes [phrase
ements, though performed at
rrow of our attribute. [height,
s in particular men,

icious mole of nature in them,
s, (wherein they are not guilty,
not choose his origin,)
th of some complexion?
in the pales and furls of reason;
in, that too much o'er-leavens
ausive manners;—that these

the stamp of one defect;
every, or fortune's star,—
e (be they as pure as grace,
in my undergo,)
eral censure take corruption
ular fault: The dram of base
le substance often doth^{oo},
dial.

Enter Ghost.

Look, my lord, it comes!
and ministers of grace, defend

of health, or goblin damn'd,
s airs from heaven, or blasts
icked, or charitable, (from hell,
uch a questionable shape,
to thee; I'll call thee, Hamlet,
yal Dane: O, answer me:
t in ignorance! but tell,
ed bones, hearsed in death,
cerements! why these palechre,
r thee quietly in-urn'd,

Hath open'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again! What may this mean,
That thou, dead corpse, again in complete steel
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous; and we fools of nature,
So horribly to shake our disposition^{oo},
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
Say, why is this? wherefore? what should
we do?

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.

Mar. Look, with what courteous action,
It waves you to a more removed^{§§} ground.
But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means.

Ham. It will not speak; then I will follow

Hor. Do not, my lord. [It.

Ham. Why, what should be the fear?

I do not set my life at a pin's fee^{||};
And for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself?
It waves me forth again;—I'll follow it.

Hor. What, if it tempt you toward the
flood, my lord,

Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff,
That beetles^{§§} o'er his base into the sea?
And there assume some other horrible form,
Which might deprive your sovereignty of rea-
And draw you into madness? think of it: reason,
The very place puts toys^{ooo} of desperation,
Without more motive, into every brain,
That looks so many fathoms to the sea,
And hears it roar beneath.

Ham. It waves me still:—
Go on, I'll follow thee.

Mar. You shall not go, my lord.

Ham. Hold off your hands.

Hor. Be ruled, you shall not go.

Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.—

[Ghost beckons.
Still am I call'd;—unhand me, gentlemen;—

[Breaking from them.

By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets^{||};

I say, away:—Go on, I'll follow thee. [He.

[Exit Ghost and HAMLET.

Hor. He waxes desperate with imagination.

Mar. Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey
him. [come!

Hor. Have after:—To what issue will this

Mar. Something is rotten in the state of

Hor. Heaven will direct it. [Denmark.

Mar. Nay, let's follow him.

[Exit.

SCENE V. *A more remote part of the Platform.*

Re-enter Ghost and HAMLET.

Ham. Whither wilt thou lead me? speak,

Ghost. Mark me. [I'll go no further.

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My hour is almost come,

† Jovial draught.

oo Do out.

se. †† Hangs.

‡ Jollity.

†† Conversable.

ooo Whims.

§ a dance.

‡‡ Frame.

††† Riddles.

|| Call.

§§ Remote.

To tell the secrets of my soul
I could a tale unfold, whose
Would harness up thy soul
to hear;

Make thy two eyes, like at
The knotted and combined
And each particular hair to
Like quills upon the fretful
But this eternal blazon* on
To ours of flesh and blood
If thou didst ever thy dear

Ham. O heaven!

Ghost. Revenge his foul

Ham. Murder!

Ghost. Murder most foul
But this most foul, strange,

Ham. Haste me to know
As meditation, or the thing
May sweep to my revenge

Ghost.

And duller shouldst thou be
That rots itself in ease on
Wouldst thou not stir in it
'Tis given out, that sleeping
A serpent stung me; so I
Is by a forged process of
Rankly abused: but know
The serpent that did sting
Now wears his crown.

Ham. O, my prophetic

Ghost. Ay, that incestu
beast,

With withcraft of his w
(O wicked wit, and gifts, t
So to seduce!) won to his
The will of my most seems
O, Hamlet, what a felling

What news, my lord?
Wonderful!

Good my lord, tell it.

No;
I'll tell it.

Not I, my lord, by heaven.

Nor I, my lord.
I say you then; would heart of
man think it!—

Ay, by heaven, my lord.
He's never a villain, dwelling in
man's breast.

[all Denmark,
] needs no ghost, my lord, come
from the grave,

Why, right; you are in the right;
but more circumstance at all,

but we shake hands, and part:
business and desire shall point
in both business and desire, you;
—and, for my own poor part,
will go pray.

are but wild and whirling words,
d. [yes,
a sorry they offend you, heartily;
ly.

There's no offence, my lord.
by Saint Patrick, but there is,
o,

fence too. Touching this vision
ghost, that let me tell you;
I'll tell you what is between us,
as you may. And now, good
friends, scholars, and soldiers,
poor request.

What is't, my lord?
[secret to night.

never make known what you have
said. My lord, we will not.

Nay, but swear't.
In faith,

I.
Nor I, my lord, in faith.

on my sword.
I have sworn, my lord, already.

eed, upon my sword, indeed.
[Beneath.] Swear.

Ham. Ha, ha, boy! say'st thou so; art thou
there, true-penny?

Come on,—you hear this fellow in the cellar—
Consent to swear.

Hor. Propose the oath, my lord.

Ham. Never to speak of this that you have
swear by my sword.

Ghost. [Beneath.] Swear.

Ham. *Hic et ubique*? then we'll shift our
Come hither, gentlemen,

And lay your hands again upon my sword:
Swear by my sword,

Never to speak of this that you have heard.

Ghost. [Beneath.] Swear by his sword.

Ham. Well said, old mole! can't work
I'th' earth so fast?

A worthy pioneer!—Once more remove, good
Hor. O day and night, but this is wondrous
strange!

Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it
There are more things in heaven and earth, Ho-
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy. [ratio,
But come:—

Here, as before, never, so help you mercy!
How strange or odd so'er I bear myself,

As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet
To put an antic disposition on,—

That you, at such times seeing me, never shall,
With arms encumber'd thus, or this head-
shake,

Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,
As, *Well, well, we know*;—or, *We could, an
if we would*;—or, *If we list to speak*;—or,
There be, an if they might:—

Or such ambiguous giving out, to note [swear,
That you know aught of me:—This do you
So grace and mercy at your most need help
Ghost. [Beneath.] Swear. [you!

Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit! So, gen-
tlemen,

With all my love I do commend me to you:
And what so poor a man as Hamlet is [you,
May do to express his love and friendship to
God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in to-
gether;

And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.
The time is out of joint:—O cursed spite!
That ever I was born to set it right!

Nay, come, let's go together. [Exit.

ACT II.

A Room in Polonius's House.

POLONIUS and REYNALDO.

Give him this money, and these notes,
I, my lord. [Reynaldo.

shall do marvellous wisely, good
Reynaldo,

Visit him, to make inquiry
of his.

My lord, I did intend it.
You, well said: very well said. Look
in,

What Danes are in Paris;

And how, and who, what means, and where
they keep,

What company, at what expense; and minding,
By this encompassment and drift of question,

That they do know my son, come you more
nearer.

Than your particular demands will touch it:
Take you, as 'twere, some distant knowledge
of him;

As thus,—I know his father, and his friends,
And, in part, him;—Do you mark this, Rey-
naldo?

Rey. Ay, very well, my lord.

* Here and every where.

* Danes.

Pol. And, to part, his
not well!

But, if't be he I mean
Arrested as and so;—
What forgets you please
As may dishonour him;
Not, sir, such wanton,
As are companions not
To youth and liberty.

Reg.

Pol. Ay, or drink
Drubbing;—You may;

Reg. My lord, that's

Pol. Faith, no; as I
charge.

You must not put aught
That he is open to them
That's not my meaning
That they may seem to
The flash and out-bred
A savageness* in nature
Of general assault.

Reg. But

Pol. Wherefore should

Reg.

I would know that.

Pol. Marry

And, I believe, it is a
You saying these slight
As 'twere a thing a little
Mark you,

Your party in converse
Having ever seen in the
The youth you breathe
He closes with you in
Good air, or so; or for
According to the phrase
Of man, and country.

Reg.

Pol. And then, sir, I
What was I about to say
about to say some son
leave!

Reg. At, closes in the

Pol. At, closes in

He closes with you thus
I saw him yesterday,
Or then, or then; what
as you say.

There was he gaming
There falling out at it
I saw him enter such
'Fidelicet', a brother
See you now;

Your halt of falsehood
And thus do we of wit
With windlasses, and
By indirections find all
So, by former lecture.

Shall you my son: Yes.

Reg. My lord, I have

Pol. God be

Reg. Good, my lord

Pol. Observe his

Reg. I shall, my lord

* Wild

† Hanging down

Something have you heard
 nation; so I smell it,
 or nor the inward man
 us: What it should be,
 r's death, that thus hath

Understanding of himself,
 I entreat you both, (him:
 ung days brought up with
 board to his youth and

our rest here in our court
 by your companies
 leasures; and to gather,
 ason you may glean,
 s unknown, afflicts him,
 thin our remedy, (thus:
 stlemen, he hath much

men there are not living,
 there. If it will please

gentry*, and good will,
 me with us awhile,
 rofit of our hope,
 receive such thanks
 mbrances.

Both your majesties
 gn power you have of us,
 ares more into command

at we both obey;
 selves, in the full bent,
 rely at your feet,

loosecrants, and gentle

Guildenstern, and gentle

nstantly to visit
 d son.—Go, some of you,
 lemen where Hamlet is.
 ke our presence, and our
 te him! (practices,

Ay, amen!
 RANKE, GUILDENSTERN,
 endants.

POLONIUS.
 dours from Norway, my
 l. [good lord,

not been the father of good
 [good liege,

lord? Assure you, my
 hold my soul,

I to my gracious king:
 see this brain of mine
 of policy so sure
) that I have found
 amlet's lunacy.

f that; that do I long to
 [sadors:

mittance to the embas-
 frut § to that great fant.
 grace to them, and bring
 {And POLONIUS.

† Strictly question.
 § Enquired on.

He tells me, my dear Gertrude, he hath found
 The head and source of all your son's distemper.

Queen. I doubt, it is no other but the main;
 His father's death, and our o'erhasty marriage.
 Re-enter POLONIUS, with VOLTIMAND and
 CORNELIUS.

King. Well, we shall sift him.—Welcome,
 my good friends!

Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Nor-
 way? [desires.

Fold. Most fair return of greetings, and
 Upon our first, he sent out to suppress
 His nephew's levies; which to him appear'd
 To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack;
 But, better look'd into, he truly found
 It was against your highness: Whereat grieved,
 That so his sickness, age, and impotence,
 Was falsely borne in hand §,—sends out arrests
 On Fortinbras; which he, in brief, obeys;
 Receives rebuke from Norway; and, in fine,
 Makes vow before his uncle, never more
 To give the assay of arms against your majesty.
 Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,
 Gives him three thousand crowns in annual fee;
 And his commission, to employ those soldiers,
 So levied as before, against the Polack;
 With an entreaty, herein farther shown,

[Gives a Paper.
 That it might please you to give quiet pass
 Through your dominions for this enterprise;
 On such regards of safety, and allowance,
 As therein are set down.

King. It likes us well:
 And, at our more consider'd time, we'll read,
 Answer, and think upon this business.
 Mean time, we thank you for your well-took
 labour:

Go to your rest; at night we'll feast together:
 Most welcome home!

[Exeunt VOLTIMAND and CORNELIUS.

Fold. This business is well ended.
 My liege, and madam, to expostulate**
 What majesty should be, what duty is,
 Why day is day, night, night, and time is time,
 Were nothing but to waste night, day, and
 time.

Therefore,—since brevity is the soul of wit,
 And tediousness the limbs and outward ac-
 rishes,—

I will be brief: Your noble son is mad:
 Mad call I it; for, to define true madness,
 What is't, but to be nothing else but mad:
 But let that go.

Queen. More matter, with less art.

Fold. Madam, I swear I use no art at all.
 That he is mad, 'tis true: 'tis true, 'tis pity;
 And pity 'tis, 'tis true: a foolish figure

But farewell it, for I will use no art.

Madam, let us grant him then: and now remains,

That we find out the cause of this effect;

Or, rather say, the cause of this defect;

For this effect, defective, comes by cause:

Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.

Perpend.

I have a daughter; have, while she is mine;

§ Court. § Queen. § Vol-
 § 50 Dismiss

Who, in her duty and
Hath given me this:
—*To the celestial and
most beautiful Ophelia*
That's an ill phrase, and
is a vile phrase; but

*In her excellent
Queen. Come Ophelia.*
Pol. Good morning,
faithful.

*Doubt thou, the
Doubt, that I
Doubt truth to
But never do
O dear Ophelia, I
I have not art to
that I love thee but
adieu.*

*Thine evermore
this and*

This, in obedience,
And more above, has
As they fell out by it
All given to mine ear
King.

Received his love?
Pol. W

King. As of a man

Pol. I would fain
might you this

When I had seen this
(As I perceived it, I
Before my daughter
Or my dear majesty
If I had play'd the d
Or given my heart a
Or look'd upon this)
What might you this
work,

And my young mistress
Lord Hamlet is a p
This must not be; an
That she should look
Admit no messenger
Which done, she too
And he, repulsed, (a
Fell into a sadness;
Thence to a watch;
Thence to a lightness
Into the madness wh
And all we mourn f

King.

Queen. It may be

Pol. Hath there b
That I have positively
When it proved oth
King.

Pol. Take this from

(*Pointing to*)

If circumstances less
Where truth is hid, t
Within the centre.

King. Ho

Pol. You know, I
Here in the lobby.

* Roundly, without
|| Be

daughter.—My beseechable lord, I humbly take my leave of you.

You cannot, sir, take from me any thing I will more willingly part withal; except my life, except my

honour, you well, my lord.

These tedious old fools!

ROSENCRANTS and GUILDENSTERN.
We go to seek the Lord Hamlet; there

standance you, sir! [To POLONIUS.

[Exit POLONIUS.

My honour'd lord!—

Most dear lord!—

My dearest friends! how dost

you all? Ah, Rosenkrants! Good

day to you both!

How indifferent children of the earth.

Happy, in that we are not over-

joyous!

For you are not the very button.

For the sole of her shoe!

My lord.

How you live about her waist, or in

her favours!

With her privacies we.

What the secret parts of fortune! O,

she is a strumpet. What news?

None, my lord; but that the world is

unchangeable.

Is death-day near? But your

quest is true. Let me question more in

time. What have you, my good friends,

of the hands of fortune, that she sends

hither!

None, my lord!

Denmark's a prison.

Is the world one.

A goodly one; in which there are

business, wars, and dangers; Den-

mark one of the worst.

Why think not so, my lord.

Why, then, 'tis none to you; for there

is nothing either good or bad, but thinking

makes it so; to me it is a prison.

Why, then, your ambition makes it

so narrow for your mind.

O God! I could be bounded in a nut-

shell, count myself a king of infinite space;

yet that I have but dreams.

Which dreams, indeed, are ambition;

the very substance of the ambitions is

the shadow of a dream.

A dream itself is but a shadow.

Truly, and I hold ambition of no airy

quality, that it is but a shadow's

self.

Then are our beggars' bodies; and

our monarchs' shadows: Shall we to the coast? for,

say, I cannot reason.

Will. We'll walk upon you.

No such matter: I will not sort you

with an honest man, I am most dreadfully

attended. But, in the beaten way of friend-

ship, what make you at Elsinore?

Res. To visit you, my lord; no other oc-

casional.

Ham. Bigger than I am, I am even poor

thanks; but I thank you: and sure, dear

friends, my thanks are too dear, a halfpenny.

Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclin-

ing? Is it a free visitation? Come, come; deal

justly with me: come, come; may speak.

Gul. What should we say, my lord?

Ham. Any thing—but to the purpose. You

were sent for; and there is a kind of oc-

casional in your looks, which your modesties

have not craft enough to colour: I know, the

good king and queen have sent for you.

Res. To what end, my lord?

Ham. That you must teach me. But let me

conjure you by the rights of our fellowship,

by the consanguinity of our youth, by the obli-

gation of our ever-preserved love, and by what

more dear a better proposer could charge you

withal, be even and direct with me, whether

you were sent for, or no?

Res. What say you? To GUILDENSTERN.

Ham. Nay, then I have an eye of you;

[Aside.]—If you love me, hold not off.

Gul. My lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my an-

tipication prevent your discovery, and your

secrecy to the king and queen make no feathers:

I have of late, (but wherefore, I know not,) lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exer-

cises; and, indeed, it goes so heavily with my

disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth

seems to me a sterile promontory; this most

excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave

o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof

mind freely, as the bla-
fort. — Was players are

Ros. Even those you will
delight in, the tragedians.

Ham. How chances it
residence, both in repute
better both ways.

Ros. I think, their in-
ments of the love shown

Ham. Do they hold
they did when I was in
followed?

Ros. No, indeed, they

Ham. How comes
rney?

Ros. Nay, their end
wound pain: But their
children, little eyes, and
of question, and are im-
ped for't: there are now
beside the common stag
that many, wearing glass
quills, and dare scarce

Ham. What, are they
take them? how are they
pursue the quality? bo-
din? will they not say af-
grow themselves to com-
mon like, if their mean
writers do them wrong, I
against their own names

Ros. Faith, there has
both sides; and the mat-
tars* them on to contri-
a while, no money bid.
the poet and the plays
question.

Ham. Is it possible?

Gul. O, there has
about of brains.

Ham. Do the boys

Ros. Ay, that they do
and his load too**.

Ham. It is not very
it king of Denmark, a
make mouths at him: we
give twenty, forty, fifty
a-piece, for his picture:
there is something in th
if philosophy could find

Flourish

Gul. There are the

Ham. Gentlemen, ye
sincere. Your hands, I
purtenance of welcome
mony: let me comply
lest my extent to the
you, must show fairly:
appear like entertainm
are welcome: but my u
mother, are deceived.

Gul. In what, my d

Ham. I am but m

* Become strol

† Profession.

†† Miniature.

¶¶ F/v

se: for the play, I remember, a million; 'twas caviare* to the it was (as I received it, and judgments, in such matters, p; of mine,) an excellent play; in the scenes, set down with as as cunning. I remember, one re no salads in the lines, to er savoury; nor no matter in at might indite; the author of t called it an honest method, as sweet, and by very much more a fine. One speech in it I : 'twas Æneas' tale to Dido; of it especially where he speaks aghter: If it live in your me at this line; let me see, let

Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian

begins with Pyrrhus. [arm; Pyrrhus,—he, whose sable is purpose, did the night re- e
couched in the ominous horse, this dread and black com- on smurd
try more dismal; head to foot talgules; horridly trick'd^{oo} of fathers, mothers, daugh- sons, impusht with the parching tyrannous and a damned light d's murder: Roasted in wrath fire, er-sized with coagulate gore, like carbuncles, the hellish hus
ire Priam sucks;—So proceed God, my lord, well spoken; ent and good discretion. non h finds him [sword, o short at Greeks; his antique to his arm, tis where it falls, to command: Unqual match'd, Priam drives, in rage strikes
he whiff and wind of his fall ed father falls. Thenceless n, feel this blow, with flaming crash his base, and with a hideous iner Pyrrhus' ear; for, lo! his d, declining on the milky head d Priam, seem'd t the air to :nted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood; a neutral to his will and mat- g. often see against some storm the heavens, the rack stand

*The bold winds speechless, and the orb below
As hush as death: anon the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region: So, after Pyrrhus' Aroused vengeance sets him new a work;
And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall
On Mars's armour, forged for proof eternal;
With less remorse than Pyrrhus' blood- Now falls on Priam.—
Out, out, thou strumpet Fortune! All In general synod, take away her power;
Break all the spokes and fellyes from her wheel,
And bow the round nave down the hill As low as to the fiends!*

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to the barber's with your heard.—Pr'ythee, say on: lie's for a gig or a tale of bawdry, or he sleeps: say on: come to Hecuba. [mobled queen—

I Play. But who, ah woe! had seen the *Ham.* The mobled queen!

Pol. That's good; mobled queen is good.

I Play. Run barefoot up and down, thral'ning the flames

With blazon ||| rheum; a clout upon that head

Where late the diadem stood; and, for About her lunk and all perturbed loins, A blanket, in the alarm of fear caught up;

Who this had seen, with tongue in v- 'Gainst fortune's state would treason have pronounced:

But if the gods themselves did seck'r them, When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport

In mincing with his sword her husband's The instant burst of clamour that she made,

(Unless things mortal move them not at Would have made milch^{oo} the burning eye And passion in the gods.

Pol. Look whether he has not turn'd his colour, and has tears in his eyes. Pr'ythee, no more.

Ham. 'Tis well; I'll have thee speak out the rest of this soon.—Good my lord, will you see the players well bestow'd? Do you hear? let them be well used; for they are the abstract and brief chronicles of the time: After your death you were better have a bad epitaph, than their ill report while you live.

Pol. My lord, I will use them according to their desert.

Ham. Odd's bodikins, man, much better: Use every man after his desert, and who shall 'scape whipping? Use them after your own honour and dignity: The less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come, sirs.

(Exit POLONIUS, with some of the Players.

* Italian dish made of the roes of fishes.

o Affectation.

oo Red.

zz Eternal.

zz Muffled.

zz Blind.

+ Multitude.

oo Blazoned.

; Above.

zz Light clouds.

zz Milky.

[*Enter*
Ham. Ay, so, God be v
alone.

O, what a rogue and peasant
Is it not thou that, that I
But in a fiction, in a dream
Could force his soul so to
That from her working at
Tears in his eyes, distract
A broken voice, and his w
With forms to his conceit!
For Hecuba!—

What's Hecuba to him, or
That he should weep for her?
Had he the motive and th
That I have? He would d
tears,

And cleave the genera
Make mad the guilty, and
Confound the ignorant, a
The very faculties of eyes
Yet I,

A dull and maddy-mettles
Like John a-dreams, nup
And can say nothing; no
Upon whose property an

SCENE I. *A Room*

*Enter King, Queen, Pol
ROSENCRANZ, and*

King. And can you, I
ference

Get from him, why he po

lent, may here
 awful capitals,)
 that, seeing, unseen,
 er frankly; judge;
 is behaved,
 love, or no,

shall obey you:
 lia, I do wish,
 e the happy cause
 shall I hope, your

sted way again,

dam, I wish it may.
 [Exit Queen.
 u here:—Gracious,

ves:—Read on this
 [To OPHELIA.
 'cise may colour
 oft to blame in this,
 hat, with devotion's
 ugar o'er [visage,

too true! how smart
 ive my conscience!
 kd with plastering

ing that helps it,
 ost painted word:

[Aside.
 ng; let's withdraw,

ing and POLONIUS.
 WLET.

be, that is the ques-

v mind, to suffer
 outrageous fortune;
 sea of troubles,
 them?—To die,—to

ep, to say we end
 us and natural shocks
 a consummation

To die;—to sleep;—
 dream;—ay, there's

[come,
 h what dreams may
 off this mortal coil*,
 re's the respect**,
 to long life:

whips and scorns of
 [timely†,
 the proud man's con-
 ve, the law's delay,
 nd the spurns

unworthy takes,
 his quietus‡ make
 who would fardels§
 r a weary life; [bear,

But that the dread of something after death,—
 The undiscover'd country, from whose bourne¶¶
 No traveller returns,—puzzles the will;
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
 Than fly to others that we know not of?
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
 And thus the native hue of resolution
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
 And enterprises of great pith and moment,
 With this regard, their currents turn awry,
 And lose the name of action.—Soft you, now!
 The fair Ophelia: Nymph, in thy orisons***,
 Be all my sins remember'd.

Oph. Good, my lord,
 How does your honour for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thank you; well. [your's,

Oph. My lord, I have remembrances of
 That I have longed long to re-deliver;

I pray you, now receive them.
 Ham. No, not I;

I never gave you ought.

Oph. My honour'd lord, you know right
 well, you did; [composed

And, with them, words of so sweet breath
 As made the things more rich: their perfume
 last;

Take these again: for to the noble mind,
 Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove un-
 There, my lord. [kind.

Ham. Ha, ha! are you honest?

Oph. My lord!

Ham. Are you fair?

Oph. What means your lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest, and fair, you
 should admit no discourse to your beauty.

Oph. Could beauty, my lord, have better
 c minence than with honesty?

Ham. Ay, truly; for the power of beauty
 will sooner transform honesty from what it is
 to a bawd, than the force of honesty can
 translate beauty into his likeness; this was
 some time a paradox, but now the time gives
 it proof. I did love you once.

Oph. Indeed, my lord, you made me be-
 lieve so.

Ham. You should not have believed me:
 for virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock,
 but we shall relish of it: I loved you not.

Oph. I was the more deceived.

Ham. Get thee to a nunnery; Why wouldst
 thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself in-
 different honest; but yet I could accuse me of
 such things, that it were better, my mother
 had not borne me: I am very proud, revenge-
 ful, ambitious; with more offences at my
 beck††, than I have thoughts to put them in,
 imagination to give them shape, or time to act
 them in: What should such fellows as I do
 crawling between earth and heaven! We are
 arrant knaves, all; believe none of us: Go
 thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father?

Oph. At home, my lord.

Ham. Let the doors be shut upon him;

pies. § Freely. § Place.

** Consideration.

§§ The ancient term for a small dagger.
 ry, limits. *** Prayers.

† Too frequent.

†† Rudeness.

‡ Pack, burden.

††† Call

that he may play the
own home. Farewell.

Ham. O, help him, y

Ham. If thou dost
plague for thy dowry
low, as pure as snow,
calamity. Get thee to
Or, if thou wilt avoid;
wise men know well;
you make of them;
quickly too. Farewell.

Ham. Heavenly powers,
I have been
well enough; God be
and you make pitifully
unlike; and you the
creatures, and make y
monsters. Go to; I'll
made me mad. I say
marriages! those that
but one shall live; the
are! To a monastery go.

Oph. O, what a
thrown!

The courier's soldier
The expectancy and
The glass of fashion, a
The observed of all
down!

And I, of ladies most,
That suck'd the honey
Now see that noble an
Like sweet bells jangle
That numsch'd form
Blasted with ecstasy;
To have seen what I
see!

Re-enter King

King. Love! his ad
rend;

Nor what he spake,
Was not like madness
his soul,

O'er which his melanc
And, I do doubt, the
Will be some danger;
I have, in quick deter
Thus set it down; he
For the demand of ou
Haply, the seas, and
With variable objects,
This something-settled
Whereon his brains st
From fashion of him
on't?

Pol. It shall do well
The origin and comme
Sprung from neglect
Ophelia,

You need not tell us w
We heard it all.—My
But, if you hold it fit,
Let his queen mother a

* The model by whom
: Reprimand him with
Herod's charact

in the fool that uses it. Go, &c.

[*Exeunt Players. NICKS, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.*]

lord! will the king hear this

queen too, and that presently. The players make haste.—

[*Exit POLONIUS.* Help to hasten them! My lord.

NICKS, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN. No; Horatio!

Enter HORATIO.

Sweet lord, at your service. So, thou art even as just a man as I have ever seen coped withal. Dear lord,—

Nay, do not think I flatter: cement may I hope from thee, but hast, but thy good spirits, clothe thee! Why should the flatterer's

died tongue lick absurd pomp; pregnant hinders of the knee, ay follow fawning. Dost thou

oul was mistress of her choice, then distinguish her election, thee for herself: for thou hast

ring all, that suffers nothing; tone's bullets and rewards equal thanks: and bless'd are

[mingled, and judgment are so well co-ot a pipe for fortune's finger stop she please: Give me that

ion's slave, and I will wear him ore, ay, in my heart of heart, something too much of this.—

to night before the king; comes near the circumstance, old thee of my father's death.

n thou seest that act about, very comment of thy soul

le: If his occulted guilt doth kneel in our speech,

ghost that we have seen; ations are as foul by? Give him heedful note:

will rivet to his face; will both our judgments join us seeming.

Well, my lord: the whilst this play is playing, eting, I will pay the theft. are coming to the play; I must

be idle: *A Flourish. Enter KING, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, and Others.*

ares our cousin Hamlet? lent, P'rauth; of the camelion's

dish: I eat the air, promise-cramm'd: You cannot feed capons so.

King. I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet; these words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now. My lord,—you played once in the University, you say?

[*To POLONIUS.* *Pol.* That did I, my lord; and was accounted a good actor.

Ham. And what did you enact?

Pol. I did enact Julius Cæsar: I was killed i'the Capitol; Brutus killed me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him, to kill so capital a cat there.—Be the players ready?

Res. Ay, my lord; they stay upon your patience.

Queen. Come hither, my dear Hamlet, sit by me.

Ham. No, good mother, here's metal more attractive.

Pol. O ho! do you mark that?

[*To the King.* *Ham.* Lady, shall I lie in your lap?

[*Lying down at OPHELIA's feet.* *Oph.* No, my lord.

Ham. I mean my head upon your lap?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Do you think, I meant country matters?

Oph. I think nothing, my lord.

Ham. That's a fair thought to lie between maid's legs.

Oph. What is, my lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merry, my lord.

Ham. Who, I?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. O! your only jig-maker. What should a man do, but be merry; for, look you,

how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within these two hours.

Oph. Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.

Ham. So long? Nay, then let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of 'ables*. O heavens!

die two months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope, a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year: but, by'r-lady, he

most build churches then: or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the hobby horse;

whose epitaph is, *For O, for O, the hobby-horse is forgot.*

Trumpets sound. The dumb show follows. Enter a King and a Queen, very lovingly;

the Queen embracing him, and he her. She kneels, and makes show of protestation unto him. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck: lays him

down upon a bank of flowers; she, seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon comes in a fellow, takes off his crown, kisses it, and pours poison in the King's ears, and exit.

The Queen returns; finds the King dead, and makes passionate action. The poisoner, with some two or three Mutes,

comes in again, seeming to lament with

ready.

§ Opinion.

† Secret.

‡ Wakh.

§ Shop, stithy is a smith's shop.

¶ The richest dress.

him: Be not you ashamed to
shame to tell you what it is

Opk. You are taught, you
mark the play.

Pen. *For us, and for our*

Here sleeping to us

We beg your hearts

Ham. Is this a prologue,
sing?

Opk. 'Tis brief, my lord

Ham. As woman's love,

Enter a King and

P. King. Fall thirty die

earth gone round

Neptune's salted wash, and

And thirty dozen moons

shewn,

About the world have this

Since love our hearts, and

hands,

Unite committal in most a

P. Queen. So many joy

and moon

Make us again count o'er, and

But, woe is me, you are so

So far from cheer, and from

That I distrust you. Yet, I

Discomfort you, my lord, I

For women fear too much,

And women's fear and love

Is neither right, or in estate

Now, what my love, is pro

And as my love is sized,

Where love is great, the

fear;

Where little fears grow great

P. King. 'Faith, I miss

a call the play?
trap*. Marry, how! Tro-
the image of a murder
Gonzago is the duke's
lists: you shall see anon;
of work: But what of
and we that have free
not: Let the galled jade
be unwrung.—
LUCIANUS.

nephew to the king.
and as a chorus, my lord.
erpret between you and
see the puppets dallying.
n, my lord, you are keen.
at you a groaning, to take

and worse.
mistake your husbands.—
leave thy damnable faces,

making raven
enge.
ack, hands apt, drugs fit,
sing;

else no creature seeing;
of midnight weeds col-
[fected,

thrice blasted, thrice in-
dirdire property,
arp immediately.
into the *Sleeper's Ears*.
him P the garden for his
Gonzago; the story is ex-
every choice Italian: You
he murderer gets the love

es.
hted with false fire!
my lord!
play.
me light:—away!
lights!

HAMLET and HORATIO.
e stricken dear go weep,
led play:
atch, while some must
world away.— (sleep,
and a forest of feathers &
rtunes turn Turk with
ncial roses on my rased &
ship in a cry *of players,

e. I.
ew, O Damen dear,
hemantled was
& now reigns here
y—peacock.
ave rhymed.
sile, I'll take the ghost's
pound. Didst perceive?
y lord.

Ham. Upon the talk of the poisoning,—
Hor. I did very well note him.
Ham. Ah, ha!—Come, some music; come,
the recorders ft.—
For if the king like not the comedy,
Why then, belike,—he likes it not, perdy ft.—
Enter ROSENCRANTS and GUILDENSTERN.
Come, some music.

Gull. Good, my lord, vouchsafe me a word
with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole history.

Gull. The king, sir,—

Ham. Ay, sir, what of him?

Gull. Is, in his retirement, marvellous dis-
tempered.

Ham. With drink, sir?

Gull. No, my lord, with choler.

Ham. Year wisdom should show itself more
richer, to signify this to the doctor; for, for
me to put him to his purgation, would, per-
haps, plunge him into more choler.

Gull. Good my lord, put your discourse into
some frame, and start not so wildly from my
affair.

Ham. I am tame, sir:—pronounce.

Gull. The queen, your mother, in most
great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Gull. Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is
not of the right breed. If it shall please you
to make me a wholesome answer, I will do
your mother's commandment; if not, your
pardon, and my return, shall be the end of my
business.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Gull. What, my lord?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer; my
wit's diseased: But, sir, such answer as I can
make, you shall command; or, rather, as you
say, my mother: therefore no more, but to
the matter: My mother, you say,—

Ros. Then thus she says; Your behaviour
hath struck her into amazement and admira-
tion.

Ham. O wonderful son, that can so asto-
nish a mother!—But is there no sequel at the
heels of this mother's admiration? impart.

Ros. She desires to speak with you in her
closet, ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times
our mother. Have you any further trade?
with us?

Ros. My lord, you once did love me.

Ham. And do still, by these pickers and
stealers ft.

Ros. Good my lord, what is your cause o.
distemper? you do, surely, but bar the door
upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs
to your friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

Ros. How can that be, when you have the
voice of the king himself for your succession
in Denmark?

————— The thing
n which he'll catch the conscience of the king.
saying. " ; Curse. § For his head. (Change count-
ish, company. ¶ A kind of fate. § Per Dira. ¶ "Will
§ Hands. § R.

Ham. Ay, sir, but, H—
—the power's in us with
Enter the Players
O, the recorders:—let
draw with you:—Who
cure the wind of me
me into a fool!

Gull. O, my lord, I
my love is too common

Ham. I do not well
you play upon this pit

Gull. My lord, I do

Ham. I pray you,

Gull. Believe me,

Ham. I do hearth

Gull. I know no to

Ham. 'Tis as easy
ventures*, with your
broad with your nose
most elegant music
the stage.

Gull. But these are
utterance of harmony

Ham. Why, look;
a thing you make a
upon me; you would
you would pluck out
you would sound me
the top of my clergy
music, excellent voice
yet cannot you make
you think, I am waste
page?—Call me who
though you can find in
me.

Enter I
God bless you, sir!

Pol. My lord, the
you, and presently.

Ham. Do you see y
in shape of a camel?

Pol. By the mass,
best.

Ham. Methinks, it

Pol. It is backed like

Ham. Or, like a w

Pol. Very like a w

Ham. Then will I,

and by.—They fool me

—I will come by and

Pol. I will say so.

Ham. By and by is

friends. [*Exeunt*]

'Tis now the very will

When churchyards

breathes out

Contagion to this woe

And church business

Would quake to look

mother.—

O, heart, lose not thy

The soul of Nero enters

Let me be cruel, but

I will speak daggers to

My tongue and soul in

* *Hales.* *A Utter*

as snow? Whereto serves

the visage of offence?
 rayer, but this two-fold force,
 ere we come to fall,
 ng down? Then I'll look up;
 But, O, what form of prayer
 ru? Forgive me my foul mur-

since I am still possess'd
 or which I did the murder,
 own ambition, and my queen,
 on'd, and retain the offence
 currents of this world,
 hand may shove by justice;
 the wicked prize itself
 : But 'tis not so above:
 ling, there the action lies
 e; and we ourselves compell'd
 and forehead of our faults,
 ice. What then? what rents?
 ance can: What can it not?
 , when one cannot repent?
 : O bosom, black as death!
 that struggling to be free,
 ed! Help, angels, make as-
 [of steel;
 nees! and heart, with strings
 s of the new born babe;
 [Retires and Kneels.
 ster HAMLET.

light I do it, pat, now he is
 t; and so he goes to heaven:
 revenged? That would be
 f father; and, for that,
 do this same villain send

and salary §, not revenge.
 er grossly, full of bread;
 nes broad blown, as flush as
 heaven!
 dilt stands who knows, save
 nstance and course of thought,
 ilm: And sin I then revenged,
 be purging of his soul,
 id season'd for his passage?

[hnt]:
 know thou a more horrid
 ik, asleep, or in his rage;
 nes pleasures of his bed;
 ring; or about some act
 h of salvation in't:
 that his heels may kick at
 [black
 ul may be as dam'd! and
 it giv's. My mother stais:
 prolongs thy sickly days.

[Exit.
 ; rises and advances.
 ds fly up, my thoughts remain
 thoughts, never to heaven go.
 [Exit.

SCENE IV.

Another Room in the same.

Enter QUEEN and POLONIUS.

Pol. He will come straight. Look, you lay
 home to him: [bear with.
 Tell him, his pranks have been too broad to
 And that your grace hath screen'd and stood
 between

Much heat and him. I'll silence me e'en here.
 Pray you, be round with him

Queen. I'll warrant you;
 Fear me not:—withdraw, I hear him coming.
 [POLONIUS hides himself.

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Now, mother; what's the matter?

Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much
 offended.

Ham. Mother, you have my father much
 offended. [idle tongue.

Queen. Come, come, you answer with an

Ham. Go, go, you question with a wicked

Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet? [tongue.

Ham. What's the matter now?

Queen. Have you forgot me?

Ham. No, by the rood, not so:

You are the queen, your husband's brother's
 wife; [mother.

And,—would it were not so!—you are my

Queen. Nay, then I'll set those to you that
 can speak.

Ham. Come, come, and sit you down; you
 shall not budge;

You go not, till I set you up a glass

Where you may see the inmost part of you.

Queen. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not

Help, help, ho! [murder me?

Pol. [Behind.] What, ho! help!

Ham. How now? a rat!

[Draws.

Dearl, for a ducat, dead.

[HAMLET makes a pass through the Arras.

Pol. [Behind.] O, I am slain.

[Falls, and dies.

Queen. O, me! what hast thou done?

Ham. Nay, I know not:

Is it the king?

[Lifts up the Arras, and draws forth
 POLONIUS.

Queen. O, what a rash and bloody deed is
 this! [good mother.

Ham. A bloody deed!—almost as bad,
 As kill a king, and marry with his brother.

Queen. As kill a king!

Ham. Ay, lady, 'twas my word.—

Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell.

[To POLONIUS.

I took thee for thy better; take thy fortune:

Thou find'st to be too heavy is some danger.—

Leave wringing of your hands: Peace; sit

you down,

And let me wring your heart: for so I shall,

If it be made of penetrable stuff;

If damned custom have not brazed it so,

That it be proof and bulwark against sense.

1st Bird-Time.

§ Should be considered.

§ Only.

§ Reward

§ Seize him at a more horrid time.

§ Crown.

1 R 2

With trustful visage, as ages
Is thought-sick at the act.

Queen. A
That roars so loud, and thunders
Hiss. Look here, upon this
this!

The counterfeit presentment
See what a grace was seated
Hyperion's curls; the front
An eye like Mars, to threaten
A station like the herald Mo
New-lighted on a heaven-kin
A combination, and a form,
Where every god did seem to
To give the world assurance
This was your husband.—Look
follows:

Here is your husband, like a
Blasting his wholesome brut
eyes!

Could you on this fair mount
And hatten ~~you~~ on this moor
eyes!

You cannot call it love; for,
The hey-day in the blood is ta
And waits upon the judgm
Judgment

Would step from this to this
you have,

Else could you not have me
Is spoiled'd: for madness w
Nor sense to ecstasy it was ne
But it reserved some quantity
To serve in such a different
was't,

That thus hath cozen'd you at
Eyes without seeing, feeling
Ears without hands or eyes, an

he goes, even now, out at the
[Exit Ghost.
Is the very coinage of your
creation ecstasy? [brain:
ing in.
my!

yours, doth temperately keep
[new,

healthful music: It is not mad-
ter'd: bring me to the test,
er will re-word; which madness
from. Mother, for love of grace,
atterring unction to your soul,
repass, but my madness speaks:
and fling the niceros place;
ruption, turning all within.

Confess yourself to heaven;
past; avoid what is to come;
read the compast; on the weeds,
rauer. Forgive me this my
sas of these pury times, (virtue:
vice must pardon beg;
I wo, for leave to do him good.
smile! thou hast cleft my heart

row away the worse part of it
sur with the other half.

et go not to my uncle's bed;
ne, if you have it not.

custom, who all sense doth eat
it, is angel yet in this;

s of actions fair and good
lives a trock, or lively,

out on: Refrain to-night;
lend a kind of easiness

timence: the next more easy:
can change the stamp of nature,

rb the devil, or throw him out
of potency. Oure more, good

are desirous to be bless'd,
g of you. For this same lord,

[Pointing to POLONIUS.
But heaven hath pleased it so,—

with this, and this with me,
e their scourge and minister.

sin. And will answer well
ve him. So, again, good night!—

I, only to be kind:

Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.—
But one word more, good lady.

Queen. What shall I do?

Ham. Not this, by no means, that I bid
you do:

Let the bloat king tempt you again to bed;
Plach wanton on your cheek; call you his

mouse;]
And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses,

Or paddling in your neck with his damu'd
fingers,

Make you to ravel all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in madness, [know:

But mad in craft. 'Twere good, you let him
For who, that's but a queen, fair, sober, wise,

Would from a paddock*, from a bat, a gib**.
Such dear concernings hide! who would do so!

No, in despite of sense, and secrecy,
Unpeg the basket on the house's top,

Let the birds fly; and, like the famous ape,
To try conclusions†, in the basket creep,

And break your own neck down. [breath
Queen. Be thou assured, if words be made of
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe

What thou hast said to me.

Ham. I must to England; you know that?

Queen. Alack,
I had forgot; 'tis so concluded on.

Ham. There's letters seal'd; and my two
school-fellows,—

Whom I will trust, as I will adders fang'd‡,—
They bear the mandate; they must sweep my

way,
And marshal me to knavery: Let it work;

For 'tis the sport, to have the engineer [hard,
Hoist with his own petar§; and it shall go

But I will delve one yard below their mines,
And blow them at the moon: O, 'tis most

sweet,
When in one line two crafts directly meet.—

This man shall set me packing.
I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room:—

Mother, good night.—Indeed, this counsellor
Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,

Who was in life a foolish prating knave.
Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you --

Good night, mother.
[Exit severally; HAMLET dragging
in POLONIUS.

ACT IV.

SCENE 1. *The same.*

Queen, ROSENCRANTZ, and
GUILDENSTERN.

It matters in these sighs; these
at heaves;

imlate; 'tis fit we understand
son! [them:

How this place on us a little
—

ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN,
go out.

ry.
g with heat.

Having their teeth.

Ah, my good lord, what have I seen to-night?
Aug. What, Gertrude! How does Hamlet?

Queen. Mad as the sea, and wind, when
both contend

Which is the mightier: In his lawless fit,
Behind the arras hearing something stir,

Whips out his rapier, cries, *A rat! a rat!*
And, in this brainish apprehension, kills

The unseen good old man.
Aug. O heavy deed!

It had been so with us, had we been there:

By. *Manure.* *Tend.* *A term of endearment.*

§ Cat. *Experimentum.*

¶ Blown up with his own bomb.

His liberty is full of threat
To you y' are ill, to us, to e
Alas! how shall this be, only
It will be ill to us, whose
Should have kept short, res

count?
This mad young man: but,

I see,
We would not understand
But like the owner of a soul
To keep it from: judging, I
Even on the path of life. W

Queen. To draw apart th
kind

O'er whom his very madness
Among a mineral⁶ of metals
Shows itself pure, he weeps

King. O, Gertrude, come:
The sun no sooner shall tie in
But we will ship him hence:
We must, with all our might
Both root, branch, and exet

deration.
Enter ROSENCRANTZ and G
Friends both, go join you wi
H must in madness both Pole
And how his mother's chest

be.
Go, seek him out; speak fair
Into the chapel. I pray you,

Exit
Come, Gertrude, we'll ad upo
And let them know, both wha
And what's untimely done:

— this deed, for thine especial
 meler, as we dearly grieve
 Thou hast done,—must send
 e [self;
 cness: therefore prepare thy-
 ly, and the wind at help*,
 end†, and every thing is bent

or England?

Ay, Hamlet.

Good.

t, 'f thou knew'st our purposes.
 cherub, that sees them.—But,
 land!—Farewell, dear mother.
 ving father, Hamlet,
 other: Father and mother is
 man and wife is one flesh;
 her. Come, for England.

[Exit.

r him at foot; tempt him with
 ard;
 it have him hence to-night:
 ry thing is seal'd and done
 on the affair: Pray you, make
 [Exeunt Ros. and Guild.
 if my love thou hold'st at sight,
 power thereof may give thee

catrice looks raw and red
 sh sword, and thy free awe
 o us,) then may'st not coldly

process; which imports at fall,
 ving to that effect,
 th of Hamlet. Do it, England;
 tle in my blood he rages,
 cure me: Till I know'tis done,
 ps), my joys will ne'er begin.
 [Exit.

f. A Plain in Denmark.

bras, and Forces, marching.
 tain, from me greet the Danish
 y liliac use, Fortinbras (king;
 veyance of a promised march
 on: You know the rendezvous.
 sly would aught with us,
 as our duty in his eye §.
 ow so.

I will do't, my lord.

ly on.

ut FORTINBRAS and Forces.
 t, ROSINCANTS, GUILDEN-
 STERN, &c.

sir, whose powers¶ are these?
 ic of Norway, sir.

How purposed, sir,

inst some part of Poland.

Who
 n, sir? [bras.
 shew to old Norway, Fortin-

Ham. Goes it against the main of Poland,
 Or for some frontier? [su.

Cap. Truly to speak, sir, and with no ad-
 ditious,

We go to gain a little patch of ground,
 That hath in it no profit but the name.
 To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it;
 Nor will it yield to Norway, or the Pole,
 A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.

Ham. Why, then the Polack** never will
 defend it.

Cap. Yes, 'tis already garrison'd.

Ham. Two thousand souls, and twenty
 thousand ducats,

Will not debate the question of this straw:

This is the imposthume of much wealth and
 peace:

That inward breaks, and shows no cause with-
 Why the man dies.—I humbly thank you, sir.

Cap. God be wi' you, sir. [Exit Captain.

Ros. Will't please you go, my lord?

Ham. I will be with you straight. Go a
 little before. [Exeunt Ros. and Guild.

How all occasions do inform against me,
 And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,
 If his chief good, and market†† of his time,
 Be but to sleep, and feed? a beast, no more.
 Sure, he, that made us with such large dis-
 course‡,

Looking before, and after, gave us not
 That capability and godlike reason

To fast §§ in us unassaid. Now, whether it be
 Bestial oblivion, or some craven|| scruple

Of thinking too precisely on the event,—
 A thought, which, quarter'd, hath but one part

wisdom,
 And, ever, three parts coward,—I do not
 know

Why yet I live to say, *This thing's to do*;
 Sith¶ I have cause, and will, and strength, and
 means,

To do't. Example, grows as earth, exhort me:
 Witness, this army of such mass, and charge,

Led by a delicate and tender pulce;
 Whose spirit, with divine ambition puff'd,

Makes mouths at the invincible event;
 Exposing what is mortal, and unsure,

To all that fortune, death, and danger, dare
 Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great,

Is, not to stir without great argument,
 But greatly to had quarrel in a straw, ¶then,

When honour's at the stake. How stand I
 That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,

Excitements of my reason, and my blood,
 And let all sleep? while, to my shame, I see

The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
 That, for a fantasy, and trick of lance,

Go to their graves like birds: Night for a plot
 Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,

Which is not touch enough, and continent,
 To hide the slain?—O, from this time forth,

My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth!
 [Exit.

reeds.

† Attend.

: Value, estimate.

§ Successors.

¶ Forces.

** Polanders.

†† Profit.

‡ Power of comprehension.

§§ Grow mouldy.

|| Cowardly.

¶¶ Since.

Yet the unshap'd use of it do
The leavens to collection; the
And hatch the words up i
thoughts;
Which, as her wrinks, and ne
yield them,
Indeed would make one thin
thought,
Though nothing sure, yet two
Queen. 'Twere good, she v
for she may strew
Dangerous conjectures in ill
Let her come in,
To my sick soul, as sin's true
Each toy t seems prologue to
So full of artless jealousy is
It splits itself in fearing to be
Re-cure Hamlet, will
Oph. Where is the bean
Dreamark?
Queen. How now, Opheli
Oph. How should I your
From another on
By his cockle hat
And his sandal
Queen. Alas, sweet lady,
sing?
Oph. Say you? nay, pray
He is dead and gon
He is dead and g
At his head a gras
At his heels a sh
O, ho!
Queen. Nay, but Ophelia,
Oph.
White his shroud
snow.

Switzers! Let them guard the matter!

Save yourself, my lord; *erpeering of his list, flata with more impetuous haste, mertes, in a riotous head, {lord; r officers! The rabble call him, orld were now but to begin, got, custom not known, and props of every word, use us; Laertes shall be king. and tongues, applaud it to the lbe king! Laertes king! clouds, w cheerfully on the false trail; y!*

Enter §, you false Danish dogs. doors are broke. *{ Noise within. tras, armed; Danes following. ere is this king?—Sir, stand you let's come in. ail without.*

I pray you, give me leave. will, we will. *{ They retire without the door. ank you:—keep the door.—O father. {thou vile king,*

Calmly, good Laertes. t drop of blood, that's calm, pro- me bastard; *{harlot ld, to my father; brands the between the chaste unsmirched; iother. {brow*

What is the cause, Laertes, ellon looks so giant-like?— bertrude; do not fear our person; divinity doth hedge a king, cau but peep to what it would, his will.—Tell me, Laertes, at thus luccused;—Let him go, *{Gertrude;—*

Where is my father? Dead. But not by him. him demand his fill. *{glad with; w came he dead? I'll not be jug- ance! vows, to the blackest devil! and grace, to the profoundest pit! ation. To this point I stand,— e words I give to negligence, at comes; only I'll be revenged, thy for my father.*

Who shall stay you? Will, not all the world's: me and, I'll husband them so well, far with little.

Good Laertes, to know the certainty [revenge, father's death, isn't writ in your take, you will draw both friend looser? *{and for, ne but his enemies.*

Will you know them then? his good friends thus wide I'll opo me;

And, like the kind life-rendering pelican, Repast them with my blood.

King. Why, now you speak Like a good child, and a true gentleman. That I am guiltless of your father's death, And am most sensibly in grief for it, It shall as level to your judgment 'pear, As day does to your eye.

Danes. *{Within.}* Let her come in.

Laer. How now! what noise is that? Enter Ophelia, fantastically dress'd with Straws and Flowers.

O heat, dry up my brains! tears seven times salt,

Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye!— By heaven, thy madness shall be paid with weight,

Till our scale turn the beam. O rose of May! Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia! O heavens! isn't possible, a young maid's wits Should be as mortal as an old man's life? Nature is fine^o in love; and, where 'tis fine, It sends some precious instance of itself After the thing it loves.

Oph. *They bore him barefaced on the bier: Hee no nonny, nonny hee nonny: And in his grave rain'd many a tear: Fare you well, my dove!*

Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst per- It could not move thus. *{suede revenge,*

Oph. You must sing, *Down-a-down, as you call him a-down-a.* O, how the wheel^o becomes it! It is the false steward, that stole his master's daughter.

Laer. This nothing's more than matter.

Oph. There's rosemary, that's for remem- brance; pray you, love, remember: and there is pansies, that's for thoughts.

Laer. A document in madness; thoughts and remembrance fitted.

Oph. There's fennel for you, and colum- bines:—there's rue for you; and here's some for me:—we may call it, herb of grace o'Sun- days:—you may wear your rue with a differ- ence.—There's a daisy:—I would give you some violets; but they withered all, when my father died:—They say, he made a good end,—

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy. *{Sing.*

Laer. Thought[§] and affliction, passion, heat! She turns to favour, and to prettiness. *itself,*

Oph. And will he not come again? *{Sing.*

And will he not come again? No, no, he is dead, Go to thy death-bed, He never will come again.

His beard was as white as snow, All flaxen was his poll;

It is gone, he is gone, And we ed^o a wailing woman; God's mercy on his soul!

* Guards. † Bonnets. § Sent. run counter when they trace the secret backward's. † Clean, undist-d.
 ** Artful. † The barthen. † i. e., By its Sunday name "herb of grace" mine is mostly rue, i. e., sorrow. † Melancholy.

To give it due content.

Lacr. Let the
His means of death, his abuse
No trophy, sword, nor ha-
bounes,
No noble site, nor formal or-
Cey to be heard as 'twere from
That I must call't in question
King.

And where the offence is, let
I pray you, go with me.

SCENE VI. Another R-
foster HORATIO, and

Hor. What are they, that
me?

Serv.

They say they have letters to
Hor. Let

I do not know from what pa-
I should be greeted, if not from
Enter Sailors

1 Sail. God bless you, sir.

Hor. Let him bless thee too.

1 Sail. He shall, sir, and

There's a letter for you, sir,
the ambassador that was bound
your name be Horatio, as I am

Hor. [*Reads.*] *Horatio,* I
have overlooked this, give it
means to the king: they

Sail. Ere we were two da-
pirate of very warlike appa-
chance: Finding ourselves
we put on a compelled val-
grapple I boarded them:
they got clear of our ship
came their prisoner. They
me, like thieves of mercy
what they did; I am to
for them. Let the king be

at the occasion of my sudden and
return.

Hamlet.
[This mean! Are all the rest come
to abuse, and no such thing! [back
ow you the hand?
Is Hamlet's character. *Naked*,—
script here, he says, *alone*:
be not! (come;
lost in it, my lord. But let him
a very sickness in my heart,
lives, I told him to his teeth,
I told him so, Laertes,

how otherwise?
I told him so?

Ay, my lord;
I told him so to me to a peace.

peace. If he be now
I told him so, and that he means
I told him so, it—I will work him
I told him so in my device,
I told him so shall not choose but fall;
I told him so no wind of blame shall
I told him so [I tell,
I told him so another shall uncharge the prac-
I told him so tice.

My lord, I will be ruled;
I told him so could devise it so,
I told him so the organ.

It falls right.
I told him so of since your travel much,
I told him so of his hearing, for a quality
I told him so of you shine: your sum of
I told him so other pluck such envy from him,
I told him so one: and that, in my regard,
I told him so at the siege.

What part is that, my lord?
I told him so very riband in the cap of youth,
I told him so too: for youth no less becomes
I told him so of careless livery that it wears,
I told him so of age his sables, and his weeds,
I told him so of with and gravemen.—Two months

of the man of Normandy,—[French,
I told him so myself, and served against,
I told him so of the well on horseback; but this
I told him so of he built: he grew unto his seat;
I told him so of woodrons doing brought his horse,
I told him so of men uncoupled and demi-natured
I told him so of have heart: so far he topp'd my
I told him so of gey of shapes and tricks, [thought,
I told him so of what he did.

A Norman, wasn't I
Norman.
I told him so on my life, Lamord.

The very same.
I told him so now him well: he is the brooch of,
I told him so all the nation.

[indeed,
I told him so made confession of you;
I told him so of such a masterly report,
I told him so of exercise in your defence,

And for your rapier most especial.

That he cried out, 'twould be a sight indeed,
If one could match you: the scrimers; of their
nation,

He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you opposed them: Sir, this report of his
Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy,
That he could nothing do, but wish and beg
Your sudden coming o'er, to play with you.
Now, out of this,—

Laer. What out of this, my lord?
King. Laertes, was your father dear to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart?

Laer. Why ask you this?
King. Not that I think you did not love
your father;

But that I know, love is begun by time;
And that I see, in passages of proof,
Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.
There lives within the very flame of love
A kind of wick, or snuff, that will abate it;
And nothing is at a like goodness still;
For goodness, growing to a piousness,
Dies in his own too-much: That we would do,
We should do when we would; for this would
changes,

And hath abatements and delays as many,
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;
And then this should be like a spendthrift sigh,
That hurts by easing. But to the quick o'the
ulcer:

[take,
Hamlet comes back; What would you under-
To show yourself indeed your father's son
More than in words?

Laer. To cut his throat I'the church.
King. No place, indeed, should murder
sanctuarise; [Laertes,

Revenge should have no bounds. But, good
Will you do this, keep close within your cham-
ber: [home:

Hamlet, return'd, shall know you are come
We'll put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the fame
The Frenchman gave you; bring you, in due,
together.

And wager o'er your heads: he, being remis,
Most generous, and free from all contriving,
Will not peruse the foils; so that, with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A sword unbated^o, and, in a pass of practice^o,
Requite him for your father.

Laer. I will do't:
And, for the purpose, I'll anoint my sword.
I bought an unction of a mountebank,
So mortal, that but dip a knife in it,
Where it draws blood no cataplasm so rare,
Collected from all simples that have virtue
Under the moon, can save the thing from death,
That is but scratched withal: I'll touch my
point

With this contagion; that, if I gall him slight-
It may be death.

King. Let's further think of this;

^o Objection to.
see of defence, &c., fencing.

^{oo} Not to be taken as foils are.

† Place.

‡ Ornament.

§ Fencers.

¶ Duty exercise.

†† Exercise.

(As cracks your bonds more violent
And that he calls for drink,
Not⁴² him
A challenge for the nonce; who
If he by chance escape you
Our purpose may hold there.
None!

Enter Queen.

How now, sweet queen?

Queen. Our woe doth tread
heel,

So fast they follow;—Your sister

Lucy. Drown'd! O, where!

Queen. There is a willow grove

That shows his hour leaves in the

There with fantastic garlands die

Of crocuses, nettles, daisies

purples⁴³,

That liberal⁴⁴ shepherds give a

SCENE I.—*A Church*

Enter Two Clowns, with S.

1 Clo. Is she to be buried in

rial, that wilfully seeks her own

2 Clo. I tell thee, she is; th

her grave straight⁴⁵; the crown

her, and bids it christian burial.

1 Clo. How can that be, with

ed herself in her own defence?

2 Clo. Why, 'tis found so.

1 Clo. It must be *so* *apropos*

to *et*. For here lies the point

myself willingly, it argues an ac

gallows is built stronger than
argal, the gallows may do well
again: come.

builds stronger than a mason, a
carpenter!

tell me that, and unyoke*.

By, now I can tell.

No, I cannot tell.

Hamlet and Horatio, at a dis-

gest thy brains no more about it:
mas will not mend his pace with
when you are asked this question
grave-maker; the houses that he
-ill downslay. Go, get thee to
fetch me a stoup of liquor.

[Exit 2 Clown.

town digs, and sings.

Can I did love, old love,

It was very sweet,

O, the time, for, ah, my behove

ght, there was nothing meet.

this fellow no feeling of his bu-

ings at grave-making.

om hath made it in him a pro-

ness.

e'en so: the hand of little em-

th the daintier sense.

I age, with his stealing steps,

ath claw'd me in his clutch,

I hath shipped me into the land,

if I had never been such.

Throws up a skull.

at scull had a tongue in it, and

ice: How the knave jowls it to

us! If it were Cain's jaw-bone, that

murder! This might be the pate

which this ass now o'er-rachles:

said circumvent God, might it

light, my lord.

of a contrivance; which would say,

o, my sweet lord! How do I

ord? This might be my lord such-a-

used my lord such-a one's horse,

int to beg it; might it not?

my lord.

y, e'en so: and now my lady

capless, and knocked about the

h a sexton's spade: Here's fine

h we had the trick to scell. Did

not no more the breeding, but to

gate: with them I mine ache to

1 Clown.

and a spade, a spade, [Sings.

a shroudin' sheet:

lay for to be made

a guest is meet.

[Throws up a skull.

re's another: Why may not that

of a lawyer? Where be his quid-

dits; now, his quillets], his cases, his tenures,
and his tricks? why does he suffer this rude
knave now to knock him about the sconce?
with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of
his action of battery? Humph! This fellow
might be in's time a great buyer of land, with
his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his
double vouchers, his recoveries: Is this the
fine of his fines, and the recovery of his reco-
veries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt?
will his vouchers vouch him no more of his
purchases, and double ones too, than the length
and breadth of a pair of indentures? The
very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie
in this box! and must the inheritor himself
have no more? hat

Hor. Not a jot, my lord.

Ham. Is not parchment made of sheep-
skins?

Hor. Ay, my lord, and of calves' skins too.

Ham. They are sheep, and calves, which seek
out assurance in that. I will speak to this fel-
low:—Whose grave's this, sirrah?

1 Clo. Mine, sir.—

O, a pit of clay for to be made [Sings.

For such a guest is meet.

Ham. I think it be thine, indeed; for thou
liest in't.

1 Clo. You lie out on't, sir, and therefore it
is not yours: for my part, I do not lie in't,
yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lie in't, to be in't, and say
it is thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quick;
therefore thou liest.

1 Clo. 'Tis a quick lie, sir; 'twill away
again, from me to you.

Ham. What man dost thou dig it for?

1 Clo. For no man, sir.

Ham. What woman, then?

1 Clo. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

1 Clo. One, that was a woman, sir; but, rest
her soul, she's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knave is! we must
speak by the card**, or equivocation will undo
us. By the Lord, Horatio, these three years I
have taken note of it; the age is grown so
pleeked*, that the toe of the peasant comes so
near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe.
—How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

1 Clo. Of all the days in the year, I came
to't that day that our last king Hamlet over-
came Fortinbras.

Ham. How long's that since?

1 Clo. Cannot you tell that? every fool can
tell that: It was that very day that young
Hamlet was born: he that is mad, and sent
into England.

Ham. Ay, marry, why was he sent into
England?

1 Clo. Why, because he was mad: he shall
recover his wits there, or, if he do not, 'tis no
great matter there.

* The song entire is printed in Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry.
as written by Lord Byron. † An ancient game played in quills for at present.
‡ Privileged distinctions. § Head. ¶ By the compass, or about
17 Spence, affected. ¶

die, (as we have many poor
days, that will scarce hold it
will last you some eight year,
tanner will last you nine year.

Ham. Why he more than a

I Clo. Why, sir, his title is
his trade, that he will keep it
while; and your water is a
young whorson dead body,
now hath lain you i'the earth
years.

Ham. Whose was it?

I Clo. A whorson mad.
Whose do you think it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

I Clo. A pestilence on him
he peered a ragou of Riva
once. This same scull sir, w
the king's jester.

Ham. This?

I Clo. Even that.

Ham. Alas poor Yorick
Horatio; a fellow of infinite
cullent fancy; he hath borne
a thousand times; and now,
my imagination it is! my
Here hang those lips, that
know not how oft. Where
now? your gambols? you
flashes of merriment, that wee
table on a roat? Not one,
your own grinning? quite ch
get you to my lady's chamber
her palat an inch thick, to
must come: make her laugh
thee, Horatio, tell me one thi

Hor. What's that, my lord?

Ham. Dost thou think, A
o'this fashion i'the earth?

Hor. E'en so.

Ham. And smelt so? pah!

emphasis! whose phrase of sor-
 and'ring stars, and makes them
 ounded hearers? this is I,
 ne. [*Leaps into the Grave.*

The devil take thy soul!
 [*Grappling with him.*
 pray'st not well.
 thy fingers from my throat;
 in not splenitive and rash,
 ne something dangerous,
 wisdom fear: Hold off thy hand.
 : them assunder.

Hamlet, Hamlet!
 on,—

Good my lord, be quiet.
 attendants part them and they
 out of the Grave.

I will fight with him upon this
 is will no longer wag. [theme,
 y son! what theme? [thers
 d Ophelia; forty thousand bro-
 s all their quantity of love
 m.—What wilt thou do for her?
 is mad, Laertes.
 love of God, forbear him.
 do, show me what thou'lt do:
 woul't fight? woul't fast? woul't
 elf?

p Fail? eat a crocodile?
 thou come here to whine?
 with leaping in her grave?
 k with her, and so will I:
 se of mountains, let them throw
 es on us; till our ground,
 to against the burning zone,
 a wart! Nay, an thou'lt mouth,
 as thou.

This is mere madness:
 le the fit will work on him;
 it as the female dove,
 golden complets are disclosed,
 it drooping.

Hear you, sir;
 son that you see me thus?
 er: But it is no matter;
 myself do what he may,
 ew, and dog will have his day.

[*Exit.*
 thee, good Horatio, wait upon

[*Exit* HORATIO.
 ir patience in our last night's

[*To* LARSEN.
 latter to the present push.—

set some watch over your son.
 have a living monument:
 t shortly shall we see;
 hence our proceeding be.

[*Exeunt.*
 . A Hall in the Castle.

LAERTES and HORATIO.
 ch for this, sir: now shall you
 ber;—

You do remember all the circumstance?

Hor. Remember it, my lord! [*Fighting.*

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of
 That would not let me sleep: methought, I lay
 Worse than the mutines; in the bilboes.

Rashly,
 And praised be rashness for it,—Let us know,
 Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
 When our deep plots do pall; and that should
 teach us,

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
 Rough-hew them how we will.

Hor. That is most certain.

Ham. Up from my cabin,
 My sea-gown scar'd about me, in the dark
 Gropp'd I to find out them: had my desire;
 Finger'd their packet; and, in fine, withdrew
 To mine own room again: making so bold,
 My fears forgetting manners, to unseal
 Their grand commission; where I found, Ho—
 A royal knavery; an exact command,—[ratio,
 Larded with many several sorts of reasons,
 Importing Denmark's health, and England's too,
 With, 'ho! such bugs' and goblins in my line,
 That, on the supervise, no leisure bated,
 No, not to stay the grinding of the axe,
 My head should be struck off.

Hor. Is't possible?

Ham. Here's the commission; read it at
 more leisure.

But wilt thou hear now how I did proceed?

Hor. Ay, beseech you. [*Lamies,*

Ham. Being thus benetted round with vil-
 Or: I could make a prologue to my brains,
 They had begun the play;—I sat me down;
 Devised a new commission; wrote it fair:
 I once did hold it, as our statists do,
 A baseness to write fair, and labour'd much
 How to forget that learning; but, sir, now
 It did me yeoman's service: Wilt thou know
 The effect of what I wrote?

Hor. Ay, good my lord.

Ham. An earnest conjuration from the king,
 As England was his faithful tributary; [ish;
 As love between them like the palm might blow;
 As peace should still her wheaten garland wear;
 And stand a comma 'tween their amities;
 And many such-like as's of great charge,—

That, on the view, and knowing of these con-
 tents,

Without debatement further, more, or less,
 He should the bearers put to sudden death,
 Not shriving time allow'd.

Hor. How was this seal'd?

Ham. Why, even in that was heaven odd:
 I had my father's signet in my purse, [uant;
 Which was the model of that Danish seal:
 Folded the writ up in form of the other;

Subscribed it; gave't the impression; placed it
 safely,

The changeling never knows: Now, the next
 Was our sea-fight; and what to this was
 Thou know'st already. [*Exeunt.*

separ; but Mr. Steevens conjectures the word should be *W'ried*, a river which
 the ocean. † Marched. ‡ Mutineers. § Fetters and handcuffs brought from
 in. ¶ Kill. ** Garbled. *** Hagbears. †† Looking over. †††
 † A note of compassion. †† Confounding. *** Copy. ††††

Thrown out his angle for me in
And with such courage; it's a
science.

To gild him with this arm I am
To let this canvas of our nature
In further evil?

Her. It must be shortly knes
What is the issue of the living

Ham. It will be short; the
And a man's life no more than;
But I am very sorry, good lie
That to Laertes I forgot myself
For by the image of my cause
The portraiture of his: I'll cross
But, sure, the bravery of his go
into a towering passion.

Her. Peace; w
Enter Osmo.

Os. Your lordship is right w
Denmark.

Ham. I humbly thank you, w
this water fly; I

Her. No, my good lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more
'tis a vice to know him: He
and fertile: let a beast be lord o
crib shall stand at the king's
clough; but, as I say, spaci
session of dirt.

Os. Sweet lord, if your le
leisure, I should impart a thin
his majesty.

Ham. I will receive it, sir, w
of spirit: Your bodiest to his
the head.

Os. I thank your lordship.

Ham. No, believe me, 'tis
wind is northerly.

Os. It is indifferent cold, m

Ham. But yet, methinks m
and hot; or my complexion—

rbary horses against six French
sails; and three liberal com-
; that's the French bet against
/hy is this impawned, as you

g, sir, hath laid, that in a dozen
yourself and him, he shall not
re hits; he hath laid, on twelve
would come to immediate trial,
p would vouchsafe the answer.
If I answer, no!

my lord the opposition of your

will walk here in the hall: If it
sty, it is the breathing time of
et the foils be brought, the gen-
and the king hold his purpose,
hm, if I can; if not, I will gain
shame, and the odd hits.

deliver you so!
a effect, sir; after what flourish
ll.

send my duty to your lordship.

[Exit.
yours.—He does well to com-
: there are no tongues else for's

wing * runs away with the shell

d comply † with his dog, before
thus has he (and many more
red, that, I know, the drossy;
only got the tune of the time,
abit of encounter; a kind of
m, which carries them through
be most loud, and winnowed
to but blow them to their trial,
out.

Enter a Lord.

ord, his majesty commended
young Osric, who brings back
on attend him in the hall: He
, if your pleasure hold to play
or that you will take longer

constant to my purposes, they
's pleasure: If his fitness speaks,
now, or whenever, provided
now.

king, and queen, and all are

ppy time.

queen desires you, to use some
ument to Laertes, before you

vell instructs me. [Exit Lord.
ill lose this wager, my lord.

et think so; since he went into
bern in continual practice; I
e aside. But thou wouldst not
all's here about my heart: but it

good my lord,—

but foolery; but it is such a kind

of gain-giving ‡, as would, perhaps, trouble a
woman.

Hor. If your mind dislike any thing, obey
it: I will forestal^{ee} their repair hither, and
say, you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defy augury; there is
a special providence in the fall of a sparrow.
If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to
come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it
will come: the readiness is all: Since no man,
of aught he leaves, knows, what is't to leave
betimes! Let be.

Enter King, Queen, LAERTES, Lords, OSRIC,
and Attendants, with Foils, &c.

King. Come, Hamlet, come, and take this
hand from me.

[The King puts the Hand of LAERTES
into that of HAMLET.

Ham. Give me your pardon, sir: I have
done you wrong;

But pardon it, as you are a gentleman.

This presence †† knows, and you must needs
have heard,

How I am punish'd with a sore distraction

What I have done,

That might your nature, honour, and exception,
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.
Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Never, Ham-
let! If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away, [let:
And, when he's not himself, does wrong
Laertes,

Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it.

Who does it then? His madness: It's he so,

Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd;

His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.

Sir, in this audience,

Let my dis-claiming from a purposed evil

Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,

That I have shot my arrow o'er the house,

And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfied in nature,

Whose motive, in this case, should stir me
most

To my revenge: but in my terms of honour,

I stand aloof; and will no reconciliation,

Till by some elder masters, of known honour,

I have a voice and precedent of peace, [time,
To keep my name unground ‡: But till that

I do receive your offer'd love like love,

And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely;

And will this brother's wager frankly play.—

Give us the foils; come on.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. I'll be your foil, Laertes; in mine
ignorance

Your skill shall, like a star P'the darkest night,

Stick fiery off indeed.

Laer. You mock me, sir.

Ham. No, by this hand.

King. Give them the foils, young Osric.—

Cousin Hamlet,

You know the wager!

Ham. Very well, my lord;

which runs about immediately as it is hatched.

§ Freshy.

¶ The king and queen's presence.

† Compliment.

‡ Mingling.

§ Unconquered.

Your glass hath led the odds
King. I do not fear it
 both—

But since he's better'd,
Laer. This is too heavy.

Ham. This likes me well
 all a length! *[They*

Ger. Ay, my good lord.
King. Not one the stronger.

If Hamlet give the first we so
 Or quit in answer of the third

Let all the instruments thereof
 The King shall drink to

breath;
 And in the cup we union shall
 Rather than that which our
 In Denmark's crown have

the cups;
 And let the kettle in the trumpet
 The trumpet to the cannon;
 The cannon to the heavens;

earth,
 Now the King drinks to Ham
 And you, the judges, hear a word

Ham. Come on, sir.
Laer. Come, my lord.

Ham. One.
Laer. One.

Ham. No.
Laer. Judge

Ger. A hit, a very palpable hit
Laer. W

King. Stay, give me drink: I
 pearl is thine;

Here's to thy health.—Give him the
[Trumpets sound; and a

Ham. I'll play this bout first,
 awhile.

Com.—Another hit: What say you
[T

Laer. A touch, a touch, I do con
King. Our son shall win.

Queen. He's fat, and scant of
 Here, Hamlet, take my napkin;

Ham. Good madam,
King. Gertrude, do not drink.

Queen. I will, my lord;—I pray you,
King. It is the poison'd cup; it is to

Ham. I dare not drink yet, madam
 and by.

Queen. Come, let me wipe thy face.
Laer. My lord, I'll hit him now.

King. I do not think
Laer. And yet it is almost against my
 science.

Ham. Come, for the third, Laertes:
 do but dally;

I pray you, pass with your best violence;
 I am afraid, you make a wanton of me.

Laer. Say you so? come on. *[They p*

Ger. Nothing neither way.

* Large Jug.

† Drinks good luck to you.

** Mixed.

† A pre

† Boy.

harsh world draw thy breath in
try.— [pain.]

trick afar off, and Shot within.

What warlike noise is this?
ing Fortinbras, with conquest
roun Poland,
sadors of England gives
volley.

O, I die, Horatio;
ison quite o'er-crow's * my spirit;
to hear the news from England:
shes the election lights
a; he has my dying voice;
with the occurrent†, more or

solicited;—The rest is silence.

[Dies.]
cracks a noble heart;—Good
sweet prince;
angels sing thee to thy rest!
: drum come hither!

[March within.]
ENRICH, the English Ambassa-
dors, and Others.
re is this sight!

What is it, you would see?
, or wonder, cease your search.
quarry; cries on havoc, †—O
death!

toward in thine eternal cell,
many princes, at a shot,
ast struck?

The sight is dismal;
rs from England come too late:
senseless, that should give us

its commandment is fulfill'd,
antz and Guildenstern are dead:
I we have our thanks!

Not from his mouth ‡,

Had it the ability of life to thank you;
He never gave commandment for their death.
But since, so jump** upon this bloody ques-
tion, [England,

You from the Polack†† wars, and you from
Are here arrived; give order, that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view;
And let me speak, to the yet unknowing world,
How these things come about: No shall you
Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts; [bear,
Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters:
Of deaths put on by cunning, and forced
cause;

And, in this upshot, purposes mistook
Fall'n on the inventors' heads; all this can I
Truly deliver.

Fort. Let us haste to hear it,
And call the noblest to the audience.
For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune;
I have some rights of memory in this king-
dom, [me.

Which now to claim my vantage doth invite
Hor. Of that I shall have also cause to speak,
And from his mouth, whose voice will draw
on more:

But let this same be presently perform'd,
Even while men's minds are wild; lest more
On plots and errors, happen. [mischance,
Fort. Let four captains

Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage;
For he was likely, had he been put on, [sage,
To have proved most royally: and, for his pas-
The soldier's music, and the lights of war,
Speak loudly for him.—

Take up the bodies:—Such a sight as this
Becomes the field, but here shows much amiss.
Go, bid the soldiers shoot. [A dead March.

[Exeunt, bearing off the dead Bodies; after
which, a Peal of Ordnance is shot up.]

+ Incidents. † Incited. § Heap of dead game. ¶ A word
when more game was destroyed than was reasonable. § i. e., The king's.
** By chance. †† Polish.

as of Shakspeare were to be characterized, each by the particular excellences
which it from the rest, we must allow to the tragedy of Hamlet the *prize of va-*
cidents are so numerous, that the argument of the play would make a long tale.
e interchangeably diversified with merriment and solemnity: with merriment
judicious and instructive observations; and solemnity not strained by poetical
e the natural sentiments of man. New characters appear from time to time in
cession, exhibiting various forms of life and particular modes of conversation. The
dness of Hamlet causes much mirth, the mournful distraction of Ophelia fills the
pleases, and every personage produces the effect intended, from the apparition
blood with horror, to the top, that exposes affection to just contempt.
t is perhaps not wholly secure against objections. The action is indeed for the
ontinual progression. But there are some scenes which neither forward nor re-
be feigned madness of Hamlet there appears no adequate cause, for he does not
e might not have done with the reputation of sanity. He plays the madman
: treats Ophelia with so much rudeness, which seems to be wanton cruelty.
through the whole piece, rather an instrument than an agent. After he has, by
of the play, convicted the King, he makes no attempt to punish him; and his
t effected by an incident which Hamlet had no part in producing.
accused of having shown little regard to poetical justice, and may be charged
glert c^d poetical probability. The apparition left the regions of the dead to little
revenge which he demands is not obtained, but by the death of him that was
he it; and the gratification, which would arise from the destruction of an unwar-
derer, is shared by the untimely death of Ophelia, the young, the beautiful, the
the pious.—*Johnson.*

OTHELLO

Duke of Venice.
BRABANTIO, a senator.
Two other Senators.
CASTRANO, brother to Brab.
LEONARDO, kinsman to Brab.
OTHELLO, the Moor.
CASSIO, his lieutenant.
IAGO, his ensign.
RODERIGO, a Venetian gentleman.
MONTANO, Othello's predecessor
governor of Cyprus.
Clown, servant to Othello.

SCENE I. Venice. A Street.

Enter RODERIGO and IAGO.

Rod. Tush, never tell me, I take it

kindly,

That Othello, Iago,—who hath had my
 As if the strings were thine,—shoots
 of this.

Iago. 'Sblood, but you will not be
 If ever I did dream of such a matter
 About me.

Rod. Thou lovest me, thou dost not
 in thy hate.

Iago. Deserve me, if I do not. The
 In personal suit to make me his lieutenant
 on Cyprus* to him;—and, by the faith
 I know my price, I am worth no
 place:

But he, as loving his own pride and pen-
 Enates them, with a bombast circum-
 Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war;

And, in conclusion, consults
 My mediocrity for, certes†, says he,
 I have already chose my officer.

And what was he?

Forsooth, a great arithmetician,
 One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,

A fellow almost dam'd in a fair wife;
 That never set a squadron in the field,

Nor the division of a battle knows
 More than a spinner; unless the bookish
 Wherin the toged consultants can propose

As masterly as he: mere prattle, with
 practice,

Is all his soldiership. But he, sir, had the
 And I,—of whom his eyes had seen the proof

* Saluted. † Circumlocution. ‡ Certes

to allude to the denunciation in the Gospel.

you Theory. * Rulers of the state

up says with con-

re Roderigo,
would not be Iago :
follow but myself ;
, not I for love and duty,
my peculiar end :
and action doth demonstrate
ignorance of my heart
in me, 'tis not long after
heart upon my sleeve
: I am not what I am.
fortune does the thick-lips
at [owe't,

Call up her father,
after him, poison his de-
[men,
streets ; I accuse her kind-
fertile climate dwell,
as : though that his joy be

ages of vexation out,
colour.

father's house ; I'll call
[dire yell,

like timorous accent, and
and negligence, the fire
cities.

Brabantio ! signior Bra-
brantes ! thieves ! thieves !
what, ho ! Brabantio !
your daughter, and your

[bags !
hoar, at a Windon.

reason of this terrible
there ! [summons :

If your family within
ours luck'd !

! wherefore ask you this ?
it, you are robb'd ; for

your gown ; [soul ;
; you have lost half your
; an odd black ram

to ewe. Arise, arise ;
citizens with the bell,

I make a grandaile of you :

have you lost your wits ?
nd signior, do you know

at are you ? [my voice ?
— Roderigo.

The worse welcome :
e, not to haunt about my

thou hast heard me say,
t for thee ; and now, in

per, and dissembling ;

very, dost thou come

air.—

thou must needs be surr,
lance, have in them power

to thee.

Patience, good sir.

new of civility.

! A lone farm house.
ins.

! Approbation.

Bra. What tell'st thou me of robbing ? this
is Venice ;

My house is not a grange.

Rod. Most grave Brabantio.
In simple and pure soul I come to you.

Iago. Zounds, sir, you are one of those,
that will not serve God, if the devil bid you.
Because we come to do you service, you think
we are ruffians : You'll have your daughter
covered with a Barbary horse ; you'll have
your nephews neigh to you : you'll have
coarsers for cousins, and genets for ger-
mans.

Bra. What profane wretch art thou ?

Iago. I am one, sir, that comes to tell you,
your daughter and the Moor are now making
the beast with two backs.

Bra. Thou art a villain.

Iago. You are—a senator.

Bra. This thou shalt answer : I know thee,
Roderigo. [beseech you,

Rod. Sir, I will answer any thing. But I
It'll be your pleasure, and most wise consent.

(As partly, I find, it is,) that your fair daughter,
At this odd even and dull watch o'the night,

Transported—with no worse nor better guard,
But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier,

To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor,—
If this be known to you, and your allowance,

We then have done you bold and saucy
wrongs ; [mr,

But, if you know not this, my manners tell
We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe,

That, from the sense of all civility [rence :
I thus would play and trifle with your reve-

your daughter,—if you have not given her
leave.—

I say again, hath made a gross revolt ;

Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes,

In an extravagant and wheeling stranger,

Of here and every where : Straight satisfy
yourself :

If she be in her chamber, or your house,

Let loose on me the justice of the state

For thus deluding you.

Bra. Strike on the tinder, ho !

Give me a taper :—call up all my people :—

This accident is not unlike my dream,

Belief of it oppresses me already :—

Light, I say ! light ! [Exit from above.

Iago. Farewell ; for I must leave you :

It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place,

To be produced (as, if I stay, I shall)

Against the Moor : For, I do know, the state,—

However this may gall him with some check,

Cannot with safety cast him ; for he's our

bark'd

With such loud reason to the Cyprus wars,

(Which even now stand in act,) that, for their

Another of his fathom they have not, [sails,

To lead their business : in which regard,

Though I do hate him, as I do hell pains,

Yet, for necessity of present life,

I must show out a flag and sign of love,

! Own, possess. ! i. e., is broken.

! Relations. ! Mistrust

! Wandering. ! Dumb.

How didst thou know 'tw
Fast thought!—What shall I
more say?

Raise all my kindred.—Awet

Rod. Truly, I think, they

Bra. O heaven!—How
treason of the blood!

Fathers, from hence trust us

By what you see them as
charms,

By which the property of
hood

May be shamed? Have you
Of some such thing?

Rod. Yes, sir;

Bra. Call up my brother,
had her!

Same one way, same another

Where we may apprehend!

Rod. I think, I can dis-
please

To get good guard, and go

Bra. Pray you, lead on.

I'll call;

I may command at most;—

And rise some special officer

On, good Roden! go;—I'll d

SCENE II. *The same.*

Enter ORNELLO, LAUD,

Lago. Though in the tra-
sists men,

Yet do I hold it very stuff

To do do contrived murder

Sometimes, to do me very

times

I had thought to have jerk

Uth. 'Tis better as it is.

Lago. N

And spoke such scurvy and

Roderigo! come, sir, I am for
 your bright swords, for the
 on shall more command with
 weapons. [years,
 foul thief, where hast thou
 y daughter?

art, thou hast enchanted her;
 e to all things of sense,
 of magic were not bound,
 ci—so tender, fair, and happy;
 marriage, that she shunn'd
 wiled d'rings of our nation,
 e, to incur a general mock,
 guardage to the sooty bosom
 g as thou: to fear, not to de-

world, if 'tis not gross in sense,
 it practis'd on her with foul
 [nerals,
 lleste youth with drugs, or mi-
 tion:—I'll have it disputed on;
 ind palpable to thinking.
 rebend and do attach thee,
 of the world, a practiser
 ed and out of warrant:—
 him; if he do resist,
 his peril.

Hold your hands,
 'my inclining, and the rest:
 e to fight, I should have known
 [go
 npter.—Where will you that I
 your charge?

To prison: till fit time
 surse of direct season,
 swer.

What if I do obey?
 take be therewith satisfied?
 gers are here about my side,
 sent business of the state,
 him?

'Tis true, most worthy signior,
 council; and your noble self,
 ent for.

How! the duke in council!
 the night!—Bring him away:
 idle cause: the duke himself,
 brothers of the state,
 this wrong, as 'twere their own:
 ions may have passage free,
 ed pagant, shall our statesmen
 [Exit.

The same. A Council
 Chamber.

d Senators, sitting at a Table;
 theers attending.

e is no composition; in these
 n credit. [news,
 deed, they are disproportion'd;
 , a hundred and seven galleys.
 mine, a hundred and forty.

And mine, two hundred:
 ry jump not on a just account,

(As in these cases, where the army reports,
 'Tis oft with difference,) yet do they all con-
 firm

A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.

Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to judge.
 I do not so secure me in the error, [ment;
 But the main article I do approve
 In fearful sense.

[what ho!
 Sallor. [Within.] What ho! what ho!
 Enter an Officer, with a Sailor.

Off. A messenger from the galleys.

Duke. Now! the business?
 Sallor. The Turkish preparation makes for
 Rhodes;

So was I bid report here to the state,
 By signior Angelo.

Duke. How say you by this change?

I Sen. This cannot be,
 By no assay of reason; 'tis a pageant,
 To keep us in false gaze: When we consider
 The importance of Cyprus to the Turk;
 And let ourselves again but understand,
 That, as it more concerns the Turk than

Rhodes,
 So may he with more facile question || bear it,
 For that it stands not in such warlike brace,
 But altogether lacks the abilities
 That Rhodes is dress'd in:—if we make
 thought of this,

We must not think, the Turk is so unskilful,
 To leave that latest which concerns him first;
 Neglecting an attempt of ease, and gain,
 To wake, and wage², a danger profitless.

Duke. Nay, in all confidence, he's not for
 Off. Here is more news. [Rhodes.

Enter a Messenger.
 Mess. The Ottomites, reverend and grac-
 ious, [Rhodes,
 Steering with due course toward the isle of
 Have there injointed them with an after fleet.

I Sen. Ay, so I thought:—How many, as
 you guess? [stem

Mess. Of thirty sail: and now do they re-
 Their backward course, bearing with frank
 appearance [time,

Their purposes toward Cyprus.—Signior Mon-
 Your trusty and most valliant servitor,
 With his free duty recommends you thus,
 And prays you to believe him.

Duke. 'Tis certain then for Cyprus.—
 Marcus Lucchese, is he not in town?

I Sen. He's now in Florence.

Duke. Write from us; wish him post-post-
 haste despatch. [Exit Moor.

I Sen. Here comes Brabantio, and the va-
 Enter BRABANTIO, OTHELLO, IAGO, RO-
 DERIGO, and Officers.

Duke. Valiant Othello, we must straight
 employ you

Against the general enemy Ottoman.
 I did not see you; welcome, gentle signior;
 [To BRABANTIO.

We lack'd your counsel and your help to night.
 Bra. So did I year's: Good your grace,
 pardon me;

1 delight.
 store.

2 The pagans and bond-slaves of Africa.
 3 Very despatch.
 4 State of defence.

5 Consideration.
 6 Combat.

By spells and medicine
For nature so preposterous
Being not deficient, blurs
Sams⁴ witchcraft could;

Duke. Whoe'er he be
Hath thou beguiled your
And you of her, the bliss
You shall yourself read
After your own sense;
Stand in your action.

Bra. Humbl
Here is the man, this I
seems,

Your special mandate, fo
Hath hither brought.

Duke & Sen. We

Duke. What, in your
say to this?

Bra. Nothing but this

Oth. Most potent, gr
My very noble and app
That I have ta'en away th

It is most true; true, I
The very head and front

Hath this extent, no mo
speech,

And little bless'd with th
For since these arms of s

pith,

Till now some nine moe
Their dearest action; in

And little of this great w
More than pertains to fo

And therefore little shal
In speaking for myself:

patience,
I will a round unvarnish

a world of sighs :
as strange, 'twas

as pitiful :
heard it; yet she

as such a man : she
end that loved her,

to tell my story,
Upon this hint, I

ers I had pass'd ;
id pity them.

I have used ;
er witness it.

and Attendants.
le would win my

(daughter too.—
er at the best :

ous rather use,
er, hear her speak ;

half the wooer,
my bad blame

hither, gentle mis-
noble company,

ience ?
My noble father,

and education ;
h do learn me

re the lord of duty,
er : But here's my

other show'd
re her father,

may process
!—I have done :—

the state affairs ;
d, than get it.—

h all my heart,
vely, with all my

[jewel,
—For your sake,

other child ;
me tyranny.

ave done, my lord.
yourself ; and lay

lovers
y, may help these

e griefs are ended,
late on hopes de-

past and gone,
w mischief on.

hen fortune takes,
ery makes.

ds something from
s a bootless grief.

Bra. No let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile ;
We lose it not, so long as we can smile.

He bears the sentence well, that nothing bears
But the free comfort which from thence he

hears :
But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow,

That, to pay grief, must of poor patience bor-
These sentences, to sugar, or to gall, [row.

Being strong on both sides, are equivocal :
But words are words ; I never yet did hear,

That the bruised heart was pierced through the
cart. [of state.

I humbly beseech you, proceed to the affairs
Duke. The Turk with a most mighty pre-
paration makes for Cyprus :—(Othello, the for-

titude of the place is best known to you : And
though we have there a substitute of most

allowed sufficiency, yet opinion, a sovereign
mistress of effects, throws a more safer voice

on you : you must therefore be content to
snubber the gloss of your new fortunes with

this more stubborn and boisterous expedition.
Oth. The tyrant custom, most grave sena-

tors,
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war

My thrice-driven bed of down : I do agonize
A natural and prompt alacrity,

I find in hardness ; and do undertake
These present wars against the Ottomites.

Most humbly therefore bending to your state,
I crave fit disposition for my wife ;

Due reference of place, and exhibition]].
With such accommodation, and besort,

As levels with her breeding.
Duke. If you please,

Be't at her father's.
Bra. I'll not have it so.

Oth. Nor I.
Des. Nor I ; I would not there reside,

To put my father in impatient thoughts,
By being in his eye. Most gracious duke,

To my unfolding lend a gracious ear ;
And let me find a charter in your voice,

To assist my simpleness.
Duke. What would you, Desdemona ?

Des. That I did love the Moor to live with
him,

My downright violence and storm of fortunes
May trumpet to the world ; my heart's subdued

Even to the very quality of my lord ;
I saw Othello's visage in his mind ;

And to his honours, and his valliant parts,
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.

+ i. e., That the wounds of sorrow were ever cured by the
Obscure. } Acknowledge. } Allowance. } Affections.

—haste,
And speed must answer it
Dux. To-night, my lord?

Duke. —

Oth.

Duke. At nine I'll be in
meet again.

Othello, leave some officer
And he shall our commission
With such things else of as
As doth import you.

Oth. Please your grace
A man he is of honesty and
To his conveyance I assign
With what else needful you
To be sent after me.

Duke. Let it
Goodnight to every one.—

If virtue no delighted heart
Your son-in-law is far more

I Sen. Adieu, brave Moor
well.

Brn. Look to her, Moor
She has deceived her father

[Exit Duke, Sen]

oth. My life upon her fall
My Desdemona must I leave

I pr'ythee, let thy wife attend
And bring them after to the

Come, Desdemona; I have
Of love, of worldly matters

Tu spend with thee: we must

[Exit Othello]

Reed. Iago.

Iago. What say'st thou, I

Reed. What will I do, I

a canst cuckold him, thou dost
were, and me a sport. There are
in the womb of time, which will
— Traverse[†]; go; provide thy
will have more of this to-mor-
—
re shall we meet i'the morning?
ry lodging.
—e with three betimes.
—; farewell. Do you hear, Ro-
I say you? [derigo?
more of drowning, do you hear.
— changed. I'll sell all my land.
—; farewell: put money enough
—.
er make my fool my parse:
—wn gain'd knowledge should pro-
—me expend with such a snipe,
port and profit. I hate the Moor;
ght abroad, that 'twixt my sheets

He has done my office: I know not if't be
true;
But I, for mere suspicion in that kind,
Will do, as if for surety. He holds't me well;
The better shall my purpose work on him.
Cassio's a proper man: Let me see now;
To get his place, and to plume up my will;
A double knavery,—How! how!—Let me
see:—
After some time, to abuse Othello's ear,
That he is too familiar with his wife:—
He hath a person, and a smooth dispose,
To be suspected; framed to make women
The Moor is of a free and open nature. [false.
That thinks men honest, that but seem to be
And will as tenderly be led by the nose, [so;
As asses are.
I hav't;—it is engender'd: Hell and night
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's
light. [Exit.

ACT II.

*A Sea-Port Town in Cyprus.
A Platform.*

MTANO and Two Gentlemen.
at from the cape can you discern
? [dread;
othing at all: it is a high-wrought
t the heaven and the main,
—, [at land:
hinks, the wind hath spoke aloud
t ne'er shook our battlements:
Han'd so upon the sea,
f oak, when mountains melt on
[this f
mortise? what shall we hear of
segregation of the Turkish fleet:
and upon the foaming shore,
hallow seems to pelt the clouds;
aked sarge, with high and mon-
main,
t water on the burning bear's,
the guards of the ever-fixed pole:
like molestation view
fed flood.

If that the Turkish fleet
etter'd and embay'd, they are
ble they bear it out. [drown'd;
er a third Gentleman.
ews, lords! our wars are done;
te tempest hath so bang'd the
[Venice
signment halts: A noble ship of
grievous wreck and sufferance
t of their fleet.

How! is this true?
he ship is here put in,
; Michael Cassio,
; the warlike Moor, Othello,
bore: the Moor himself's at sea,

And is in full commission here for Cyprus.
Mon. I am glad on't; 'tis a worthy governor.
3 Gent. But this same Cassio,—though he
speak of comfort,
Touching the Turkish loss,—yet he looks
sadly, [parted
And prays the Moor be safe; for they were
With foul and violent tempest.
Mon. 'Pray heaven he be;
For I have served him, and the man commands
Like a tall soldier. Let's to the sea-side, ho!
As well to see the vessel that's come in,
As throw out our eyes for brave Othello;
Even till we make the main, and the aerial
An indistinct regard. [blue,
3 Gent. Come, let's do so;
For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivance.

Enter Cassio.

Cas. Thanks to the valiant of this warlike
lie,
That so approve the Moor; O, let the heavens
Give him defence against the elements,
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea!

Mon. Is he well shipp'd?
Cas. His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his pilot
Of very expert and approved allowance[‡];
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure.

[Within.] A sail, a sail, a sail!

Enter another Gentleman.

Cas. What noise?
4 Gent. The town is empty; on the brow
Stand ranks of people, and they cry—A sail.
Cas. My hopes do shape him for the gover-
nor. [courtesy;
2 Gent. They do discharge their shot of
[Guns heard.

Our friends, at least.

† military word of command.
or the polar star. ‡ Complete.

† Esteem. ‡ Separation. § The con-
¶ Allowed and approved expertness.
4 F 2

Cas. He has had most rare
speed !
Tempests themselves, high
The gutter'd rocks, and con-
fused castles, to ring
As having sense of beauty,
Their mortal ^{or} natures, let
The divine Desdemona.

Men.

Cas. She that I spake of,
exclaim,
Left in the custody of the
Whore feeding her antich
A se'night's speed. Go
guard,
And swell his sail with it
That he may bless this day
Make love's quick pants in
Give reins to fire to our
And bring all Cyprus comf

*Enter Desdemona, Emilia,
Iago, and An-
tonio.*
The riches of the ship is
Ye men of Cyprus, let her
Hail to thee, lady ! and the
Before, behind thee, and
Enwheel thee round !

Des. I thank
What tidings can you tell.

Cas. He is not yet arrived
But that he's well, and will

Des. O, but I fear ;—H
pany !

Cas. The great content
Parted our fellowship : Be
[*Cry within, A sail, a sail !*]

Lient. They give their
This likewise is a friend.

Cas.

See !

Good ancient, you are well

lame and impotent conclusion of him, Emilia, though he—How say you, Cassio? is he false and liberal^a counsellor? As home, madam; you may see in the soldier, than in the

He takes her by the palm: whisper: with as little a web as great a fly as Cassio. her, do, I will give thee in ship. You say true; 'tis so, tricks as these strip you out of it, it had been better you were most apt to play the sir in. He kissed! an excellent com- leed. Yet again your fingers could they were clyster-pipes—[Trumpet.] The Moor, I

so.
er him, and receive him.
e he comes!
ELLO, and Attendants.
ir warrior!

My dear Othello? me wonder great as my con-

before me. O my son's joy! npest come such calms, slow till they have waken'd

ring back climb hills of seas, and duck again as low caven! If it were now to die, e most happy: for I fear, e content so abundant, comfort like to this town late.

The heavens forbid, res and comforts should in- do grow. [crease, ven to that, sweet powers!— nough of this content, ; it is too much of joy: s, the greatest disorders be.

Asking her.
rts shall make! O, you are well tuned now! the pegs that make this music, n. [Aside.

Come, let's to the castle.— our wars are done, the Turks d

acquaintance of this isle!— be well desired" in Cyprus, I love amongst them. O my shion^c, and I date [sweet, forts.—I prythee, good Iago, d disembark my coffers: aster to the citadel; , and his worthiness

Does challenge much respect.—Come, Desde- Once more well met at Cyprus. [noise,

[Exit Othello, Desdemona, and Attendants.

Iago. Do thou meet me presently at the harbour. Come hither. If thou be'st vallant as (they say) brave men, being in love, have then a nobility in their natures more than is native to them,—list me^e. The lieutenant to- night watches on the court of guard:—First, I must tell thee this—Desdemona is directly in love with him.

Rod. With him! why, 'tis not possible.

Iago. Lay thy finger—thus, and let thy soul be instructed. Mark me with what violence she first loved the Moor, but for bragging, and telling her fantastical lies: And will she love him still for prating? let not thy direct heart think it. Her eye must be fed; and what delight shall she have to look on the devil? When the blood is made dull with the act of sport, there should be,—again to inflame it, and to give satiety a fresh appetite,—loveliness in favour; sympathy in years, manners, and beauties: all which the Moor is defective in: Now, for want of these required conveniences, her delicate tenderness will find itself abused, begin to heave the gorge, disdistinguish and abhor the Moor; very nature will instruct her in it, and compel her to some second choice. Now, sir, this granted, (as it is a most pregnant and unforced position,) who stands so eminently in the degree of this fortune, as Cassio does! a knave very voluble; no further conscionable, than in putting on the mere form of civil and humane seeming, for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affection! why, none; why, none; A slippery and subtle knave; a finder out of occasions: that has an eye can stamp and counterfeist advantages, though true advantage never present itself: A devilish knave! Besides, the knave is handsome, young; and hath all those requisites in him, that tolly and green minds look after: A pestilent complete knave; and the woman hath found him already.

Rod. I cannot believe that in her; she is full of most blessed condition^g.

Iago. Blessed fig's end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes: If she had been blessed, she would never have loved the Moor: Blessed pudding! Didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand? didst thou not mark that?

Rod. Yes, that I did; but that was but courtesy.

Iago. Lechery, by this hand; an index, and obscure prologue to the history of lust and foul thoughts. They met so near with their lips, that their breaths embraced together. Villanous thoughts, Rodrigo! when these inequalities so marshal the way, hard at hand comes the master and main exercise, the incorporate conclusion: Push!—But, sir, be you

spoken. † Shackle, fetter. ‡ Your good breeding and valiancy.
y, in the sense of obsequence, was applied to men as well as women.
by invitation. § Out of method, without order. ‖ Liken-
Minds unripe. ¶ Qualities, disposition of mind.

ter, even out of time, and
put to nothing; whose quality
into no true taste again, but
of Cassio. He shall you let
me to your desires, by the
have to prefer; them; and
most probably removed, w
there were no expectation of
Rod. I will do this, if I c
opportunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. M
at the citadel: I must first
ashore. Farewell.

Rod. Adieu.

Iago. That Cassio loves I
lieve it;

That she loves him, 'tis apt,
The Moor—howbeit that I e
Is of a constant, loving, nob
And, I dare think, he'll pro
A most dear husband. Now
Not out of absolute lust, (f
I stand accountant for as gr
But partly led to diet my re
For that I do suspect the lo
Hath lesp'd into my seat: th
Doth, like a poisonous min
wards;

And nothing can or shall co
Till I am even with him, w
Or falling so, yet that I get
At least unto a jealousy so s
That judgment cannot cure
If this poor trash of Venice
For his quick bunting, stand
I'll have our Michael Cassio
Abuse him to the Moor in t
For I fear Cassio with my
Make the Moor thank me,
For making him egregiously
And practising upon his pe
Even to madness.

ity, and dare not task my more.

'Tis a night of revels; the

hey!

the door; I pray you, call

it it dislikes me.

[Exit Cassio.
Then but one cup upon him,
He hath drunk to-night al-

larm and offence
To his dog. Now, my sick

man,
'Tis almost the wrong side

to-night caroused
Up; and he's to watch:

As,—noble swelling spirits,
On in a wary distance,
Of this warlike isle,—

Stead with flowing cups,
Now, 'mongst this flock

Of men in some action
Lie:—But here they come:

But approve my dream,
Both with wind and stream.

[Enter Montano, and
other gentlemen.

Now, they have given me a

little one; not past a

tr.

Now, ho!

[Sings.]

clink, clink;

man;

span;

luller drink.

[Wine brought in.

Now, an excellent song.

It is in England, where fin-

est potent in potting: your

man, and your swag-bellied

ho!—are nothing to your

Englishman so expert in his

drinks you, with facility,

As he sweats not to over-

come; he gives your Hollander

His pottle can be filled.

Of our general.

But, lieutenant; and I'll do

England!

Was a worthy peer;

Cost him but a crown;

Slaves are all too dear,

Called the tailor down.

*He was a knight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree:
'Tis pride that pulls the country down,
Thou hast taken time about thee.*

Some wine, ho!

Cas. Why, this is a more exquisite song
than the other.

Iago. Will you hear it again?

Cas. No, for I hold him to be unworthy of
his place that does those things.—Well,—Hea-
ven's above all; and there be souls that must
be saved, and there be souls must not be saved.

Iago. It's true, good lieutenant.

Cas. For mine own part,—no offence to the
general or any man of quality,—I hope to be
saved.

Iago. And so do I too, lieutenant.

Cas. Ay, but, by your leave, not before me;
the lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient.
Let's have no more of this; let's to our affairs.—
Forgive us our sins!—Gentlemen, let's look to
our business. Do not think, gentlemen, I am
drunk: this is my ancient;—this is my right
hand, and this is my left hand;—I am not
drunk now; I can stand well enough, and
speak well enough.

All. Excellent well.

Cas. Why, very well, then: you must not
think then that I am drunk. [Exit.

Mon. To the platform, masters; come, let's
set the watch.

Iago. You see this fellow that is gone be-
fore? He is a soldier, fit to stand by Caesar [fore;—
And give direction; and do but see his vice;
'Tis to his virtue a just equinox,
The one as long as the other: 'Tis pity of him.
I fear, the trust Othello puts him in,
On some odd time of his infirmity
Will shake this island.

Mon. But is he often thus?

Iago. 'Tis evermore the prologue to his
fall: He'll watch the Torologe a double set; [sleep;
If drink rock not his cradle.

Mon. It were well,

The general were put in mind of it.

Perhaps, he sees it not; or his good nature

Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio,

And looks not on his evils: Is not this true?

[Enter RODRIGO.]

Iago. How now, Roderigo? [Aside.
I pray you, after the lieutenant; go.

[Exit RODRIGO.]

Mon. And 'tis great pity, that the noble

Moor

Should hazard such a place, as his own second,

With one of an ingraft infirmity;

It were an honest action to say

So to the Moor.

Iago. Not I, for this fair island:
I do love Cassio well; and would do much

To cure him of this evil. But hark! what

noise! [Cry within.—Help! help!

[Re-enter Cassio, driving in RODRIGO.]

Cas. You rogue! you rascal!

in enough. † Drink as much as you do. ‡ A worthy fellow.

‡ While the clock strikes two twelve, or four-and-twenty hours.

¶ Routed, settled.

Iago. Away, I say! go out, as they.

(Aside to Roderigo.)
Nay, good lieutenant,—also, gentlemen!—Lieutenant,—sir,—My help, masters!—Here's a good deed!

Who's that that rings the bell?—The town will rise, God's will! You will be shamed for ever.

Enter Othello and others.
Oth. What is the matter?

Des. I bleed still, I am hurt to the heart. Hold, for your lives.

Iago. Hold, hold, lieutenant, gentlemen,—

Have you forgot all sense of place? Hold, hold! the general speaks for shame!

Oth. Why, how now, ho! Are we turn'd Turks; and to our Which heaven hath forbid the O For christian shame, put by the sword!

He that stirs next his carve for him Holds his soul light; he dies upon Silence that dreadful bell; it rings From her propriety.—What is the matter?

Honest Iago, that look'st dead with Speak, who began this? on thy life.

Iago. I do not know;—friends in quarter, and in terms like bed Deceiving them for bed: and then As if some planet had unweild Swords out, and tilting one at one In opposition bloody. I cannot

Desdemona, attended.
 le love be not raised up;
 an example.

What's the matter, dear?
 ll now, sweeting; Come away
 is, [to bed.—
 our surgeon: Lend him off.

To *MONTANO, who is led off.*
 care about the town;
 me whom this vile brawl dis-

ona; 'tis the soldier's life,
 balmy slumbers waked with

of all but Iago and Cassio.
 are you hurt, lieutenant?
 all surgery.

heaven forbid!

ion, reputation, reputation! O,
 eputation! I have lost the im-
 of myself, and what remains is
 utation, Iago! my reputation!
 in an honest man, I thought
 ed some bodily wound; there
 in that than in reputation.
 a idle and most false imposi-
 lthout merit, and lost without
 I have lost no reputation at
 epute yourself such a loser.
 ere are ways to recover the
 You are but now cast in his
 hment more in policy than in
 o as one would heat his of-
 to frighten an imperious lion;
 I, and he's yours.

ther me to be despised, than
 id a commander with so slight,
 id so indiscreet, an officer.
 eak parrot? and squabble,
 I and discourse to him with
 ow!—O, thou invisible spirit
 hat no name to be known by,
 devil!

as he that you followed with
 hat had he done to you?
 out.

sible?

ber a mass of things, but no-
 a quarrel, but nothing where-
 ern should put an enemy in
 atal away their brains! that
 joy, revel, pleasure, and ap-
 on ourselves into beasts!
 at you are now well enough:
 thus recovered?

leased the devil, drunkenness,
 the devil, wrath: one unper-
 another, to make me frankly

you are too severe a moralist:
 place, and the condition of
 its, I could heartily wish this;
 ; hot, since it is as it is, mend
 good.

k him for my place again; he

shall tell me I am a drunkard! Had I as many
 months as Hydra, such an answer would stop
 them all. To be now a sensible man, by and
 by a fool, and presently a beast! O strange!—
 Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the
 ingredient is a devil.

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good
 familiar creature, if it be well used; exclaim
 no more against it. And, good lieutenant, I
 think you think I love you.

Cas. I have well approved it, sir.—I drunk!

Iago. You, or any man living, may be
 drunk at some time, man. I'll tell you what
 you shall do. Our general's wife is now the
 general;—I may say so in this respect, for
 that he hath devoted and given up himself to
 the contemplation, mark, and demutement, of
 her parts and graces;—confess yourself freely
 to her; importune her; she'll help to put
 you in your place again: she is of so free, so
 kind, so apt, so blessed, a disposition, that she
 holds it a vice in her goodness not to do more
 than she is requested: This broken joint, be-
 tween you and her husband, entreat her to
 splinter; and, my fortunes against any lay;
 worth naming, this crack of your love shall
 grow stronger than it was before.

Cas. You advise me well.

Iago. I protest, in the sincerity of love, and
 honest kindness.

Cas. I think it freely; and, betimes in the
 morning, I will beseech the virtuous Desde-
 mona to undertake for me: I am desperate of
 my fortunes if they check me here.

Iago. You are in the right. Good night,
 lieutenant; I must to the watch.

Cas. Good night, honest Iago.

[Exit *CASSIO*.]

Iago. And what's he then, that says—I play
 the villain?

When this advice is free, I give, and honest,
 Probal to thinking, and (indeed) the course
 To win the Moor again? For, 'tis most easy
 The inclining Desdemona to subdue
 In any honest suit; she's framed as fruitful
 As the free elements. And then for her
 To win the Moor,—we're't to renounce his
 baptism,

All seals and symbols of redeemed sin,—
 His soul is so ensfetted to her love,
 That she may make, unmake, do what she list,
 Even as her appetite shall play the god
 With his weak function. How am I then a
 villain,

To counsel Cassio to this parallel course,
 Directly to his good? Divinity of hell!
 When devils will their blackest sins put on,
 They do suggest; at first with heavenly shows,
 As I do now: For while this honest fool
 Piles Desdemona to repair his fortunes,
 And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor,
 I'll pour this pentience into his ear,—
 That she repeats ** him for her body's lust;
 And, by how much she strives to do him good,
 She shall undo her credit with the Moor.

miss'd in his anger.
 d, beautiful

Even.

† Talk idly.

‡ Tempt.

§ Bet or wager.

** Heavily

Venice.

Iago. How poor are they,
patience!—
What wound did ever heal, but
Thus know'st we work by w
witchcraft;
And wit depends on dilatory t

SCENE I. *Before the*

Enter Cassio, and some

Cas. Masters, play here, I
your pains, (row, pen
Something that's brief; and t

Enter Clown.

Clo. Why, masters, have yo
been at Naples, that they ap
flux?

1 Mus. How, sir, how!

Clo. Are these I pray you, i
struments?

1 Mus. Ay, marry, are they

Clo. O, thereby hangs a tail

1 Mus. Whereby hangs a t

Clo. Marry, sir, by many
ment that I know. But, master
for you: and the general so ill
that he desires you, of all love
more noise with it.

1 Mus. Well, sir, we will a

Clo. If you have any music
be heard, to't again: but, as th
music, the general does not gre

1 Mus. We have none such

Clo. Then put up your pipe
for I'll away: Go; vannah int

[*Exe*

Cas. Dost thou hear, my ho

ome.

Well, my good lord, I'll do't.
fortification, gentleman,—shall
t?

I wait upon your lordship.

[*Exeunt.*]

III. *Before the Castle.*

EMONA, CASSIO, and EMILIA.

Be assured, good Cassio, I will do
as in thy behalf.

I madam, do; I know it grieves
were his. [my husband

it's an honest fellow.—Do not
Cassio,

re my lord and you again

you were.

Bounteous madam,
I become of Michael Cassio,

thing but your true servant.

I thank you: You do love my
[assured,

own him long; and be you well
angeness stand no further off
the distance.

Ay, but, lady,
ay either last so long,
such nice and waterish diet,
so out of circumstance,
absent, and my place supplied,
ill forget my love and service.
doubt that; before Emilia here,
arrant of thy place: assure thee,
friendship, I'll perform it
icle: my lord shall never rest;
tame*, and talk him out of pa-

seem a school, his board a shrift:
e every thing he does [Cassio;
e suit: Therefore be merry,
or shall rather die,
cause away.

LO, and IAGO, at a distance.

Madam, here comes

am, I'll take my leave.

Why, stay,
[case,
e, not now; I am very ill at
own purposes.

Well, well,
[Exit CASSIO.

Ha! I like not that.

doest thou say?

ig, my lord: or if—I know not
[wife?

ot that Cassio parted from my
my lord? No, sure, I cannot

steal away so guilty-like,

ning.

I do believe 'twas he.

ow, my lord?

king with a suitor here,

gulshes in your displeasure.

Oth. Who is't, you mean? [my lord,

Des. Why, your lieutenant Cassio. Good

If I have any grace, or power to move you,
His present reconciliation take;

For, if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning t,
I have no judgment in an honest face:

I prythee, call him back.

Oth.

Went he hence now?

Des. Ay, sooth; so humbled,

That he hath left part of his grief with me;

I suffer with him. Good love, call him back.

Oth. Not now, sweet Desdemona; some

Des. But shall't be shortly? [other time.

Oth. The sooner, sweet, for you.

Des. Shall't be to-night at supper?

Oth. No, not to-nigh..

Des. To-morrow dinner, then?

Oth. I shall not dine at home;

I meet the captain at the citadel.

Des. Why then, to-morrow night; or Tues-
day morn; [morn;

Or Tuesday noon, or night, or Wednesday

I pray thee, name the time; but let it not

Exceed three days: in faith, he's penitent;

And yet his trespass, in our common reason,
[save that, they say, the wars must make ex-

amples

Out of their best;) is not almost a fault

To incur a private check: When shall he
come?

Tell me, Othello. I wonder in my soul,
What you could ask me, that I should deny,

Or stand so mummuring; on. What? Mi-
chael Cassio, [time,

That came a wooing with you; and many a

When I have spoke of you dispraisingly,

Hath ta'en your part; to have so much to do

To bring him in! Trust me, I could do much.

Oth. Prythee, no more: let him come
I will deny thee nothing. [when he will;

Des.

Why, this is not a boon;

'Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves,

Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you

Or sue to you to do peculiar profit [warm;

To your own person: Nay, when I have a
suit,

Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,

It shall be full of poize and difficulty,

And fearful to be granted.

Oth.

I will deny thee nothing:

Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,

To leave me but a little to myself. [lord.

Des. Shall I deny you? no: Farewell, my

Oth. Farewell, my Desdemona: I will

come to thee straight. [teach you;

Des. Emilia, come:—Be it as your fancies

Whate'er you be, I am obedient.

[Exit, with EMILIA.

Oth. Excellent wretch! Perdition catch

my soul,

But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,

Chaos is come again.

Iago. My noble lord.

Oth.

What dost thou say, Iago?

amed by keeping them from sleep.

§ Hesitating.

! Knowledge.

! Weight.

! Best men.

Venice.

Jago. How poor are they,
patience!—

What wound did ever heal, but
Thou know'st we work by
witchcraft;

And wilt depends on dilatory

SCENE I. *Before the*
Enter Cassio, and some

Cas. Masters, play here,
your pains, (row, go
something that's brief; and

Enter Clown.
Cla. Why, masters, have y
been at Naples, that they s
thra?

1 Mus. How, sir, how!
Cla. Are these I pray you,
struments?

1 Mus. Ay, marry, are the
Cla. O, thereby hangs a tale
1 Mus. Whereby hangs a t

Cla. Marry, sir, by many
ment that I know. But, maste
for you: and the general so li

that he desires you, of all lov
more noise with it.
1 Mus. Well, sir, we will

Cla. If you have any mus
he heard, to't again: but, as th
music, the general does not gr

1 Mus. We have none such

to me.
Well, my good lord, I'll do't.
fortification, gentleman,—shall
it?
I'll wait upon your lordship.

[*Exeunt.*]

III. *Before the Castle.*

DEMONA, CASSIO, and EMILIA.
You assured, good Cassio, I will do
des in thy behalf.
And madam, do; I know it grieves
were his. [my husband
at's an honest fellow.—Do not
Cassio,
ive my lord and you again
is you were.

Bounteous madam,
all become of Michael Cassio,
ny thing but your true servant.
r, I thank you: You do love my
own him long; and be you well
trangeness stand no further off
little distance.

Ay, but, lady,
may either last so long,
much nice and waterish diet,
if so out of circumstance,
absent, and my place supplied,
will forget my love and service.
I doubt that; before Emilia here,
arrant of thy place: assure thee,
a friendship, I'll perform it
article: my lord shall never rest;
n tame*, and talk him out of pa-
seem a school, his board a shift:
le every thing he does [Cassio;
s's suit: Therefore be merry,
for shall rather die,
y cause away.

LEO, and IAGO, at a distance.

Madam, here comes
dam, I'll take my leave.

Why, stay,
speak.
m, not now; I am very ill at
ie own purposes.

Well, well,
retion. [*Exit* CASSIO.]

Ha! I like not that.
: dost thou say?
ing, my lord: or if—I know not
[wife?
not that Cassio parted from my
o, my lord? No, sure, I cannot
it,
I steal away so guilty-like,
sming.

I do believe 'twas he.
now, my lord?
sling with a sutor here,
inguishes in your displeasure.

Oth. Who is't, you mean? [my lord,
Des. Why, your lieutenant Cassio. Good
If I have any grace, or power to move you,
His present reconciliation take;
For, if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning t,
I have no judgment in an honest face:
I prythee, call him back.

Oth. Went he hence now?
Des. Ay, sooth; so humbled,
That he hath left part of his grief with me;
I suffer with him. Good love, call him back.

Oth. Not now, sweet Desdemona; some
Des. But shall't be shortly? [other time.

Oth. The sooner, sweet, for you.

Des. Shall't be to-night at supper?

Oth. No, not to-night..

Des. To-morrow dinner, then?

Oth. I shall not dine at home;

I meet the captain at the citadel.

Des. Why then, to-morrow night; or Tues-
day morn;

Or Tuesday noon, or night, or Wednesday
I pray thee, name the time; but let it not
Exceed three days: in faith, he's penitent;

And yet his trespass, in our common reason,
(Save that, they say, the wars must make ex-
amples

Out of their best t,) is not almost a fault
To incur a private check: When shall he
come?

Tell me, Othello. I wonder in my soul,
What you could ask me, that I should deny,
Or stand so mammering; on. What? Mi-
chael Casio,

[time,
That came a wooing with you; and many a
When I have spoke of you disparagingly,
Hath ta'en your part; to have so much to do
To bring him in! Trust me, I could do much.

Oth. Prythee, no more: let him come
I will deny thee nothing. [when he will;

Des. Why, this is not a boon;
'Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves,
Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you
Or sue to you to do peculiar profit [warm;
To your own person: Nay, when I have a
suit,

Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,
It shall be full of poize and difficulty,
And fearful to be granted.

Oth. I will deny thee nothing:
Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,
To leave me but a little to myself. [lord.

Des. Shall I deny you? no: Farewell, my
Oth. Farewell, my Desdemona: I will
come to thee straight. [teach you;

Des. Emilia, come:—He it as your fancies
What'er you be, I am obedient.

[*Exit*, with EMILIA.]

Oth. Excellent wretch! Perdition catch
my soul,

But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.

Iago. My noble lord.

Oth. What dost thou say, Iago?

Iago. Knowledge.

Weight.

Best men.

tamed by keeping them from sleep.

Hesitating.

Is he not honest?
Iago. Honest, my lord.
Oth.
Iago. My lord, for aught I know.
Oth. What dost thou think?
Iago. Think?
Oth. Think?
 By heaven, he echoes me,
 As if there were some monster
 That makes him to be shown.—Think
 something!
 I heard thee say but now,—
 When Cassio left my wife;—
 Like?
 And, when I told thee—he was
 In my whole course of wooing
Induced?
 And didst contract and purse
 As if thou then had'st shut up in
 Some horrible conceit: If thou
 Show me thy thought.
Iago. My lord, you know I know
Oth. I know
 And—for I know thou art so
 honest,
 And weigh'st thy words before
 Therefore those stops of mine
 more.
 For such things, in a false dish
 Are tricks of custom; but, in a
 They are close deuilements, where
 That passion cannot rule.
Iago. For Mithras
 I dare be sworn, I think that he
Oth. I think so too.
Iago. Men should be what
 Or, those that be not, would be

if, there is no more but this,—
 with love, or jealousy.
 Had of this, for now I shall
 on
 e and duty that I bear you
 it: therefore, as I am bound,
 a me:—I speak not yet of
 [Cassio;
 wife; observe her well with
 —thus, not jealous, nor secure;
 e your free and noble nature,
 y, be abused; look to't:
 ity disposition well;
 so let heaven see the pranks
 ow their husbands; their best
 e
 ndone, but keep unknown.
 n say so? [you;
 deceive her father, marrying
 eem'd to shake, and fear your
 most. [looks,

And so she did.
 Why, go to, then;
 ung, could give out such a
 er eyes up, close as oak,—
 was witchcraft:—But I am
 lame;
 each you of your pardon,
 wing you.

I am bound to thee for ever.
 his hath a little dash'd your
 t, not a jot. [spirits.

Trust me, I fear it has.
 consider, what is spoke
 love:—But, I do see you are
 n, not to strain my speech
 ;, nor to larger reach,
 n.
 it.

Should you do so, my lord,
 d fall in such vile success
 dm not at. Cassio's my worthy
 on are moved. [friend:—

No, not much moved:—
 it Desdemona's honest.
 ve she so! and long live you
 n! [itself,—
 it, how nature erring from
 re's the point:—As,—to be
 you,—

ny proposed matches,
 e, complexion, and degree;
 e, in all things nature tends:
 nell, in such, a will most rank,
 on, thoughts unnatural.—

I do not, in position,
 of her: though I may fear,
 ng to her better judgment,
 b you with her country forms,
 pent.

Oth. Farewell, farewell.
 If more thou dost perceive, let me know more;
 Set on thy wife to observe: Leave me, Iago.

Iago. My lord, I take my leave. [Going.

Oth. Why did I marry?—This honest crea-
 ture, doubtless, [unfolds.

Sees and knows more, much more, than he
Iago. My lord, I would I might entreat
 your honour

To scan this thing no further; leave it to time;
 And, though it be fit that Cassio have his place,
 (For, sure, he fills it up with great ability.)

Yet, if you please to hold him off a while,
 You shall by that perceive him and his means:
 Note if your lady strain his entertainment;

With any strong or vehement opportunity;
 Much will be seen in that. In the mean time,
 Let me be thought too busy in my fears,

(As worthy cause I have, to fear—I am,)
 And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.

Oth. Fear not my government.

Iago. I once more take my leave. [Exit.

Oth. This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
 And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit,
 Of human dealings: If I do prove her hag-

gard, [strings.
 Though that her jesses were my dear heart-
 I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind,

To prey at fortune. Haply, for I am black;
 And have not those soft parts of conversation
 That chamberers have:—Or, for I am de-

clined
 Into the vale of years;—yet that's not much;—
 She's gone; I am abused; and my relief
 Must be—to loath her. O curse of marriage,

That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
 And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad,
 And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,

Than keep a corner in the thing I love
 For others' uses. Yet, 'tis the plague of great
 ones;

Prerogative are they less than the base;
 'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death;

Even then this forked plague is fated to me,
 When we do quicken. Desdemona comes:
Enter DESDEMONA and EMILIA.

If she be false, O then heaven mocks itself!—
 I'll not believe it.

D. c. How now, my dear Othello?
 Your dinner, and the generous islanders
 By you invited, do attend your presence.

Oth. I am to blame.

D. c. Why is your speech so faint? are you
 not well?

Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead here.

D. c. Faith, that's with watching; 'twill
 away again:

Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
 It will be well.

Oth. Your napkin is too little.

[He puts the Handkerchief from him,
 and it drops.

† An expression from falconry: to reel a hawk is to sew up his eyes with
 lasons.

‡ Press hard his re-admission to his pay and office.

A species of hawk, also a term of reproach applied to a wanton.

leather by which a hawk is held on the fist. ^{or Men of Intrigue.}
 n to live. ¶ In the north of England this term for a handkerchief is still used.

And give it Iago:
What he'll do with it, heaven
I nothing but to please his fi

Enter Iago

Iago. How now! what d
Emil. Do not you shide
for you.

Iago. A thing for me?—
Emil. Ha!

Iago. To have a foolish w
Emil. O, is that all! Wh

me now
For that same handkerchief?

Iago. WI

Emil. What handkerchie
Why, that the Moor first gav
That which so often you did

Iago. Hast stolen it from

Emil. No, faith: she let
Ugento;

And, to the advantage, I,
Look, here it is.

Iago. A good w

Emil. What will you do
have been so earnest
To have me filch it?

Iago. Why, w

Emil. If it be not for
import,

Give it me again: Poor lad
When she shall lack it.

Iago. Be not you known
for it.

Go, leave me.

I will in Cassio's lodging loo

And let him find it: trifles,

Are, to the jealous, confirms

As proofs of holy writ. Th

thing

The Moor already changes v

ould be wise; for honesty's a
t it works for.

By the world,
ife be honest, and think she is
[not;
ion art just, and think thou art
e proof: Her name, that was as

ge, is now begrim'd and black
e face.—If there be cords, or

, or suffocating streams,
e't.—Would I were satisfied!
sir, you are eaten up with pas-
e that I put it to you. [alone:
satisfied.

Would I say, I will.
may: but how? how satisfied,
it?

ie supervisor, grossly gapes on?
pp'd!

Death and damnation! O!
re a tedious difficulty, I think,
to that prospect: Damn them
eyes do see them bolster, [then,
ir own! What then? how then?
ay? Where's satisfaction?

e you should see this, [keys,
prime as goats, as hot as mon-
vers in pride, and fools as gross
nade drunk. But yet, I say,
and strong circumstances,—
rectly to the door of truth,—
satisfaction, you may have it.
me a living^o reason she's dis-
not like the office: [loyal.

entered in this cause so far,
y foolish honesty and love,
I lay with Cassio lately;
ubled with a raging tooth,
rep.

nd of men so loose of soul,
leeps will unutter their affairs;
nd is Cassio:

'd him say, *Sweet Desdemona,*
't, let us hide our loves!
would he gripe, and wring my

[hard,
creature! and then kiss me
'd up kisses by the roots,
my lips: then laid his leg
s, and sigh'd, and kiss'd; and
[Moor!

'fate! that gave thee to the
strous monstrous!

Nay, this was but his dream.
is devoted a foregone conclu-
[dream.

doubt, though it be but a
his may help to thicken other
strate thinly. [proofs,

I'll tear her all to pieces.
but be wise: yet we see nothing

She may be honest yet. Tell me but this;
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief,
Spotted with strawberries, in your wife's
hand? [first gift.

Oth. I gave her such a one; 'twas my
Iago. I know not that; but such a hand-
kerchief,

(I am sure it was your wife's,) did I to-day
See Cassio wipe his beard with.

Oth. If it be that,—

Iago. If it be that, or any that was hers,
It speaks against her with the other proofs.

Oth. O, that the slave had forty thousand
lives;

One is too poor, too weak for my revenge!
Now do I see 'tis true. Look here, Iago;
All my fond love thus I do blow to heaven:
Tis gone.

Arise, black vengeance, from thy hollow cell!
Yield up, O love, thy crown, and hearted
throne;

To tyrannous hate! swell, bosom, with thy
For 'tis of aspics' tongues! [fraught,

Iago. Pray, be content.

Oth. O, blood, Iago, blood!

Iago. Patience, I say; your mind, perhaps,
may change.

Oth. Never, Iago. Like to the Pontic sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontic, and the Hellespont;
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love
Till that a capable^l and wide revenge
Swallow them up.—Now, by yond' marble
heaven,

In the due reverence of a sacred vow
[Kneels.

I here engage my words.

Iago. Do not rise yet.— [Kneels.

Witness, you ever-burning lights above!
You elements that clip^o as round about!
Witness, that here Iago doth give up
The execution of his wit, hands, heart, [mand,
To wrong'd Othello's service! let him com-
And to obey shall be in me remorse^o,
What bloody work soever.

Oth. I greet thy love, [bounteous,
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance
And will upon the instant put thee to't:
Within these three days let me hear thee say,
That Cassio's not alive.

Iago. My friend is dead; 'tis done, at your
But let her live. [request:

Oth. Damn her, lewd minx! O, damn her!
Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw,
To furnish me with some swift means of death
For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.

Iago. I am your own for ever. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. *The same.*

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIO, and CLOWN.

Des. Do you know, sirrah, where lieuten-
nant Cassio lies?

anifest. † Since. ‡ The heart on which thou wast enthroned?
Capacious. § Embrace. ‖ Not of malice to others, but of
tenderness for him.

Best by report?

Clm. I will catch him the
that is, make questions, and

Des. Seek him, bid him
him, I have no need of any hard
hope, all will be well.

Clm. To the stile, in which
man's will; and therefore I
doing it.

Des. Where should I find
chief, Emilia?

Emil. I know not, master

Des. Believe me, I had re-
pose

Full of crazedness*. And, he
is true of mind, and made of a
As Judaea crucifiers are, it is
To put him to thinking.

Emil. Is it

Des. When, he? I think, it
was then,

Drew all such humours from

Emil. Look

Des. I will not leave him
Be call'd to him.—How let's

Enter OTHELLO.

Oth. Well, my good and
hardness to dissemble
How do you, Gentleman?

Des. Well, in

Oth. Give me your hand
moist, my lady.

Des. If yet has felt no age

Oth. This argues fruitful
heart:—

Hot, hot, and moist: This is
A sequester from liberty, for

n! Cassio, and my

CASSIO.

way; 'tis she must

[her.

zo, and impórtune

Cassio! what's the

[you?

er suit: I do beseech

eans, I may again

of his love,

y of my heart,

I not be delay'd:

mortal kind,

or present sorrows,

urity,

love again,

ny benefit;

forced content,

ne other course,

ice-gentle Cassio,

in tune; (him,

nor should I know

humour, alter'd.

sanctified,

all my best:

ket of his displeasure

must a while be

nd more I will,

let that suffice you.

ent hence but now,

anquietness. (now,

I have seen the can-

anks into the air;

his very arm (gry?

-And can he be an-

cu: I will go meet

, if he be angry.

—Something, sure,

[Exit Cassio.

ome unbatch'd prac-

in Cyprus to him,—

spirit: and, in such

th inferior things,

ir object. 'Tis even

id it induces (no;

ers ev'n to that sense

think, men are not

observances (gods;

ew me much, Emilia,

for as I am.)

with my soul:

orn'd the witness,

he state matters, as

so jealous toy,

Des. Alas, the day! I never gave him cause.

Emil. But jealous souls will not be answered

They are not ever jealous for the cause, (so;

But jealous for they are jealous: 'tis a monster,

Begot upon itself, born on itself.

Des. Heaven keep that monster from

Othello's mind!

Emil. Lady, amen.

Des. I will go seek him.—Cassio walk here-

about:

If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit,

And seek to effect it to my uttermost.

Cas. I humbly thank your ladyship.

[*Exeunt DESDEMONA and EMILIA.*

Enter BIANCA.

Bian. Save you, friend Cassio!

Cas. What make you from home?

How is it with you, my most fair Bianca?

I'faith, sweet love, I was coming to your house.

Lian. And I was going to your lodging,

Cassio. (night?)

What! keep a week away? seven days and

Eight score eight hours? and lovers' absent

hours,

More tedious than the dial eight score times?

O weary reckoning!

Cas. Pardon me, Bianca!

I have this while with leaden thoughts been

But I shall in a more continuance time, (press'd;

Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca,

[*Giving her DESDEMONA'S Handkerchief.*

Take me this work out.

Bian. O, Cassio, whence came this?

This is some token from a newer friend.

To the felt absence now I feel a cause:

Is it come to this? Well, well.

Cas. Woman, go to!

Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,

From whence you have them. You are jealous

now, (brance:

That this is from some mistress, some renown-

No, in good troth, Bianca.

Bian. Why, whose is it?

Cas. I know not, sweet: I found it in my

chamber.

I like the work well; ere it be demanded,

(As like enough, it will,) I'd have it copied:

Take it, and do't; and leave me for this time.

Bian. Leave you! wherefore?

Cas. I do attend here on the general;

And think it no addition, nor my wish,

To have him see me woman'd.

Bian. Why, I pray you?

Cas. Not that I love you not.

Bian. But that you do not love me.

I pray you, bring me on the way a little;

And say, if I shall see you soon at night.

Cas. 'Tis but a little way, that I can bring

For I attend here: but I'll see you soon. (you,

Bian. 'Tis very good; I must be circum-

stanced. [*Exeunt.*

Within the shot of his anger. 2. Treason. 3. The nuptial feast.

4. The meaning is not pick out the work, but copy this work in

another handkerchief.

It is hypocrisy against the
They that mean virtuously
The devil their virtue tem
heaven.

Iago. So they do nothing
But if I give my wife a h
Oth. What then?

Iago. Why then 'tis here
She may, I think, bestow
Oth. She is protestress
May she give that?

Iago. Her honour is a
They have it very oft, the
But, for the handkerchief

Oth. By heaven, I wo
Those said'st,—O, it comes
As doth the raven o'er the
Boding to all *—he had no

Iago. Ay, what of that?
Oth. That

Iago. What, if I had
do you wrong?

Or heard him say,—As he
Who having, by their own
Or voluntary dotage of so
Convinced or supplied * it
But they must blab— *

Oth. Hat

Iago. He hath, my lord
No more than he'll unswear

Oth.

Iago. Faith, that he did

Oth. What? what?

Iago. Lie—

Oth. With her?

Iago. With her, on

Oth. Lie with her? lie on

on her, when they belie

that's fulsome.—Handker

—handkerchief.—To cool

for his labour?—First to

if bread and clothes: it is a creature.
on Cassio,—as 'tis the strumpet's
me,
many, and be beguiled by one;
he hears of her, cannot refrain
access of laughter:—Here he comes:
Re-enter CASSIO.

I smile, Othello shall go mad;
bookish* jealousy must construe
lo's smiles, gestures, and light be-
lour
e wrong.—How do you now, lieut-
ant?
s worse, that you give me the ad-
vice even kills me. *[Exit Othello.]*
ly Desdemona well, and you are
off.
Is salt lay in Bianca's power,

[Speaking lower.]
dy should you spread?

Alas, poor cald! I
ok, how he laughs already! *[Aside.]*
ever knew a woman love man so.
is, poor rogue! I think I'faith she
me.

w he denies it faintly, and laughs it
[Aside.]

o you hear, Cassio?
Now he importunes him
er: Go to; well said, well said.

[Aside.]
e gives it out, that you shall marry
and it? *[Enter Othello.]*

Ha, ha, ha!
you triumph, Roman? do you
nph? *[Aside.]*

arry her!—what? a customer? I
sar some charity to my wit; do not
inwholesome. Ha, ha, ha!
so, so, so: They laugh that win.

[Aside.]
lith, the cry goes, that you shall

ythere, say true.
im a very villain else.

ve you scored me? Well. *[Aside.]*
s is the monkey's own giving out:
aded I will marry her, out of her
not flattery, not out of my promise.
o beckons me; now he begins the

[Aside.]
was here even now; she haunts
place. I was, the other day, talk-
sea-bank with certain Venetians;
comes this bauble; by this hand,
s about my neck;—

ing, O dear Cassio! as it were: his
orts it. *[Aside.]*

hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon
s, and pulls me: ha, ha, ha!—

w he tells, how she pluck'd him to
e: O, I see that nose of yours, but
I shall throw it to. *[Aside.]*

I, I must leave her company.
fore me! look where she comes.

Enter BIANCA.

Cas. 'Tis such another hichew? I marry, a
perturbed one.—What do you mean by this
haunting of me?

Bian. Let the devil and his dam haunt you!
What did you mean by that same handkerchief,
you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to
take it. I must take out the whole work?—A
likely piece of work, that you should find it in
your chamber, and not know who left it there!
This is some minx's token, and I must take out
the work? There,—give it your hobby-horse:
wheresoever you had it, I'll take out no work
out.

Cas. How now, my sweet Bianca? how
now? how now?

Oth. By heaven, that should be my hand-
kerchief! *[Aside.]*

Bian. An you'll come to supper to-night,
you may: an you will not, come when you are
next prepared for. *[Exit.]*

Iago. After her, after her.

Cas. 'Faith I must, she'll rail in the street else.

Iago. Will you sup there?

Cas. 'Faith, I intend so.

Iago. Well, I may chance to see you; for I
would very fain speak with you.

Cas. Pr'ythee, come; Will you?

Iago. Go to; say no more. *[Exit CASSIO.]*

Oth. How shall I murder him, Iago?

Iago. Did you perceive how he laughed at
his vice?

Oth. O, Iago!

Iago. And did you see the handkerchief?

Oth. Was that mine?

Iago. Yours, by this hand: and to see how
he prizes the foolish woman, your wife! she
gave it him, and he hath given it his whore.

Oth. I would have him nine years a killing:
—A fine woman! a fair woman! a sweet
woman!

Iago. Nay, you must forget that.

Oth. Ay, let her rot, and perish, and be
damned to-night; for she shall not live: No,
my heart is turned to stone: I strike it, and it
hurts my hand. O, the world hath not a sweeter
creature: she might lie by an emperor's side,
and command him tasks.

Iago. Nay, that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her! I do but say what she is:—
So delicate with her needle!—An admirable
musician! O, she will sing the savageness out
of a bear!—Of so high and pleuteous wit and
invention!—

Iago. She's the worse for all this.

Oth. O, a thousand, a thousand times!—And
then, of so gentle a condition!

Iago. Ay, too gentle.

Oth. Nay, that's certain: But yet the pity
of it, Iago!—O, Iago, the pity of it, Iago!

Iago. If you are so fond over her iniquity,
give her patent to offend; for, if it touch not
you, it comes near nobody.

Oth. I will chop her into messes:—Cackold
me!

st. † Title of lieutenant. ‡ A common woman. § A polite one.
* Of so sweet a disposition

[A
Oth. Excellent good.—W
same]

Iago. Something from
Come from the duke: and
with him.

Enter Lodovico, De
Attendant

Lod. 'Save you, worthy

Oth. W

Lod. The duke and sons
you. [G

Oth. I kiss the instrument
[Opens the]

Des. And what's the new
device?

Iago. I am very glad to
Welcome to Cyprus.

Lod. I thank you: He

Iago. Lives, sir.

Des. Cousin, there's no
An unkind breach; but

Oth. Are you sure of the

Des. My lord?

Oth. This fail ye
will—

Lod. He did not call; he
Is there division 'twixt thy

Des. A most unhappy on
To alone * them, for the lo

Oth. Fly and brimston

Des. I

Oth.

Des. What, is he angry

Lod. May be, the

For, as I think, they do so
Deputing Cassio in his gov

fan, her gloves, her mask,
lord. [nor nothing!
ge. [honest,
y lord, to wager she is
itake: if you think other,
ight; it doth abuse your

put this in your head
it with the serpent's curse!
onest, chaste, and true,
appy; the purest of their
[wives
d her come hither:—go.—
[Exit EMILIA.
yet she's a simple bawd,
s much. This is a subtle

oy of villainous secrets:
eel, and pray; I have seen

IA, with DESDEMONA.
that is your will?
Pray, chuck, come hither.
or pleasure?

Let me see your eyes;

t horrible fancy's this?
our function, mistress;
[To EMILIA.
lone, and shut the door;
n, if any body come:
r mystery; nay, despatch.
[Exit EMILIA.
knees, what doth your
or t
y in your words,

t art thou?
r wife, my lord; your true

ne, swear it, damn thyself;
me of heaven, the devils
[damn'd,
: thee: therefore be double-
onest.

Heaven doth truly know it.
uly knows, that thou art
I am false?

my lord? with whom? How
ona!—away! away! away!
heavy day!—Why do you

of these tears, my lord?
father do suspect,
his your calling back,
e on me; if you have lost
um too. [him,

Had it pleased heaven
fiction; had he rain'd
s, and shames, on my bare

verty to the very lips;
me and my utmost hopes;
d in some part of my soul
e: but (alas!) to make me
the time of scorn

To point his slow unmoving finger at,—
O! O!

Yet could I bear that too; well, very well:
But there, where I have garner'd* up my
heart;

Where either I must live, or bear no life;
The fountain from the which my current runs,
Or else dries up; to be discarded thence!
Or keep it as a cistern, for foul toads [there!
To knot and gender in!—turn thy complexion
Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubim;
Ay, there, look grim as hell!

Des. I hope, my noble lord esteems me
honest.

Oth. O, ay; as summer flies are in the
shambles.

That quicken even with blowing. O thou weed,
Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet,
That the sense aches at thee.—'Would, thou
had'st ne'er been born!

Des. Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed?

Oth. Was this fair paper, this most goodly
book,

Made to write where upon? What committed?
Committed!—O thou public commoner!

I should make very forges of my cheeks,
That would to clinders burn up modesty,
Did I but speak thy deeds.—What committed?
Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon
winks;

The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,
Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,
And will not hear it: What committed!—
Impudent strumpet!

Des. By heaven, you do me wrong.

Oth. Are not you a strumpet?

Des. No, as I am a christian:

If to preserve this vessel for my lord,
From any other foul unlawful touch,
Be—not to be a strumpet, I am none.

Oth. What, not a whore?

Des. No, as I shall be saved.

Oth. Is it possible?

Des. O, heaven forgive us!

Oth. I cry you mercy, then;

I took you for that cunning whore of Venice,
That married with Othello.—You, mistress,

Re-enter EMILIA.

That have the office opposite to Saint Peter.
And keep the gate of hell; You! you! ay,
you! [your pains;

We have done our course; there's money for
I pray you, turn the key, and keep our coun-
sel. [Exit.

Emil. Alas, what does this gentleman con-
ceive?— [lady!

How do you, madam? how do you, my good

Des. Faith, half asleep. [my lord;

Emil. Good madam, what's the matter with

Des. With who?

Emil. Why, with my lord, madam.

Des. Who is thy lord?

Emil. He that is yours, sweet lady.

Des. I have none: Do not talk to me,

Emilia;

I cannot weep; nor answer I have none,

But what should go by water,
night

Lay on my bed my wedding shroud
And call thy husband hither.

Emil.

Here is a ch

Des. 'Tis meet I should be
meet,

How have I been behaved, that I
The smallest opinion on my grand

Re-enter EMILIA, with I

Iago. What is your pleasure, an
is it with you?

Des. I cannot tell. Thine, th
Do it with gentle means, and easy

He might have shod me so; far, in
I am a child to chiding.

Iago. What's the ma

Emil. Alas, Iago, my lord hath so
ber.

Thrown rash despite and heavy
As true hearts cannot bear.

Des. Am I that name, Iago?

Iago. What name?

Des. Such as, she says, my lord
was.

Emil. He call'd her, where? x is
Could not have laid such terms upon

Iago. Why did he so?

Des. I do not know: I am sure, I
such.

Iago. Do not weep, do not weep; A
Emil. Has she forsook so many
matches.

Her father, and her country, and her fr
To be call'd—where? would it not ma

Des. It is my wretched fortune.

Iago. Beahrew him

Des. Nay, heaven doth

Emil. I will be hang'd, if some stern
Some busy and insinuating rogue,

Some cogging cozening slave, to get
office,

Have not devised this slander; I'll be ha

Iago. Pie, there is no such man; it is
possible.

Des. If any such there be, heaven par

Emil. A halter pardon him! and hell ge
his honest!

Why should he call her, where? who an
What place? what time? what form? w
likelihood!

The Moor's abused by some most villano
Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fi
low!—

O, heaven, that such companions thou'd
And put in every honest hand a whip,

To lash the rascal naked through the world,
Even from the east to the west!

Iago. Speak within door,

Emil. O, fie upon him! some such squire he
was,

That turn'd your wit the seamy side * without,
And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

* His drab.
‡ Title.

* Pella
‡ Pat's

my jewels, I will give over
pent my unlawful solicitation;
myself, I will seek satisfaction

ave said now.

I have said nothing, but what
line of doing.

now I see there's mettle in
from this instant, do build on
inlon than ever before. Give
Roderigo: Thou hast taken
most just exception; but, yet,
ave dealt most directly in thy

not appeared.

t, indeed, it hath not appeared;
cion is not without wit and
t, Roderigo, it thou hast that
deed, which I have greater
ve now than ever,—I mean,
e, and valour,—this night show
ext night following enjoyest
take me from this world
, and devise engines for my

what is it? is it within reason,
re is especial commission come
o depute Cassio in Othello's

true! why, then Othello and
an again to Venice.

he goes into Manritania, and
him the fair Desdemona, un-
e lingered here by some acci-
none can be so determinate, as
f Cassio.

you mean—removing of him?
by making him incapable of
; knocking out his brains.
at you would have me do?

you dare do yourself a profit,
e snips to-night with a barlot,
I I go to him;—he knows not
ourable fortune: if you will
; thence (which I will fashion
en twelve and one); you may
ur pleasure; I will be near to
mpt, and he shall fall between
nd not amazed at it, but go
I will show you such a neces-
sity, that you shall think yourself
on him. It is now high sup-
per the night grows to waste:

near further reason for this.

u shall be satisfied. *Exeunt.*

Another Room in the Castle.
LO, LODOVICO, DESDEMONA,
At, and Attendants.

teech you sir, trouble yourself
r. *(walk.*
dea me: 'twill do me good to
e, good night: I humbly thank
y ship.

Des. Your honour is most welcome.

Oth. Will you walk, sir?—

O,—Desdemona,—

Des. My lord?

Oth. Get you to bed on the instant, I will
be returned forthwith: dismiss your attendant
there; look, it be done.

Des. I will, my lord.

*[Exeunt OTHELLO, LODOVICO, and
Attendants. (than he dh.*

Emil. How goes it now? he looks gentler
Des. He says he will return incontinent *;

He hath commanded me to go to bed,
And bade me to dismiss you.

Emil. Dismiss me!

Des. It was his bidding; therefore, good
Emilia,
Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu:
We must not now displease him.

Emil. I would, you had never seen him!

Des. So would not I; my love doth so ap-
prove him, *(frowns,—*
That even his stubbornness, his checks, and
Pr'ythee, unpin me,—have grace and favour
in them. *(on the bed.*

Emil. I have laid those sheets you bade me

Des. All's one:—Good father! how foolish
are our minds!
If I do die before thee, pr'ythee, shroud me
In one of those same sheets.

Emil. Come, come, you talk.

Des. My mother had a maid call'd—Bar-
bara; *(mad t,*
She was in love; and he she loved proved
And did forsake her: she had a song of
willow *(tune,*
An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her sor-
And she died singing it: That song, to-night,
Will not go from my mind; I have much to
Pnt to go hang my head all at one side, *(do,*
And sing it like poor Barbara. Pr'ythee,
(despatch.

Emil. Shall I go fetch your night-gown?

Des. No, unpin me here.—
This Lodovico is a proper man.

Emil. A very handsome man.

Des. And he speaks well.
Emil. I know a lady in Venice, who would
have walk'd barefoot to Palestine for a touch
of his nether lip.

Des. The poor soul sat sighing by a syc-
mora tree, *(Singing.*
Sing all a green willow;

Her hand on her bosom, her head on her
knee.

Sing, willow, willow, willow:
The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd
her moans;

Sing willow, &c.
Her salt tears fell from her, and softened
Lay by these: *(the stones,*

Sing willow, willow, willow;
Pr'ythee, lie there; he'll come anon.—

*Sing all a green willow must be
my garland.*

* Immediately.

† Wild, inconstant.

Des. I have heard it is said
men, these men!—

Deaf there in conscience think,
That there be women do abuse
In such gross kind?

Emil. There be some and

Des. Wouldst thou do such

Emil. Why, would not you

Des. No, by this

Emil. Nor I neither by this
I might do't as well 't the dark

Des. Wouldst thou do such
the world?

Emil. The world is a huge
great price

For a small vice.

Des. Good truth, I think th

Emil. By my truth, I think
undo't when I had done. A
not do such a thing for a joll
measures of lawn; nor for ge
ner caps, nor any petty exid
the whole world,—Why, v

SCENE I. A St

Enter Iago and Rod

Iago. Here, stand behind th
will he come:

Wear thy good rapier bare;
Quick, quick; fear nothing
elbow:

It makes us, or it mars us; ti
And fix most firm thy resolut

Rod. Be near at hand; I m

Iago. Here, at thy hand; t
thy sword. *[Retires to]*

Rod. I have no great devoti

Blain that I am!

Hark! 'tis even so.
? hol light! a surgeon!
=;—O brave Iago, honest, and
[wrong!
h noble sense of thy friend's
me.—Minion, your dear lies

bles space:—Strumpet, I come:
heart those charms, thine eyes
ued; [be spotted.
stain'd, shall with lust's blood
[Exit OTHELLO.
RICO and GRATIANO, at a dis-
tance.

hol no watch? no passage? !
murder! [direful
ome mischance; the very cry is
lp!

Hark!
O wretched villain!
or three groans;—it is a heavy!

counterfeits; let's think't unsafe
the cry, without more help.
ody come? then I shall bleed to
-IAGO, with a Light. [death.
:!

's one comes in his shirt, with
nd weapom. [cries on murder?
's there? whose noise is this, that
do not know.

Did you not hear a cry?
here; for heaven's sake, help me.

What's the matter?
is Othello's ancient, as I take it.
same, indeed; a very valiant fel-
[grievously!

at are you here that cry so
'O, I am spoil'd, undone by vil-
e help. [lains!

e, lieutenant! what villains have
his?
ik, that one of them is hereabout,
nake away..

each other villains!— [help.
n there? come in, and give some
[To LODOVICO and GRATIANO.
elp me here!
s one of them.

O murderous slave! O villain!
[IAGO stabs RODERIGO.
mn'd Iago! O inhuman dog!—

I men i' the dark!—Where be
bloody thieves? [der!
s this town!—Ho! murder! mur-
on be? are you of good, or evil?
on shall prove us, praise us.

Signior Lodovico?
sir.
y you mercy: Here's Cassio hurt

Cassio?
How is it, brother?
eg is out in two.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!—
Light, gentlemen; I'll bind it with my shirt.

Enter BIANCA.
Blan. What is the matter, ho? who is't that
Iago. Who is't that cry'd? [cry'd?
Blan. O my dear Cassio! my sweet Cassio!
O Cassio! Cassio! Cassio!

Iago. O notable strumpet!—Cassio, may
you suspect [you?
Who they should be, that have thus mangled
Cas. No. [been to seek you.

Gra. I am sorry, to find you thus: I have
Iago. Lend me a garter: So.—O, for a chair,
To bear him easily hence! [Cassio!

Blan. Alas, he faints:—O Cassio! Cassio!
Iago. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash
To be a party in this injury.—

Patience awhile, good Cassio.—Come, come;
Lend me a light.—Know we this face, or no?
Alas! my friend, and my dear countryman,

Roderigo? no:—Yes, sure; O heaven! Rode-
Gra. What, of Venice? [rigo.

Iago. Even he, sir; did you know him?

Gra. Know him, ay.

Iago. Signior Gratiano! I cry you gentle

pardon; [ners.

These bloody accidents must excuse my man-

That so neglected you.

Gra. I am glad to see you. [chair!

Iago. How do you, Cassio?—O, a chair, a

Gra. Roderigo!

Iago. He, he, 'tis he:—O, that's well said;

the chair:— [A Chair brought in.

Some good men bear him carefully from hence;

I'll fetch the general's surgeon.—For you, mis-
tress, [To BIANCA.

Save you your labour. He that lies slain here,

Cassio, [you!

Was my dear friend: What malice was between

Cas. None in the world; nor do I know the

man.

Iago. [To BIAN.] What, look you pale?

O, bear him out o'the air.—

[CASSIO and ROD. are borne off

Stay you, good gentlemen:—I look you pale

mistress?

Do you perceive the paleness of her eye?

Nay, if you stare, we shall hear more anon

Behold her well; I pray you, look upon her

Do you see, gentlemen? nay, guiltiness wi-

Though tongues were out of use. [speak

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. 'Las, what's the matter; what's the

matter, husband? [dark]

Iago. Cassio hath here been set on in the

By Roderigo, and fellows that are scap'd;

He's almost slain, and Roderigo dead.

Emil. Alas, good gentleman! alas, good

Cassio! [Emilia]

Iago. This is the fruit of whoring.—I'll

Go know of Cassio where he supp'd to-night:

What, do you shake at that?

Blan. He supp'd at my house; but I there

fore shake not. [ma]

Iago. O, did he so? I charge you, go with

Emil. Fie, be upon thee, strumpet!

* Out.

† No passengers.

‡ Thick, cloudy.

α X

Bian. I am no trumpet
As you that thus abuse me
Exit. *As II*

Iago. Kind gentlemen,
Cassio's dead:—

Come, business, you must
Emilio, run you to the cit:
And tell my lord and lady
Will you go on, I pray?—

That either makes me, or

SCENE II. A Bedchamber
in bed asleep. A L

Enter Oth.

Oth. It is the cause, it is
Let me not name it to you
It is the cause:— Yet I'll not
Nor scar that whiter skin
And smooth as monument

[7]

Yet she must die, else she
Put out the light, and then
If I quench thee, thou liar
I can again thy former lig
Should I repent me:—but
Thou cunning'st pattern of
I know not where is that
That can thy light reluc
pluck'd thy rose,

I cannot give it vital grow
It needs must wither:—I'll

O balmy breath, that dost

Justlier to break her sworn

Des. My lord, my lord! what
ord! my lord!
oise is this?—Not dead! not
dead!
, am yet merciful;
re thee linger in thy pain.—

[Lord!]
In. What ho! my lord, my
Who's there?
In. O, good my lord, I would
word with you.
Is Emilia:—by and by.—She's

mes to speak of Cassio's death:
sigh.—Ha! no more moving?
e. Shall she come in? Were't
best?
sre again:—No.—What's the
she'll sure speak to my wife:
wife! what wife?—I have no
e! O heavy hour! *[wife:]*
old be now a huge eclipsed
n; and that the affrighted globe
t alteration.

In. I do beseech you I may
d!
speak with you,
rgot thee: O, come in, Emilia:
y: Let me the curtains draw.
What's the matter with thee
[Unlocks the door.]

Enter EMILIA.
d my lord, yonder's foul mur-
now? *[der done.]*

But now, my lord!
very error of the moon;
e near the earth than she was
mad. *[wout;]*
, my lord, has killed a young
so. *[Venetian,]*

Roderigo kill'd!
d?
No, Cassio is not kill'd.
sio kill'd? Then murder's out
sio grows harsh. *[of time,]*
sly, falsely murder'd!

Alas! what cry is that?
what? *[voice:]*
ind alas! that was my lady's
I help!—O lady, speak again!
ma! O, sweet mistress, speak!
less death I die.

O, who hath done
Nobody; I myself; farewell:
o my kind lord; O, farewell.
[Mrs.]

ow should she be murder'd?
Alas, who knows?
rd her say herself, it was not I.
id so; I must needs report the

ke a liar, gone to burning hell;
I'd her.
ned that some theatrical direction has been omitted, and that, when Othello
he then stabs her. After the repetition of wounds, Desdemona might speak
wristy, and yet very soon expire.
one. : Repetition.

Emil. O, the more angel she,
And you the blacker devil! *[where.]*
Oth. She turn'd to folly, and she was a
Emil. Thou dost belie her, and thou art a
Oth. She was false as water. *[devil.]*
Emil. Thou art rash as fire, to say
That she was false; O, she was heavenly true!
Oth. Cassio did trip her; ask thy husband
else.

O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,
But that I did proceed upon just grounds
To this extremity; Thy husband knew it all.
Emil. My husband?
Oth. Thy husband.
Emil. That she was false to wedlock?
Oth. Ay, with Cassio.

Nay, had she been true,
If heaven would make me such another world
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
I'd not have sold her for it.

Emil. My husband?
Oth. Ay, 'twas he that told me first;
An honest man he is, and hates the slime
That sticks on filthy deeds.

Emil. My husband?
Oth. What needs this iteration? woman? I
say, thy husband. *[with love!]*
Emil. O mistress, villany hath made mocks
My husband say, that she was false?

Oth. He, woman.
I say, thy husband: Dost understand the word?
My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.
Emil. If he say so, may his pernicious soul
Rot half a grain a day! he lies to the heart;
She was too fond of her most filthy bargains.

Oth. Ha!
Emil. Do thy worst:
This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven,
Than thou wast worthy her.

Oth. Peace, you were best.
Emil. Thou hast not half the power to do
me harm,

As I have to be hurt. O gnill! O dolt!
As ignorant as dirt! thou hast done a deed,
I care not for thy sword; I'll make thee known,
Though I lost twenty lives:—Help! help, ho!

help! *[murder!]*
The Moor has kill'd my mistress; Murder!
Enter MONTANO, GRATIANO, and IAGO.

Mon. What is the matter!—How now,
general? *[done well.]*

Emil. O, are you come, Iago? you have
That men must lay their murders on your neck.

Gra. What is the matter? *[man:]*
Emil. Disprove this villain, if thou be't a
He says, thou told'st him that his wife was
false: *[villain:]*

I know, thou didst 'not, thou'lt not such a
Speak, for my heart is full. *[no more]*

Iago. I told him what I thought; and told
Than what he found himself was apt and true.

Emil. But did you ever tell him, she was
Iago. I did. *[false!]*

§ "More can I bear than you have executed"
A X 2

Emil. You told a lie; a
Upon my soul, a lie, a wick
She false with Cassio!—D
Cassio!

Iago. With Cassio, mistre

Emil. I will not charm t
bound to speak;

My mistress here lies murder

All. O heavens to offend!

Emil. And your reports
der on.

Oth. Nay, stare not, mi

Gen. 'Tis a strange truth.

Mon. O monstrous act!

Emil. Villany, v
I think upon't,—I think,—
lury!

I thought so then;—I'll kill
O villany, villany!

Iago. What, are you mi

Emil. Good gentlemen, I
to speak,

To proper I obey him, but

Perchance, Iago, I will ne'e

Oth. O! O! O! (*Hang*

Emil. Nay, lay thee

For thou hast kill'd the swee

That e'er did lift up eye.

Oth. (

I scarce did know you, uncl
niece,

Whose breath, indeed, these

I know, this act shows horr

Gen. Poor Desdemona!

thine will hurt my soul from
[girl?
ill snatch at it. Cold, cold, my
chastity.—

sed slave!—Whip me, ye devils,
session of this heavenly sight!
at in winds! roast me in sulphur!
teep-down gulfs of liquid fire!—
!! Desdemona! dead?
!! O!

AGO, MONTANO, CASSIO, car-
hair, and Officers, with Iago,

re is this rash and most unfor-
man?

he, that was Othello; here I
re is that viper? bring the villain
[that's a fable:
down towards his feet;—but
e'st a devil, I cannot kill thee.

[OTHELLO wounds IAGO.
ach his sword from him.

I bleed, sir; but not killed.
not sorry neither; I'd have thee
me, 'tis happiness to die. [live;
on Othello, that was once so good,
practise of a cursed slave,
e said to thee?

Why, any thing:
de murderer, if you will;
did in hate, but all in honour.
wretch hath part confessed his
he consent in Cassio's death?

general, I never gave you cause.
believe it, and I ask your pardon.
ray you, demand that devil-devil,
a thus insinuated my soul and body?
mand me nothing: What you
you know:
ne forth I never will speak word.
at? not to pray?

Torments will ope your lips.
l, thou dost best.

you shall understand what hath
u, [better,
think, you know not: Here is a
pocket of the slain Rodrigo;
nother: the one of them imports
f Cassio to be undertook
n.
lain!

Most heathenish, and most gross!
here's another discontented paper,
pocket too; and this, it seems,
cant to have sent this damned vil-
like, Iago in the interim [lain;
d satisfied him.

O the pernicious calt!—
you, Cassio, by that handkerchief
y wife's!

I found it in my chamber:

see if his feet be cloven.

And he himself confess'd, but ever now,
That there he dropp'd it, for a spe- purpose,
Which wrought to his desire.

Oth. O fool! fool! fool!
Cass. There is, besides, in Rodrigo's letter,
How he upbraids Iago, that he made him
Brave me upon the watch; whereon it came
That I was cast: And even but now he spake,
After long seeming dead,—Iago hurt him,
Iago set him on.

[with us;
Lod. You must forsake this room, and go
Your power and your command is taken off,
And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave,—
If there be any cunning cruelty,

That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It shall be his: You shall close prisoner rest,
Till that the nature of your fault be known
To the Venetian state:—Come, bring him
away.

Oth. Soft you; a word or two, before you
I have done the state some service, and they
know it;

No more of that:—I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice: then must you
speak

Of one, that loved not wisely, but too well;
Of one, not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extreme; of one, whose hand,
Like the base Judas, this wretched pearl away,
Richer than all his tribe; of one, whose sub-
dued eyes,

Albeit us'd to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinal gum: Set you down this:
And say, besides,—that in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant and a turbid Turk
Beat a Venetian, and bound the state,
I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
And smote him—thus [Stabs himself]

Lod. O bloody period!

Gra. All, that's spoke, is marvellous.

Oth. I kiss'd thee, ere I kill'd thee;—No
way but this,

[Falling upon DESDEMONA.
Killing myself, to die upon a kiss. Des.
Cass. This did I fear, but thought he had no
For he was great of heart.

Lod. O Sparta dog,
More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea,
Look on the tragic loading of this bed!

[To IAGO.
This is thy work: the object poison'd sight;—
Let it be hid.—Gratiano, keep the house,
And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,
For they are sacred to you.—To you, lord go
vener

Remains the censure: of this hellish villain;
The time, the place, the torture.—O enforce it!
Myself will straight abroad: and, to the state,
This heavy act with heavy heart relate.

[Exit Oth.

By the stratagem.

J. Judgment.

Even the inferior characters are
only for their faults, but their
only by his want of stubborn
credulity, and impatient intent
which by persuasion he suffers to
trayed by unlawful desires to a
find, worn loosely, but not cast
at atrocious villainies.

The scenes from the legend
regularly presenting the progress
but what is known already, yet

If the scene opened in Cyprus
had been little wanting to a dra

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7



